

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

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

To whom the angel, with a smile that glowed
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
 Answered: "Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
 Us happy, and without love no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars;
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure
 Desiring; nor restrained conveyance need
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul

But I can now no more;¹ the parting sun
 Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant isles
 Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
 Be strong, live happy, and love, but first of all
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
 His great command; take heed lest passion sway
 Thy judgment to do aught which else free will
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons
 The weal or woe in thee is placed: beware!
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
 And all the blest: stand fast; to stand or fall
 Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
 Perfect within, no outward aid require;
 And all temptation to transgress repel."

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
 Followed with benediction: "Since to part,
 Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,
 Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.
 Gentle to me and affable hath been
 Thy condescension, and shall be honoured ever
 With grateful memory: thou to mankind
 Be good and friendly still, and oft return."

So parted they: the angel up to Heaven
 From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower

¹ The conversation was now become of such a nature that it was proper to put an end to it; and now "the parting sun beyond the earth's green cape," beyond Cape de Verd, the most western point of Africa; "and verdant isles," the islands of Cape de Verd, a knot of small islands lying off Cape de Verd, subject to the Portuguese; "Hesperian sets," sets westward; from Hesperus, the evening star appearing there, "my signal to depart," for he was only to stay till the evening, v. 376—

"for these mid hours, till evening rise,
 I leave at will." *Newton.*

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

No more of talk where God or angel guest
 With man, as with his friend, familiar used
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake
 Rural repast, permitting him the while
 Venial discourse unblamed: I now must change
 Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach
 Disloyal on the part of man, revolt,
 And disobedience; on the part of Heaven
 Now alienated distance and distaste

Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,
 That brought into this world a world of woe,
 Sin and her shadow Death, and misery¹
 Death's harbinger: sad task, yet argument
 Not less but more heroic than the wrath
 Of stern Achilles² on his foe pursued
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
 Of Turnus for Lavinia³ disespoused;
 Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
 Perplexed the Greek and Cytherea's son;⁴
 If answerable style I can obtain
 Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
 Her nightly visitation unimplored,⁵
 And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
 Easy my unpremeditated verse:
 Since first this subject for heroic song
 Pleased me long choosing, and beginning late,⁶
 Not sedulous by nature to indite
 Wars, hitherto the only argument
 Heroic deemed, chief mastery to dissect
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights
 In battles feigned; the better fortitude
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom
 Unsung; or to describe races and games,⁷
 Or tilting furniture, emblazoned shields,⁸
 Impresses quaint,⁹ caparisons and steeds;

By "misery" here, Milton means sickness, disease, and all sorts of mortal pains. So when in xi. Michael is going to name the several diseases in the lazar-house represented to Adam in a vision he says, ver. 475:—

" that thou may'st know
 What *misery* the inabstinence of Eve
 Shall bring on men."

—Pearce.

² The argument of the Iliad.

³ The argument of the Æneid.

⁴ Cupid, the son of Venus.

⁵ Milton was accustomed to study at night.

⁶ Milton had early intended to write an epic poem on the subject of King Arthur.

⁷ As the ancient poets have done; Homer, in the twenty-third book of the Iliad; Virgil, in the fifth book of the Æneid; and Statius, in the sixth book of his Thebaid; or "tilts" and "tournaments," which are often the subjects of the modern poets, as Ariosto, Spenser, and the like.—Newton.

⁸ Uncommon witty devices or emblems, painted on their shields usually with a motto. We remember one which was not painted; 'twas a blank shield; the motto imported that the wearer would win

Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
 At joust or tournament; then marshalled feast
 Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals;
 The skill of artifice or office mean,
 Not that which justly gives heroic name
 To person or to poem. Me of these
 Nor skilled, nor studious, higher argument
 Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold
 Climate, or years,¹ damp my intended wing
 Depressed, and much they may, if all be mine,
 Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
 Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter
 'Twixt day and night,² and now from end to end
 Night's hemisphere had veiled the horizon round:
 When Satan, who late fled before the threats
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent
 On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearless returned.
 By night he fled, and at midnight returned
 From compassing the earth, cautious of day,
 Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descried
 His entrance, and forewarned the cherubim
 That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driven,
 The space of seven continued nights he rode
 With darkness; thrice the equinoctial line³

by his valour wherewith to adorn it. "Bases," from *bas* (French), they fall low to the ground; they are also called the housing, from *houssé*, bedaggl'd. "Sewers," from *asseoir* (French), to set down; for those officers set the dishes on the table; in old French, *asseours*. "Seneschals," from two German words, signifying a servant of a family; and was applied by way of eminence to the principal servant, the steward.—*Richardson*.

¹ Milton was nearly sixty years of age when this poem was published.

² This expression was probably borrowed from the beginning of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, where, speaking of the sun about the time of the equinox, he calls him "an indifferent arbiter between the night and the day."

³ *i. e.* he was three days moving round from east to west, as the sun does, but always on the opposite side of the globe in darkness.

He circled;¹ four times crossed the car of night
 From pole to pole, traversing each colure;²
 On the eighth returned, and on the coast averse
 From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
 Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,
 Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
 Rose up a fountain by the tree of life;
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose
 Satan, involved in rising mist; then sought
 Where to lie hid; sea he had searched, and land,
 From Eden over Pontus,³ and the pool
 Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;
 Downward as far antarctic; and in length
 West from Orontes to the ocean barred
 At Darien; thence to the land where flows
 Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roamed
 With narrow search, and with inspection deep
 Considered every creature, which of all
 Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found

¹ *i. e.* did not move directly on with the night as before, but crossed over from N. to S. and from S. to N. pole.

² The "colures" are two great circles, intersecting each other at right angles in the poles of the world, and encompassing the earth from N. to S. and from S. to N. Hence, observes Newton, as "Satan was moving from pole to pole, at the same time the car of night was moving from east to west, if he would keep still in the shade of night as he desired, he could not move in a straight line, but must move obliquely, and thereby cross the two colures."

³ "He searched" both "sea and land" northward "from Eden over Pontus," Pontus Euxinus, the Euxine Sea, now the Black Sea, above Constantinople, "and the pool Mæotis," Palus Mæotis, above the Black Sea, "up beyond the river Ob," Ob, or Oby, a great river of Muscovy near the northern pole. "Downward as far as antarctic," as far southward; the northern hemisphere being elevated on our globes, the north is called "up" and the south "downward;" "antarctic," south, the contrary to "arctic" north, from *ἄρκτος*, *the bear*, the most conspicuous constellation near the north pole; but no particular place is mentioned near the south pole, there being all sea or land unknown. "And in length," as north is up and south is down, so in length is east or west; "west from Orontes," a river of Syria, westward of Eden, running into the Mediterranean, "to the ocean barred at Darien," the isthmus of Darien in the West Indies, a neck of land that joins North and South America together, and hinders the ocean as it were with a bar from flowing between them; and the metaphor of "the ocean barred" is in allusion to Job xxxviii. 10.—Newton.

'The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
 Him after long debate, irresolute
 Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose
 Fit vessel, fittest imp¹ of fraud, in whom
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
 From sharpest sight; for in the wily snake,
 Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,
 As from his wit and native subtlety
 Proceeding; which, in other beasts observed,
 Doubt might beget of diabolic power
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.
 Thus he resolved, but first from inward grief
 His bursting passion into plaints thus poured :
 O earth! how like to Heaven, if not preferred
 More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
 For what God, after better, worse would build?
 Terrestrial Heaven, danced round by other heavens
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
 Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,
 In thee concentrating all their precious beams
 Of sacred influence! As God in Heaven
 Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou
 Centring receiv'st from all those orbs, in thee,
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
 Of creatures animate with gradual life
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summed up in man.
 With what delight could I have walked thee round,
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
 Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crowned,
 Rocks, dens, and caves! but I in none of these
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
 Of contraries; all good to me becomes
 Bane, and in Heaven much worse would be my state.
 But neither here seek I, no, nor in Heaven
 To dwell, unless by mastering Heaven's supreme;
 Nor hope to be myself less miserable

Fittest stock to graft his devilish fraud upon. "Imp," of the
 Saxon *impan*, to put into, to graft upon. Thus children are called
 "the imps, from their imitating all they see and hear.—Hume.

By what I seek, but others to make such
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound :
 For only in destroying I find ease
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyed,
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon
 Follow, as to him linked in weal or woe ;
 In woe then ; that destruction wide may range :
 To me shall be the glory sole among
 The infernal powers, in one day to have marred
 What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days
 Continued making, and who knows how long
 Before had been contriving, though perhaps
 Not longer than since I in one night freed
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half
 The angelic name, and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers : he, to be avenged,
 And to repair his numbers thus impaired,
 Whether such virtue spent of old now failed
 More angels to create, if they at least
 Are his created, or, to spite us more,
 Determined to advance into our room
 A creature formed of earth, and him endow,
 Exalted from so base original,
 With heavenly spoils, our spoils : what he decreed
 He effected ; man he made, and for him built
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
 Him lord pronounced, and (oh, indignity !)
 Subjected to his service angel-wings,¹
 And flaming ministers to watch and tend
 Their earthly charge : of these the vigilance
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapped in mist
 Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find
 The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
 To hide me and the dark intent I bring.
 Oh, foul descent ! that I, who erst contended
 With gods to sit the highest, am now constrained
 Into a beast, and mixed with bestial slime,
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the height of deity aspired !

¹ Milton seems to have had the old story of Prometheus in mind representing the evil portion of the gods as jealous of the benefits bestowed on mankind.

But what will not ambition and revenge
 Descend to? who aspires must down as low
 As high he soared, obnoxious first or last
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter ere long back on itself recoils:
 Let it; I reck not, so it light well aimed,
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next
 Provokes my envy, this new favourite
 Of Heaven, this man of clay, son of despite,
 Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker raised
 From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid."

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
 His midnight search, where soonest he might find
 The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
 In labyrinth of many a round self-rolled,
 His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles:
 Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
 Nor nocent¹ yet, but on the grassy herb
 Fearless, unfeared, he slept: in at his mouth
 The devil entered, and his brutal sense,
 In heart or head, possessing, soon inspired
 With act intelligential; but his sleep
 Disturbed not, waiting close the approach of morn
 Now when as sacred light began to dawn
 In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed
 Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,
 From the earth's great altar send up silent praise
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
 With grateful smell,² forth came the human pair,
 And joined their vocal worship to the quire
 Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
 The season, prime for sweetest scents³ and airs:
 Then commune how that day they best may ply
 Their growing work: for much their work outgrew
 The hands' despatch of two gardening so wide.

And Eve first to her husband thus began:

"Adam, well may we labour still to dress
 This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
 Our pleasant task enjoined; but, till more hands
 Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
 Luxurious by restraint; what we by day

¹ Baleful.

² Cf. Genes. viii. 21

³ Scents, so spelt from the Latin *sentire*.

Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
 One night or two with wanton growth derides,
 Tending to wild. Thou, therefore, now advise,
 Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present;
 Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
 The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
 The clasping ivy where to climb, while I,
 In yonder spring of roses intermixed
 With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:
 For while so near each other thus all day
 Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
 Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
 Early, and the hour of supper comes unearned?"

To whom mild answer Adam thus returned:
 "Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
 Compare above all living creatures dear!
 Well hast thou motioned, well thy thoughts employed
 How we might best fulfil the work which here
 God hath assigned us, nor of me shalt pass
 Unpraised; for nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman, than to study household good,
 And good works in her husband to promote
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed
 Labour, as to debar us when we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
 Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,
 To brute denied, and are of love the food;
 Love, not the lowest end of human life.
 Nor not to irksome toil, but to delight
 He made us, and delight to reason joined.
 These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
 Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
 As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
 Assist us: but if much converse perhaps
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield;
 For solitude sometimes is best society,
 And short retirement urges sweet return
 But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
 Befall thee severed from me; for thou know'st
 What hath been warned us, what malicious foe.

Envyng our happiness, and of his own
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
 By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
 Hopeless to circumvent us joined, where each
 To other speedy aid might lend at need;
 Whether his first design be to withdraw
 Our fealty from God, or to disturb
 Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
 Enjoyed by us excites his envy more;
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
 That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
 The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."

To whom the virgin¹ majesty of Eve,
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
 With sweet austere composure thus replied:

"Offspring of Heaven and earth, and all earth's lord,
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks
 Our ruin, both by thee informed I learn,
 And from the parting angel overheard,
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,
 Just then returned at shut of evening flowers.
 But that thou shouldst my firmness, therefore, doubt
 To God or thee, because we have a foe
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear
 His violence thou fear'st not, being such
 As we, not capable of death or pain,
 Can either not receive, or can repel.
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers
 Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced;
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,
 Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?²

To whom with healing words Adam replied:
 "Daughter of God and man,³ immortal Eve,

¹ Ancient writers used this term with greater latitude than is usual now.

² *i. e.* if I am so dear to you as you said (cf. ver. 227), how can you think amiss of me?

³ As Eve had called Adam "offspring of Heaven and earth," as made by God out of the dust of the earth; so Adam calls Eve

For such thou art, from sin and blame entire :
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
 The attempt itself, intended by our foe.
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least aspers¹⁷⁵
 The tempted with dishonour foul, supposed
 Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
 Against temptation : thou thyself with scorn
 And anger wouldst resent the offered wrong,
 Though ineffectual found : misdeem not, then,
 If such affront I labour to avert
 From thee alone, which on us both at once
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare ;
 Or, daring, first on me the assault shall light.
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn ;
 Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
 Angels ; nor think superfluous others' aid.
 I from the influence of thy looks receive
 Access in every virtue ; in thy sight
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were,
 Of outward strength ; while shame, thou looking on,
 Shame to be overcome or over-reached,
 Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.
 Why should not thou like sense within thee feel
 When I am present, and thy trial choose
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried ?”

So spake domestic Adam in his care
 And matrimonial love, but Eve, who thought
 Less attributed to her faith sincere,
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renewed :

“ If this be our condition, thus to dwell
 In narrow circuit straitened by a foe,
 Subtle or violent, we not endued
 Single with like defence, wherever met,
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm ?
 But harm precedes not sin : only our foe,
 Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem
 Of our integrity : his foul esteem
 Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
 Foul on himself ; then wherefore shunned or feared

“ daughter of God and man,” as made by God out of man ; and acknowledges her to be “ immortal,” as she had said herself, ver. 283, that they were “ not capable of death or pain ;” but only so long as she was “ entire from sin and blame.”—*Newton.*

By us? who rather double honour gain
 From his surmise proved false, find peace within,
 Favour from Heaven, our witness from the event.
 And what is faith, love, virtue, unassayed
 Alone, without exterior help sustained?
 Let us not, then, suspect our happy state
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
 As not secure to single or combined.
 Frail is our happiness, if this be so,
 And Eden were no Eden thus exposed."

To whom thus Adam fervently replied:
 "O woman, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordained them; his creating hand
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left
 Of all that he created, much less man,
 Or aught that might his happy state secure,
 Secure from outward force; within himself
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
 Against his will he can receive no harm
 But God left free the will, for what obeys
 Reason, is free, and reason he made right,
 But bid her well be ware, and still erect;
 Lest by some fair-appearing good surprised
 She dictate false, and misinform the will
 To do what God expressly hath forbid
 Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins
 That I should mind thee oft; and mind thou me.
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the foe suborned,
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warned.
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
 Were better, and most likely, if from me
 Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
 First thy obedience; the other who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
 But if thou think trial unsought may find
 Us both securer than thus warned thou seem'st.
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
 Go in thy native innocence; rely
 On what thou hast of virtue, summon all:
 For God towards thee hath done his part: do thine."

So spake the patriarch of mankind ; but Eve
Persisted ; yet submiss, though last, replied :

“ With thy permission, then, and thus forewarned,
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touched only, that our trial, when least sought,
May find us both, perhaps, far less prepared,
The willinger I go, nor much expect
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek ;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.”

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and, like a wood-nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,¹
Betook her to the groves ; but Delia's self
In gait surpassed, and goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver armed,
But with such gardening tools as art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had formed, or angels brought.
To Pales,² or Pomona, thus adorned,
Likest she seemed ; Pomona when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina³ from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated ; she to him as oft engaged
To be returned by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose
O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return ! event perverse !
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose ;
Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades,
Waited with hellish rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoiled of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them

¹ Compare the descriptions in Homer, *Od.* vi. 102, sqq. ; Virg. *Æn.* i. 498, sqq.

² The goddess of shepherds.

³ *i. e.* not yet become the mother of Proserpine.

The whole included race, his purposed prey.
 In bower and field he sought, where any tuft
 Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
 Their tendance or plantation for delight;
 By fountain or by shady rivulet
 He sought them both, but wished his hap might find
 Eve separate; he wished, but not with hope
 Of what so seldom chanced; when to his wish,
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
 Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
 Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round
 About her glowed, oft stooping to support
 Each flower of slender stalk, whose head, though gay
 Carnation, purple, azure, or specked with gold,
 Hung drooping unsustained; them she upstays
 Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
 Among thick-woven arborets and flowers
 Embordered on each bank, the hand of Eve:¹
 Spot more delicious than those gardens feigned
 Or of revived Adonis,² or renowned
 Alcinous, host of old Laërtes' son;

¹ "Embordered on each bank," the banks were bordered with the flowers; "the hand of Eve," the handiwork of Eve, as we say of a picture that it is the hand of such or such a master.

² "Of revived Adonis;" for after he was killed by the wild boar, it is said that, at Venus's request, he was restored to life. And we read that his anniversary festival was opened with sorrow and mourning for his death, and concluded with singing and rejoicing for his revival. It is very true, as Bentley says, that "the gardens of Adonis," so frequently mentioned by Greek writers, were nothing but portable earthen pots with some lettuce or fennel growing in them, and thrown away the next day after the yearly festival of Adonis; whence "the gardens of Adonis" grew to be a proverb of contempt for any fruitless, fading, perishable affair. But, as Pearce replies, why did the Grecians on Adonis's festival carry these small earthen gardens about in honour of him? was it not because they had a tradition, that when he was alive he delighted in gardens, and had a magnificent one? Pliny mentions the gardens of "Adonis" and "Alcinous" together as Milton does. There is nothing that the ancients admired more than the gardens of the Hesperides, and those of the kings Adonis and Alcinous.—*Newton*.

Or that, not mystic,¹ where the sapient king²
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse
 Much he the place admired, the person more
 As one who long in populous city pent,
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
 Among the pleasant villages and farms
 Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight:
 The smell of grain, or tedded³ grass, or kine.
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
 If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
 What pleasing seemed, for her now pleases more,
 She most, and in her look sums all delight:
 Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
 This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve,
 Thus early, thus alone; her heavenly form
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine;
 Her graceful innocence, her every air
 Of gesture, or least action, overawed
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
 That space the evil one abstracted stood
 From his own evil, and for the time remained
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarmed,
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
 But the hot Hell that always in him burns,
 Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his delight,
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees
 Of pleasure not for him ordained: then soon
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites:

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

¹ *i. e.* not fabulous or allegorical, but real.

² Solomon. Cf. Canticles, *passim*.

³ Mowed and spread out to dry.

Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;
 Foe not formidable; exempt from wound,
 I not; so much hath Hell debased, and pain
 Enfeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.
 She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods;
 Not terrible, though terror be in love
 And beauty, not approached by stronger hate,
 Hate stronger, under show of love well feigned,
 The way which to her ruin now I tend."

So spake the enemy of mankind enclosed
 In serpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve
 Addressed his way, not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds that towered
 Fold above fold, a surging maze, his head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
 With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
 Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape,
 And lovely; never since of serpent kind
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed
 Hermione¹ and Cadmus, or the god
 In Epidaurus²; nor to which transformed
 Ammonian Jove,³ or Capitoline, was seen;
 He with Olympias; this with her who bore
 Scipio the height of Rome. With tract oblique
 At first, as one who sought access, but feared
 To interrupt, sidelong he works his way,
 As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail:
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train

¹ Or Harmonia, the wife of Cadmus.

² Æsculapius, who is to have taken the form of a serpent when he appeared at Rome during a pestilence.

³ Jupiter Ammon and Jupiter Capitolinus, the one the Lybian Jupiter, the other the Roman, called "Capitoline," from the Capitol, his temple at Rome. "He with Olympias," the first the pretended father of Alexander the Great, conversing with his mother Olympias in the form of a serpent; "this with her who bore Scipio the height of Rome," the latter fabled in like manner to have been the father of Scipio Africanus, who raised his country and himself to the highest pitch of glory.—*Newton*.

Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
 To lure her eye; she busied heard the sound
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
 To such disport before her through the field,
 From every beast, more duteous at her call
 Than at Circean call¹ the herd disguised.
 He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,
 But as in gaze admiring: oft he bowed
 His turret crest, and sleek enamelled neck,
 Fawning, and licked the ground whereon she trod
 His gentle dumb expression turned at length
 The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad
 Of her attention gained, with serpent tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
 His fraudulent temptation thus began:

“Wonder not, sovran mistress, if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less arm
 Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feared
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
 Where universally admired; but here
 In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
 Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen
 A goddess among gods, adored and served
 By angels numberless, thy daily train.”

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

“What may this mean? language of man pronounced
 By tongue of brute, and human sense expressed
 The first, at least, of these I thought denied
 To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
 Created mute to all articulate sound;

¹ All beasts of the field used to play and sport before her, more obedient to her voice, than men turned into beasts by the famous enchantress Circe, were at her beck. Ovid *Metam.* xiv. 45.

The latter I demur, for in their looks
 Much reason, and in their actions oft appears.
 Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
 I knew, but not with human voice endued;
 Redouble then this miracle, and say,
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
 To me so friendly grown above the rest
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight:
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due."

To whom the guileful tempter thus replied:
 "Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all
 What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be obeyed
 I was at first as other beasts that graze
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
 As was my food; nor aught but food discerned
 Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
 Till on a day, roving the field, I chanced
 A goodly tree far distant to behold
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixed,
 Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
 When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
 Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense
 Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
 Of ewe or goat¹ dropping with milk at even,
 Unsucked of lamb or kid, that tend their play
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved
 Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
 Powerful persuaders, quickened at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,
 For high from ground the branches would require
 Thy utmost reach or Adam's: round the tree
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
 I spared not; for such pleasure, till that hour,
 At feed or fountain never had I found.
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive

¹ Fennel was a favourite food with serpents, who were also supposed to suck the teats of ewes and goats.

Strange alteration in me, to degree
 Of reason in my inward powers, and speech
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retained.
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
 I turned my thoughts, and with capacious mind
 Considered all things visible in Heaven,
 Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good ;
 But all that fair and good in thy divine
 Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,
 United I beheld ; no fair to thine
 Equivalent or second, which compelled
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declared
 Sovran of creatures, universal dame."

So talked the spirited sly snake ; and Eve,
 Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied :

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

To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad :

" Empress, the way is ready, and not long ;
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
 Of blowing myrrh and balm . if thou accept
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon."

" Lead then," said Eve. He, leading, swiftly rolled
 In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
 Brightens his crest ; as when a wandering fire,
 Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
 Condenses, and the cold environs round
 Kindled through agitation to a flame,
 Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
 Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool ;
 There swallowed up and lost, from succour far.

So glistered the dire snake, and into fraud¹
 Led Eve our credulous mother, to the tree
 Of prohibition,² root of all our woe;

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake :

“ Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,
 × Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.
 But of this tree we may not taste nor touch,
 God so commanded, and left that command
 Sole daughter of his voice;³ the rest, we live
 Law to ourselves; our reason is our law.”

To whom the tempter guilefully replied :

“ Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit
 Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,
 Yet lords declared of all in earth or air?”

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

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
 The tempter, but with show of zeal and love
 To man, and indignation at his wrong,
 New part puts on; and, as to passion moved,
 Fluctuates disturbed, yet comely and in act
 Raised, as of some great matter to begin
 As when of old some orator renowned
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
 Flourished, since mute, to some great cause addressed,
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,
 Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue,
 Sometimes in height began, as no delay
 Of preface brooking through his zeal of right,
 So standing, moving, or to height up-grown,
 The tempter, all impassioned, thus began :

“ O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
 Mother of science! now I feel thy power
 Within me clear, not only to discern
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
 Of highest agents, deemed however wise.

¹ Harm, damage.

² An Hebraism for “ the forbidden tree.”

³ Also an Hebrew expression, the *bath kol*, signifying any mysterious voice, supposed to proceed from Heaven.

Queen of this universe, do not believe
Those rigid threats of death. Ye shall not die!
How should ye? By the fruit? It gives you life
To knowledge. By the threatener? Look on me,
Me who have touched and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attained than fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass? and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,
Deterred not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunned?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
Not just, not God; not feared then, nor obeyed:
Your fear itself of death removes the fear
Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe?
Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers? He knows that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes, that seem so clear
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they know.
That ye shall be as gods, since I as man,
Internal man, is but proportion meet:
I of brute human, ye of human gods.
So ye shall die, perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on gods; death to be wished,
Though threatened, which no worse than this can bring
And what are gods that man may not become
As they, participating godlike food?
The gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief that all from them proceeds;
I question it; for this fair earth I see,
Warmed by the sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: if they all things, who enclosed
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whose eats thereof forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
The offence, that man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree

Impart against his will, if all be his?
 Or is it envy? and can envy dwell
 In heavenly breasts? These, these and many more
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit,
 Goddess humane: reach then, and freely taste."

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

"Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
 Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired,
 Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
 The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.
 Thy praise He also who forbids thy use,
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
 Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil,
 Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good
 By thee communicated, and our want:
 For good unknown sure is not had; or, had
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all
 In plain, then, what forbids He but to know,
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
 Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
 Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
 How dies the serpent? he hath eaten and lives,
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
 Irrational till then. For us alone
 Was death invented? or to us denied
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
 For beasts, it seems: yet that one beast which first
 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy
 The good befallen him, author unsuspect,

Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
 What fear I, then? rather, what know to fear
 Under this ignorance of good and evil,
 Of God or death, of law or penalty?
 Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
 Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
 Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
 To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
 Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she ate:
 Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,
 Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
 That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
 The guilty serpent; and well might; for Eve,
 Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else
 Regarded; such delight till then, as seemed,
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true
 Or fancied so, through expectation high
 Of knowledge; nor was godhead from her thought
 Greedily she engorged without restraint,
 And knew not eating death; satiate at length,
 And heightened as with wine, jocund and boon,
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began:

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

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

So saying, from the tree her step she turned,
 But first low reverence done, as to the power
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infused
 Into the plant scintial sap, derived
 From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while,
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove
 Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn
 Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
 Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
 Solace in her return, so long delayed;
 Yet oft his heart, divine¹ of something ill,
 Misgave him; he the faltering measure felt;
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took
 That morn when first they parted; by the tree
 Of knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
 Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand
 A lough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,
 New gathered, and ambrosial smell diffused.
 To him she hasted; in her face excuse
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
 Which with bland words at will she thus addressed
 "Hast thou not wondered, Adam, at my stay?
 Thee I have missed, and thought it long, deprived
 Thy presence; agony of love till now

¹ i. e. prescient foreboding.

Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more
 Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,
 The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:
 This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
 Opening the way, but of divine effect
 To open eyes, and make them gods who taste;
 And hath been tasted such: the serpent wise,
 Or not restrained as we, or not obeying,
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
 Not dead, as we are threatened, but thenceforth
 Endued with human voice and human sense,
 Reasoning to admiration; and with me
 Persuasively hath so prevailed, that I
 Have also tasted, and have also found
 The effects to correspond: opener mine eyes,
 Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
 And growing up to godhead, which for thee
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;
 Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
 May join us, equal joy as equal love;
 Lest, thou not tasting, different degree
 Disjoin us, and I then, too late, renounce
 Deity for thee, when fate will not permit."

Thus Eve, with countenance blithe, her story told;
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glowed.
 On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
 Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relaxed;
 From his slack hand the garland wreathed for Eve
 Down dropped, and all the faded roses shed.
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
 First to himself he inward silence broke:

"O fairest of creation, last and best
 Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
 Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet,
 How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost,
 Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote!
 Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress

The strict forbiddance, how to violate
 The sacred fruit forbidden! Some cursed fraud
 Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
 And me with thee hath ruined, for with thee
 Certain my resolution is to die;
 How can I live without thee? how forego
 Thy sweet converse and love so dearly joined,
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
 Should God create another Eve, and I
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
 Would never from my heart; no, no! I feel
 The link of nature draw me; flesh of flesh,
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

So having said, as one from sad dismay
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbed
 Submitting to what seemed remediless
 Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turned:

"Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve
 And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,
 Had it been only coveting to eye
 That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence;
 Much more to taste it under ban to touch
 But past who can recall, or done undo?
 Not God omnipotent, nor fate; yet so
 Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact
 Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,
 Profaned first by the serpent, by him first
 Made common and unhallowed ere our taste;
 Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives;
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as man,
 Higher degree of life: inducement strong
 To us, as likely tasting to attain
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be
 But to be gods, or angels, demi-gods.
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
 Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
 Us his prime creatures, dignified so high,
 Set over all his works, which in our fall,
 For us created, needs with us must fail,
 Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose:
 Not well conceived of God, who, though his power
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loth

Us to abolish, lest the adversary
 Triumph and say, 'Fickle their state whom God
 Most favours; who can please him long? Me first
 He ruined, now mankind; whom will he next?'
 Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.
 However, I with thee have fixed my lot,
 Certain to undergo like doom; if death
 Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
 So forcible within my heart I feel
 The bond of nature draw me to my own,
 My own in thee, for what **thou** art is mine,
 Our state cannot be severed; we are one,
 One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself."

So Adam, and thus Eve to him replied:
 "O glorious trial of exceeding love,
 Illustrious evidence, example high!
 Engaging me to emulate; but, short
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
 Adam, from whose dear side I boast me sprung?
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
 One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof
 This day affords, declaring thee resolved,
 Rather than death, or aught than death more dread,
 Shall separate us, linked in love so dear,
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,
 Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
 This happy trial of thy love, which else
 So eminently never had been known.
 Were it I thought death menaced would ensue
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone
 The worst, and not persuade thee; rather die
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact
 Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured,
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,
 So faithful love unequalled: but I feel
 Far otherwise the event; not death, but life
 Augmented, opened eyes, new hopes, new joys,
 Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
 Hath touched my sense, flat seems to this and harsh
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
 And fear of death deliver to the winds"

So saying, she embraced him, and for joy

Tenderly wept; much won, that he his love
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
 In recompense (for such compliance bad
 Such recompense best merits) from the bough
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
 With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat,
 Against his better knowledge; not deceived,
 But fondly overcome with female charm.
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
 In pangs, and nature gave a second groan;
 Sky loured; and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin
 Original; while Adam took no thought,
 Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
 Her former trespass feared, the more to soothe
 Him with her loved society; that now,
 As with new wine intoxicated both,
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
 Divinity within them breeding wings
 Wherewith to scorn the earth: but that false fruit
 Far other operation first displayed,
 Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve
 Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move:
 "Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
 And elegant, of sapience no small part,
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,
 And palate call judicious: I the praise
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purveyed.
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstained
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
 True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wished
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
 But come, so well refreshed, now let us play,
 As meet is, after such delicious fare;
 For never did thy beauty, since the day
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorned
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense
 With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree."
 So said he, and forbore not glance or toy

Of amorous intent, well understood
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire
 Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
 Thick over-head with verdant roof embowered,
 He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
 And hyacinth, earth's freshest, softest lap.
 There they their fill of love and love's disport
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
 The solace of their sin; till dewy sleep
 Oppressed them, wearied with their amorous play.

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
 That with exhilarating vapour bland
 About their spirits had played, and inmost powers
 Made err, was now exhaled; and grosser sleep,
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
 Encumbered, now had left them; up they rose
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
 Soon found their eyes how opened, and their minds
 How darkened; innocence, that as a veil
 Had shadowed them from knowing ill. was gone,
 Just confidence, and native righteousness,
 And honour from about them, naked left
 To guilty shame; he¹ covered, but his robe
 Uncovered more. So rose the Danite strong,
 Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap
 Of Philistéan Dalilah, and waked
 Shorn of his strength; they destitute and bare
 Of all their virtue: silent, and in face
 Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute;
 Till Adam, though not less than Eve abashed,
 At length gave utterance to these words constrained:

“ O Eve! in evil hour thou didst give ear
 To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
 To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall,
 False in our promised rising; since our eyes
 Opened we find indeed, and find we know
 Both good and evil; good lost, and evil got:
 Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
 Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
 Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
 Our wonted ornaments now soiled and stained,
 And in our faces evident the signs

¹ i. e. shame.

Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
 Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
 Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy
 And rapture so oft beheld? those heavenly shapes
 Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
 Insufferably bright. Oh! might I here
 In solitude live savage, in some glade
 Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable
 To star or sunlight, spread their umbrage¹ broad
 And brown as evening: cover me, ye pines!
 Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
 Hide me, where I may never see them more!
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
 What best may for the present serve to hide
 The parts of each from other, that seem most
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;
 Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sewed
 And girded on our loins, may cover round
 Those middle parts, that this new comer, shame,
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean."

So counselled he, and both together went
 Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose
 The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renowned,
 But such as at this day to Indians known
 In Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
 About the mother tree, a pillared shade
 High overarched, and echoing walks between;
 There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
 At loopholes cut through thickest shade: those leaves
 They gathered, broad as Amazonian targe,
 And, with what skill they had, together sewed,
 To gird their waist: vain covering, if to hide
 Their guilt and dreaded shame! Oh, how unlike
 To that first naked glory! Such of late
 Columbus found the American, so girt
 With feathered cincture, naked else and wild
 Among the trees on isles and woody shores.
 Thus fenced, and as they thought, their shame in part
 Covered, but not at rest or ease of mind,

¹ Shadow.

They sat them down to weep; nor only tears
 Rained at their eyes, but high winds worse within
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord; and shook sore
 Their inward state of mind, calm region once
 And full of peace, now tossed and turbulent;
 For understanding ruled not, and the will
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath
 Usurping over sovran reason claimed
 Superior sway. From thus distempered breast,
 Adam, estranged in look and altered style,
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewed:

“Would thou hadst hearkened to my words, and stayed
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
 Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,
 I know not whence possessed thee; we had then
 Remained still happy, not as now, despoiled
 Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable.
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
 The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.”

To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus Eve
 “What words have passed thy lips? Adam severe,
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
 Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which, who knows
 But might as ill have happened thou being by,
 Or to thyself, perhaps? Hadst thou been there,
 Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discerned
 Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake,
 No ground of enmity between us known,
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm?
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?
 As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
 Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
 Command me absolutely not to go,
 Going into such danger as thou saidst?
 Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay.
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
 Hadst thou been firm and fixed in thy dissent,
 Neither had I transgressed, nor thou with me.”

To whom, then first incensed, Adam replied:
 “Is this the love, is this the recompense
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve! expressed

Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
 Who might have lived and joyed immortal bliss,
 Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
 And am I now upbraided as the cause
 Of thy transgressing? Not enough severe,
 It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?
 I warned thee, I admonished thee, foretold
 The danger, and the lurking enemy
 That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
 And force upon free will hath here no place.
 But confidence then bore thee on, secure
 Either to meet no danger, or to find
 Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
 I also erred in overmuch admiring
 What seemed in thee so perfect, that I thought
 No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue
 That error now, which is become my crime,
 And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall
 Him who, to worth in woman overtrusting,
 Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook;
 And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
 She first his weak indulgence will accuse."
 Thus they in mutual accusation spent
 The fruitless hours, but neither self condemning
 And of their vain contest appeared no end.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

MEANWHILE the heinous and despiteful act
 Of Satal done in Paradise, and how
 He, in the serpent, had perverted Eve,
 Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
 Was known in Heaven; for what can 'scape the eye

Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart
 Omniscient? who, in all things wise and just,
 Hindered not Satan to attempt the mind
 Of man, with strength entire, and free-will armed,
 Complete to have discovered and repulsed
 Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
 For still they knew, and ought to have still remembered
 The high injunction not to taste that fruit,
 Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
 Incurred (what could they less?) the penalty,
 And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.

Up into Heaven from Paradise in haste
 The angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
 For man, for of his state by this they knew,
 Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stolen
 Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news
 From earth arrived at Heaven-gate, displeased
 All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
 That time celestial visages, yet, mixed
 With pity, violated not their bliss.

About the new-arrived, in multitudes
 The ethereal people ran, to hear and know
 How all befell: they towards the throne supreme
 Accountable made haste to make appear
 With righteous plea their utmost vigilance,
 And easily approved; when the Most High,
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud,
 Amidst in thunder uttered thus his voice:

“Assembled angels, and ye powers returned
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismayed
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this tempter crossed the gulf from Hell
 I told ye then¹ he should prevail and speed
 On his bad errand, man should be seduced
 And flattered out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker; no decree of mine
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
 His free will, to her own inclining left
 In even scale. But fallen he is, and now
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass

¹ See iii. 86—98

On his transgression, death denounced that day?
 Which he presumes already vain and void,
 Because not yet inflicted, as he feared,
 By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance¹ ere day end.
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorned.
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee,
 Vicegerent Son? To thee I have transferred
 All judgment² whether in Heaven, or Earth, or Hell
 Easy it may be seen that I intend
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee
 Man's friend, his Mediator, his designed
 Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
 And destined man himself to judge man fallen."

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
 Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son
 Blazed forth unclouded Deity; he full
 Resplendent all his Father manifest
 Expressed, and thus divinely answered mild:

"Father eternal, thine is to decree,
 Mine both in Heaven and earth to do thy will
 Supreme, that thou in me thy Son beloved
 Mayst ever rest well pleased. I go to judge
 On earth these thy transgressors; but thou know'st,
 Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,
 When time shall be, for so I undertook³
 Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
 On me derived; yet I shall temper so
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
 Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
 Are to behold the judgment, but the judged,
 Those two; the third best absent is condemned,
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs."

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
 Of high collateral⁴ glory: him thrones and powers.

¹ Compare the words of Sir Thomas More to his daughter, when congratulating him on his escape: "In faith, Meg, what is put off is not given up—*quod differtur, non aufertur*."—*Gallery of Portraits*, v. ii. p. 163.

² John, v. 22.

³ See iii. 236, sq.

⁴ He uses "collateral," as he does most other words, in a sense agreeable to the etymology, side by side. The Son sat at the right

Princedom, and domination ministrant,
 Accompanied to Heaven-gate, from whence
 Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
 Down he descended straight; the speed of gods
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes winged
 Now was the sun in western cadence low
 From noon, and gentle airs, due at their hour,
 To fan the earth now waked, and usher in
 The evening cool, when he, from wrath more cool,
 Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both,
 To sentence man: the voice of God they heard
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
 Brought to their ears, while day declined; they heard,
 And from his presence hid themselves among
 The thickest trees, both man and wife; till God,
 Approaching, thus to Adam called aloud:

“Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
 Not pleased, thus entertained with solitude,
 Where obvious duty erewhile appeared unsought:
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth!”

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

“I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself.” To whom
 The gracious Judge without revile replied:

“My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not feared,
 But still rejoiced; how is it now become
 So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who
 Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?”

To whom thus Adam, sore beset, replied:
 “O Heaven! in evil strait this day I stand

and of the Father; and rising from thence, he may properly be said
 to rise “from his seat of high collateral glory,” or, as it is elsewhere
 expressed, vi. 747, “from the right hand of glory where he sat.” The
 word was used before, in viii. 426—

“Collateral love and dearest amity.” *Newton.*

Before my Judge, either to undergo
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse
 My other self, the partner of my life;
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame
 By my complaint; but strict necessity
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
 However insupportable, be all
 Devolved; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
 This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
 And giv'st me as thy perfect gift so good,
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
 And what she did, whatever in itself,
 Her doing seemed to justify the deed:
 She gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

To whom the sovran Presence thus replied:
 "Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
 Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,
 Superior, or but equal, that to her
 Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
 And for thee, whose perfection far excelled
 Hers in all real dignity? Adorned
 She was indeed, and lovely to attract
 Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
 Were such as under government well seemed;
 Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part
 And person,¹ hadst thou known thyself aright."

So having said, he thus to Eve in few:
 "Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?"
 To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelmed,
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
 Bold or loquacious, thus abashed replied:
 "The serpent me beguiled, and I did eat."

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
 To judgment he proceeded on the accused
 Serpent, though brute, unable to transfer
 The guilt on him who made him instrument

¹ A Latinism, meaning the *persona dramatis*, the part or character sustained. So in his History of England, p. 37: "If it were honour to that *person* which he sustained."—Richardson.

Of mischief, and polluted from the end
 Of his creation, justly then accursed,
 As vitiated in nature: more to know
 Concerned not man (since he no further knew),¹
 Nor altered his offence; yet God at last
 To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied,
 Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best;
 And on the serpent thus his curse let fall:

“Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed
 Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
 Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
 And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
 Between thee and the woman I will put
 Enmity, and between thine and her seed;
 Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.”

So spake this oracle, then verified
 When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,
 Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heaven,
 Prince of the air; then rising from his grave,
 Spoiled principalities and powers, triumphed
 In open show, and with ascension bright
 Captivity led captive through the air,
 The realm itself of Satan long usurped,
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
 Even he, who now foretold his fatal bruise;
 And to the woman thus his sentence turned:

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

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced:
 “Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife,
 And eaten of the tree concerning which
 I charged thee, saying, ‘Thou shalt not eat thereof,’
 Cursed is the ground for thy sake: thou in sorrow
 Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;

¹ This is badly expressed. The meaning is, as man was not to be
 et into the mystery of the redemption at this time, it did not concern
 him to know that the serpent was but the instrument of the devil.
 When Milton wrote this, I fancy he had it not then in his thoughts
 to make Michael reveal to Adam, in the last book, the doctrine of
 redemption; or, if he did intend it, he forgot that a theological com-
 ment on those words in Genesis would ill agree with what was to
 follow.—*Warburton*.

Thorns also, and thistles, it shall bring thee forth
 Unbid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field;
 In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
 Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
 Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
 For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."

So judged he man, both Judge and Saviour sent;
 And the instant stroke of death, denounced that day,
 Removed far off; then pitying how they stood
 Before him naked to the air, that now
 Must suffer change, disdained not to begin
 Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,
 As when he washed his servants' feet;¹ so now,
 As father of his family, he clad
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
 Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;²
 And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
 Nor he their outward only with the skins
 Of beasts; but inward nakedness, much more
 Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness³
 Arraying, covered from his Father's sight
 To him with swift ascent he up returned,
 Into his blissful bosom reassumed
 In glory as of old; to him appeased.
 All, though all-knowing, what had passed with man
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

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

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

¹ John xiii.² This idea is rather pedantic and whimsical.³ Isa. lvi. 10.

Beyond this deep ; whatever draws me on,
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force,
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite
 With secret amity things of like kind
 By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade¹
 Inseparable, must with me along ;
 For Death from Sin no power can separate.
 But lest the difficulty of passing back
 Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
 Impassable, impervious, let us try
 Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine
 Not unagreeable, to found a path
 Over this main from Hell to that new world
 Where Satan now prevails ; a monument
 Of merit high to all the infernal host,
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
 By this new-felt attraction and instinct."

Whom thus the meagre shadow answered soon.
 "Go whither fate and inclination strong
 Lead thee ; I shall not lag behind, nor err²
 The way, thou leading ; such a scent I draw
 Of carnage, pre³ innumerable, and taste
 The savour of death from all things there that live :
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid."

So saying, with delight he snuffed the smell
 Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
 Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
 Against the day of battle, to a field
 Where armies lie encamped, come flying, lured
 With scent of living carcasses designed
 For death, the following day, in bloody fight :
 So scented the grim feature, and upturned
 His nostril wide into the murky air,
 Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
 Then both from out Hell-gates into the waste
 Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,
 Flew diverse ; and with power (their power was great)

¹ So Shakspeare, 2 Henry IV. act ii. :—

"I am your *shadow*, my lord, I'll follow you."

³ Mistake,

Hovering upon the waters, what they met
 Solid or flimsy, as in raging sea
 Tossed up and down together, crowded drove
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell:
 As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
 Upon the Cronian sea,¹ together drive
 Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way
 Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
 Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil
 Death, with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
 As with a trident smote, and fixed as firm
 As Delos floating once; the rest his look
 Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;
 And with asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
 Deep to the roots of Hell the gathered beach
 They fastened, and the mole immense wrought on
 Over the foaming deep high arched, a bridge
 Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
 Immoveable of this now senseless world
 Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
 Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.
 So, if great things to small may be compared,
 Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
 From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,
 Came to the sea, and, over Hellespont
 Bridging his way, Europe with Asia joined,
 And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves.
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
 Pontifical,² a ridge of pendent rock,
 Over the vexed abyss, following the track
 Of Satan to the self-same place where he
 First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
 From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
 Of this round world: with pins of adamant

¹ The northern frozen sea ("A Thule unius diei navigatione mare concretum, a nonnullis Cronium appellatur. Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 4, cap. 16), and "driving together mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way," the north-east passage, as it is called, which so many have attempted to discover; "beyond Petsora eastward," the most north-eastern province of Muscovy, "to the rich Cathaian coast," Cathay or Catay, a country of Asia, and the northern part of China.—Newton.

² So called from the "pontifices," who derived their name among the Romans from the wicker bridges (*pons*), of which they superintended the construction.

And chains they made all fast, too fast they made,
 And durable; and now in little space
 The confines met of empyréan Heaven,
 And of this world; and, on the left hand, Hell
 With long reach interposed: three several ways
 In sight, to each of these three places led.
 And now their way to earth they had descried,
 To Paradise first tending, when behold
 Satan, in likeness of an angel bright,
 Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion¹ steering
 His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:
 Disguised he came, but those his children dear
 Their parent soon discerned, though in disguise.
 He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk
 Into the wood fast by; and, changing shape
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
 By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
 Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them, terrified
 He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
 The present, fearing guilty what his wrath
 Might suddenly inflict; that past, returned
 By night, and listening where the hapless pair
 Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
 Thence gathered his own doom, which understood
 Not instant, but of future time, with joy
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now returned;
 And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
 Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd
 Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight
 Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased.
 Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
 Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke:

"O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
 Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own:
 Thou art their author and prime architect:
 For I no sooner in my heart divined,
 My heart, which by a secret harmony
 Still moves with thine, joined in connection sweet,
 That thou on earth hadst prospered, which thy looks

¹ As these constellations lay in quite a different part of the heaven, from Aries, Satan thereby hoped to elude discovery.

Now also evidence, but straight I felt,
 Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
 That I must after thee with this thy son,
 Such fatal consequence unites us three :
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bound's,
 Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.
 Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined
 Within Hell-gates till now, thou us empowered
 To fortify thus far, and overlay
 With this portentous bridge the dark abyss.
 Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won
 What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gained
 With odds what war hath lost, and fully avenged
 Our foil in Heaven; here thou shalt monarch reign
 There didst not; there let him still victor sway,
 As battle hath adjudged, from this new world
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated;
 And henceforth monarchy with thee divide,
 Of all things parted by the empyreal bounds,
 His quadrature,¹ from thy orbicular world,
 Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne."

Whom thus the prince of darkness answered glad:
 "Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,
 High proof ye now have given to be the race
 Of Satan (for I glory in the name,
 Antagonist of Heaven's almighty King);
 Amply have merited of me, of all
 The infernal empire, that so near Heaven's door
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
 Mine, with this glorious work, and made one realm
 Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
 Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I
 Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
 To my associate powers, them to acquaint
 With these successes, and with them rejoice;
 You two this way, among these numerous orbs
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend:
 There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the earth

¹ Milton here follows the opinion of Gassendus and others, who say that the empyréum, or heaven of heavens, is a square figure, because the holy city in the Revelation is so described, Rev. xxi. 16: "And the city lieth four-square, and the length is as large as the breadth."—*Newton*.

Dominion exercise, and in the air,
 Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declared;
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
 My substitutes I send ye, and create
 Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
 Issuing from me: on your joint vigour now
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
 Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.
 If your joint power prevail, the affairs of Hell
 No detriment need fear; go, and be strong."

So saying, he dismissed them; they with speed
 Their course through thickest constellations held,
 Spreading their bane; the blasted stars looked wan,
 And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
 Then suffered. The other way Satan went down
 The causey to Hell gate; on either side
 Disparted Chaos, over built, exclaimed,
 And with rebounding surge the bars assailed,
 That scorned his indignation; through the gate,
 Wide open and unguarded, Satan passed,
 And all about found desolate; for those
 Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
 Flown to the upper world; the rest were all
 Far to the inland retired, about the walls
 Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
 Of Lucifer, so by allusion called,
 Of that bright star to Satan paragoned.¹
 There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
 In council sat, solicitous what chance
 Might intercept their emperor sent; so he,
 Departing, gave command, and they observed.
 As when the Tartar² from his Russian foe,
 By Astracan, over the snowy plains
 Retires; or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns
 Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond

¹ Equal, like unto.

² As when the Tartar retreats from his Muscovite enemy, "over the snowy plains by Astracan," a considerable part of the Czar's dominion, formerly a Tartarian kingdom, with a capital city of the same name, near the mouth of the river Volga, at its fall into the Caspian sea; "or Bactrian Sophi," or the Persian Emperor, named Bactrian of Bactria, one of the greatest and richest provinces of Persia, lying near the Caspian sea; "from the horns of Turkish crescent," from his Turkish enemies, who bear the horned moon, the crescent, on their ensigns; "leaves all waste beyond the realm e

The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
 To Tauris or Casbeen: so these, the late
 Heaven-banished host, left desert utmost Hell
 Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch
 Round their metropolis, and now expecting
 Each hour their great adventurer from the search
 Of foreign worlds; he through the midst unmarked,
 In show plebeian angel militant
 Of lowest order, passed; and from the door
 Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
 Ascended his high throne, which, under state
 Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
 Was placed in regal lustre. Down a while
 He sat, and round about him saw unseen:
 At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
 And shape star-bright appeared, or brighter, clad
 With what permissive glory since his fall
 Was left him, or false glitter: all amazed
 At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng
 Bent their aspect, and whom they wished beheld,
 Their mighty chief returned; loud was the acclaim:
 Forth rush in haste the great consulting peers,
 Raised from their dark divan, and with like joy
 Congratulant approached him, who with hand
 Silence, and with these words attention, won:

“Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
 For in possession such, not only of right,
 I call ye and declare ye now; returned
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
 Triumphant out of this infernal pit
 Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,
 And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,
 As lords, a spacious world, to our native Heaven
 Little inferior, by my adventure hard
 With peril great achieved. Long were to tell
 What I have done, what suffered, with what pain

Aladule,” the greater Armenia, called by the Turks (under whom the greatest part of it is) Aladule, of its last king Aladules, slain by Selymus the First; “in his retreat to Tauris,” a great city in the kingdom of Persia, now called Ecbatana, sometimes in the hands of the Turks, but in 1603 retaken by Abas, king of Persia; “or Casbeen,” one of the greatest cities of Persia, in the province of Ayrach, formerly Parthia, towards the Caspian sea, where the Persian monarchs made their residence after the loss of Tauris, from which ‘t is distant sixty-five German miles to the south-east.—*Huens.*

Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded deep
 Of horrible confusion, over which
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved
 To expedite your glorious march; but I
 Toiled out my uncouth¹ passage, forced to ride
 The untractable abyss, plunged in the womb
 Of unoriginal night and Chaos wild,
 That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely opposed
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
 Protesting² Fate supreme; thence how I found
 The new-created world, which fame in Heaven
 Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
 Of absolute perfection, therein man
 Placed in a Paradise, by our exile
 Made happy: him by fraud I have seduced
 From his Creator, and the more to increase
 Your wonder, with an apple; He, thereat
 Offended (worth your laughter), hath given up
 Both his beloved man and all his world,
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
 Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
 To range in, and to dwell, and over man
 To rule, as over all he should have ruled.
 True is, me also he hath judged, or rather
 Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape
 Man I deceived: that which to me belongs,
 Is enmity, which he will put between
 Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
 His seed (when, is not set) shall bruise my head:
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have the account
 Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,
 But up and enter now into full bliss?"

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
 Their universal shout and high applause
 To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound
 Of public scorn: he wondered, but not long
 Had leisure, wondering at himself now more;
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intertwining

¹ Strange, unusual.² Calling upon Fate as a witness.

Each other, till supplanted¹ down he fell
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vain; a greater power
 Now ruled him, punished in the shape he sinned,
 According to his doom: he would have spoke,
 But hiss for hiss returned with forkéd tongue
 To forkéd tongue, for now were all transformed
 Alike, to serpents all, as accessories
 To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters head and tail,
 Scorpion, and asp, and amphisbæna² dire,
 Cerastes horned, hydrus,³ and elops⁴ drear,
 And dipsas⁵ (not so thick swarmed once the soil⁶
 Bedropped with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
 Ophiusa⁷); but still greatest he the midst,
 Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
 Engendered in the Pythian vale on slime,
 Huge Python, and his power no less he seemed
 Above the rest still to retain; they all
 Him followed, issuing forth to the open field,
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
 Heaven fallen, in station stood or just array,
 Sublime with expectation, when to see
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief;
 They saw, but other sight instead! a crowd
 Of ugly serpents: horror on them fell,
 And horrid sympathy; for what they saw,
 They felt themselves now changing; down their arms,
 Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,
 And the dire hiss renewed, and the dire form
 Caught by contagion, like in punishment,
 As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant

¹ *i. e.* literally, "tripped up," from *supplanto*. There is much force in this expression, denoting the physical as well as moral degradation of the fiend.

² A monster, said to have a head at both ends.

³ A water serpent.

⁴ A dumb serpent, which gives us warning of its approach, as other serpents do, by hissing. There is, however, some incongruity in the passage.—See *Bentley and Pearce*.

⁵ So called from the frightful *thirst* induced by its bite.

⁶ Libya, cf. Ovid, *Met.* iv. 616; Lucan, ix. 696.

⁷ A small island in the Mediterranean, deriving its name from the numerous serpents (*ὄφεις*) with which it was infested.

Turned to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
 Used by the tempter: on that prospect strange
 Their earnest eyes they fixed, imagining
 For one forbidden tree a multitude
 Now risen, to work them further woe or shame;
 Yet, parched with scalding thirst and hunger fierce
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
 But on they rolled in heaps, and up the trees
 Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks
 That curled Megæra:¹ greedily they plucked
 The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
 Near that bituminous lake² where Sodom flamed;
 This, more delusive, not the touch but taste
 Deceived; they, fondly thinking to allay
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
 Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assayed
 Hunger and thirst constraining; drugged as oft,
 With hatefullest disrelish writhed their jaws
 With soot and cinders filled; so oft they fell
 Into the same illusion, not as man [plagued
 Whom they triumphed once lapsed.³ Thus were they
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed;
 Yearly enjoined, some say, to undergo
 This annual humbling certain numbered days,
 To dash their pride, and joy for man seduced.
 However, some tradition they dispersed
 Among the heathen of their purchase got,
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they called
 Ophion, with Eurynome, the wide

¹ One of the furies.

² The lake Asphaltites, near which Sodom and Gomorrah were situated. Josephus affirms, the shapes and fashions of them and three other cities, called the cities of the plain, were to be seen in six days, and trees laden with fair fruit (styled the apples of Sodom) rising out of the ashes, which at the first touch dissolved into ashes and smoke.

³ i. e., over whom, once lapsed, they triumphed.—Newton.

Encroaching Eve, perhaps, had first the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven,
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

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

“Second of Satav sprung, all-conquering Death,
What think'st thou of our empire now, though earned
With travel difficult, not better far
Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,
Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half-starved?”

Whom thus the Sin-born monster answered soon:
“To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven;
There best, where most with ravine I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corps.”¹

To whom the incestuous mother thus replied:
“Thou, therefore, on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,
No homely morsels, and whatever thing
The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspared;
Till I, in man residing, through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.”

This said, they both betook them several ways,
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later; which the Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent seat the saints among,
To those bright orders uttered thus his voice:

“See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me; so doth the prince of Hell
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess

¹ Alluding to his lean and meagre appearance, the skin hanging
eely about him.

A place so heavenly; and conniving seem
 To gratify my scornful enemies,
 That laugh, as if, transported with some fit
 Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
 At random yielded up to their misrule;
 And know not that I called and drew them thither,
 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
 Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
 On what was pure, till, crammed and gorged nigh burst
 With sucked and glutted offal, at one sling
 Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
 Both Sin, and Death, and yawning grave, at last
 Through Chaos hurled, obstruct the mouth of Hell
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
 Then Heaven and earth, renewed, shall be made pure
 To sanctity that shall receive no stain:
 Till then the curse pronounced on both precedes."¹

He ended, and the heavenly audience loud
 Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
 Through multitude that sung: "Just are thy ways,
 Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
 Who can extenuate thee?" Next, to the Son,
 "Destined Restorer of mankind, by whom
 New Heaven and earth shall to the ages rise,
 Or down from Heaven descend." Such was their song;
 While the Creator, calling forth by name
 His mighty angels, gave them several charge,
 As sorted best with present things. The sun
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
 As might affect the earth with cold and heat
 Scarce tolerable; and from the north to call
 Decrepit winter; from the south to bring
 Solstitial² summer's heat. To the blank moon
 Her office they prescribed: to the other five
 Their planetary motions and aspects,
 In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite³

¹ I should prefer "proceeds," with Bentley; although "precedes" may perhaps be used in the same sense.

² The word "solstitial" seems sufficient to determine from how far south Milton meant that this "summer's heat" was brought, viz., so far from the south as the sun is when he is in the summer solstice, or about $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees southward.

³ If a planet in one part of the zodiac be distant from another by a sixth part of twelve, that is, by two signs, their aspect is called sextile; if by a fourth, square; by a third, trine; and if by one half,

Of noxious efficacy; and when to join
 In synod unbenign: and taught the fixed
 Their influence malignant when to shower;
 Which of them, rising with the sun, or falling,
 Should prove tempestuous. To the winds they set
 Their corners; when with bluster to confound
 Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll
 With terror through the dark ærial hall.
 Some say he bid his angels turn askance
 The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
 From the sun's axle; they with labour pushed
 Oblique the centric globe: some say¹ the sun

opposite; which last is said to be of noxious efficacy, because the planets so opposed are thought to strive, debilitate, and overcome one another; deemed of evil consequence to those born under or subject to the influence of the distressed star.—*Hume*.

¹ It was eternal spring before the fall, and he is now accounting for the change of seasons after the fall, and mentions the two famous hypotheses. Some say it was occasioned by altering the position of the earth, by turning the poles of the earth above 20 deg. aside from the sun's orb: "he bid his angels turn askance the poles of earth twice ten degrees and more from the sun's axle;" and the poles of the earth are about 23½ deg. distant from those of the ecliptic; "they with labour pushed oblique the centric globe," it was erect before, but is oblique now; the obliquity of a sphere is the proper astronomical term, when the pole is raised any number of degrees less than 90; the "centric globe" fixed on its centre, and therefore moved with labour and difficulty, or rather centric, as being the centre of the world, according to the Ptolemaic system, which our author usually follows. Some say, again, this change was occasioned by altering the course of the sun, "the sun was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road," in which he had moved before, "like distant breadth" in both hemispheres; "to Taurus with the seven Atlantic sisters," the constellation Taurus, with the seven stars in his neck, the Pleiades, daughters of Atlas; "and the Spartan twins," the sign Gemini, Castor and Pollux, twin brothers, and sons of Tyndarus king of Sparta; "up to the tropic crab," the tropic of cancer, the sun's farthest stage northwards; "thence down amain," Dr. Bentley reads "as much," as much on one side of the equator as the other, but if any alteration were necessary, is it easier to read "thence down again by Leo and the Virgin," the sign Virgo; "and the scales," the constellation Libra; "as deep as Capricorn," the tropic of Capricorn which is the sun's farthest progress southwards. This motion of the sun in the ecliptic occasions the variety of seasons, "else had the spring perpetual smiled on earth with vernant flowers," if the sun had continued to move in the equator. It is likewise Dr. Burnet's assertion, that the primitive earth enjoyed a perpetual spring, and for the same reason of the sun's moving in the equator. But though this notion of a perpetual spring may be very pleasing in poetry, yet

Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road
 Like distant breadth to Taurus, with the seven
 Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
 Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down again
 By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
 As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
 Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring
 Perpetual smiled on earth with vernal flowers,
 Equal in days and nights, except to those
 Beyond the polar circles; to them day
 Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun,
 To recompense his distance, in their sight
 Had rounded still the horizon, and not know
 Or east, or west, which had forbid the snow
 From cold Estotiland,¹ and south as far
 Beneath Magellan.² At that tasted fruit
 The sun, as from Thyéstean banquet, turned
 His course intended; else how had the world
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,
 Avoiding pinching cold and scorching heat?
 These changes in the heavens, though slow, produced
 Like change on sea and land; sidereal blast,
 Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
 Corrupt and pestilent: now from the north
 Of Norumbega,³ and the Samoed shore,⁴
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, armed with ice,
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw;⁵
 Boreas,⁶ and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,

It is very false in philosophy; and this position of the earth, so far from being the best, is one of the worst it could have, as Dr. Keill hath proved excellently well in the fourth chapter of his "Examination of Dr. Burnet's Theory of the Earth."—*Newton*.

¹ A tract of North America, towards the Arctic Circle and Hudson's Bay.

² In South America, so called from its discoverer, Fred. Magellan, in 1520.

³ In N. America.

⁴ In the N. E. of Muscovy, upon the Frozen Ocean.

⁵ The same as "gust," but of stronger signification, from *φλάω*, to break.

⁶ The north wind; "Cæcias," the north-west; "Argestes," the north-east; "Thracias," blowing from Thrace, northward of Greece; "Notus," the south wind; "Afer," or Africus, the south-west from Africa. "From Serraliona" or Lion Mountains, a range of mountains so called because of the perpetual storms there roaring like a lion. These are to the south-west of Africa, within a few leagues of

And Thrascias rend the woods, and seas upturn ;
 With adverse blasts upturns them from the south,
 Notus, and Afer black with thunderous clouds
 From Serrationa ; thwart of these, as fierce,
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,
 Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,
 Sirocco and Libecchio. Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things ; but Discord first,
 Daughter of Sin, among the irrational,
 Death introduced, through fierce antipathy :
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
 And fish with fish ; to graze the herb all leaving,
 Devoured each other ; nor stood much in awe
 Of man, but fled him, or with countenance grim
 Glared on him passing. These were, from without,
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandoned ; but worse felt within,
 And, in a trebled sea of passion tossed,
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint :

“ Oh, miserable of happy ! is this the end
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late
 The glory of that glory, who now become
 Accursed, of blessed ? Hide me from the face
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height
 Of happiness ! Yet well, if here would end
 The misery ; I deserved it, and would bear
 My own deservings : but this will not serve :
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. Oh, voice once heard
 Delightfully, ‘ Increase and multiply,’
 Now death to hear ! for what can I increase
 Or multiply but curses on my head ?
 Who of all ages to succeed, but, feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My head ? ‘ Ill fare our ancestor impure !
 For this we may thank Adam ;’ but his thanks
 Shall be the execration ; so besides

Cape Verd, the western point ; “ Eurus and Zephyr,” the east and west, called also “ Levant ” and “ Ponent ” winds (rising and setting), the one blowing from whence the sun rises, the other whence it sets. “ Sirocco,” ventus Syrus, the south-east ; and “ Libecchio,” ventus Lybicus, the south-west : Italian terms, used by seamen of the Mediterranean. ~Richardson.

Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me rebound;
 On me, as on their natural centre light,
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
 To mould me man? did I solicit thee
 From darkness to promote me? or here place
 In this delicious garden? As my will
 Concurred not to my being, it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resign and render back
 All I received, unable to perform
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
 Sufficient penalty! why hast thou added
 The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
 Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late
 I thus contest; then should have been refused
 Those terms, whatever, when they were proposed:
 Thou didst accept them. Wilt thou enjoy the good
 Then cavil the conditions? and though God
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
 Wherefore didst thou beget thee? I sought it not:
 Wouldst thou admit, for his contempt of thee,
 That proud excuse? Yet him, not thy election,
 But natural necessity, begot.
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
 To serve him: thy reward was of his grace;
 Thy punishment then, justly, is at his will.
 Be it so, for I submit: his doom is fair;
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return.
 O welcome hour whenever! Why delays
 His hand to execute what his decree
 Fixed on this day? Why do I over-live?
 Why am I mocked with death, and lengthened out
 To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth
 Insensible! how glad would lay me down
 As in my mother's lap! there I should rest
 And sleep secure: his dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse
 To me and to my offspring would torment me

With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;¹
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man
 Which God inspired, cannot together perish
 With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living death? O thought
 Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath
 Of life that sinned: what dies but what had life
 And sin? The body properly had neither.
 All of me then shall die: let this appease
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrath also? Be it; man is not so,
 But mortal doomed. How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on man whom death must end?
 Can he make deathless death? That were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself
 Impossible is held, as argument
 Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite
 In punished man, to satisfy his rigour
 Satisfied never? That were to extend
 His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,
 By which all causes else according still
 To the reception of their matter act,
 Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say
 That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery
 From this day onward, which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without me, and so last
 To perpetuity: ay me! that fear
 Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenceless head; both Death and I
 Am² found eternal, and incorporate both:
 Nor I on my part single: in me all
 Posterity stands cursed. Fair patrimony
 That I must leave ye, sons. Oh! were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
 So disinherited, how would ye bless
 Me now your curse! Ah! why should all mankind
 For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemned,

¹ From Hor. Od. iii. xxx., 6, "*non omnis moriar.*"

² Bentley corrects, *are*.

If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both mind and will depraved,
 Not to do only, but to will the same
 With me? How can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,
 Forced I absolve: all my evasions vain;
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
 But to my own conviction: first and last
 On me, me only, as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
 So might the wrath! Fond wish! couldst thou support
 That burden heavier than the earth to bear,
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided
 With that bad woman? Thus what thou desir'st,
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
 Beyond all past example and future,
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.
 O conscience! into what abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driven me, out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!"

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,
 Through the still night; not now, as ere man fell,
 Wholesome, and cool, and mild; but with black air
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
 Which to his evil conscience represented
 All things with double terror: on the ground
 Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
 Cursed his creation, death as oft accused
 Of tardy execution, since denounced
 The day of his offence. "Why comes not death,"
 Said he, "with one thrice acceptable stroke
 To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word?
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?
 But death comes not at call; justice divine
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries
 O woods! O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers!
 With other echo¹ late I taught your shades
 To answer, and resound far other song."

Whom thus afflicted, when sad Eve beheld,
 Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assayed;
 But her with stern regard he thus repelle²

¹ See v. 202

“Out of my sight, thou serpent! that name best
 Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false
 And hateful; nothing wants but that thy shape,
 Like his, and colour serpentine, may show
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
 Henceforth; lest that too heavenly form pretended
 To hellish falsehood snare them. But for thee
 I had persisted happy, had not thy pride
 And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdained
 Not to be trusted, longing to be seen,
 Though by the devil himself, him overweening
 To over-reach, but with the serpent meeting
 Fooled and beguiled; by him thou, I by thee;
 To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults;
 And understood² not all was but a show,
 Rather than solid virtue; all but a rib,
 Crooked by nature; bent, as now appears,
 More to the part sinister, from me drawn;
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
 To my just number found. Oh! why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once
 With men, as angels, without feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen,
 And more that shall befall, innumerable
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,
 And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gained
 By a far worse, or if she love, withheld
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet, already linked and wedlock-bound
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound.”

He added not, and from her turned; but Eve,

¹ i. e. held or placed before.

² i. e. I understood.

Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,
 And tresses all disordered, at his feet
 Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:
 "Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness Heaven
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
 My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
 As joined in injuries, one enmity
 Against a foe by doom express assigned us,
 That cruel serpent: on me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this misery befallen,
 On me already lost, me than thyself
 More miserable; both have sinned, but thou
 Against God only, I against God and thee,
 And to the place of judgment will return,
 There with my cries impórtune Heaven, that all
 The sentence, from thy head removed, may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
 Me, me only, just object of his ire."
 She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
 Immoveable till peace obtained from fault
 Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
 Commiseration; soon his heart relented
 Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so fair his reconcilment seeking,
 His counsel whom she had displeased, his aid;
 As one disarmed, his anger all he lost,
 And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon:
 "Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
 So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
 The punishment all on thyself; alas!
 Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
 His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place



P. 258.

PARADISE LOST.

Soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight.

Paradis Lost.

Notes on: Book II Lines ~~146~~ - 142 - 151.

Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me committed and by me exposed.
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of woe;
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) derived."

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied.
"Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most
Which must be born to certain woe, devoured
By death at last; and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woeful race,
That after wretched life must be at last
Food for so foul a monster; in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
The race unblessed, to being yet unbegot
Childless thou art, childless remain; so Death
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two
Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire, which would be misery

And torment less than none of what we dread:
 Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free
 From what we fear for both, let us make short,
 Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply
 With our own hands his office on ourselves
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
 That show no end but death, and have the power,
 Of many ways to die the shortest¹ choosing,
 Destruction with destruction to destroy?"

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

"Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime
 And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
 But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
 For loss of life and pleasure overloved.
 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
 Of misery, so thinking to evade
 The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God
 Hath wiselier armed his vengeful ire than so
 To be forestalled; much more I fear lest death,
 So snatch'd, will not exempt us from the pain
 We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
 To make death in us live. Then let us seek
 Some safer resolution, which methinks
 I have in view, calling to mind with heed
 Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
 The serpent's head; piteous amends! unless
 Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe
 Satan, who in the serpent hath contrived
 Against us this deceit: to crush his head
 Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
 By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
 Resolved as thou propos'est; so our foe
 Shall 'scape his punishment ordained, and we
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads,

¹ *i.e.*, the shortest way.

No more be mentioned then of violence
 Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,
 That cuts us off from hope, and savours only
 Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke
 Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
 And gracious temper he both heard and judged
 Without wrath or reviling; we expected
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought
 Was meant by death that day, when lo! to thee
 Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
 And bringing forth, soon recompensed with joy,
 Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope
 Glanced on the ground: with labour I must earn
 My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse,
 My labour will sustain me; and lest cold
 Or heat should injure us, his timely care
 Hath unbesought provided, and his hands
 Clothed us unworthy, pitying while he judged.
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
 And teach us further by what means to shun
 The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow?
 Which now the sky with various face begins
 To show us in this mountain, while the winds
 Blow moist and keen, shattering¹ the graceful locks
 Of these fair-spreading trees; which bids us seek
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
 Our limbs benumbed, ere this diurnal star²
 Leave cold the night, how we his gathered beams
 Reflected, may with matter sere³ foment;
 Or, by collision of two bodies, grind
 The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
 Justling, or pushed with winds, rude in their shock,

¹ This "shattering" is an excellent word, and very expressive of the sense, shaking or breaking to pieces; and etymologists derive it of the Belgic *Schetteren*; our author had used it before in his *Lycidas*

"Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year."

And "locks of trees" is a Latinism: "*Spissæ nemorum comæ*," Hor Od. iv. iii. 11; "*arboribusque comæ*," iv. vii. 2.—*Newton*.

² The sun.

³ Dr. So Spenser, *Shepherd's Calendar*, id. ii.—

"His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
 His honour decayed, his branches sere."

Tine¹ the slant lightning, whose thwart flame driven down
 Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,
 Which might supply the sun: such fire to use,
 And what may else be remedy or cure
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life, sustained
 By him with many comforts, till we end
 In dust our final rest and native home
 What better can we do, than, to the place
 Repairing where he judged us, prostrate fall
 Before him reverent, and there confess
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meek?
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
 When angry most he seemed and most severe,
 What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?"

So spake our father penitent, nor Eve
 Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
 Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell
 Before him reverent, and both confessed
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begged, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meek.

i. e. light, kindle, from the Saxon *tynan*, whence also our word
tyne.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

Thus they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood
 Praying; for, from the mercy-seat above,
 Preventive grace descending had removed
 The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
 Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breathed
 Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
 Inspired, and winged for Heaven with speedier flight
 Than loudest oratory; yet their port
 Not of mean suitors, nor important less
 Seemed their petition, than when the ancient pair
 In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
 The race of mankind drowned, before the shrine
 Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their prayers
 Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious winds
 Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they passed
 Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad
 With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
 By their great Intercessor, came 'n sight

Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began:

“ See, Father, what first-fruits on earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in man; these sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mixed
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring,
Fruits of more pleasing savour, from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand, manuring all the trees
Of Paradise, could have produced, ere fallen
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To supplication; hear his sighs, though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation:¹ all his works on me,
Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace toward mankind; let him live
Before thee reconciled, at least his days
Numbered, though sad, till death, his doom (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeemed may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.”

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene
“ All thy request for man, accepted Son,
Obtain: all thy request was my decree;
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to nature him forbids.
Those pure immortal elements that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distempered all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endowed, with happiness
And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other served but to eternize woe,
Till I provided death; so death becomes
His final remedy, and after life

¹ 3 John ii. 15.

Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,
 Waked in the renovation of the just,
 Resigns him up with Heaven and earth renewed
 But let us call to synod all the blest
 Through Heaven's wide bounds; from them I will not bid
 My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,
 As how with peccant angels late they saw,
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirmed.

He ended; and the Son gave signal high
 To the bright minister that watched: he blew
 His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
 When God descended, and perhaps once more
 To sound at general doom. The angelic blast
 Filled all the regions: from their blissful bowers
 Of amaranthine shade, fountain, or spring,
 By the waters of life, where'er they sat
 In fellowships of joy, the sons of light
 Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
 And took their seats; till from his throne supreme
 The Almighty thus pronounced his sovran will:

“O sons! like one of us man is become
 To know both good and evil, since his taste
 Of that defended¹ fruit; but let him boast
 His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;
 Happier, had it sufficed him to have known
 Good by itself, and evil not at all.
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
 My motions in him; longer than they move,
 His heart I know how variable and vain,
 Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
 Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
 And live for ever, dream at least to live
 For ever, to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the garden forth to till
 The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

“Michael, this my behest have thou in charge
 Take to thee from among the cherubim
 Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,
 Or in behalf of man, or to invade
 Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:
 Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God
 Without remorse drive out the sinful pair,

¹ Forbidden. The word is similarly used by *Chaucer*.

From hallowed ground the unholy, and denounce
 To them and to their progeny from thence
 Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint
 At the sad sentence rigorously urged
 (For I behold them softened, and with tears
 Bewailing their excess), all terror hide.
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
 To Adam what shall come in future days,
 As I shall thee enlighten: intermix
 My covenant in the woman's seed renewed;
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace;
 And on the east side of the garden place,
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
 Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame
 Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the tree of life;
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
 To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
 With whose stolen fruit man once more to delude."

He ceased; and the archangelic power prepared
 For swift descent; with him the cohort bright
 Of watchful cherubim: four faces each
 Had, like a double Janus; all their shape
 Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those
 Of Argus,¹ and more wakeful than to drowse,
 Charmed with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod.² Meanwhile,
 To resalute the world with sacred light,
 Leucothea³ waked, and with fresh dews embalmed
 The earth; when Adam and first matron Eve
 Had ended now their orisons, and found
 Strength added from above; new hope to spring
 Out of despair; joy, but with fear yet linked;
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renewed:
 "Eve! easily may faith admit that all

¹ Mercury was employed by Jupiter to lull Argus, a shepherd who had a hundred eyes, asleep, and kill him.

² "Or his opiate rod," the caduceus of Mercury, with which he could give sleep to whomsoever he pleased. With this pipe and this rod he lulled Argus asleep and cut off his head.

³ The "white goddess," as the name in Greek imports, the same with "Matuta" in Latin; and "Matuta" is the early morning that ushers in the Aurora rosy with the sunbeams.

The good which we enjoy from Heaven descends:
 But, that from us aught should ascend to Heaven,
 So prevalent as to concern the mind
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
 Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer,
 Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
 Even to the seat of God. For since I sought
 By prayer the offended Deity to appease,
 Kneeled, and before him humbled all my heart,
 Methought I saw him placable, and mild,
 Bending his ear: persuasion in me grew
 That I was heard with favour; peace returned
 Home to my breast; and to my memory
 His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;
 Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now
 Assures me that the bitterness of death
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
 Eve rightly called, mother of all mankind!
 Mother of all things living, since by thee
 Man is to live; and all things live for man."

To whom thus Eve, with sad demeanour meek:
 "Ill-worthy I, such title should belong
 To me transgressor! who, for thee ordained
 A help, became thy snare: to me reproach
 Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise.
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
 That I, who first brought death on all, am graced
 The source of life: next favourable thou,
 Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st,
 Far other name deserving. But the field
 To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,
 Though after sleepless night; for see! the morn,
 All unconcerned with our unrest, begins
 Her rosy progress smiling: let us forth;
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
 Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoined
 Laborious till day droop: while here we dwell,
 What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
 Here let us live, though in fallen state, content!"
 So spake, so wished, much-humbled Eve; but fate
 Subscribed¹ not: nature first gave signs, impressed

Consented. So in Measure for Measure, act ii. :—

"Admit no other way to save his life,
 As I subscribe not"

On bird beast, air : air suddenly eclipsed.
 After short blush of morn ; nigh in her sight
 The bird of Jove, stooped from his airy tour,
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove ;
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
 First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind ;
 Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight.
 Adam observed, and with his eye the chase
 Pursuing, not unmoved, to Eve thus spake :

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

He erred not ; for by this the heavenly bands
 Down from the sky of jasper lighted now
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt,
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt
 And carnal fear that day dimmed Adam's eye
 Not that more glorious, when the angels met
 Jacob in Mahanaim,¹ where he saw
 The field pavilioned with his guardians bright ;
 Nor that, which on the flaming mount appeared
 In Dothan,² covered with a camp of fire,
 Against the Syrian king ; who, to surprise
 One man, assassin like, had levied war,³
 War unproclaimed. The princely hierarch
 In their bright stand there left his powers, to seize

¹ Gen. xxxii. 1.

² 2 Kings, vi. 13, sqq.

³ Warburton thinks that Milton hints at the war with Holland, which broke out in 1664, when the fleet of the Dutch was surprised and captured before war had been proclaimed—a transaction which gave great scandal to the Whigs.