

The secrets<sup>1</sup> of your realm, but by constraint  
 Wandering this darksome desert, as my way  
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,  
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds  
 Confine with Heaven; or if some other place,  
 From your dominion won, the ethereal king  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound; direct my course;  
 Directed,<sup>2</sup> no mean recompense it brings  
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,  
 All usurpation thence expelled, reduce  
 To her original darkness and your sway  
 (Which is my present journey), and once more  
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night;  
 Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge"

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,  
 With faltering speech and visage incomposed,  
 Answered: "I know thee, stranger, who thou art:  
 That mighty leading angel, who of late  
 Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.  
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous host  
 Fled not in silence through the frightened deep  
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates  
 Poured out by millions her victorious bands  
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here

and places him, likewise, in the immense abyss with Chaos, B. 4,  
 cant. 2. st. 47:—

"Down in the bottom of the deep abyss,  
 Where Demogorgon in dull darkness pent,  
 Far from the view of gods and heaven's bliss,  
 The hideous Chaos keeps, their dreadful dwelling is:"

and takes notice also of the dreadful effects of his name, B. i. c. 1.  
 st. 37:—

"A bold bad man, that dared to call by name  
 Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night,  
 At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight."

Well, therefore, might Milton distinguish him by "the dreadful  
 name of Demogorgon:" and "the name of Demogorgon" is as much  
 as to say Demogorgon himself, as in Virgil *Æn.* vi. 763. *Albanus*  
*omen* is a man of Alba, *Æn.* xii. 515.—*Newton.*

<sup>1</sup> i. e. secret places.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. if you direct me, you will reap no little recompense.



Keep residence, if all I can will serve  
That little which is left so to defend,  
Encroached on still through your intestine broils,  
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first Hell,  
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;  
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world,  
Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain<sup>1</sup>  
To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell;  
If that way be your walk, you have not far;  
So much the nearer danger; go and speed;  
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."

He ceased; and Satan stayed not to reply,  
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,  
With fresh alacrity and force renewed  
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,  
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock  
Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
Environed, wins his way, harder beset  
And more endangered, than when Argo<sup>2</sup> passed  
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks;  
Or when Ulysses<sup>3</sup> on the larboard shunned

<sup>1</sup> An idea taken from Homer, *Il.* viii.

<sup>2</sup> The first long ship ever seen in Greece, in which Jason and his companions sailed to Colchis to fetch the golden fleece. "Through Bosphorus," the Thracian Bosphorus, or the Straits of Constantinople, or the channel of the Black Sea. "Betwixt the justling rocks," two rocks at the entrance into the Euxine, or Black Sea, called in Greek, "symplegades," and by Juvenal, "concurrentia saxa," *Sat.* xv. 19, which Milton very well translates "the justling rocks," because they were so near, that, a distance, they seemed to open and shut again, and jostle one another, as the ship varied its course this way and that as usual.—*Newton*.

<sup>3</sup> These two verses Bentley would throw quite away. "Larboard," (he says) is abominable in heroic poetry; but Dryden (as the doctor owns) thought it not unfit to be employed there; and Milton in other places has used nautical terms, without being censured for it. So in *ix.* 513, he speaks of "working a ship," of "veering and shifting;" and in *i.* 207, of "mooring under the lee." But he has also two very formidable objections against the sense of these verses. First, he says that larboard, or left hand, is a mistake here for starboard, or right hand, Charybdis being to the starboard of Ulysses when he sailed through these straits. This is true, but it does not affect what Milton here says; for the sense may be, not that Ulysses shunned Charybdis situated on the larboard of his ship as he was sailing; but that Ulysses sailing on the larboard (to the left hand where Scylla was) did thereby shun Charybdis; which was the truth of the case. His other objection is, that Scylla was no whirlpool which yet she is



Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steered  
 So he with difficulty and labour hard  
 Moved on, with difficulty and labour he;  
 But he once passed, soon after, when man fell,  
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain  
 Following his track (such was the will of Heaven),  
 Paved after him a broad and beaten way  
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf  
 Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length  
 From Hell continued, reaching the utmost orb  
 Of this frail world, by which the spirits perverse  
 With easy 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 Heaven  
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night  
 A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins  
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,  
 As from her outmost works, a broken foe,  
 With tumult less, and with less hostile din,  
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,  
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
 And like a weather-beaten vessel holds  
 Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn,  
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,  
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
 Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide  
 In circuit, undetermined square or round,  
 With opal towers and battlements adorned  
 Of living sapphire, once his native seat;  
 And fast by, hanging in a golden chain.

here supposed to have been. But Virgil (whom Milton follows oftener than he does Homer) describes Scylla as "naves in saxa trahentem," *Æn.* iii. 425, and what is that less than calling it a whirlpool? And Kircher, who has written a particular account of Scylla and Charybdis upon his own view of them, does not scruple to call them both whirlpools. The truth is, that Scylla is a rock situated in a small bay on the Italian coast, into which bay the tide runs with a very strong current, so as to draw in the ships which are within the compass of its force, and either dash them against the rock, or swallow them in the eddies; for when the streams have thus violently rushed into the bay, they meet with the rock Scylla at the farther end, and being beat back, must, therefore, form an eddy or whirlpool.—Pearce



This pendent world,<sup>1</sup> in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.  
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accursed, and in a curséd hour, he hies

<sup>1</sup> By "this pendent world" is not meant the earth; but the new creation, Heaven and Earth, the whole orb of fixed stars immensely bigger than the earth, a mere point in comparison. This is surmised from what Chaos had lately said:—

"Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world,  
Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain."

Besides, Satan did not see the Earth yet; he was afterwards surprised "at the sudden view of all this world at once," iii. 542, and wandered long on the outside of it; till at last he saw our sun, and learned there of the archangel Uriel where the Earth and Paradise were. See iii. 722. "This pendent world," therefore, must mean the whole world, the new created universe, and "beheld far off" it appeared in comparison with the empyreal Heaven no bigger than "a star of smallest magnitude;" nay, not so large; it appeared no bigger than such a star appears to be when it is "close by the moon," the superior light whereof makes any star that happens to be near her disk, to seem exceedingly small and almost disappear.—*Newton*



## BOOK III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows 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 seduced. 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 die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom 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. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described 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 placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light! offspring of Heaven firstborn,  
 Or of the Eternal coëternal beam,  
 May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,<sup>1</sup>  
 And never but in unapproach'd light  
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.

<sup>1</sup> 1 John, i. 5; 1 Tim. vi. 16.



Or hear'st thou<sup>1</sup> rather pure ethereal stream,  
 Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,  
 Before the Heaven thou wert; and at the voice  
 Of God, as with a mantle didst invest  
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,<sup>2</sup>  
 Won from the void<sup>3</sup> and formless infinite  
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained  
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
 Through utter and through middle<sup>4</sup> darkness borne  
 With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre  
 I sung of Chaos<sup>5</sup> and eternal Night;  
 Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
 So thick a drop serene<sup>6</sup> hath quenched their orbs.

<sup>1</sup> Or dost thou rather hear this address, dost thou delight rather to be called "pure ethereal stream?" An excellent Latinism, as Dr Bentley observes, *Hor. Sat. II. vi. 20*:—

"Matutine pater seu Jane libentius audis?"

And we have an expression of the same kind in Spenser, *Faërie Queen* b. i., c. v., st. 23:—

"If old Aveugle's sons so evil hear." —*Newton.*

<sup>2</sup> For the world was only in a state of fluidity, when the light was created; as Moses says, "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters; and God said, Let there be light, and there was light," *Gen. i. 2, 3*. And this verse is plainly formed upon this of Spenser *Faërie Queen*, b. i., c. i., st. 39.—

"And through the world of waters wide and deep."

—*Newton.*

<sup>3</sup> "Void" must not here be understood as emptiness, for Chaos is described full of matter; but "void," as destitute of any formed being, void as the earth was when first created.—*Richardson*

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* the great gulf between Hell and Heaven.

<sup>5</sup> Apollonius, *Rh. i. 493*, represents Orpheus making the creation out of Chaos the subject of his muse.

<sup>6</sup> "Drop serene," or gutta serena. It was formerly thought that that sort of blindness was an incurable extinction or quenching of sight by a transparent, watery, cold humour, distilling upon the optic nerve, though making very little change in the eye to appearance, if any; 'tis now known to be most commonly an obstruction in the capillary vessels of that nerve, and curable in some cases. When Milton was first blind, he wrote to his friend Leonard Philars, or



Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more<sup>1</sup>  
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt  
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks<sup>2</sup> beneath,  
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget<sup>3</sup>  
 Those other two equalled with me in fate,  
 So were I equalled with them in renown,  
 Blind Thamyris<sup>4</sup> and blind Mæonides,<sup>5</sup>  
 And Tiresias<sup>6</sup> and Phineas,<sup>7</sup> prophets old:  
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling,<sup>8</sup> 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 even or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me; from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
 Presented with a universal blank<sup>9</sup>

Athenian then at Paris, for him to consult Dr. Thevenot; he sent his case ('tis in the 15th of his familiar letters); what answer he had is not known; but it seems by this passage that he was not certain what his disease was; or perhaps he had a mind to describe both the great causes of blindness according to what was known at that time, as his whole poem is interspersed with great variety of learning.—*Richardson.*

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* yet on that account I do not cease.

<sup>2</sup> Kedron and Siloah.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.* and sometimes not forget.

<sup>4</sup> Thamyris is an early bard mentioned by Homer, *Il. ii. 595.*

<sup>5</sup> Homer.

<sup>6</sup> A Theban soothsayer.

<sup>7</sup> A king of Arcadia.

<sup>8</sup> This word was said to have been coined by Milton, but it is also used by Shakspeare.

<sup>9</sup> Dr. Bentley reads "all nature's map, &c.," because (he says) "a blank of works" is an unphilosophical expression. If so, and if the sentence must terminate at "blank," why may we not read—

"Presented with an universal blank;

All nature's works to me expunged and rased,"

that is, all nature's works being, in respect to the "universal blank," or absence of light from me, expunged to me and rased.—*Pearce.*



Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,  
 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,<sup>1</sup>  
 From the pure empyréan where he sits  
 High throned above all height, bent down his eyes,  
 His own works and their works at once to view  
 About him all the sanctities of Heaven  
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received  
 Beatitude past utterance; on his right  
 The radiant image of his glory sat,  
 His only Son; on earth he first beheld  
 Our two first parents, yet the only two  
 Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,  
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivalled love,  
 In blissful solitude; he then surveyed  
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there  
 Coasting the wall of Heaven 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 seemed  
 Firm land embosomed, 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 only Son foreseeing spake:

"Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
 Transports our adversary? whom no bounds  
 Prescribed, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains  
 Heaped on him there, nor yet the main abyse

Compare Tasso, i. 7:—

"When God Almighty from his lofty throne,  
 Set in those parts of Heaven that purest are  
 (As far above the clear stars every one,  
 As it is hence up to the highest star),  
 Looked down, and all at once this world beheld,  
 Each land, each city, country, town, and field."

—Fairfax. *Thesp.*



Wide interrupt,<sup>1</sup> can hold ; so bent he seems  
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
 Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way  
 Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light,  
 Directly towards the new-created world,  
 And man there placed, with purpose to essay  
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
 By some false guile pervert ; and shall pervert,  
 For man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
 And easily transgress the sole command,  
 Sole pledge of his obedience : so will fall,  
 He and his faithless progeny : whose fault ?  
 Whose but his own ? Ingrate, he had of me  
 All he could have : I made him just and right,  
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
 Such I created all the ethereal powers  
 And spirits, both them who stood, and them who failed ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
 Not free, what proof could they have given sincere  
 Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,  
 Where only what they needs must do appeared,  
 Not what they would ? what praise could they receive ?  
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
 When will and reason (reason also is choice)  
 Less and vain, of freedom both despoiled,  
 Made passive both, had served necessity,  
 Not me ? They therefore as to right belonged,  
 So were created, nor can justly accuse  
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
 As if predestination over-ruled  
 Their will, disposed by absolute decree  
 Or high foreknowledge ; they themselves decreed  
 Their own revolt, not I ; if<sup>3</sup> I foreknew,  
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
 Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.  
 So without least impulse or shadow of fate,  
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Broken.

Read "fell," with Bentley, to preserve the antithesis.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. though ; for he expresses no doubt on the subject.

<sup>4</sup> To "foresee immutably" (says Dr. Bentley) are two ideas that cannot unite : he thinks, therefore, that Milton must have given it



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  
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordained  
 Their freedom: they themselves ordained their fall.  
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
 Self tempted, self-depraved: man falls deceived  
 By the other first; man therefore shall find grace.  
 The other none: in mercy and justice both,  
 Through Heaven and earth, so shall my glory excel;  
 But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine."

Thus while God spake ambrosial fragrance filled  
 All Heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect  
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffused:  
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
 Most glorious; in him all his Father shone  
 Substantially expressed;<sup>1</sup> and in his face  
 Divine compassion visibly appeared,  
 Love without end, and without measure grace,  
 Which uttering thus he to his Father spake:

"O Father, gracious was that word which closed  
 Thy sovereign sentence, that man should find grace;  
 For which both Heaven and earth shall high extol  
 Thy praises, with the innumerable sound<sup>2</sup>  
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne  
 Encompassed shall resound thee ever blest.  
 For should man finally be lost, should man,  
 Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,  
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joined  
 With his own folly? that be from thee far,  
 That far be from thee, Father, who art judge  
 Of all things made, and judgest only right.  
 Or shall the adversary thus obtain

"immutably foredoomed." His objection is right, but his emendation is wrong, I think. Milton seems rather to have dictated—

"Or aught by me 'immutable' foreseen,"

where "ought immutable" may signify any event that cannot be changed or altered.—*Pearce*.

"Immutably foreseen" seems to mean so foreseen as to be immutable.—*Newton*.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Heb. i. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Compare { 101, "innumerable force of spirits."



His end, and frustrate thine? shall be fulfil  
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,  
 Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,  
 Yet with revenge accomplished, and to Hell  
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself  
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake  
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?  
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
 Be questioned and blasphemed without defence<sup>\*</sup>

To whom the great Creator thus replied:

• O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,  
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all  
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed:  
 Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will,  
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
 Freely vouchsafed; once more I will renew  
 His lapséd powers, though forfeit and enthralled  
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires;  
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
 On even ground against his mortal foe,  
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
 His fallen condition is, and to me owe  
 All his deliverance, and to none but me  
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace<sup>1</sup>  
 Elect above the rest; so is my will.  
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warned  
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 The incensed Deity, while offered grace  
 Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,  
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts  
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due  
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,  
 Though but endeavoured with sincere intent,  
 Mine ear 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,

<sup>1</sup> Our author did not hold the doctrine of rigid predestination: he was of the sentiments of the more moderate Calvinists, and thought that some indeed were elected of peculiar grace, the rest might be saved complying with the terms and conditions of the Gospel.—  
*Newton.*



Light after light well used they shall attain,  
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace,<sup>1</sup>  
 They who neglect and scorn shall never taste;  
 But hard be hardened, blind be blinded more,  
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall,  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude  
 But yet all is not done: man disobeying,  
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins  
 Against the high supremacy of Heaven,  
 Affecting godhead, and so losing all,  
 To expiate his treason hath nought left,  
 But to destruction sacred and devote,  
 He with his whole posterity must die.  
 Die he or justice must; unless for him  
 Some other able, and as willing, pay  
 The rigid satisfaction—death for death.  
 Say, heavenly powers, where shall we find such love?  
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem  
 Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save?  
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?"

He asked; but all the heavenly quire stood mute,  
 And silence was in Heaven: on man's behalf  
 Patron or intercessor none appeared,  
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
 And now without redemption all mankind  
 Must have been lost, adjudged to death and Hell  
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
 In whom the fullness dwells of love divine,  
 His dearest mediation thus renewed:

"Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace,  
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way  
 The speediest of thy wingéd messengers,  
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
 Comes unprevented,<sup>2</sup> unimplored, unsought?"

<sup>1</sup> It is a great pity that our author should have thus debased the dignity of the Deity by putting in his mouth this horrid doctrine of a day of grace, after which it is not possible for a man to repent; and there can be no sort of excuse for him, except the candid reader will make some allowance for the prejudices which he might possibly receive from the gloomy divinity of that enthusiastic age in which he lived.—*T'nyer*.

*i. e.* unanticipated, from *prevenire*, to come before. Cf. Ps. lxxxviii. 18. The word is commonly so used in our Articles and Liturgy



Happy for man, so coming; he her aid  
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost,  
 Atonement for himself or offering meet,  
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:  
 Behold me then; me for him, life for life,  
 I offer; on me let thine anger fall;  
 Account me man; I for his sake will leave  
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
 Well pleased; on me let Death wreak all his rage,  
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long  
 Lie vanquished; thou hast given me to possess  
 Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,  
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due  
 All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,  
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;<sup>1</sup>  
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue  
 My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil,  
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop  
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed.  
 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  
 Pleased, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
 While by thee raised I ruin all my foes,  
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave  
 Then with the multitude of my redeemed  
 Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return  
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assured  
 And reconcilment; wrath shall be no more  
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire."  
 His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
 Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love  
 To mortal men, above which only shone  
 Filial obedience; as a sacrifice  
 Glad to be offered,<sup>2</sup> he attends the will  
 Of his great Father. Admiration seized  
 All Heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend  
 Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus replied:

Cf. Ps. xvi. 10, Acts ii. 20, sq.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to Ps. xl. 6



"O thou, in Heaven and earth the only peace  
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou  
 My sole complacence ! well thou know'st how dear  
 To me are all my works, nor man the least,  
 Though last created ; that for him I spare  
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
 By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost.  
 Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,  
 Their nature also to thy nature join ;  
 And be thyself man among men on earth,  
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
 By wondrous birth : be thou in Adam's room  
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son  
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,  
 As from a second root, shall be restored  
 As many as are restored, without thee none ;  
 His crime makes guilty all his sons, thy merit  
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
 Receive new life. So man, as is most just,  
 Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die,  
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
 His brethren, ransomed with his own dear life  
 So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,  
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,<sup>1</sup>  
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate  
 So easily destroyed, and still destroys  
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace  
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume  
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own

<sup>1</sup> The love of the Father in giving the Son to death, and the love of the Son in submitting to it and dying to redeem mankind. Mr. Warburton thus explains it:—"Milton's system of divinity taught," says he, "not only that man was redeemed, but likewise that a real price was paid for his redemption; 'dying to redeem,' therefore, signifying only redemption in a vague uncertain sense, but imperfectly represents his system; so imperfectly that it may as well be called the Socinian; the price paid (which implies a proper redemption) is wanting. But to pay a price implying a voluntary act, the poet therefore well expresses it by 'giving to death;' that is, giving himself to death; so that the sense of the line fully expresses Milton's notion Heavenly love gave a price for the redemption of mankind, and by virtue of that price really redeemed them."—*Newton*



Because thou hast, though throned on 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 than birthright Son of God,  
 Found worthiest to be so by being good,  
 Far more than great or high, because in thee  
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,  
 'Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne,  
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign  
 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 supreme  
 Thrones, principedoms, powers, dominions I reduce:  
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
 In Heaven, or earth, or under earth in Hell.  
 When thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,  
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
 The summoning archangels to proclaim  
 Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds  
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
 Of all past ages, to the general doom  
 Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep  
 Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge  
 Bad men and angels; they arraigned shall sink  
 Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile  
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
 New Heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,  
 And after all their tribulations long  
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
 With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.  
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,  
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need.  
 God shall be all in all. But, all ye gods,<sup>1</sup>  
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies;  
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me."  
 No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all  
 The multitude of angels, with a shout

<sup>1</sup> From Ps. xcvi., "Worship him, all ye gods," which St. Paul Heb. i. 6) expresses by "all the angels of God."



Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 As from blest voices uttering joy, Heaven rung  
 With jubilee, and loud Hosannas filled  
 The eternal regions: lowly reverent  
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground  
 With solemn adoration down they cast<sup>1</sup>  
 Their crowns enwove with amarant and gold,  
 Immortal amarant,<sup>2</sup> a flower which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence  
 To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,  
 And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,  
 And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven  
 Rolls o'er<sup>3</sup> Elysian flowers her amber stream;  
 With these, that never fade, the spirits elect  
 Bind their resplendent locks enwreathed with beams  
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
 Empurpled with celestial roses, smiled.<sup>4</sup>  
 Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took,  
 Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side  
 Like quivers hung, and with preëmble sweet

Rev. iv. 10.

<sup>2</sup> "Amarant," *Ἀμαραντος*, Greek, for unfading, that decayeth not; a flower of a purple velvet colour, which, though gathered, keeps its beauty, and when all other flowers fade, recovers its lustre by being sprinkled with a little water, as Pliny affirms, lib. xxi., c. 11. Our author seems to have taken this hint from 1 Pet. i. 4, "To an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," *ἀμαραντον*; and 1 Pet. v. 4, "Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away," *ἀμαραντινον*, both relating to the name of his everlasting "amarant," which he has finely set near the tree of life. "Amarantus flos, symbolum est immortalitatis."—*Clem. Alexand. Hume.*

<sup>3</sup> We frequently see grass, and weeds, and flowers, growing under water; and we may therefore suppose the finest flowers to grow at the bottom of the "river of bliss," or rather the river to "roll over" them sometimes, to water them. The author seems to intend much the same thing that he has expressed in iv. 240, where, speaking of the brooks in Paradise, he says, they—

"Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
 Flowers worthy of Paradise."

And as there they are flowers "worthy of Paradise," so here they are worthy of "Elysium," the region of the blessed.—*Newton.*

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Spenser, F. Q. iii. 7, 16:—

"Whose sides impurpled were with smiling red."



Of charming symphony they introduce  
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high,  
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join  
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven  
 "Thee, Father," first they sung, "Omnipotent,  
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
 Eternal King: thee, Author of all being,  
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible  
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st  
 Throned inaccessible, but<sup>1</sup> 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<sup>2</sup> thy skirts appear,  
 Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest seraphim  
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.<sup>3</sup>  
 Thee," next they sang, "of all creation first,  
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud  
 Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,  
 Whom else no creature can behold;<sup>4</sup> on thee  
 Impressed the effulgence of his glory abides,  
 Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests  
 He Heaven of Heavens, and all the powers therein  
 By thee created, and by thee threw down  
 The aspiring dominations: thou that day  
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook  
 Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks  
 Thou drov'st of warring angels disarrayed.  
 Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* except.

<sup>2</sup> Milton has the same thought of darkness occasioned by glory v. 599, "Brightness had made invisible." This also explains his meaning here; the excess of brightness had the effect of darkness, invisibility. What an idea of glory! the skirts only not to be looked on by the beings nearest to God, but when doubly or trebly shaded by a cloud and both wings. What, then, is the full blaze?—*Richardson*.

The same thought in Spenser's hymn of Heavenly Beauty, but more languidly expressed:—

"With the great glory of that wondrous light,  
 His throne is all encompasséd around,  
 And hid in his own brightness from the sight  
 Of all that look thereon," &c.

—*Thyer*.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *Is. vi. 2*.

<sup>4</sup> *John i. 18. xiv. 9.*



Thee only<sup>1</sup> extolled, Son of thy Father's might,  
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
 Not so on man: him, through their malice fallen,  
 Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom  
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline:  
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son  
 Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man  
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,  
 He,<sup>2</sup> to appease thy wrath, and end the strife  
 Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,  
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat  
 Second to thee, offered himself to die  
 For man's offence. O unexampled love,  
 Love no where to be found less than 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 Father's praise disjoin."

Thus they in Heaven, above the starry sphere,  
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent  
 Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe<sup>3</sup>  
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides  
 The luminous inferior orbs inclosed  
 From Chaos and the inroad of Darkness old,  
 Satan alighted walks: a globe far off  
 It seemed, now seems a boundless continent,  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night  
 Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms  
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky;  
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,  
 Though distant far, some small reflection gains  
 Of glimmering air less vexed with tempest loud.  
 Here walked the fiend at large in spacious field  
 As when a vulture on Imaus<sup>4</sup> bred,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. thee, and thee only.

<sup>2</sup> Supply "than" or "but" before "he"

<sup>3</sup> Satan's walk upon the outside of the universe, which at a distance appeared to him of a globular form, but upon his nearer approach looked like an unbounded plain, is natural and noble: as his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation, between that mass of matter which was wrought into a world, and that shapeless, unformed heap of materials which still lay in chaos and confusion, strikes the imagination with something astonishingly great and wild.—Addison.

<sup>4</sup> Imaus is a celebrated mountain in Asia; its name signifies "snowy," in the language of the inhabitants, according to Pliny.



Whose snowy 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 plains  
 Of Sericana, where Chinese drive  
 With sails and wind their cany waggon light;  
 So on this windy sea of land, the fiend  
 Walked up and down alone, bent on his prey.  
 Alone, for other creature in this place  
 Living or lifeless to be found was none;  
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
 Up hither like aërial vapours flew  
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin  
 With vanity had filled the works of men;  
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,  
 Or happiness in this or the other life;  
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits  
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find  
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;  
 All th' unaccomplished works of Nature's hand,  
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,  
 Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
 Till final dissolution, wander here,  
 Not in the neighbouring moon,<sup>1</sup> as some have dreamed  
 Those argent fields more likely habitants,  
 Translated saints, or middle spirits, hold,

lib. vi. cap. 21, "incolarum lingua nivolum significante;" and therefore it is said here, "whose snowy ridge." It is the boundary to the east of the Western Tartars, who are called "roving," as they live chiefly in tents, and remove from place to place for the convenience of pasturage, their herds of cattle and what they take in hunting being their principal subsistence. Ganges and Hydaspes are famous rivers of India; and Serica is a region betwixt China to the east, and the mountain Imaus to the west; and what our author here says of the Chinese he seems to have taken from Heylin's *Cosmography*, p. 867, where it is said, "Agreeable unto the observation of modern writers, the country is so plain and level that they have carts and coaches driven with sails, as ordinarily as drawn with horses, in these parts."  
 —Newton.

<sup>1</sup> Ariosto particularly, in his "*Orlando Furioso*," cant. 34, st. 70, &c.



Betwixt the angelical and human kind.  
 Hither of ill-joined sons and daughters born  
 First from the ancient world those giants came  
 With many a vain exploit, though then renowned:  
 The builders next of Babel on the plain  
 Of Sennaar,<sup>1</sup> and still with vain design  
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build.  
 Others came single; he who to be deemed  
 A god, leaped fondly into *Ætna* flames,  
 Empedocles;<sup>2</sup> and he who to enjoy  
 Plato's Elysium, leaped into the sea,  
 Cleombrotus;<sup>3</sup> and many more too long,  
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,  
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery  
 Here pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to seek  
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven;<sup>4</sup>  
 And they who to be sure of Paradise  
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,  
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised,  
 They pass the planets seven,<sup>5</sup> and pass the fixed,  
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs  
 The trepidation talked, and that first moved,

Shinar.

<sup>1</sup> The scholar of Pythagoras, a philosopher and poet, born at Agrigentum, in Sicily: he wrote of the nature of things in Greek, as Lucretius did in Latin verse. He, stealing one night from his followers, threw himself into the flaming *Ætna*, that being nowhere to be found he might be esteemed to be a god, and to be taken up into Heaven; but his iron pattens, being thrown out by the fury of the burning mountain, discovered his defeated ambition, and ridiculed his folly. Hor. de Art. Poet. 464:—

“Deus immortalis haberi  
 Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus *Ætnam*  
 Insiluit.”

—Hume.

<sup>2</sup> The name is rightly placed the last word in the sentence, as “Empedocles” was before. He was called Ambraciota of Ambracia, a city of Epirus in Greece. Having read over Plato's book of the “Soul's Immortality and Happiness in another Life,” he was so ravished with the account of it that he leaped from a high wall into the sea, that he might immediately enjoy it.—Newton.

<sup>3</sup> An allusion to Luke xxiv. 5 sq.

<sup>5</sup> He speaks here according to the ancient astronomy, adopted and improved by Ptolemy. “They pass the planets seven,” our planetary or solar system, “and” beyond this “pass the fixed,” the firmament or sphere of the fixed stars; “and” beyond this “that crystalline sphere,” the crystalline Heaven, clear as crystal, to which the Ptole



And now Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket seems  
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot  
 Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo!  
 A violent cross wind from either coast  
 Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry  
 Into the devious air; then might ye see  
 Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers tost  
 And fluttered into rags; then relics, beads,  
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
 The sport of winds: all these upwhirled aloft  
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off  
 Into a limbo large and broad, since called  
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
 Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod  
 All this dark globe the fiend found as he passed,  
 And long he wandered, till at last a gleam  
 Of dawning light turned thitherward in haste  
 His travelled<sup>1</sup> steps; far distant he descries,  
 Ascending by degrees magnificent  
 Up to the wall of Heaven, a structure high,  
 At top whereof, but far more rich, appeared  
 The work as of a kingly palace gate,  
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
 Embellished; thick with sparkling orient gems  
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth  
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.  
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw  
 Angels ascending and descending, bands  
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled  
 To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz,  
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,  
 And waking cried, 'This is the gate of Heaven.'  
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
 There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes  
 Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flowed  
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
 Who after came from earth, sailing arrived,

maics attributed a sort of libration, or shaking (the "trepidation" so much talked of), to account for certain irregularities in the motion of the stars; "and" beyond this "that first moved," the *primum mobile*, the sphere which was both the first moved and the first mover, communicating its motions to all the lower spheres; and beyond this was the empyrean Heaven.—*Newton*.

<sup>1</sup> Tired, wearied.



Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake  
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds  
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
 The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate  
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss,  
 Direct against which opened from beneath,  
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
 A passage down to the earth, a passage wide  
 Wider by far than that of after times  
 Over Mount Zion, and, though that were large,  
 Over the promised land to God so dear,  
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,  
 On high behests his angels to and fro  
 Passed frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
 From Paneas,<sup>1</sup> the fount of Jordan's flood,  
 To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land  
 Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore;  
 So wide the opening seemed, where bounds were set  
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.  
 Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,  
 That scaled by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,  
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
 Of all this world at once. As when a scout  
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
 All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn  
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,  
 Which to his eye discovers unaware  
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
 First seen, or some renowned metropolis,  
 With glistening spires and pinnacles adorned,  
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:  
 Such wonder seized, though after Heaven seen,  
 The spirit malign, but much more envy seized,  
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair.  
 Round he surveys<sup>2</sup> (and well might, where he stood

<sup>1</sup> Formerly called Dan, from "Dan to Beersheba" being the limits of the Holy Land from N. to S.

<sup>2</sup> "He surveys from eastern point of Libra," one of the twelve signs exactly opposite to Aries, "to the fleecy star," Aries or the Ram, that is from east to west, for when Libra rises in the east, Aries sets full west; and Aries is said to "bear Andromeda," because that constellation represented as a woman is placed just over Aries, and therefore when Aries sets he seems to bear Andromeda "far off Atlantic seas," the great western ocean, "beyond the horizon; then from



So nigh above the circling canopy  
 Of night's extended shade), from eastern point  
 Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears  
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas,  
 Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole  
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
 Down right into the world's first region throws  
 His flight precipitant, and winds with ease  
 Through the pure marble<sup>1</sup> air his oblique way  
 Amongst innumerable stars, that shone  
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seemed other worlds.  
 Or other worlds they seemed, or happy isles,  
 Like those Hesperian gardens<sup>2</sup> famed of old,  
 Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales;  
 Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there  
 He stayed not to inquire: above them all  
 The golden sun, in splendour likest Heaven,  
 Allured his eye: thither his course he bends  
 Through the calm firmament (but up or down,  
 By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell,  
 Or longitude), where the great luminary  
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
 Dispenses light from far; they as they move  
 Their starry dance in numbers<sup>3</sup> that compute  
 Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp  
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turned  
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
 The universe, and to each inward part  
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
 Shoots invisible virtue 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 orb  
 Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw.  
 The place he found beyond expression bright,

pole to pole he views in breadth," that is, from north to south, and that  
 is said to be "in breadth," because the ancients, knowing more of the  
 earth from east to west than from north to south, and so having a  
 much greater journey one way than the other, one was called length  
 or longitude, the other breadth, or latitude.—*Newton*.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. pure, spotless: see *Newton's* examples.

<sup>2</sup> The isles about Cape Verde in Africa.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. measures, rhythm.



Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone ;  
 Not all parts like, but all alike informed  
 With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire ;  
 If metal, part seemed gold, part silver clear ;  
 If stone, carbuncle most, or chrysolite,  
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
 In Aaron's breastplate, and a stone beside  
 Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,  
 That stone, or like to that, which here below  
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought ;  
 In vain, though by their powerful art they bind  
 Volatile Hermes,<sup>1</sup> and call up unbound  
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
 Drained through a limbeck to his native form.  
 What wonder then if fields and regions here  
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run  
 Portable gold, when with one virtuous touch  
 The arch-chemic sun,<sup>2</sup> so far from us remote,  
 Produces, with terrestrial humour mixed,  
 Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare ?  
 Here matter new to gaze the devil met  
 Undazzled ; far and wide his eye commands ;  
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
 But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon  
 Culminate from the equator, as they now  
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body opaque can fall ; and the air,  
 Nowhere so clear, sharpened his visual ray  
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,  
 The same whom John saw also in the sun :<sup>3</sup>  
 His back was turned, but not his brightness hid ;  
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar  
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
 Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge<sup>4</sup> with wings,

<sup>1</sup> Quicksilver, or mercury.

<sup>2</sup> The thought of making the sun the chief chemist or alchemist seems to be taken from Shakspeare, King John, act iii. :—

“ To solemnise this day, the glorious sun  
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist,  
 Turning with splendour of his precious eye  
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.”

Rev. xix 17.

<sup>4</sup> For “ fledged ”



Lay waving round ; on some great charge employed  
 He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep.  
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope  
 To find who might direct his wandering flight  
 To Paradise, the happy seat of man,  
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.  
 But first he casts<sup>1</sup> to change his proper shape,  
 Which else might work him danger or delay :  
 And now a stripling cherub he appears,  
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
 Youth smiled celestial,<sup>2</sup> and to every limb  
 Suitable grace diffused, so well he feigned :  
 Under a coronet his flowing hair  
 In curls on either cheek played ; wing he wore  
 Of many a coloured plume sprinkled with gold ;  
 His habit fit for speed succinct,<sup>3</sup> and held  
 Before his decent steps a silver wand  
 He drew not nigh unheard ; the angel bright,  
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turned,  
 Admonished by his ear, and straight was known  
 The archangel Uriel, one of the seven  
 Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,  
 Stand ready at command, and are his eyes<sup>4</sup>  
 That run through all the heavens, or down to the earth  
 Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,  
 O'er sea and land : him Satan thus accosts :  
 " Uriel,<sup>5</sup> for thou of those seven spirits that stand

<sup>1</sup> Devises, considers.

<sup>2</sup> In Spenser there is a similar description of a young angel. *Faerie Queen*, b. ii. cant. viii. st. 5 :—

" Beside his head there sat a fair young man,  
 Of wondrous beauty, and of freshest years,  
 Whose tender bud to blossom new began,  
 And flourish fair above his equal peers ;  
 His snowy front curléd with golden hairs,  
 Like Phœbus' face adorned with sunny rays,  
 Divinely shone ; and two sharp wingéd shears,  
 Deckéd with diverse plumes, like painted jays,  
 Were fixé at his back, to cut his airy ways."

—Newton.

<sup>3</sup> Ready, prepared.

<sup>4</sup> This expression, borrowed from Zech. iv. 10, probably refers to the eastern title of "eye of the king," applied to a chief officer.—See Kitto's *Biblical Cyclopædia*, v. i. p. 683-b.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *God is my light*. He is mentioned as a good angel in 2 Esdras iv and v.



In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,  
The first art wont his great authentic will  
Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring  
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;  
And here art likeliest by supreme decree  
Like honour to obtain, and, as his eye,  
To visit oft this new creation round;  
Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,  
His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
All these his works so wondrous he ordained,  
Hath brought me from the quires of cherubim  
Alone thus wandering. Brightest seraph, tell  
In which of all these shining orbs hath man  
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell,  
That I may find him, and with secret gaze  
Or open admiration him behold,  
On whom the great Creator hath bestowed  
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces poured;  
That both in him and all things, as is meet,  
The universal Maker we may praise,  
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes  
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss  
Created this new happy race of men  
To serve him better: wise are all his ways."

So spake the false dissembler unperceived;  
For neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone,  
By his permissive will, through Heaven and earth:  
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems: which now for once beguiled  
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held  
The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in Heaven;  
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul  
In his uprightness answer thus returned:

"Fair angel, thy desire, which tends to know  
The works of God, thereby to glorify  
The great Work-Master, leads to no excess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither



From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,  
 Contented with report, hear only in Heaven:  
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
 Had in remembrance always with delight;  
 But what created mind can comprehend  
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?  
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,  
 This world's material mould, came to a heap;  
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar  
 Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined;  
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
 Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.  
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then  
 The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire,  
 And this ethereal quintessence<sup>1</sup> of Heaven  
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
 That rolled orbicular, and turned to stars  
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move,  
 Each had his place appointed, each his course;  
 The rest in circuit walls 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 the other hemisphere,  
 Night would invade; but there the neighbouring moon  
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid  
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
 Still ending, still renewing,<sup>2</sup> through mid Heaven,  
 With borrowed light her countenance triform  
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten the earth,

<sup>1</sup> The four elements hasted to their quarters, but this fifth essence flew upward. It should be "this," as it is in Milton's own editions, and not "the ethereal quintessence," as it is in Bentley's, Fenton's, and some other editions; for the angel who speaks is in the sun, and therefore says "this," as the sun was a part of this ethereal quintessence. And this notion our author borrowed from Aristotle and others of the ancient philosophers, who supposed that, besides the four elements, there was likewise an ethereal quintessence, or fifth essence, out of which the stars and heavens were formed, and its motion was orbicular.—*Newton*.

<sup>2</sup> Increasing with horns toward the east, decreasing with horns toward the west, and at the full.



And in her pale dominion checks the night  
That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bower  
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires."

Thus said, he turned; and Satan, bowing low,  
As to superior spirits is wont in Heaven,  
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,  
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,  
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel,  
Nor stayed, till on Niphates' top he lights.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A mountain in the borders of Armenia, not far from the spring of Tigris, as Xenophon affirms upon his own knowledge. The poet lands Satan on this mountain, because it borders on Mesopotamia, which the most judicious describers of Paradise *see it--Hume.*



## BOOK IV.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation 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 described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their 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 their state by some other means. Meanwhile, Uriel, descending on a sunbeam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil 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 questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but, hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

Oh for that warning voice, which he who saw  
 The Apocalypse, heard cry in Heaven aloud,  
 Then when the dragon, put to second rout,  
 Came furious down to be revenged on men,  
 'Woe to the inhabitants on earth!' <sup>1</sup> that now,  
 While time was, our first parents had been warned

<sup>1</sup> Rev. xii 12.



The coming of their secret foe, and 'scaped,  
 Haply so 'scaped his mortal snare: for now  
 Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,  
 The tempter ere the accuser<sup>1</sup> of mankind,  
 To wreak on innocent frail man his loss  
 Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell:  
 Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold  
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
 Begins his dire attempt; which, nigh the birth,  
 Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,  
 And like a devilish engine back recoils  
 Upon himself; horror and doubt distract  
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
 The Hell within him; for within him Hell  
 He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
 One step no more than from himself can fly  
 By change of place; now conscience wakes despair  
 That slumbered, wakes the bitter memory  
 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 grieved look he fixes sad;  
 Sometimes towards Heaven, and the full blazing sun,  
 Which now sat high in his meridian tower:<sup>2</sup>  
 Then much revolving, thus in sighs began:  
 "O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,<sup>3</sup>  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the god  
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,

<sup>1</sup> Rev. xii. 10.

<sup>2</sup> At noon the sun is lifted up as in a tower. So Spenser, in his translation of Virgil's *Culex*:—

"The fiery sun was mounted now on high  
 Up to the heavenly towers."

—Richardson.

Satan being now within prospect of Eden, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with sentiments different from those which he discovered while he was in Hell. The place inspires him with thoughts more adapted to it: he reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a speech that is softened with several transient touches of remorse and self-accusation; but at length he confirms himself in impenitence, and in his design of drawing man into his own state of guilt and misery. This conflict of passions is raised with a great deal of art, as the opening of his speech to the sun is very bold and noble. This speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to Satan in the whole poem.—Addison,



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 sphere;  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,  
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King  
 Ah, wherefore? he deserved no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
 What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?  
 How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high  
 I sdeined<sup>1</sup> subjection, and thought one step higher  
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe,  
 Forgetful what from him I still received;  
 And understood not<sup>2</sup> that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharged; what burden then?  
 Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained  
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised  
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other power  
 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,  
 Drawn to his part; but other powers as great  
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations armed.  
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?  
 Thou hadst; whom hast thou then or what to accuse  
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?  
 Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,  
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.  
 Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair?  
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;  
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide.

<sup>1</sup> Disdained, from the Italian *sdegnare*.

<sup>2</sup> This is connected with "I sdeined," in l. 50.



To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.  
 Oh, then at last relent: is there no place  
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?  
 None left but by submission; and that word  
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced  
 With other promises and other vaunts  
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
 The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell.  
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery; such joy ambition finds.  
 But say I could repent, and could obtain  
 By act of grace my former state; how soon  
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay  
 What feigned 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 pierced so deep.  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear  
 Short intermission bought with double smart.  
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far  
 From granting he, as I from begging peace:  
 All hope excluded thus, behold instead  
 Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,  
 Mankind created, and for him this world.  
 So farewell hope, and with hope, farewell fear,  
 Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;  
 Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least  
 Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;  
 As man ere long and this new world shall know."<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus while he spake each passion dimmed his face,  
 Thrice changed with pale ire, envy and despair;  
 Which marred his borrowed visage, and betrayed  
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.  
 For heavenly minds from such distempers foul  
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. by their fall.



Each perturbation smoothed with outward calm,  
 Artificer of fraud, and was the first  
 That practised falsehood under saintly show,  
 Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge;  
 Yet not enough had practised to deceive  
 Uriel once warned; whose eye pursued him down  
 The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount<sup>1</sup>  
 Saw him disfigured, more than could befall  
 Spirit of happy sort; his gestures fierce  
 He marked and mad demeanour, then alone,  
 As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.  
 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 champaign head  
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,  
 Access denied; and overhead up grew  
 Insuperable heights of loftiest shade,  
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm.  
 A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend  
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
 The verduous wall of Paradise up-sprung:  
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large  
 Into his nether empire neighbouring round.  
 And higher than that wall a circling row  
 Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,  
 Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden hue,  
 Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed:  
 On which the sun more glad impressed his beams  
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
 When God hath showered the earth; so lovely seemed  
 That landscape; and of pure, now purer air  
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,  
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Bentley reads *Armenian mount*; but Niphates is by Pliny reckoned between Armenia and Assyria, and therefore may be called *Assyrian*. It is plain from Milton's account of the situation of Eden, v. 210, 285, that Eden was in Assyria; and it is plain from comparing ili. 742, with iv. 27, that Niphates was not far from Eden; so that Milton must have placed it in Assyria, at least on the borders of it.—Pearce.



Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmy spoils.<sup>1</sup> As when to them who sail  
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
 Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow  
 Sabeian odours from the spicy shore  
 Of Araby the Blest; with such delay  
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a leagu  
 Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:  
 So entertained those odorous sweets the fiend  
 Who came their bane, though with them better pleased  
 Than Asmodæus<sup>2</sup> with the fishy fume,  
 That drove him, though enamoured, from the spouse  
 Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent  
 From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill  
 Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow;  
 But further way found none, so thick entwined,  
 As one continued brake, the undergrowth  
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed  
 All path of man or beast that passed<sup>3</sup> that way:  
 One gate there only was, and that looked east  
 On the other side: which, when the arch-felon saw,  
 Due entrance he disdained, and in contempt,  
 At one slight bound high overleaped all bound  
 Of hill or highest wall, and <sup>his</sup> ~~her~~ within  
 Lights on his feet. As when, <sup>a</sup> prowling wolf,  
 Whom hunger drives to seek ne<sup>r</sup> ~~y~~ haunt for prey,  
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve  
 In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,  
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:  
 Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash

<sup>1</sup> This fine passage is undoubtedly taken from as fine a one in  
 Shakspeare's Twelfth Night, at the beginning—

“like the sweet south  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing and giving odour.”

Newton.

<sup>2</sup> Asmodæus was the evil spirit, enamoured of Sarah the daughter of  
 Raguel, whose seven husbands he destroyed; but after that she was  
 married to the son of Tobit, he was driven away by the fumes of the  
 heart and liver of a fish; “the which smell when the evil spirit had  
 smelled, he fled into the utmost parts of Egypt, and the angel bound  
 him.” See the book of Tobit, chap. viii.—Newton.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* that would have passed. So in 642—“So seemed,” *i. e.* would  
 have seemed, if any one had been there to see him.



Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
 Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:  
 So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;  
 So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.  
 Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,  
 The middle tree and highest there that grew,  
 Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life  
 Thereby regained, but sat devising death  
 To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought  
 Of that life-giving plant, but only used  
 For prospect, what, well used, had been the pledge  
 Of immortality. So little knows  
 Any, but God alone, to value right  
 The good before him, but perverts best things  
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.  
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views  
 To all delight of human sense exposed  
 In narrow room Nature's 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 stretched her line<sup>1</sup>  
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers  
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
 Or where the sons of Eden long before  
 Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soil  
 His far more pleasant garden God ordained;  
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow  
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;  
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,  
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life,  
 Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,

This province (in which the terrestrial Paradise was planted) extended from "Auran," or Haran, or Charran, or Charræ, a city of Mesopotamia near the river Euphrates, extended, I say, from thence eastward to "Seleucia," a city built by Seleucus, one of the successors of Alexander the Great, upon the river Tigris. Or, in other words, this province was the same, where the children of Eden dwelt in "Telassar" (as Isaiah says, chap. xxxvii. 12), which "Telassar," or Galatha, was a province and a city of the children of Eden, placed by Ptolemy in Babylonia, upon the common stream of Tigris and Euphrates. See Sir Isaac Newton's Chronol. p. 275. So that our author places Eden, agreeably to the accounts in Scripture, somewhere in Mesopotamia.--Newton



Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.  
 Southward through Eden went a river<sup>1</sup> large,  
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill  
 Passed underneath engulfed; for God had thrown  
 That mountain as his garden mould high raised  
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,  
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
 Watered the garden, thence united fell  
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
 And now divided into four main streams,<sup>2</sup>  
 Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm  
 And country, whereof here needs no account;  
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,  
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,  
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
 With mazy error under pendent shades  
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
 Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art  
 In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon  
 Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,  
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
 The open field, and where the unpierced shade  
 Embrowned the noontide bowers: thus was this place  
 A happy rural seat of various view;  
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,

<sup>1</sup> Probably the river formed by the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris, which flows *southward*.

<sup>2</sup> This is grounded upon the words of Moses, Gen. ii. 10:—"And a river went out of Eden to water the garden, and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads." Now the most probable account that is given of these four rivers we conceive to be this. The river that watered the garden of Eden was, as we think, the river formed by the junction of Euphrates and Tigris; and this river was parted into four other main streams or rivers; two above the garden, namely, Euphrates and Tigris before they are joined, and two below the garden, namely, Euphrates and Tigris after they are parted again; for Euphrates and Tigris they were still called by the Greeks and Romans, though in the time of Moses they were named Pison and Gihon. Our poet expresses it as if the river had been parted into four other rivers below the garden; but there is no being certain of these particulars; and Milton, sensible of the great uncertainty of them, wisely avoids giving any farther description of the countries through which the rivers flowed, and says in the general that no account needs to be given of them here.—*Newton*



Others whose fruit burnished with golden rind,  
 Hung amiable (Hesperian fables true,  
 If true, here only), and of delicious taste.<sup>1</sup>  
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,  
 Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap  
 Of some irriguous<sup>2</sup> valley spread her store,  
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.  
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
 Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall  
 Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,<sup>3</sup>  
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned  
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
 The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,  
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,<sup>4</sup>  
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
 Led on the eternal Spring Not that fair field  
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,  
 Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis<sup>5</sup>  
 Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain  
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove  
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired  
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise

<sup>1</sup> I have bracketed these words, with Pearce.

<sup>2</sup> Well watered, full of springs and rills.

<sup>3</sup> He makes the lake, we may observe, a person, as Homer does the river Scamander and Virgil the Tiber; and Milton himself makes a person of the river of bliss, and a female person too, iii. 359, as he does here of the lake. This language is certainly more poetical; and I suppose he thought "her crystal mirror" sounded smoother and better than "its crystal mirror," or even "his crystal mirror."—*Newton*.

<sup>4</sup> While universal nature, linked with the graceful seasons, danced a perpetual round, and throughout the earth, yet unpolluted, led eternal spring. All the poets favour the opinion of the world's creation in the spring, Virg. Georg. ii. 338:—

"Ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat."

And Homer joins both the Graces and Hours hand-in-hand with Harmony, Youth, and Venus, in his hymn to Apollo.—*Hume*.

The Ancients personized everything. "Pan" is nature, the "Graces" are the beautiful seasons, and the "Hours" are the time requisite for the production and perfection of things.—*Richardson*.

<sup>5</sup> Pluto.



Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle  
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,  
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Lybian Jove,  
 Hid Amalthea and her florid son,  
 Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;  
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,  
 Mount Amara, though this by some supposed  
 True Paradise, under the Ethiop line,  
 By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,  
 A whole day's 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 majesty, seemed lords of all,  
 And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine  
 The image of their glorious Maker shone;  
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure  
 (Severe, but in true filial freedom placed),  
 Whence true authority in men; though both  
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;  
 For contemplation he and valour formed;  
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;  
 He for God only, she for God in him:  
 His fair large front, and eye sublime, declared  
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine<sup>1</sup> locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:  
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist  
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
 Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved,  
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied  
 Subjection, but required with gentle sway,  
 And by her yielded, by him best received,  
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
 And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.  
 Nor those mysterious parts were then concealed,  
 Then was not guilty shame: dishonest shame  
 Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,  
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind  
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure  
 And banished from man's life his happiest life.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. dark purple-brown.



Simplicity and spotless innocence !  
 So passed they naked on, nor shunned  
 The sight of God or angel, for they thought no ill ;  
 So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair  
 That ever since in love's embraces met ;  
 Adam, the goodliest man of men since born<sup>1</sup>  
 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 their sweet gardening labour than sufficed  
 To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease  
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite  
 More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell ;  
 Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs  
 Yielded them ; sidelong as they sat recline  
 On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers :  
 The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind  
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream :  
 Nor gentle purpose,<sup>2</sup> nor endearing smiles  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems  
 Fair couple, linked in happy nuptial league,  
 Alone as they. About them frisking played  
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase  
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den ;  
 Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw  
 Dandled the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
 Gambolled before them ; the unwieldy elephant,  
 To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed  
 His lithe<sup>3</sup> proboscis ; close the serpent<sup>4</sup> sly  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine

<sup>1</sup> This manner of expression is borrowed from the Greek language in which we find sometimes the superlative degree used instead of the comparative. The meaning therefore is, that Adam was a goodlier man than any of his sons, and Eve fairer than her daughters. So Achilles is said to have been *ὠκυμωρότατος ἄλλων*, *Iliad*, i. 505 ; that is, more short-lived than others.—*ewton*.

<sup>2</sup> From Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 8, 14 :—

“He ’gan make gentle purpose to his dame.”—*Thyer*.

<sup>3</sup> Lissom, flexible.

<sup>4</sup> We may observe that the poet is larger in the description of the serpent than of any of the other animals ; and very judiciously, as he is afterwards made the instrument of so much mischief ; and, at the same time, an intimation is given “of his fatal guile,” to prepare the reader for what follows.—*Newton*.



His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass  
 Couched, and now filled with pasture gazing sat,  
 Or bedward ruminating; for the sun,  
 Declined, was hasting now with prone career  
 To the ocean isles,<sup>1</sup> and in the ascending scale  
 Of Heaven, the stars that usher evening rose:  
 When Satan, still in gaze, as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length failed speech recovered sad:

“O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced  
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,  
 Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright  
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that formed them on their shape hath poured  
 Ah! gentle pair, ye 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;  
 Happy, but for so happy ill secured  
 Long to continue, and this high seat, your heaven,  
 Ill fenced for Heaven to keep out such a foe  
 As now is entered; yet no purposed foe  
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
 Though I unpitied: league with you I seek,  
 And mutual amity so strait, so close,  
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
 Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please,  
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such  
 Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,  
 Which I as freely give: Hell shall unfold

<sup>1</sup> The islands in the Western Ocean; for that the sun set in the sea, and rose out of it again, was an ancient poetic notion, and is become part of the phraseology of poetry. “And in the ascending scale of heaven.” The “balance” of Heaven, or Libra, is one of the twelve signs; and when the sun is in that sign, as he is at the autumnal equinox, the days and nights are equal, as if weighed in a balance:—

“*Libra diei somnique pares ubi fecerit horas.*”

*Virg. Georg. i. 208.*

and from hence our author seems to have borrowed his metaphor of the “scales” of Heaven, weighing night and day, the one ascending, the other sinks.—*Newton.*



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 offspring; if no better place,  
Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge  
On you who wrong me not for him who wronged.  
And should I at your harmless innocence  
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,  
Honour and empire, with revenge enlarged.  
By conquering this new world, compels me now  
To do what else, though damned, I should abhor."

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,  
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.  
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree  
Down he alights among the sportful herd  
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,  
Now other, as their shape served best his end  
Nearer to view his prey, and unespied  
To mark what of their state he more might learn  
By word or action marked: about them round  
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;  
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied  
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
Straight couches close, then rising changes oft  
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground.  
Whence rushing he might surest sieze them both  
Griped in each paw: when Adam, first of men,  
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,  
Turned him, all ear to hear new utterance flow:  
"Sole partner, and sole part of all these joys,  
Dearer thyself than 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 raised us from the dust and placed us here  
In all this happiness, who at his hand  
Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
Aught whereof he hath need, he who requires  
From us no other service than to keep  
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees  
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
So various, not to taste that only tree  
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life,  
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is."



Some dreadful thing, no doubt; for well thou knowest  
 God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree,  
 The only sign of our obedience left  
 Among so many signs of power and rule  
 Conferred upon us, and dominion given  
 Over all other creatures that possess  
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard  
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights:  
 But let us ever praise him, and extol  
 His bounty, following our delightful task,  
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers  
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

To whom thus Eve replied: "O thou for whom  
 And from whom I was formed, flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end, my guide  
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
 And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy  
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
 Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou  
 Like consort to thyself canst no where find.  
 That day I oft remember,<sup>1</sup> when from sleep  
 I first awaked,<sup>2</sup> and found myself reposed  
 Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought and how  
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved  
 Pure as the expanse of Heaven; I thither went  
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down  
 On the green bank, to look into the clear  
 Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite

<sup>1</sup> From this, as well as several other passages in the poem, it appears that the poet supposes Adam and Eve to have been created, and to have lived many days in Paradise before the Fall. See iv. 639, 680, 712, v. 31, &c.—*Newton*. The Rabbins, and some of the fathers, on the contrary, believed that the Fall happened on the very day Adam and Eve were created. See "Universal Ancient History," v. i. p. 121. ed. 8vo.

<sup>2</sup> As death is often compared to "sleep," so our coming into life may well be likened to "waking." And Adam speaks in the same figure, viii. 253.—*Newton*.



A shape within the watery gleam appeared,  
 Bending to look on me ; I started back,  
 It started back ; but pleased I soon returned,  
 Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks  
 Of sympathy and love ; there I had fixed  
 Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,  
 Had not a voice thus warned me : ' What thou seest,  
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself ;  
 With thee it came and goes : but follow me,  
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he  
 Whose image thou art ; him thou shalt enjoy  
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called  
 Mother of human race.' What could I do,  
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led ?  
 Till I espied thee, fair indeed, and tall,  
 Under a plantain ; yet methought less fair,  
 Lest winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 Than that smooth watery image ; back I turned ;  
 Thou following criedst aloud, ' Return, fair Eve,  
 Whom fliest thou ? whom thou fliest, of him thou art,  
 His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent  
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear ;  
 Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
 My other half.' With that thy gentle hand  
 Seized mine ; I yielded, and from that time see  
 How beauty is excelled by manly grace  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

So spake our general mother, and with eyes  
 Of conjugal attraction unproved,  
 And meek surrender, half-embracing leaned  
 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  
 Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter  
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds  
 That shed May flowers ; and pressed her matron' lip  
 With kisses pure ; aside the devil turned

<sup>1</sup> Denating the lawfulness of their love



For envy, yet with jealous leer malign  
 Eyed them askance, and to himself thus 'plained:  
 "Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two,  
 Imparadised<sup>1</sup> in one another's arms,  
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
 Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,  
 Where<sup>2</sup> neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
 Among our other torments not the least,  
 Still unfulfilled with pain of longing pines.  
 Yet let me not forget what I have gained  
 From their own mouths: all is not the\,s, it seems;  
 One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge called,  
 Forbidden them to taste: knowledge forbidden?  
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord  
 Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?  
 Can it be death? And do they only stand  
 By ignorance? Is that their happy state,  
 The proof of their obedience and their faith?  
 Oh, fair foundation laid whereon to build  
 Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds  
 With more desire to know, and to reject  
 Envious commands, invented with design  
 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 unspied;  
 A chance but chance<sup>3</sup> may lead where I may meet  
 Some wandering spirit of Heaven by fountain side,  
 Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw  
 What further would be learned. Live while ye may  
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed."

So saying, his proud step he scornful turned,  
 But with sly circumspection, and began  
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.  
 Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heaven  
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun

<sup>1</sup> Bentley quotes an example of this word from Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," p. 109. "This *imparadised* neighbourhood."

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* where there is.

<sup>3</sup> A disagreeable jingle of words. It has been compared with the *forte fortuna* of Latin authors.



Slowly descended,<sup>1</sup> and with right aspect  
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise  
 Levelled his evening rays: it was a rock  
 Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,  
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent  
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high,  
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.  
 Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel<sup>2</sup> sat,  
 Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;  
 About him exercised heroic games  
 The unarmed youth of Heaven, but, nigh at hand,  
 Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,  
 Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.  
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even<sup>3</sup>  
 On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star<sup>4</sup>  
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired  
 Impress the air, and shows the mariner

<sup>1</sup> Bentley objects to this verse, and reads "had low descended," because the sun passes equal spaces in equal times. This is true (as Pearce replies) in philosophy, but in poetry it is usual to represent it otherwise. But I have a stronger objection to this verse, which is, that it seems to contradict what is said before, ver. 353:—

"The sun—was *hasting now with prone career*  
 To th' ocean isles;"

and, to reconcile them, I think we must read, "had low descended," or perhaps "lowly descended," or understand it as Dr. Pearce explains it, that the sun descended "slowly" at this time, because Uriel, its angel, came on a sunbeam to Paradise, and was to return on the same beam; which he could not well have done, if the sun had moved on with its usual rapidity of course.—*Newton*. There is no discrepancy, if we recollect that the nearer the sun descends to the horizon, the more slowly it seems to fade from the view.

<sup>2</sup> One of the archangels sent to show Daniel the vision of the four monarchies and the seventy weeks, Dan. vii. and ix., and to the Virgin Mary to reveal the incarnation of our Saviour, Luke i. His name in the Hebrew signifies "the man of God," or "the strength and power of God;" well, by our author, posted as chief of the angelic guards placed about Paradise.—*Hume*.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* through that part of the heavens, where it was then evening.

<sup>4</sup> Homer, in like manner, compares Minerva's descent from heaven to a shooting star, *Iliad*, iv. 74, which Pope unfortunately translates "comet, as follows:—

"Like the red comet, from Saturnius sent  
 To fright the nations with a dire portent  
 (A fatal sign to armies in the plain,  
 As trembling sailors on the wintry main)."



From what point of his compass to beware  
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste:

"Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given  
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place  
No evil thing approach or enter in.

This day at height of noon came to my sphere  
A spirit, zealous, as he seemed, to know  
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man,  
God's latest image: I described his way  
Bent all on speed, and marked his airy gait;  
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,  
Where he first lighted, soon discerned his looks  
Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscured:  
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade  
Lost sight of him: one of the banished crew,  
I fear, hath ventured from the deep, to raise  
New troubles; him thy care must be to find."

To whom the wingéd warrior thus returned:  
"Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,  
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,  
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass  
The vigilance here placed, but such as come  
Well known from Heaven; and since meridian hour  
No creature thence: if spirit of other sort,  
So minded, have o'erleaped these earthy bounds  
On purpose, hard thou knowest it to exclude  
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.  
But if within the circuit of these walks,

The fall of Phaëton is illustrated by the same comparison by Ovid  
Met. ii. 320:—

"The breathless Phaëton, with flaming hair,  
Shot from the chariot like a falling star,  
That in a summer's evening from the top  
Of Heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop."

*Addison.*

Milton adds that this shooting star "thwarts" or crosses the night  
"in autumn," because then these phenomena are most common after  
the heat of summer, when the vapours taking fire made violent im-  
pressions and agitations in the air, and they usually portend tempestu-  
ous weather, as Virgil himself has noted long ago, Georg. i. 365:—

"And oft before tempestuous winds arise,  
The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies;  
And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night  
With sweeping glories and long trails of light."

*Dryden.—Newton.*



In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.'

So promised he; and Uriel to his charge  
Returned on that bright beam, whose point now raised  
Bore him slope downward to the sun, now fallen  
Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,  
Incredible how swift, had thither rolled  
Diurnal, or this less volubil earth,  
By shorter flight to the east,<sup>1</sup> had left him there  
Arraying with reflected purple and gold  
The clouds that on his western throne attend

Now came still evening on,<sup>2</sup> and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament  
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,  
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, the hour  
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,  
Mind us of light 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 eyelids:<sup>3</sup> other creatures all day long

<sup>1</sup> It being "less motion for the earth to move from west to east upon its own axis, according to the system of Copernicus, than for the heavens and heavenly bodies to move from east to west, according to the system of Ptolemy."—*Newton*.

<sup>2</sup> This is the first evening in the poem; for the action of the preceding books lying out of the sphere of the sun, the time could not be computed. When Satan came first to the earth, and made that famous soliloquy at the beginning of this book, the sun was "high in his meridian tower;" and this is the evening of that day; and surely there never was a finer evening; words cannot furnish out a more lovely description."—*Newton*.

<sup>3</sup> Spenser F. Q. b. i. c. i. s. 36:—

"The drooping night thus creepeth on them fast,  
And the sad humour loading their eyelids,  
As messenger of Morpheus on them cast  
Sweet slumbering dew, the which to sleep them bids."—*Thyer*.



Rove idle unemployed, and less need rest;  
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;  
 While other animals inactive range,  
 And of their doings God takes no account.  
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
 Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,  
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
 That mock our scant manuring,<sup>1</sup> and require  
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:  
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
 That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,  
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;  
 Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned:  
 "My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st  
 Unargued I obey; so God ordains;  
 God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more  
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.  
 With thee conversing I forget all time;  
 All seasons<sup>2</sup> and their change, all please alike.  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful evening mild; then silent night  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:  
 But neither breath of morn when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun  
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;  
 Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night  
 With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,  
 Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

<sup>1</sup> Manuring is not here to be understood in the common sense, but as working with hands, as the French *manouvrier*; it is, as immediately after, to lop, to rid away what is scattered.—*Richardson*.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. of the day, as in viii 69; ix. 200.



But wherefore all night long shine these? For whom  
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

To whom our general ancestor replied:

"Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve,  
These have their course to finish round the earth,  
By morrow evening, and from land to land  
In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;  
Lest 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 heat  
Of various influence foment and warm,  
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
Their stellar virtue<sup>1</sup> on all kinds that grow  
On earth, made hereby apter to receive  
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray  
These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,  
That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise  
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
Both day and night. How often from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds  
In full harmonic number joined, their songs  
Divide the night,<sup>2</sup> and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed  
On to their blissful bower; it was a place

It may be remarked, once for all, that Milton's taste for displaying his own learning sometimes betrays him into details at variance with the simplicity of poetry, and almost amusingly inconsistent with the primitive nature of those of whom he discourses. But he seems to have had in mind an old notion, that Adam was minutely acquainted with the nature and properties, as well as the *names*, of all the objects he beheld around him. On the *knowledge and wisdom* of Adam, the student may compare an eloquent article in Kitto's *Bibl. Cyclop.* v. i. p. 60.

<sup>2</sup> Into watches, as the sounding of the trumpet did among the ancients.



Chosen by the sovereign Planter, when he framed  
 All things to man's delightful use; the roof  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
 Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower;  
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,  
 Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic; underfoot the violet,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
 Brodered the ground,<sup>1</sup> more coloured than with stone  
 Of costliest emblem:<sup>2</sup> other creature here.  
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none:  
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower,  
 More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,  
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph  
 Nor faunus haunted. Here in close recess,  
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs  
 Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial bed,  
 And heavenly quires the hymenæan sung,  
 What day the genial angel to our sire  
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorned,  
 More lovely than Pandora,<sup>3</sup> whom the gods  
 Endowed with all their gifts, and oh! too like  
 In sad event, when to the unwiser son  
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Homer, Il. xiv. where he describes the springing up of flowers to form a couch for Jupiter and Juno:—

“Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours  
 Unbidden herbs, and voluntary flowers;  
 Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,  
 And clustering lotus swelled the rising bed,  
 And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,  
 And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.”—*Pope*.

<sup>2</sup> Design in laying.

<sup>3</sup> Prometheus, the son of Japhet (or Japetus), had stolen fire from heaven—Jove's authentic fire, the original and prototype of all earthly fire; which Jupiter being angry at, to be revenged sent him Pandora, so called because *all* the Gods had contributed their *gifts* to make her more charming (for so the word signifies). She was brought by Hermes (Mercury), but was not received by Prometheus, the wiser son of Japhet (as the name implies), but by his brother Epimetheus, the unwiser son. She enticed his foolish curiosity to open a box which she brought, wherein were contained all manner of evils—*Richardson*.



Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged  
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,  
Both turned, and under open sky adored  
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,  
Which they beheld; the moon's resplendent globe,  
And starry pole: "Thou<sup>1</sup> also madest the night,  
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,  
Which we in our appointed work employed  
Have finished, happy in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss,  
Ordained by thee, and this delicious place,  
For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
But thou hast promised from us two a race  
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol  
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 their inmost bower  
Handed they went; and, eased the putting off  
These troublesome disguises which we wear,  
Straight side by side were laid; nor turned, I ween,  
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites  
Mysterious of connubial love refused;  
Whatever hypocrites austere talk  
Of purity, and place, and innocence,  
Defaming as impure what God declares  
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all  
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain  
But our destroyer, foe to God and man?  
Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring, sole propriety  
In Paradise of all things common else.  
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men  
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,  
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
Relations dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son, and brother first were known.  
Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,

<sup>1</sup> Observe the magnificence of this sudden change from the oblique manner of speaking to the direct address.



Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,  
 Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,  
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.  
 Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile  
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared,  
 Casual fruition; nor in court amours,  
 Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
 Or serenade, which the starved lover sings  
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain  
 These, lulled by nightingales, embracing slept,  
 And on their naked limbs the flowery roof  
 Showered roses, which the morn repaired. Sleep on,  
 Blest pair; and oh! yet happiest, if ye seek  
 No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measured with her shadowy cone<sup>1</sup>  
 Halfway up-hill<sup>2</sup> this vast sublunar vault,  
 And from their ivory port<sup>3</sup> the cherubim,  
 Forth issuing at the accustomed hour, stood armed  
 To their night watches in warlike parade,  
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake:

“Uzziel,<sup>4</sup> half these draw off, and coast the south  
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;  
 Our circuit meets full west.” As flame they part,  
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.  
 From these, two strong and subtle spirits he called,  
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

<sup>1</sup> This is the form of the shadow of the earth, the base of the cone standing upon that side of the globe where the sun is not, and consequently when it is night there. This cone, to those who are on the darkened side of the earth, could it be seen, would mount as the sun tell lower, and be at its utmost height in the vault of their heaven when it was midnight. The shadowy cone had now arisen halfway, consequently, supposing it to be about the time when the days and nights were of equal length (as it was x. 329), it must be now about nine o'clock, the usual time of the angels setting their sentries, as immediately follows. This is marking the time very poetically.—*Richardson.*

<sup>2</sup> Halfway towards midnight.

<sup>3</sup> As the rock was of alabaster (vi. 543), so he makes the gate of ivory, which was very proper for an eastern gate, as the fairest ivory comes from the east.—*Newton.*

<sup>4</sup> *Strength of God*; the angel next in command to Gabriel.



"Ithuriel and Zephon,<sup>1</sup> with winged speed  
 Search through this garden; leave unsearched no nook;  
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,  
 Now laid, perhaps, asleep, secure of harm.  
 This evening from the sun's decline arrived  
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escaped  
 The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:  
 Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring."

So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
 Dazzling the moon: these to the bower direct  
 In search of whom they sought: him there they found  
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,  
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forge  
 Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams,  
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 The animal spirits that from pure blood arise  
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise  
 At least distempered, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
 Blown up with high conceits engendering pride  
 Him thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear  
 Touched lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts,  
 Discovered and surprised. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid  
 Fit for the tun some magazine to store  
 Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain,  
 With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air:  
 So started up in his own shape the fiend.  
 Back stepped those two fair angels, half amazed  
 So sudden to behold the grisly king;  
 Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon:

"Which of those rebel spirits adjudged to Hell  
 Comest thou, escaped thy prison? and, transformed,  
 Why satt'st thou like an enemy in wait,  
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?"

"Know ye not then," said Satan, filled with scorn.  
 "Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate

<sup>1</sup> Two angels having their names as indication of their offices—  
 Ithuriel, in Hebrew, "the discovery of God;" Zephon, in Hebrew, "secret,  
 or searcher of secrets."—*Hume*.



For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar :  
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,  
The lowest of your throng ; or if ye know,  
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
Your message, like to end as much in vain ? ”

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn :  
“ Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,  
Or undiminished brightness to be known,  
As when thou stood'st in Heaven, upright and pure ;  
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
Departed from thee ; and thou resemblest now  
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.  
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account  
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
This place inviolable, and these from harm.”

So spake the cherub ; and his grave rebuke,  
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
Invincible : abashed the devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely ; saw, and pined  
His loss ; but chiefly to find here observed  
His lustre visibly impaired ; yet seemed  
Undaunted. “ If I must contend,” said he,  
“ Best with the best, the sender, not the sent,  
Or all at once ; more glory will be won,  
Or less be lost.” “ Thy fear,” said Zephon bold  
“ Will save us trial what the least can do  
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak ”

The fiend replied not, overcome with rage ;  
But, like a proud steed reined, went haughty on,  
Champing his iron curb : to strive or fly  
He held it vain ; awe from above had quelled  
His heart, not else dismayed. Now drew they nigh  
The western point, where those half-rounding guards  
Just met, and, closing, stood in squadron joined,  
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,  
Gabriël, from the front thus called aloud :

“ O friends ! I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,  
And with them comes a third of regal port,  
But faded splendour wan ; who, by his gait  
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 these two approached,  
And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
How busied, in what form and posture couched.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake :  
" Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed  
To thy transgressions, and disturbed the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress  
By thy example, but have power and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place ;  
Employed, 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 Heaven the esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee ; but this question asked  
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain ?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,  
Though thither doomed ? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt  
And boldly venture to whatever place  
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change  
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought ;  
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,  
But evil hast not tried ; and wilt object  
His will who bound us ? Let him surer bar  
His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
In that dark durance : thus much what was asked  
The rest is true, they found me where they say ;  
But that implies not violence or harm."

Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel moved,  
Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied :  
" O loss of one in Heaven, to judge of wise,  
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,  
And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,  
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hithe  
Unlicensed from his bounds in Hell prescribed ;  
So wise he judges it to fly from pain  
However, and to 'scape his punishment.  
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,  
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight  
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell  
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain



Can equal anger infinite provoked.  
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 than they  
Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief!  
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleged  
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."

To which the fiend thus answered, frowning stern:  
"Not that I less endure or shrink from pain,  
Insulting angel; well thou know'st I stood  
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
The blasting volleyed thunder made all speed,  
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.  
But still thy words at random, as before,  
Argue thy inexperience what behoves  
From hard assays and ill successes past,  
A faithful leader, not to hazard all  
Through ways of danger by himself untried:  
I, therefore, I alone first undertook  
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy  
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 air;  
Though for possession put to try once more  
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;  
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord  
High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne  
And practised distances to cringe, not fight."

To whom the warrior angel soon replied:  
"To say and straight unsay, pretending first  
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
Argues no leader, but a liar traced,  
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,  
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!  
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.  
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,  
Your military obedience, to dissolve  
Allegiance to the acknowledged power supreme?  
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
Once fawned, and cringed, and servilely adored



Heaven's awful monarch? wherefore, but in hope  
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?  
 But mark what I arreel<sup>1</sup> thee now: Avaunt!  
 Fly thither whence thou fled'st: if from this hour  
 Within these hallowed limits thou appear,  
 Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chained,  
 And seal<sup>2</sup> thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
 The facile gates of Hell, too slightly barred."

So threatened he; but Satan to no threats  
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied:

"Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,  
 Proud limitary<sup>3</sup> cherub! But ere then  
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou, with thy compeers,  
 Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the road of Heaven star-paved."

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright  
 Turned fiery red, sharpening in moonéd horns  
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
 With ported<sup>4</sup> spears, as thick as when a field<sup>5</sup>  
 Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends  
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
 Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands,  
 Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarmed,  
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved:<sup>6</sup>  
 His stature reached the sky,<sup>7</sup> and on his crest  
 Sat horror plumed; nor wanted<sup>8</sup> in his grasp

<sup>1</sup> Award, decree.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Rev. xx. 3.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. who darest to set limits to my movements.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. Hom. Il. ii. :—

<sup>4</sup> Pointed towards him

"And as on corn when western gusts descend,  
 Before the blast the lofty harvests bend:  
 Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,  
 With nodding plumes and groves of waving spears."

Popè

<sup>6</sup> Virgil, Æn. xii. :—

"Like Eryx, or like Athos great, he shows,  
 Or father Apennine, when white with snows,  
 His head divine obscure in clouds he hides,  
 And shakes the sounding forest on his side."—Dryden.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. Hom. Il. iv. 443; Virg. Æn. iv. 177, and Wisdom xviii. 13

<sup>8</sup> Although he had only just resumed his natural form.



What seemed both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds  
 Might have ensued; not only Paradise,  
 In this commotion, but the starry cope  
 Of Heaven, perhaps, or all the elements  
 At least had gone to wrack, disturbed and torn  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
 The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
 Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen  
 Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,  
 Wherein all things created first he weighed,  
 The pendulous round earth with balanced air  
 In counterpoise; now ponders all events,  
 Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
 The latter quick up flew, and kicked the beam;<sup>1</sup>  
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend:

“Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine.  
 Neither our own, but given; what folly, then,  
 To boast what arms can do, since thine no more  
 Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
 To trample thee as mire! For proof look up,  
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
 Where thou art weighed, and shown how light, how weak,  
 If thou resist. The fiend looked up, and knew  
 His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
 Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

\* Bentley, and probably many others, have misunderstood Milton's thought about the scales, judging of it by what they read of Jupiter's scales in Homer and Virgil; the account of which is very different from this of Milton; for in them the fates of the two combatants are weighed one against the other, and the descent of one of the scales foreshowed the death of him whose fate lay in that scale, *quo vergat pondere lethum*: whereas, in Milton, nothing is weighed but what relates to Satan only, and in the two scales are weighed the two different events of his retreating and his fighting. From what has been said it may appear pretty plainly, that Milton by “sequel” meant the consequence or “event,” as it is expressed in ver. 1001, and then there will be no occasion for Dr. Bentley's “signal;” both because it is a very improper word in this place, and because a “signal of parting and of fight” can be nothing else than a signal when to part and when to fight; which he will not pretend to be the poet's meaning.—Pearce.

<sup>2</sup> He does not make the ascending scale the sign of victory, as in Homer and Virgil, but of lightness and weakness, according to that of Belshazzar, Dan. v. 27, “Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.” So true it is, that Milton oftener imitates Scripture than Homer and Virgil, even where he is thought to imitate them most



## BOOK V.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their 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 described; his coming discerned 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 Adam's 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, persuading all but only Abdiel, a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now morn her rosy steps in the eastern clime  
 Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,  
 When Adam waked, so customed; for his sleep  
 Was airy light, from pure digestion bred,  
 And temperate vapours bland, which<sup>1</sup> the only sound<sup>2</sup>  
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
 Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song  
 Of birds<sup>2</sup> on every bough, so much the more  
 His wonder was to find unwakened Eve  
 With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,

<sup>1</sup> Viz., his sleep. The words "only sound," mean "the sound done." Thyer compares Spenser, F. Q. v. 2, 30: "As if the only sound thereof she feared."

<sup>2</sup> "The rattling boughs and leaves their part did bear."—Fairfax.



As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
 Leaning, half raised, with looks of cordial love  
 Hung over her enamoured, and beheld  
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice  
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,<sup>1</sup>  
 Her hand soft touching, whispered thus: "Awake,  
 My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,  
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight,  
 Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field  
 Calls us; we lose the prime<sup>2</sup> to mark how spring  
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,  
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye  
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:

"O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My glory, my perfection! glad I see  
 Thy face, and morn returned; for I this night  
 (Such night till this I never passed) have dreamed,  
 If dreamed, not as I oft am wont, of thee,  
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design,  
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
 Knew never till this irksome night: methought  
 Close at mine ear one called me forth to walk,  
 With gentle voice; I thought it thine; it said,  
 'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
 Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song; now reigns  
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
 Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,  
 If none regard; Heaven wakes with all his eyes,'<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For this delightful simile Milton was probably obliged to his admired Ben Jonson in his mask of "Love reconciled to Virtue":—

"The fair will think you do 'em wrong,  
 Go choose among—but with a mind  
 As gentle as the stroking wind  
 Runs o'er the gentler flowers."—Song 3rd.—*Thyer*

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the early morning.

<sup>3</sup> Spenser, F. Q. iii. 2, 45:—

"With how many eyes  
 High Heaven beholds," &c.



Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire.  
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.'  
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;  
To find thee I directed then my walk;  
And on, methought, alone I passed through ways  
That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seemed,  
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:  
And as I wondering looked, beside it stood  
One shaped and winged like one of those from Heaven  
By us oft seen; his dewy locks distilled  
Ambrosia; on that tree he also gazed;  
And 'O fair plant,' said he, 'with fruit surcharged,  
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,  
Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge so despised?  
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
Longer thy offered good: why else set here?'  
This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm  
He plucked, he tasted; me damp horror chilled  
At such bold words vouched with a deed so bold:  
But he thus, overjoyed: 'O fruit divine,  
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropped;  
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
For gods, yet able to make gods of men:  
And why not gods of men, since good, the more  
Communicated, more abundant grows,  
The author not impaired, but honoured more?  
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,  
Partake thou also; happy though thou art,  
Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:  
Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods  
Thyself a goddess, not to earth confined,  
But sometimes in the air, as we; sometimes  
Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see  
What life the gods live there, and such I've thou.'  
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held  
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
Which he had plucked; the pleasant savoury smell  
So quickened appetite, that I, methought,  
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
The earth outstretched immense, a prospect wide



And various: wondering at my flight and change  
To this high exaltation, suddenly  
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
And fell asleep; but oh, how glad I waked  
To find this but a dream!" Thus Eve her night  
Related, and thus Adam answered sad:

"Best image of myself, 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 soul  
Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
Reason as chief; among these, fancy next  
Her office holds; of all external things,  
Which the five watchful senses represent,  
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,  
Which reason, joining or disjoining, 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 fancy wakes  
To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,  
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
Some such resemblances methinks I find  
Of our last evening's 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 unapproved, and leave  
No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope  
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,  
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
Be not disheartened, then, nor cloud those looks,  
That wont to be more cheerful and serene,  
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world,  
And let us to our fresh employments rise  
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers  
That open now their choicest bosomed smells,  
Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store."

So cheered he his fair spouse, and she was cheered,  
But silently a gentle tear let fall  
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair  
Two other precious drops that ready stood.



Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,  
Kissed, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
And pious awe, that feared to have offended.

So all was cleared, and to the field they haste  
But first, from under shady arborous roof,  
Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,  
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,  
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,  
Discovering in wide landscape all the east  
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,  
Lowly they bowed adoring, and began  
Their orisons, each morning duly paid  
In various style; for neither various style  
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung  
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence  
Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,  
More tuneable than 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; thyself how wondrous then,  
Unspeakable! who sitt'st 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, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,  
On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end  
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater,<sup>1</sup> sound his praise  
In thy eternal<sup>2</sup> course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st

<sup>1</sup> Bentley would read, "acknowledge thy Creator."

<sup>2</sup> i. e. continual.



Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now flie'st,  
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,  
 And ye five other wandering fires that move  
 In mystic dance not without song,<sup>1</sup> resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness called up light  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth  
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternions<sup>2</sup> run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix  
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living souls;<sup>3</sup> ye birds,  
 That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,<sup>4</sup>  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still  
 To give us only good; and if the night  
 Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the doctrine of the ancients, and particularly to Pythagoras' notion of the music of the spheres, by which no doubt he understood the proportion, regularity, and harmony of their motion.—*Newton*.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* that in a fourfold mixture and combination run a perpetual circle, one element continually taking place of another.

<sup>3</sup> "Soul" is used here, as it sometimes is in Scripture, for other creatures besides man. So, Gen. i. 20, "the moving creature that hath life," that is "soul," in the Hebrew.—*Newton*.

<sup>4</sup> So, *Cymbeline*, act ii. :—

"Hark, hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings."



So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts  
 Firm peace recovered<sup>1</sup> soon, and wonted calm.  
 On to their morning's rural work they haste  
 Among sweet dewes and flowers; where any row  
 Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reached too far  
 Their pampered<sup>2</sup> boughs, and needed hands to check  
 Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine  
 To wed her elm; she, spoused, about him twines  
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
 Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn  
 His barren leaves. Them thus employed beheld  
 With pity Heaven's high King, and to him called  
 Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deigned  
 To travel with Tobias, and secured  
 His marriage with the seven-times-wedded maid.

"Raphael," said he, "thou hear'st what stir on ear,  
 Satan, from hell 'scaped through the darksome gulf,  
 Hath raised in Paradise, and how disturbed  
 This night the human pair; how he designs  
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.  
 Go, therefore, half this day, as friend with friend  
 Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade  
 Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retired,  
 To respite his day labour with repast,  
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,  
 As may advise him of his happy state,  
 Happiness in his power left free to will,  
 Left to his own free will, his will though free,  
 Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware  
 He swerve not, too secure: tell him withal  
 His danger, and from whom; what enemy,  
 Late fallen himself from Heaven, is plotting now  
 The fall of others from like state of bliss;  
 By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;  
 But by deceit and lies; this let him know,

i. e. being recovered.

<sup>2</sup> The propriety of this expression will best be seen by what Junius says of the etymology of the word *pamper*. The French word *pampré*, of the Latin *pampinus*, is a vine branch full of leaves; and a vineyard, he observes, is said by them *pamprer*, when it is overgrown with superfluous leaves and fruitless branches. Gallis *pampré* est *pampinus*. unde iis *pamprer* dicitur vinea supervacuo pampinorum germine exuberans, ac nimia crescendi luxuria quodammodo sylvescene. Newton.



Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend  
Surprisa! unadmonished, unforewarned."

So spake the Eternal Father, and fulfilled  
All justice: nor delayed the wingéd saint  
After his charge received; but from among  
Thousand celestial ardours,<sup>1</sup> where he stood  
Veiled with his gorgeous wings, up springing light  
Flew through the midst of Heaven; the angelic quire,  
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
Through all the empyreal road; till at the gate  
Of Heaven arrived, the gate self-opened wide  
On golden hinges turning, as by work  
Divine the sovran Architect had framed.  
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
Star interposed,<sup>2</sup> however small he sees,  
Not unconform to other shining globes,  
Earth and the garden of God, with cedars crowned  
Above all hills. As when by night the glass  
Of Galileo, less assured,<sup>3</sup> observes  
Imagined lands and regions in the moon.  
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades  
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens  
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,  
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
Winnows the buxom<sup>4</sup> air; till within soar  
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems  
A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,  
When, to enshrine his relics in the sun's  
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.  
At once on the eastern<sup>5</sup> cliff of Paradise  
He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
A seraph winged: six wings he wore, to shade  
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad  
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
With regal ornament; the middle pair  
Girt like a starry zone his waist and round  
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,  
And colours dipped in Heaven; the third his feet

<sup>1</sup> Seraphim, that word, like "ardours," being derived from a word signifying *to burn*, and therefore expressing zeal, fervency.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* being interposed. Cf. v. 210. <sup>3</sup> *i. e.* than the angel was.

Yielding, flexible.

<sup>5</sup> Where the entrance to Paradise was.



Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,  
 Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,  
 And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled  
 The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands  
 Of angels under watch; and to his state,  
 And to his message high, in honour rise;  
 For on some message high they guessed him bound.  
 Their glittering tents he passed, and now is come  
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
 And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm;  
 A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here  
 Wantoned as in her prime, and played at will  
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss.  
 Him through the spicy forest onward come,  
 Adam discerned, as in the door he sat  
 Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun  
 Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm  
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs:  
 And Eve within, due at her hour prepared  
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please  
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,  
 Berry or grape:<sup>1</sup> to whom thus Adam called:

"Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy sight behold  
 Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape  
 Comes this way moving; seems another morn  
 Risen on mid-noon; some great behest from Heaven  
 To us, perhaps, he brings, and will vouchsafe  
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,  
 And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour  
 Abundance, fit to honour and receive  
 Our heavenly stranger: well we may afford  
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
 From large bestowed, where Nature multiplies  
 Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows  
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare."

To whom thus Eve: "Adam, earth's hallowed mould,  
 Of God inspired, small store will serve, where store,  
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;  
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains

<sup>1</sup> Noah is, however, supposed to have been the inventor of wine  
 Milton probably means the unfermented juice expressed from  
 fruits.



To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:  
 But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,  
 Each plant and juciest gourd, will pluck such choice  
 To entertain our angel-guest, as he  
 Beholding shall confess, that here on earth  
 God hath dispensed his bounties as in Heaven "

So saying, with despatchful looks, in haste  
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix  
 Tastes, not well joined, 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 shore  
 In Pontus, or the Punic coast, or where  
 Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat  
 Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,  
 She gathers, tribute large, and on the board  
 Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink, the grape  
 She crushes, inoffensive must,<sup>1</sup> and meaths<sup>2</sup>  
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed  
 She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold  
 Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground  
 With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.

Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet  
 His godlike guest, walks forth, without more train  
 Accompanied than with his own complete  
 Perfections; in himself was all his state,  
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
 On princes, when their rich retinue long  
 Of horses led, and grooms besmeared with gold,  
 Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.  
 Nearer his presence Adam, though not awed,  
 Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek  
 As to a superior nature, bowing low,  
 Thus said: "Native of Heaven, for other place  
 None can, than Heaven, such glorious shape contain  
 Since, by descending from the thrones above,  
 Those happy places thou hast deigned awhile  
 To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us  
 Two only, who yet by sovran gift possess

Mustum, new wine.

<sup>2</sup> Sweet drinks, like mead.



This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower  
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears  
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
Be over, and the sun more cool decline "

Whom thus the angelic virtue answered mild ;  
" Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such  
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
As may not oft invite, though spirits of Heaven,  
To visit thee ; lead on, then, where thy bower  
O'ershades ; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,  
I have at will." So to the sylvan lodge  
They came, that like Pomona's arbour smiled  
With flowerets decked and fragrant smells ; but Eve,  
Undecked save with herself, more lovely fair  
Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feigned  
Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,<sup>1</sup>  
Stood to entertain her guest from Heaven ; no veil  
She needed, virtue-proof ; no thought infirm  
Altered her cheek. On whom the angel " Hail !"  
Bestowed, the holy salutation used  
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve :

" Hail, mother of mankind ! whose fruitful womb  
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,  
Than with these various fruits the trees of God  
Have heaped this table." Raised of grassy turf  
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,  
And on her ample square, from side to side,  
All autumn<sup>2</sup> piled, though spring and autumn here  
Danced hand in hand. A while, discourse they hold,  
No fear lest dinner cool ; when thus began  
Our author : " Heavenly stranger, please to taste  
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom  
All perfect good, unmeasured out, descends,  
To us for food and for delight hath caused  
The earth to yield : unsavoury 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

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the contest of Juno, Minerva, and Venus, for the prize of beauty.

<sup>2</sup> All the fruits of autumn.

unworthy  
in Epic