



# Milton for the Methodists

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Emphasized extracts from  
PARADISE LOST  
selected, edited, and annotated by  
John Wesley

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With an introduction by Frank Baker

*Milton for the Methodists*

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## Introduction

One of the most formative influences on the thought and writings of John and Charles Wesley was John Milton, and by way of return John Wesley in particular greatly helped in fostering the appreciation of Milton during the eighteenth century. Although it is likely that Milton's *Paradise Lost* formed a part of his family background, the story may well be apocryphal that when as a teenage scholar at the Charterhouse School in London the usher challenged Jacky about consorting mainly with younger boys, he replied, 'Better to rule in hell than to serve in heaven' – a slight variant of Satan's words in *Paradise Lost*, I.263.<sup>1</sup>

It seems that Wesley's own close study of Milton actually started after he had graduated at Oxford in 1724. Early in 1725 he began his lifelong diary, and inside the first opening wrote 'transcribed notes on Milton'; on 3 June he 'learned the geography of the First Book of Milton', and on 1 August began to 'collect' Milton, i.e. to prepare a precis, with consecutive extracts. On 19 September he noted his ordination as deacon by the Bishop of Oxford, and in the following September the purchase of his own copy of Milton. His ordination was a necessary step to scholarly promotion, and after the academic bustle of qualifying for his master's degree and securing election as a fellow of Lincoln College he did in fact spend three years as his father's curate at Wroot.

Recalled in November 1729 by the Rector of Lincoln College to service as a tutor, in 1730 Wesley returned with renewed enthusiasm to *Paradise Lost*. His diary shows that during 9–21 February and 2–11 March 1730, he prepared poetical and explanatory notes on Milton, and in May began to use them with his pupils; in June he worked on 'three books of Milton', and a further two in July.<sup>2</sup>

When he set out as a missionary to Georgia in October 1735 he took Milton with him. On 17 October 1736, he began a reading

course of *Paradise Lost* with Mark Hird, and also with Sophy Hopkey, though in the case of that marriageable young woman he noted: 'But I expressly desired we might leave out the love parts of that poem, because (I said) they might hurt her mind.'<sup>3</sup> While travelling on foot in South Carolina towards the end of the following April he read *Paradise Regained*.

After his return to England and his spiritual transformation, Wesley was concerned not only for the souls but for the minds of his followers. The corollary of a religious revival was an intellectual revival. He set out to make of the Methodists a reading people. Towards the end of his life he thus summarized the conviction of half a century as their leader: 'It cannot be that the people should grow in grace unless they give themselves to reading. A reading people will always be a knowing people.'<sup>4</sup> A major means to this end was *A Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems*, published in three volumes, 1743–44; this began with two extracts from *Paradise Lost*, V.153–208 (entitled 'Morning Hymn', and VII.210–492, 499–534, 548–50 (entitled 'Creation')). In 1745, at his second Conference with his preachers, he arranged that at each of his (and their) headquarters in London, Bristol, and Newcastle there should be small libraries containing copies of Milton. At the Conference of 1746 he inaugurated the ruling that all the preachers should read *Paradise Lost*.<sup>5</sup>

Wesley was also concerned about children's education. In 1739 he embarked on elementary education for colliers' children in the Bristol area, and in 1748 built a school at nearby Kingswood for secondary teaching. In his curriculum for the seventh class appeared the instruction: 'Transcribe and repeat select portions of Milton.'<sup>6</sup> His *Journal* shows that he himself put that ruling into operation on 26 September 1750, and the two following days: 'I reached Kingswood in the evening; and the next day selected passages of Milton for the eldest children to transcribe and repeat weekly.' This was continued at an advanced academic level from 1768 onwards, after some young Methodists had been expelled from Cambridge, Milton being studied during the third year of four.<sup>7</sup>

John Wesley's devotion to Milton, and especially to *Paradise Lost*, is revealed by the multitudinous quotations in his letters and his publications. His sources range over the whole Western literary world, in several languages, with a great fondness for verse, and especially for the Latin classics. In English verse his immense family

loyalty (if nothing more) led to hundreds of quotations from his brother Charles, and at least fifty from his older brother Samuel, both of them like himself devotees of Milton. From outside his immediate family there are thirty-one from Pope, including nine from the 'Essay on Man'; there are no fewer than fifty from Prior, including eighteen from *Solomon*, which Charles Wesley advised his daughter Sally to commit to heart. The palm is easily taken, however, by Milton; besides quotations from a handful from other poems, including *Paradise Regained*, there are nearly eighty from *Paradise Lost*.

The influence of Milton on the Wesley family, however, is not limited to these clear – if often imperfect – quotations: their own verses owe a great debt to Milton, and are heavily sprinkled with allusive references to *Paradise Lost* above all other poems. This is especially seen in *A Collection of Hymns for the use of the People called Methodists* (1780). The almost fifty allusions noted in the index to the critical edition of that volume are a mere sample of those in the massive Wesley corpus of verse, and even those fifty are by no means exhaustive of the Miltonic similarities in that volume itself. Here is a rich field for exploration by scholars.<sup>8</sup>

The context of some of Wesley's quotations is in itself revealing. He handles the poem like one who had analysed its parts and language very carefully, although no concordance to Milton was then available. One interesting example is in Discourse V on the Sermon on the Mount (1748), 'Against example, singularly good', where Wesley appears to be conflating *Paradise Lost*, XI.809 ('Against example, good') and *Paradise Regained*, III.57 ('His lot who dares be singularly good'). The situation is made more complex, however, because Wesley's older brother Samuel's own reminiscence of Milton may have been his source, for Samuel had written, 'Against example resolutely good'.<sup>9</sup> Even more impressive is Wesley's ingenious conflation of three lines about Satan, as he described the mental deterioration of Emanuel Swedenborg, where first he changes Milton's 'form' to 'mind': 'His *mind* has not yet lost / All its original brightness, but appears' (I.591–92), and then adds, from II.305, 'Majestic, though in ruin'. The verbal clue to the switch was the word 'ruined' in Milton's I.593: 'Less than an archangel ruined'.<sup>10</sup> In his sermon, 'God's Approbation of His Works' (1782), Wesley quoted Milton nine times, with this tribute in the preamble: 'I do not remember to have seen any attempt of this kind unless in that truly

excellent poem (termed by Mr Hutchinson, "that wretched farce") Milton's *Paradise Lost*.<sup>11</sup> Wesley undoubtedly regarded Milton as an expert in eschatology, but he did not swallow him hook, line, and sinker, as evidenced by his sermon 'On Hell': 'Even the poet who affirms (though I know not on what authority), "Devil with devil damned / Firm concord holds", does not affirm that there is any concord among the human fiends that inhabit the great abyss.' And later: 'Our great poet himself supposes the inhabitants of hell to undergo variety of tortures . . . But I find no word, no tittle of this, not the least hint of it, in all the Bible. And surely this is too awful a subject to admit of such play of imagination.'<sup>12</sup>

One of the most appropriate and moving of Wesley's quotations from Milton, however, occurs in his *Journal* for 1 January 1789, a New Year's reflection a little over two years from his death: 'If this is to be the last year of my life, according to some of those prophecies, I hope it will be the best. I am not careful about it, but heartily receive the advice of the angel in Milton:

How well is thine; how long permit to heaven.'<sup>13</sup>

Throughout most of his mature years John Wesley furnished reading lists and advice for the more literate Methodists. In his extract from John Norris, *Reflections upon the Conduct of Human Life, with Reference to Learning and Knowledge*, first published in 1734, he had appended 'A Scheme of Books, suited to the Preceding Reflections' – which did not include Milton. The list was dropped from the 1741 edition, but a new list appeared in 1755, including Milton's *Paradise Lost*. He recommended 'Milton' to Philothea Briggs in 1771, to Ann Tindall in 1774, and to his niece Sally Wesley in 1781.<sup>14</sup> In his *Arminian Magazine* for November 1780 he offered the Methodist public in general a reading list which he had prepared for 'Miss L.' – including, of course, *Paradise Lost*. When in 1787 a preacher's widow in Ireland lost her own books in a fire Wesley arranged to furnish her with what he considered at least the nucleus of a good library: 'I desire Brother Rogers to send her by the first opportunity the Large Hymn-book, *Notes on the New Testament*, quarto, the *Appeals*, bound, the four volumes of *Sermons*, Life of Mr Fletcher, of D[avid] Brainerd, and of Madame Guyon, [Young's] *Night Thoughts*, Milton.'<sup>15</sup>

By 1763 John Wesley and his brother had already published over two hundred items, and it was natural that John should ponder some

more editorial work upon his favourite poet. It appeared in 1763: *An Extract from Milton's Paradise Lost. With Notes. London: Printed by Henry Fenwick, MDCCLXIII*. To prepare an edited and annotated copy of such a work was certainly a major undertaking, perhaps a perilous one from the point of view of his critics, not all of whom would read his preface (dated 1 January 1763) with sufficient care:

#### To the Reader

Of all the poems which have hitherto appeared in the world, in whatever age or nation, the preference has generally been given by impartial judges to Milton's *Paradise Lost*. But this inimitable work, amidst all its beauties, is unintelligible to abundance of readers, the immense learning which he has everywhere crowded together making it quite obscure to persons of a common education.

This difficulty, almost insuperable as it appears, I have endeavoured to remove in the following extract: first, by omitting those lines which I despaired of explaining to the unlearned without using abundance of words; and, secondly, by adding short and easy notes, such as I trust will make the main of this excellent poem clear and intelligible to any uneducated person of a tolerable good understanding.

Even a sympathetic Milton scholar such as Walter Herbert exclaimed: 'Milton must have stirred uneasily in his grave. Imagine the shade of the man who sought "fit audience though few" – author of the poem which . . . calls upon all the wealth of bookish information the most scholarly reader can bring to it – looking over Wesley's shoulder as he wrote his preface.' It was certainly not written for the merely intelligent though uneducated persons of the eighteenth century, Wesley's proclaimed audience. Yet Dr Herbert acknowledged that by means of his careful omissions he succeeded remarkably: 'For the unlearned people whom the editor expected to reach the edition was epochal. It brought them one of the greatest of all poems in a form which, though cleared of the thorns which would inevitably have discouraged them, showed them no scars where the pruning knife had cut. No part of the action was lost, and extremely few of the great memorable passages.'<sup>16</sup>

A decade later another Princeton scholar, Oscar Sherwin, was moved to a much fuller study of Wesley's *Paradise Lost*, claiming at

the outset: 'Justice has not sufficiently been done to Wesley both for the quantity and variety of his publications or for his pioneer educational work among the masses.'<sup>17</sup> Dr Sherwin showed in detail how Wesley carefully pruned Milton's poem from 10565 lines to 8695, though he also noted that Wesley occasionally erred in his own numbering of the twelve books, so that he appeared to preserve 8708 lines.<sup>18</sup> He categorized the various types of omission by means of passages quoted at length in order 'to reveal the excellence of his method and the splendid readability of his edition'. He omitted strange names, similes, allusions from the classics and even the Bible.<sup>19</sup> He omitted whatever was tortuous and involved, 'geographical or astronomical or historical obscurities', 'omissions to heighten dramatic intensity [or] to simplify text'.<sup>20</sup> Wesley also abridged in order 'to make sentences shorter, clearer, more compact',<sup>21</sup> or to excise passages which he thought immodest or theologically incorrect.<sup>22</sup> Dr Sherwin also pointed out that alterations and additions were 'insignificant in quantity and quality', and the notes 'short and pointed'. His final tribute to Wesley's Milton was that 'in portable and understandable form it made a great classic available to the masses'.

It is indeed true that Wesley's editorial revisions of his abridged Milton were minimal, but they were an important part of his task, which according to Dr Sherwin amounted to sixty-two passages in all. Contrary to a too widespread impression, they involved no halting of the rhythm. Wesley was completely at home with decasyllabic blank verse. Most of his revisions were simple word changes, and an occasional altered phrase. In Milton's lines, 'Satan, who that day / Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms / No equal, ranging through the dire attack / Of fighting Seraphim confused', Wesley combined omission and alteration to read, 'Satan, who that day / Prodigious power had shown, amid the ranks / Of fighting Seraphim confused' (VI.246-49, Wesley's VI.236-38). In VIII.222-23 he smoothed out the grammar and the tenses of 'Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace / Attends thee, and each word, each motion, forms', so that it became, 'Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace / Attend thee, and each word, each motion form.'

It is also true that Wesley's annotations in general were laconic. They are fully in line with his *The Complete English Dictionary, explaining most of the Hard Words which are found in the best English*

*Writers* (1753), of which one entry read: 'A METHODIST, one that lives according to the method laid down in the Bible.' So here we have: 'Monarchy is Government by One' (I.42); 'Ken - see, discern' (I.59); 'Pregnant - Big with future effects' (II.779); 'Panoply - compleat armour' (VI.527); 'Loquacious - talkative' (X.161). Many of the notes, especially on classical mythology, are much fuller, and occasionally Wesley's own prejudice creeps in: 'Can make a Heaven of Hell - This is a fit Rant for a Stoic or a Devil' (I.255). For economy the notes are added in groups at the end of each book, in the same size type as the 322-page pocket volume itself, 7 point, with 2 point leading, too small for comfortable reading, but nothing like as tiny as that of Wesley's Field Bible, from which he preached in the open air.

Having published the work in 1763, Wesley strove to encourage its dissemination. He wrote from Edinburgh to his book steward for the Newcastle area, Matthew Lowes: 'O Matthew, how is this! There is not one *Milton* here, nor one set of the *Philosophy*. Pray send immediately twelve sets of the *Philosophy* and twenty *Miltons* (if you have more than twenty at Newcastle, for you must not be left without some) . . .'. (Lowes added over '*Miltons*' the figure '8', either the number he had at Newcastle or more probably the surplus which he sent to Edinburgh.)<sup>23</sup> The first noted appearance of the volume in his book catalogues was in 1768, among the hymns, as 'Paradise Lost with Notes - 2s.6d.', to which 'b[oun]d' was added in 1770. Clearly it sold only slowly, and by 1777 the price had been reduced to 1s.6d. Thus it continued until Wesley's death. Immediately after the subsequent inventory of the Book Room had turned up no copies it was reprinted, with some revisions of its 335 pages, including the renumbering of the lines. It was advertised as 'Paradise Lost, a new Edition. 2s.'

We have delayed until this point the mention of a unique feature of Wesley's Milton, which later he used for his edition of Young's *Night Thoughts* (1770) and his own collected *Works* (1771-74). A description of this innovation he appended to his preface: 'To those passages which I apprehend to be peculiarly excellent, either with regard to sentiment or expression, I have prefixed a star. And these, I believe, it would be worth while to read over and over, or even to commit to memory.'<sup>24</sup> That Wesley recognized this as a highly unusual practice is made clear by a letter of 10 March 1774 to Thomas Stedman, describing his *Works*: 'It may be needful to mention one

thing more, because it is a little out of the common way. In the Extract from Milton's *Paradise Lost* and in that from Dr Young's *Night Thoughts* I placed a mark before those passages which I judged were most worthy of the reader's notice. The same thing I have taken the liberty to do throughout the ensuing volumes.' The device may well have been original, possibly unique – certainly it would be good to know if there were in fact any precedent.

By this usage, of course, Wesley supplied a remarkable guide to his own taste, and furnished what he clearly regarded as the heart of *Paradise Lost*, about a quarter of the original poem. Presumably most of these one hundred and forty-three passages he would himself have memorized, and they should therefore have formed the primary source for his quotations. Examining the tally of quotations recognized so far, this turns out indeed to be the case. Of the seventy-six known quotations forty-nine are from these asterisked passages, i.e. two-thirds of the total. Clearly, however, Wesley himself knew and remembered *Paradise Lost* in far greater detail than he would expect his followers or any non-Methodist readers to memorize; indeed seven of his quoted passages are not even included in his *Extract*. And after all that abridgment surrendered only about one-sixth of the whole poem. The length of Wesley's emphasized passages ranges from one line ('Lives there who loves his pain?' IV.888) to eighty-two (IV.32–113). Wesley usually placed his asterisks at the beginning and the end of selected passages, and his assumption seemed to have been that lengthy passages were to be marked only at the beginning of each paragraph until the last.

This reprinting of the emphasized extracts which comprised for Wesley the heart of *Paradise Lost* has been controlled along lines similar to those of the Bicentennial Edition of *The Works of John Wesley*: obvious errors have been corrected, but no words have been added, omitted, or altered without indication. Occasional editorial insertions of mine are enclosed within square brackets; these are intended to preserve continuity between the passages marked by Wesley, and sometimes to preserve passages where his intentions remain somewhat uncertain. The lines are numbered (usually in fives) on the basis of Milton's numbering, not Wesley's; breaks and ellipses are shown by ' . . . ' together with the beginning and ending numbers in the right margin. Like Wesley, I have grouped his annotations at the end of each of Milton's books. Instead of using

'Ver.22', etc., as he did, however, with no clue in the text to the appended notes, I have assigned numbers to those notes which refer to the abridged text, and have added corresponding superscript figures in the text itself.

Frank Baker

#### Notes to the Introduction

1. Luke Tyerman, *Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A.*, 3 vols., Hodder and Stoughton 1870, Vol. I, p. 20. Cf. what appears to be a personal recollection by Adam Clarke of a pronouncement by Wesley, which may well imply the reading aloud of *Paradise Lost* in Epworth rectory: 'My sister Harper [Emilia] was the best reader of Milton I ever heard' (Adam Clarke, *Memoirs of the Wesley Family*, London, Kershaw 1823, p. 469).
2. Cf. Richard P. Heitzenrater, 'John Wesley and the Oxford Methodists, 1725–35', Ph.D. Dissertation, Duke University 1972, pp. 108, 429–30. The first item noted in Wesley's list of his own mss was Milton.
3. This section was added in one only of several MS Journals – (B).
4. From a letter to a preacher, 8 December 1790. Cf. a letter of 11 February 1773, to John Bredin: 'A reading people will always be a knowing people.'
5. Wesley Historical Society, Publication 1, 'John Bennet's Copy of the Minutes of the Conferences . . .', London 1896, pp. 28–29, 36.
6. *A Short Account of the School in Kingswood*, Bristol 1749, p. 4 (see a facsimile in A. G. Ives, *Kingswood School in Wesley's Day and Since*, Epworth Press 1970, pp. [11–18]).
7. Ives, op. cit., pp. 75, 245–49.
8. See especially Richard Butterworth, 'Milton and the Methodist Hymn Book', *Proceedings of the Wesley Historical Society*, Vol. 10, pp. 97–102 (1915); Samuel J. Rogal, 'The Role of *Paradise Lost* in Works by John and Charles Wesley', *Milton Quarterly*, Vol. 13, pp. 114–19 (1979); James Dale (Department of English, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario), 'Milton, Charles Wesley, and the Gospel of Love'; and Elizabeth [Hannon] Hart (University of British Columbia; M.A. thesis, 1985), 'The Influence of *Paradise Lost* on the Hymns of Charles Wesley', which contains a section persuasively pointing out the strong Miltonic influence on the original poem, *The Whole Armour of God* ('Soldiers of Christ, arise').
9. See Wesley's *Sermons*, ed. A. C. Outler, Bicentennial Edition, Abingdon, Nashville, 1984, Vol. 1, p. 569.
10. *Journal*, 8 December 1771. On 22 April 1779, Wesley reverted to Swedenborg's fever and madness at fifty-five, and used the same quotation in the plural, 'majestic, though in ruins'.
11. *Sermons*, Bicentennial Edition, Vol. 2, p. 388.
12. *Sermons*, Bicentennial Edition, Vol. 3, pp. 34–35, 39.



13. Cf. Milton, XI.553-34:  
 Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st  
 Live well; how long or short permit to heaven.
14. In letters written 25 January 1771, 6 July 1774, and 8 September 1781.  
 15. Letter to Arthur Keen, 20 April 1787.  
 16. Thomas Walter Herbert, *John Wesley as Editor and Author*, Princeton University Press 1940, pp. 75-79.  
 17. Oscar Sherwin, 'Milton for the Masses: John Wesley's Edition of *Paradise Lost*', *Modern Language Quarterly*, Vol. 12, pp. 267-85 (1951).  
 18. Op. cit., p. 269.  
 19. Ibid., pp. 270-72.  
 20. Ibid., pp. 272-79.  
 21. Ibid., pp. 279-80.  
 22. Ibid., pp. 280-83.  
 23. It should be noted that Wesley's two-volume *A Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation: or a Compendium of Natural Philosophy* was also published in 1763, and bore a quotation from Milton on its title-page: 'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good . . .' (*Paradise Lost*, V.153-55, Wesley's most frequently-quoted passage).  
 24. See Frank Baker, 'John Wesley, Literary Arbiter: An Introduction to his use of the Asterisk', *Proceedings of the Wesley Historical Society* Vol.40, pp. 25-33 (1975).

JOHN MILTON  
*Paradise Lost*

Emphasized extracts selected, edited,  
 and annotated by John Wesley

## BOOK I

### *The Argument*

This first book proposes first in brief the whole subject, man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed; then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan, with his angels, now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called chaos. Here Satan, with his angels, lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who, next in order and dignity, lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; they rise; their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them, lastly, of a new world, and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven; for that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.

[Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste

Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
 With loss of Eden, till one greater man  
 Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, I.5  
 Sing, heav'nly muse,] . . . O Spir'it, that dost prefer I.6,17  
 Before all temples th'upright heart and pure  
 Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first  
 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread I.20  
 Dove-like sat'st brooding<sup>1</sup> on the vast abyss,  
 And mad'st it pregnant; what in me is dark  
 Illumine,<sup>2</sup> what is low raise and support;  
 That to the height of this great argument  
 I may assert eternal providence, I.25  
 And justify the ways of God to men.  
 Say first – for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,  
 Nor the deep tract of hell – say first what cause  
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,  
 Favoured of heav'n so highly, to fall off I.30  
 From their Creator, and transgress his will,  
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?  
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?  
 Th'inferral serpent; he it was, whose guile,  
 Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived I.35  
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
 Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host  
 Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring  
 To set himself in glory 'bove his peers,<sup>3</sup>  
 He trusted to have equalled the Most High, I.40  
 If he opposed; and with ambitious aim  
 Against the throne and monarchy<sup>4</sup> of God  
 Raised impious war in heav'n and battle proud  
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power I.45  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th'ethereal sky,  
 With hideous ruin<sup>5</sup> and combustion, down  
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
 In adamantin<sup>6</sup> chains and penal fire,  
 Who durst defy th'Omnipotent to arms.  
 Nine times the space that measures day and night I.50  
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
 Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf  
 Confounded though immortal; but his doom

Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain I.55  
 Torments him; round he throws his baleful<sup>7</sup> eyes,  
 That witnessed huge affliction and dismay  
 Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.  
 At once, as far as angels ken,<sup>8</sup> he views  
 The dismal situation waste and wild; I.60  
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round  
 As one great furnace flamed, yet from those flames  
 No light, but rather darkness visible<sup>9</sup>  
 Served only to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace I.65  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
 That comes to all; but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed:  
 Such place eternal justice had prepared I.70  
 For those rebellious, here their pris'on ordained  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set  
 As far removed from God and light of heaven,  
 As from the centre<sup>10</sup> thrice to th'utmost pole.  
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell. I.75  
 [There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed  
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
 He soon discerns, and welt'ring by his side  
 One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime, . . . I.79  
 Beelzebub. To whom the arch-enemy I.81  
 And thence in heav'n called Satan, with bold words  
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began:]  
 If thou art he; but O how fall'n! how changed  
 From him who in the happy realms of light,  
 Clothed with transcendent brightness didst outshine  
 Myriads<sup>11</sup> though bright! If he whom mutual league,  
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
 Joined with me once, now misery hath joined I.90  
 In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest  
 From what height fall'n; so much the stronger proved  
 He with his thunder; and till then who knew  
 The force of these dire arms? Yet not for those,

Nor what the potent victor in his rage I.95  
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
 Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,  
 And high disdain, from sense of injured merit,  
 That with the mightiest raised me to contend,  
 And to the fierce contention brought along I.100  
 Innumerable force of spirits armed,  
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
 His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r opposed  
 In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,  
 And shook his throne . . . I.105  
 But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now  
 Of force believe almighty, since no less  
 Than such could have o'erpow' red such force as ours) I.145  
 Have left us this our spi'rit and strength entire  
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
 By right of war, whate'er his business be, I.150  
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,  
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep?  
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel  
 Strength undiminished, or eternal being  
 To undergo eternal punishment? I.155  
 [Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied:] . . . I.156  
 But see, the angry victor hath recalled  
 His ministers of vengeance<sup>12</sup> and pursuit I.170  
 Back to the gates of heav'n; the sulphurous hail  
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid  
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
 Of heav'n received us falling; and the thunder,  
 Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage, I.175  
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.  
 Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn  
 Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.  
 Seest thou yon dreary<sup>13</sup> plain, forlorn and wild, I.180  
 The seat of desolation, void of light,  
 Save what the glimmering of these livid<sup>14</sup> flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend

From off the tossing of these fiery waves;  
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there . . . I.185  
 Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate I.192  
 With head uplift above the wave, and eyes  
 That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides  
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large  
 Lay floating many a rood;<sup>15</sup> . . . nor ever thence I.196,210  
 Had ris'n or heaved his head, but that the will  
 And high permission of all-ruling heaven  
 Left him at large to his own dark designs . . .  
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool I.221  
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames  
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and rolled  
 In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid vale.  
 Then with expanded<sup>16</sup> wings he steers his flight I.225  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air  
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land  
 He lights, if it were land that ever burned  
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire . . . I.229  
 Is this the region, this the soil, the clime, I.242  
 Said then the lost archangel, this the seat  
 That we must change for heav'n, this mournful gloom  
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he I.245  
 Who now is Sov'reign can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best,  
 Whom reas'on hath equalled, force hath made supreme  
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,  
 Where joy for ever dwells; hail, horrors, hail I.250  
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest hell  
 Receive thy new possessor; one who brings  
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a heav'n of hell,<sup>17</sup> a hell of heav'n . . . I.255  
 He scarce had ceased when the superior fiend I.283  
 Was moving tow'ard the shore; his pond'rous shield,  
 Ethereal<sup>18</sup> temper, massy, large and round I.285  
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist<sup>19</sup> views . . . I.288  
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine I.292

Hewn on Norwegian hills were but a wand,  
 He walked with to support uneasy steps  
 Over the burning marle (not like those steps I.295  
 On heaven's azure), and the torrid clime<sup>20</sup>  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:  
 Nathless<sup>21</sup> he so endured, till on the beach  
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called I.300  
 His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced  
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa,<sup>22</sup> where th'Etrurian shades  
 High over-arched embow'r; . . . so thick bestrown, I.304,311  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.  
 He called so loud that all the hollow deep  
 Of hell resounded: Princes, Potentates, I.315  
 Warriors, the flower of heav'n, once yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal spi'rits; or have ye chos'n this place  
 After the toil of battle to repose  
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find I.320  
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 To'adore the Conqueror? Who now beholds  
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood  
 With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon I.325  
 His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern  
 Th'advantage, and descending tread us down  
 Thus, drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n! I.330  
 [They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung  
 Upon the wing . . . who . . . had general names I.332,421  
 Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,  
 These feminine. For spirits when they please I.423  
 Can either sex assume, or both; so soft  
 And uncompounded is their essence pure,  
 Not tied or manacled with joint or limb  
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
 Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose,  
 Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure, I.430

Can execute their airy purposes  
 And works of love or enmity fulfil . . .  
 Anon they move . . . I.549  
 To flutes and soft recorders; such as raised I.551  
 To height of noblest tempers heroes old  
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage  
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved  
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat; I.555  
 Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and swage  
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain  
 From mortal or immortal minds . . . [These far beyond I.559,587  
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed]  
 Their dread commander: he above the rest . . . I.589  
 Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost I.591  
 All her original brightness, nor appeared  
 Less than archangel ruined, and th'excess  
 Of glory obscured. As when the sun new risen  
 Looks through the horizontal<sup>23</sup> misty air I.595  
 Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon  
 In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds  
 On half the nations, and with fear of change  
 Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone  
 Above them all th'archangel; but his face I.600  
 Deep scars of thunder had entrenched, and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
 Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but cast  
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold I.605  
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemned  
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerced<sup>24</sup>  
 Of heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung I.610  
 For his revolt – yet faithful how they stood,  
 Their glory withered; as when heaven's fire  
 Hath scathed<sup>25</sup> the forest oaks, or mountain pines,  
 With singed top their stately growth, though bare,  
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared I.615  
 To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend

From wing to wing, and half enclose him round  
 With all his peers. Attention held them mute.  
 Thrice he essayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last I.620  
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way . . .  
 He spake; and to confirm his words, out-flew I.663  
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
 Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze  
 Far round illumined hell; highly they raged  
 Against the high'est, and fierce with grasped arms  
 Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,  
 Hurling defiance to'ward the vault of heaven. I.669

## Notes on Book I

1. *Dove-like sat'st brooding*. This is the proper meaning of the word, which is translated *moved*, Gen. 1:2.
2. *Illumine* – enlighten.
3. *Above his peers* – his fellow angels, even to be equal with God.
4. *Monarchy* is government by one.
5. *Ruin* – falling with violence; *combustion* – burning in a dreadful manner.
6. *Adamantine* – firm like diamond.
7. *Baleful* – full of woe or mischief.
8. *Ken* – see, discern.
9. *Darkness visible* – a dark gloom.
10. *From the centre* of the Earth to the outermost point of it.
11. A *myriad* is ten thousand.
12. *His ministers of vengeance*. To veil his shame, Satan ascribes his fall to the whole host of angels; but Raphael, VI.157, to the Messiah alone.
13. *Dreary* – dismal.
14. *Livid* – bluish.
15. A *rood* is two hundred and twenty yards.
16. *Expanded* – stretched out.
17. *Can make a heav'n of hell*. This is a fit rant for a stoic or a devil.
18. *Ethereal* – heavenly.
19. *The Tuscan artist* – Galileo, a native of Tuscany.
20. *The torrid clime* – the scorching climate.
21. *Nathless* – nevertheless.
22. *Vallombrosa* – that is, a shady valley, a valley in Tuscany, formerly called *Hetruria*.
23. *Horizontal* – near the horizon, the line where the sky and Earth seem to meet.
24. *Amerced of heav'n* – punished with the loss of it.
25. *Scathed* – struck, hurt, scorched.

## BOOK II

## The Argument

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search. Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake themselves several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven. With what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

[Moloch, sceptred king, stood up:] II.43–44  
 . . . What can be worse II.85  
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemned  
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exercise us without hope of end,  
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge II.90  
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour,  
 Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,  
 We should be quite abolished and expire.  
 What fear we then? What doubt we to incense  
 His utmost ire? Which to the height enraged, II.95  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce

- 'To nothing this essential – happier far  
 Than miserable to have eternal being . . .
- He ended frowning, and his look denounced II.106  
 Desp'rate revenge, and battle dangerous  
 To less than gods. On th' other side up rose  
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane.  
 A fairer person lost not heav'n; he seemed II.110  
 For dignity composed and high exploit.  
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
 Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear  
 The better reason, to perplex and dash  
 Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low – II.115  
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
 Timorous and slothful. Yet he pleased the ear,  
 And with persuasive accent thus began.  
 . . . And that must end us, that must be our cure – II.145  
 To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 These thoughts that wander through eternity,  
 To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
 Devoid of sense and motion? . . . II.150  
 [What when we fled amain, pursued and struck II.165  
 With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought  
 The deep to shelter us? This hell then seemed  
 A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay  
 Chained on the burning lake? That sure was worse.] II.170  
 What if the breath that kindled those grim fires  
 Awaked should blow them into sev'nfold rage  
 And plunge us in the flames? Or from above  
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
 His red right hand to plague us? What if all II.175  
 Her stores were opened, and this firmament  
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
 Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall  
 One day upon our heads; while we perhaps  
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled II.180  
 Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey  
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk

- Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;  
 'There to converse with everlasting groans,  
 Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved, II.185  
 Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse . . .  
 [Thus Belial with words clothed in reason's garb II.226  
 Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,  
 Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.]  
 . . . This deep world II.262  
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
 'Thick clouds and dark doth heav'n's all-ruling Sire  
 Choose to reside, his glory unobscured, II.265  
 And with the majesty of darkness round  
 Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar  
 Must'ring their rage, and heav'n resembles hell? . . .  
 He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled II.285  
 Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain  
 The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long  
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
 Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance  
 Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay  
 After the tempest. Such applause was heard II.290  
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,  
 Advising peace: for such another field  
 They dreaded worse than hell, so much the fear  
 Of thunder and the sword of Michael  
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire II.295  
 To found this nether empire, which might rise  
 By policy, and long process of time,  
 In emulation opposite to heaven.  
 Which when Beelzebub perceived – than whom,  
 Satan except, none higher sat – with grave II.300  
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed  
 A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven  
 Deliberation sat and public care;  
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
 Majestic though in ruin. Sage he stood II.305  
 With Atlantean<sup>1</sup> shoulders fit to bear  
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look  
 Drew audience and attention still as night  
 Or summer's noontide air,<sup>2</sup> while thus he spake . . .

- [Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised  
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,  
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake.]
- O progeny<sup>3</sup> of heav'n, empyreal thrones,  
With reason hath deep silence and demur  
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way  
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;  
Our prison strong; this huge convex<sup>4</sup> of fire  
Outrageous to devour, immures<sup>5</sup> us round  
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant  
Barred over us prohibit all egress.<sup>6</sup>
- These passed, if any pass, the void profound  
Of unessential<sup>7</sup> night receives him next  
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being  
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive<sup>8</sup> gulf.
- If thence he 'scape into whatever world,  
Or unknown region, what remains him less  
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?  
But I should ill become this throne, O peers,  
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorned  
With splendour, armed with power, if aught proposed  
And judged of public moment in the shape  
Of difficulty or danger could deter  
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume  
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
Refusing to accept as great a share  
Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
High honoured sits? . . .
- Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote . . .
- As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread  
Heav'n's cheerful face, the louring element  
Scowls o'er the darkened landskip snow, or shower;
- If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,  
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
- II.427  
II.430  
II.435  
II.440  
II.445  
II.450  
II.455  
II.476  
II.490  
II.495

- O shame to men! devil with devil damned  
Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
Of creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heav'nly grace, and God proclaiming peace,  
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife  
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,  
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy! . . .
- Others more mild, in silent valley, sing  
With notes angelical to many a harp  
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall  
By doom of battle; and complain that fate  
Free virtue should enthral to force or chance.  
Their song was partial, but the harmony  
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)  
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment  
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense),  
Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high  
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no end,<sup>9</sup> in wand'ring mazes lost . . .
- Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm  
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite  
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast  
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
- Another part in squadrons and gross bands,<sup>10</sup>  
On bold adventure to discover wide  
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
Of four infernal rivers,<sup>11</sup> that disgorge  
Into the burning lake their baleful streams:  
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;  
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;  
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud  
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton,  
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage . . .
- Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
- II.500  
II.546-547  
II.550  
II.555  
II.560  
II.566  
II.569  
II.570  
II.575  
II.580  
II.586



The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar]  
 Of massy ir'on or solid rock with ease  
 Unfastens; on a sudden open fly  
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound II.880  
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 Of Erebus.<sup>19</sup> She opened, but to shut  
 Excelled her pow'r; the gates wide opened stood,  
 That with extended wings a bannered host II.885  
 Under spread ensigns marching might pass through  
 With horse and chariots ranked in loose array;  
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth  
 Cast forth redounding<sup>20</sup> smoke and ruddy flame.  
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear II.890  
 The secrets of the hoary<sup>21</sup> deep, a dark  
 Illimitable<sup>22</sup> ocean, without bound,  
 Without dimension,<sup>23</sup> where length, breadth, and height,  
 And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night  
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature,<sup>24</sup> hold II.895  
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
 Of endless wars . . . Into this wild abyss, II.897,910  
 The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,  
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
 But all these in their pregnant<sup>25</sup> causes mixed  
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
 Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain II.915  
 His dark material to create more worlds;  
 Into this wild abyss the wary fiend  
 Stood on the brink of hell and looked awhile,  
 Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith<sup>26</sup>  
 He had to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed II.920  
 With noises ruinous<sup>27</sup> . . . than if this frame II.921,924  
 Of heav'n were falling, and these elements  
 In mutiny had from her axle<sup>28</sup> torn  
 The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans<sup>29</sup>  
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging<sup>30</sup> smoke  
 Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,  
 As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides II.930  
 Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets  
 A vast vacuity; all unawares,

Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops  
 Ten thousand fathoms deep . . .  
 . . . When straight behold the throne II.959  
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread  
 Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned  
 Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
 The consort of his reign; and by them . . . Chance II.963,965  
 And Tumult and Confusion all embroiled,  
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths . . .  
 But now at last the sacred influence II.1034  
 Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven  
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night  
 A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins  
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire  
 As from her utmost works a broken foe,  
 With tumult less and with less hostile din, II.1040  
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,  
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light . . .  
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, II.1045  
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
 Far off th' empyreal heav'n, extended wide . . .  
 With opal tow'rs<sup>31</sup> and battlements adorned II.1049  
 Of living sapphire, once his native seat;  
 And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,  
 This pendent world,<sup>32</sup> in bigness as a star  
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon . . . II.1053

## Notes on Book II

1. Mount *Atlas* is always covered with clouds. Hence the fable of *Atlas* bearing the skies on his shoulders.
2. In many countries it is generally calm about *noon*, especially in *summer*.
3. *Progeny* – offspring.
4. *Convex* – the vault bending round us.
5. *Immures us* – walls us in.
6. *Egress* – going out.
7. *Unessential* – uncreated, void of being.
8. *Abortive*. An *abortion* is properly a miscarriage. The word therefore is strongly figurative. Nor is it easy to give it a determinate meaning.
9. *And found no end*. There is no end of *reasoning* concerning these things. Happy therefore are they who simply keep to the Bible.

10. [II.569 ends with an asterisk, as does II.627. It is uncertain where Wesley intended to place the intervening initial asterisk, but II.570 is quite possible.]

11. *Styx, Acheron*, etc. These were, according to the heathen poets, the four rivers of hell.

12. *Burns froze*. *Frore* is an old word for frosty.

13. *Harpy-footed* – with sharp claws, like the fabled *harpies*, whom the heathen poets described as having eagles' talons. *Furies* – devils assuming the most dreadful shapes.

14. *Dolorous* – sad.

15. *Alp* – mountain, high as the *Alps*.

16. *Explores* – tries, searches out.

17. *Impaled* – surrounded.

18. [Wesley, 'crew'.]

19. *Erebus* – hell.

20. *Redounding* – spreading every way in curling waves.

21. *Hoary* – that is, old. *Secrets* – never seen before by any creature.

22. *Illimitable* – unbounded.

23. *Without dimension*. So empty space must needs be.

24. *Ancestors of Nature*. The ancient poets describe Night or Darkness, and Chaos or Confusion, as the first of things, and exercising uncontrolled dominion from the beginning. In how masterly a manner does Milton paint this! *Anarchy* is just the reverse of regular government.

25. *Pregnant* – big with future effects.

26. A *frith* is an arm of the sea.

27. *Noises ruinous* – of things rushing to and fro.

28. *Her axle*. The Earth moves round every 24 hours, as a wheel on its axle-tree.

29. *Vans* – wings.

30. *Surging* – rising.

31. *Opal towers* – towers of precious stones. An opal is a precious stone of various colours.

32. *This pendent world* – not the Earth, but the whole Universe. And even this, at so vast a distance, appeared as one of the smallest Stars. He does not see the Earth till some time after.

## BOOK III

### *The Argument*

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards man; but God again declares that grace cannot be extended towards man without the satisfaction of divine justice; man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death must die, unless someone can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man; the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place since called the limbo of vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.

Hail, holy Light, offspring of heav'n first-born,  
 Or of th'Eternal coeternal beam! III.1  
 May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light,  
 And never but in unapproached light  
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee III.5  
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,  
 Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,  
 Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice  
 Of God, as with a mantle didst invest III.10  
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
 Won from the void and formless infinite.  
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing . . . III.13  
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou III.22  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
 So thick a drop serene<sup>1</sup> hath quenched their orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt  
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
 Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath III.30  
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit; . . . as the wakeful bird III.32,38  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
 But clouds instead, and ever-during dark III.45  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of nature's work to me expunged and rased,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. III.50  
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
 Irradiate,<sup>2</sup> there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell

Of things invisible to mortal sight . . . III.55  
 [On Satan] [ . . . so will fall  
 He and his faithless progeny: Whose fault?  
 Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me III.97  
 All he could have: I made him just and right,  
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
 Such I created all th'ethereal powers III.100  
 And spirits, both them who stood and them who failed;  
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
 Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere  
 Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,  
 Where only what they needs must do appeared, III.105  
 Not what they would? What praise could they receive?  
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
 When will and reason (reason also is choice)  
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoiled,  
 Made passive both, had served necessity, III.110  
 Not me? They therefore as to right belonged,  
 So were created, nor can justly' accuse  
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
 As if predestination over-ruled  
 Their will, disposed by absolute decree III.115  
 Of high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed  
 Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,  
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
 Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.  
 So without least impulse of shadow' of fate, III.120  
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,  
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all,  
 Both what they judge and what they choose; for so  
 I formed them free, and free they must remain,  
 Till they enthral themselves; I else must change III.125  
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordained  
 Their freedom, they themselves ordained their fall.  
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
 Self-tempted, self-depraved: man falls, deceived III.130  
 By th'other first: man therefore shall find grace,  
 That other none: in mercy' and justice both,  
 Through heav'n and earth, so shall my glory excel,

But mercy first and last shall brightest shine . . . III.134  
 [Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will,  
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me III.174  
 Freely vouchsafed; once more I will renew  
 His lapsed pow'rs, forfeit and enthalled  
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires;  
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
 On even ground against his mortal foe,  
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail III.180  
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe  
 All his deliverance, and to none but me . . . III.182  
 [For all] shall hear me call, and oft be warned III.185  
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 Th'incensed deity, while offered grace  
 Invites; for I will soften stony hearts III.188-89  
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
 To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,  
 Though but endeavoured with sincere intent,  
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
 And I will place within them as a guide  
 My umpire<sup>3</sup> conscience, whom if they will hear, III.195  
 Light after light well used they shall attain,  
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace  
 They who neglect and scorn shall never taste;  
 But hard be hardened, blind be blinded more,  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude . . . III.202  
 Father, thy word is passed, man shall find grace; III.227  
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way  
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all III.230  
 Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?  
 Happy for man, so coming; he her aid  
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost -  
 Atonement for himself, or offering meet,  
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring. III.235  
 Behold *me*, then; me for him, life for life  
 I offer; on me let thine anger fall;  
 Account me man; I for his sake will leave  
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee

Freely put off, and for him lastly die III.240  
 Well pleased; on me let death wreak all his rage.  
 Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long  
 Lie vanquished. Thou hast giv'n me to possess  
 Life in myself for ever; By thee I live,  
 Though now to death I yield, and am his due, III.245  
 All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,  
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;  
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue III.250  
 My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil . . .  
 [Th'Almighty thus replied:] . . . III.273  
 Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem, III.281  
 Their nature also to thy nature join;  
 And be thyself man among men on earth,  
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
 By wondrous birth; be thou in Adam's room III.285  
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.  
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,  
 As from a second root, shall be restored  
 As many as are restored, without thee none.  
 His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit III.290  
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
 Receive new life. So man, as is most just,  
 Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die,  
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
 His brethren, ransomed with his own dear life . . . III.297  
 [No sooner had th'Almighty ceased but all III.344  
 The multitude of angels gave a shout  
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, heav'n rung  
 With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled  
 Th'eternal regions . . . ] III.349  
 Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent III.372  
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
 Eternal King; thee, Author of all being,  
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible

(Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st  
Throned inaccessible) but when thou shad'st  
The full blaze of thy beams; then through a cloud  
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, III.380  
Yet dazzle heav'n, that brightest seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.  
Thee next they sang of all creation first,  
Begotten Son, divine Similitude,  
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud III.385  
Made visible, th'Almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee  
Impressed th'effulgence of his glory' abides,  
Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
He heav'n of heav'ns, and all the pow'rs therein, III.390  
By thee created, and by thee threw down  
Th'aspiring Dominations. Thou that day  
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook  
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks III.395  
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarrayed.  
Back from pursuit, thy pow'rs with loud acclaim  
Thee only extolled,<sup>4</sup> Son of thy Father's might,  
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.  
Not so on man: him, through their malice fallen, III.400  
Father of mercy' and grace, thou didst not doom  
So strictly, but much more to pity inclined.  
No sooner did thy dear and only Son  
Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man  
So strictly, but much more to pity' incline, III.405  
He, to appease thy wrath, and end the strife  
Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,  
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat  
Second to thee, offered himself to die  
For man's offence. O unexampled love, III.410  
Love nowhere to be found less than divine!  
Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name  
Shall be the copious matter of my song  
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin . . . III.415

[Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe . . . III.418  
Satan alighted walks . . . III.422  
Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,  
The same whom John saw also in the sun.] III.622  
His back was turned, but not his brightness hid!  
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar<sup>5</sup>  
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings  
Lay waving round; on some great charge employed  
He seemed, or fixed in cogitation<sup>6</sup> deep . . . III.629  
So spake the false dissembler unperceived; III.681  
For neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy – the only evil that walks  
Invisible except to God alone,  
By his permissive will, through heav'n and earth; III.685  
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems: [which now for once beguiled III.689  
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held  
The sharpest-sighted spi'rit of all in heav'n;  
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul  
In his uprightness answer thus returned:]  
Fair angel, thy desire which tends to know III.694  
The works of God, thereby to glorify  
The great Work-Master, leads to no excess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps III.700  
Contented with report hear only' in heav'n:  
For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance always with delight.  
But what created mind can comprehend III.705  
Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?  
I saw when at his word the formless mass,  
This world's material mould, came to a heap:  
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar III.710

Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined; Till at his second bidding darkness fled, Light shone, and order from disorder sprung. Swift to their sev'ral quarters hasted then The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire.	III.715
And this ethereal quintessence of heav'n Flew upward, spirited with various forms, That rolled orbicular, and turned to stars Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move; Each had his place appointed, each his course; The rest in circuit walls this universe.	III.720
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side With light from hence, though but reflected, shines; That place is Earth, the seat of Man, that light His day, which else as th'other hemisphere Night would invade; but there the neighb'ring moon (So call that opposite fair star) her aid Timely' interposes, and her monthly round Still ending, still renewing, through mid-heav'n, With borrowed light, her countenance triform	III.725
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th'earth, And in her pale dominion checks the night. That spot to which I point is Paradise, Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bow'r. Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires . . .	III.730

*Notes on Book III*

1. *A drop serene* – either a *qutta serena*, or *suffusion*, is a species of blindness which is generally incurable.
2. *Irradiate* – shine into, enlighten.
3. *My umpire* – to arbitrate between them and me.
4. They *extolled thee*, turning back.
5. A *tiara* is a kind of coronet.
6. *Cogitation* – thought.

*BOOK IV**The Argument*

Satan now, in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described; overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them awhile, to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel, descending on a sunbeam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel, down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel: by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hindered by a sign from heaven flies out of Paradise.

Divided empire with heav'n's king I hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;  
 As man ere long, and this new world shall know . . . IV.113  
 [So on he fares, and to the border comes] IV.131  
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,  
 As with a rural mound,<sup>2</sup> the champain head  
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque<sup>3</sup> and wild, IV.135  
 Access denied; and overhead up-grew  
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
 A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend IV.140  
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
 The verd'rous wall of Paradise up-sprung:  
 Which to our gen'ral sire gave prospect large  
 Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.<sup>4</sup> IV.145  
 And higher than that wall a circling row  
 Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,  
 Blossoms and fruit at once, of golden hue,  
 Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed:  
 On which the sun more glad impressed his beams IV.150  
 Than on fair ev'ning cloud, or humid bow,<sup>5</sup>  
 When God hath showered the earth; so lovely seemed  
 That landskip; and of pure now purer air  
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive IV.155  
 All sadness but despair. Now gentle gales,  
 Fanning their odoriferous<sup>6</sup> wings, dispense  
 Native perfumes<sup>7</sup> . . . And now to th'ascent IV.158,172  
 Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow . . . IV.173  
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views, IV.205  
 To all delight of human sense exposed,  
 In narrow room nature's whole wealth, yea more,  
 A heav'n on earth; for blissful Paradise  
 Of God the garden was, by him in th'east  
 Of Eden planted; Eden stretched her line IV.210  
 From Auran eastward to the royal tow'rs  
 Of great Seleucia . . . in this pleasant soil IV.212,214

His far more pleasant garden God ordained;  
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow  
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;  
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,  
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life, IV.220  
 Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,  
 Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill. IV.222  
 [Southward through Eden went a river large . . .  
 And country, whereof here needs no account;] IV.235  
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,  
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped<sup>8</sup> brooks,  
 Rolling on orient<sup>9</sup> pearl, and sands of gold,  
 With mazy error under pendent shades  
 Ran nectar,<sup>10</sup> visiting each plant, and fed IV.240  
 Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art  
 In beds and curious knots, but nature boon<sup>11</sup>  
 Poured forth profuse, on hill, and dale, and plain,  
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
 The open field, and where the unpierced shade IV.245  
 Imbrowned the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this place  
 A happy rural seat of various view . . . Yet here the fiend  
 IV.247,285  
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
 Of living creatures new to sight, and strange.  
 Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad  
 In naked majesty, seemed lords of all, IV.290  
 And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine  
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure  
 (Severe,<sup>12</sup> but in true filial freedom placed).  
 Whence true authority in men; though both IV.295  
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;  
 For contemplation he and valour formed,  
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace;  
 He for God only, she for God in him:  
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared IV.300  
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine<sup>13</sup> locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung

Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:  
 She as a veil down to the slender waist  
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
 IV.305  
 Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved  
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied  
 Subjection,<sup>14</sup> but required with gentle sway . . .  
 IV.308  
 [When Satan, still in gaze as first he stood,  
 IV.356  
 Scarce thus at length failed speech recovered sad:]  
 O hell! What do mine eyes with grief behold!  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced  
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,  
 IV.360  
 Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright  
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that formed them on their shape hath poured.  
 IV.365  
 Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches, when all these delights  
 Will vanish, and deliver you to woe,  
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;  
 Happy, but for so happy ill secured  
 IV.370  
 Long to continue, and this high seat your heav'n  
 Ill fenced for heav'n to keep out such a foe  
 As now is entered; yet no purposed foe  
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
 IV.375  
 Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,  
 And mutual amity so strait, so close,  
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
 Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please,  
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such  
 Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,  
 IV.380  
 Which I as freely give. Hell shall unfold,  
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
 And send forth all her kings; there will be room,  
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
 Your num'rous offspring; if no better place,  
 IV.385  
 Thank him who puts me, loath, to this revenge  
 On you, who wrong me not, for him who wronged.  
 And should I at your harmless innocence  
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,

Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,  
 IV.390  
 By conqu'ring this new world, compels me not  
 To do what else, though damned, I should abhor.  
 So spake the fiend, and with necessity,  
 IV.394  
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds . . .  
 [. . . Adam, first of men,  
 To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,  
 IV.410  
 Turned him all ear to hear new utt'rance flow:]  
 Sole partner, and sole part<sup>15</sup> of all these joys,  
 Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Pow'r  
 That made us, and for us this ample world,  
 Be infinitely good, and of his good  
 IV.415  
 As liberal and free as infinite;  
 That raised us from the dust, and placed us here  
 In all this happiness, who at his hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Aught whereof he hath need, he who requires  
 IV.420  
 From us no other service than to keep  
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees  
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
 So various, not to taste that only tree . . .  
 IV.423  
 IV.440  
 To whom thus Eve replied. O thou for whom  
 And from whom I was formed, flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end, my guide  
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
 IV.445  
 And daily thanks; I chiefly who enjoy  
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
 Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou  
 Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.  
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
 IV.450  
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed  
 Under a shade, on flow'rs, much wond'ring where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
 Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound  
 Of water issued from a cave, and spread  
 IV.455  
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,  
 Pure as th'expansion of heav'n; I thither went  
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down  
 On the green bank, to look into the clear



Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite IV.460  
 A shape within the wat'ry gleam appeared,  
 Bending to look on me. I started back,  
 It started back; but pleased I soon returned;  
 Pleased it returned as soon with answ'ring looks  
 Of sympathy and love. There I had fixed IV.465  
 Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,  
 Had not a voice thus warned me, What thou seest,  
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;  
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays IV.470  
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces – he  
 Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy  
 Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear  
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called  
 Mother of human race. What could I do, IV.475  
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?  
 Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,  
 Under a plantane;<sup>16</sup> yet methought less fair,  
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 Than that smooth wat'ry image. Back I turned; IV.480  
 Thou following criedst aloud, Return, fair Eve;  
 Whom fliest thou? Whom thou fliest, of him thou art,  
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent  
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side IV.485  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear:  
 Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
 My other half. With that thy gentle hand  
 Seized mine; I yielded, and from that time see  
 How beauty is excelled by manly grace IV.490  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.  
 So spake our gen'ral mother, and with eyes  
 Of conjugal attraction unreprieved,  
 And meek surrender, half embracing leaned  
 On our first father; half her swelling breast IV.495  
 Naked met his under the flowing gold  
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight,  
 Both of her beauty, and submissive charms,

Smiled with superior love . . . and pressed her lip IV.499-501  
 With kisses pure. Aside the devil turned  
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign  
 Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plained: IV.504  
 [Sight hateful, sight tormenting! Thus these two  
 Imparadised in one another's arms,  
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
 Of bliss on bliss; while I to hell am thrust . . . ] IV.508  
 Yet let me not forget what I have gained IV.512  
 From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems;  
 One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge called,  
 Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden! . . .  
 Yet happy pair, enjoy, till I return, IV.534  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed . . .

*Uriel reports to Gabriel that Satan has been in Paradise*

[He spake; and Uriel to the sun returned,] IV.589-91  
 Arraying with reflected purple and gold IV.596  
 The clouds that on his western throne attend.  
 Now came still ev'ning on, and twilight grey  
 Had in her sober liv'ry all things clad;  
 Silence accompanied; for beast and bird, IV.600  
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;  
 She all night long her am'rous descant sung;  
 Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament  
 With living sapphires; Hesperus,<sup>17</sup> that led IV.605  
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
 Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: Fair consort, th'hour IV.610  
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest,  
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men  
 Successive; and the timely dew of sleep  
 Now falling, with soft slumb'rous weight inclines IV.615  
 Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long  
 Rove idle unemployed, and less need rest;  
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind

Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
 And the regard of heav'n on all his ways; IV.620  
 While other animals unactive range,  
 And of their doings God takes no account . . . IV.622  
 To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned: IV.634  
 My author and disposer, what thou bidst  
 Unargued I obey; so God ordains . . . IV.636  
 With thee conversing, I forget all time; IV.639  
 All seasons, and their change, all please alike.  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
 When first on this delightful land he spread  
 His orient<sup>18</sup> beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,  
 Glitt'ring with dew: fragrant the fertile earth IV.645  
 After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful ev'ning mild; then silent night,  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
 And these, the gems of heav'n, her starry train:  
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends, IV.650  
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun  
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,  
 Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after show'rs;  
 Nor grateful ev'ning mild; nor silent night,  
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon, IV.655  
 Or glitt'ring starlight, without thee is sweet . . . IV.657  
 [To whom our gen'ral ancestor replied: IV.659  
 Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve,  
 These have their course to finish round the earth . . . ] IV.661  
 Then not in vain; nor think, though men were none, IV.675  
 That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise.  
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
 Both day and night . . . IV.680  
 [Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed IV.689  
 On to their blissful bow'r . . . Each beauteous flow'r,] IV.690,697  
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine, IV.698  
 Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic;<sup>19</sup> under foot the violet,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay

Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone  
 Of costliest emblem . . . IV.703  
 Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,  
 Both turned, and under open sky adored IV.720  
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,  
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
 And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,  
 Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, IV.725  
 Which we in our appointed work employed  
 Have finished, happy in our mutual help,  
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss . . . IV.728  
 Hail, wedded love, mysterious law,<sup>20</sup> true source  
 Of human offspring, sole propriety  
 In Paradise of all things common else.  
 By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from men  
 Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,  
 Founded in reason, royal, just, and pure. IV.755  
 Relations dear, and all the charities<sup>21</sup>  
 Of father, son, and brother first were known.  
 Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,  
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, IV.760  
 Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,  
 Present, or past, as saints or patriarchs used.  
 Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile  
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared, IV.765  
 Casual fruition; nor in court amours,  
 Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
 Or serenade,<sup>22</sup> which the starved lover sings  
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain . . . IV.770  
 [Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing speed IV.788  
 Search through this garden, leave unsearched no nook . . .  
 In search of whom they sought; him there they found,  
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve . . . ] IV.800  
 Him thus Ithuriel with his spear  
 Touched lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper,<sup>23</sup> but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness. Up he starts,

- Discovered and surprised. As when a spark  
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid IV.815  
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store  
Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain  
With sudden blaze diffused inflames the air;  
So started up in his own shape the fiend.  
Back stepped those two fair angels, half amazed  
So sudden to behold the grisly king;  
Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon . . . IV.822  
[So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,] IV.844  
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
Invincible. Abashed the devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pined  
His loss; but chiefly to find here observed  
His lustre visible impaired . . . IV.850  
The fiend replied not, overcome with rage; IV.857  
But like a proud steed reined, went haughty on,  
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly  
He held it vain: awe from above had quelled  
His heart, not else dismayed . . . IV.861  
[Gabriel from the front thus called aloud . . . IV.865  
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed IV.878  
To thy transgressions . . . ?  
[To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow: IV.885  
Gabriel, thou hadst in heav'n th'esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee; but this question asked  
Puts me in doubt.] Lives there who loves his pain? . . . IV.888  
While thus he spake, th'angelic squadron bright IV.977  
Turned fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns  
Their phalanx,<sup>24</sup> and began to hem him round  
With ported spears,<sup>25</sup> as thick as when a field IV.980  
Of Ceres<sup>26</sup> ripe for harvest waving bends  
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
Sways them . . . On th'other side Satan, alarmed, IV.983,985  
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
Like Teneriffe<sup>27</sup> or Atlas unremoved:  
His stature reached the sky, and on his crest  
Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp  
What seemed both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds IV.990

- Might have ensued, nor only Paradise  
In this commotion, but the starry cope  
Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements  
At least had gone to wreck, disturbed and torn  
With violence of this conflict, had not soon IV.995  
Th'Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales,<sup>28</sup> yet seen  
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,  
Wherein all things created first he weighed,  
The pendulous round earth with balanced air, IV.1000  
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
Battles and realms. In these he put two weights,  
The sequel each of parting and of fight:  
The latter quick up-flew, and kicked the beam;  
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend. IV.1005  
Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,  
Neither our own but giv'n; what folly then  
To boast what arms can do! Since thine no more  
Than heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
To trample thee as mire. For proof look up, IV.1010  
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
Where thou art weighed, and shown how light, how weak,  
If thou resist. The fiend looked up, and knew  
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night. IV.1015

## Notes on Book IV

1. 'sdained – disdained.
2. A rural mound – Such a fence as is used in the country; *champain* – even, level.
3. Grottesque – irregular.
4. His nether empire neighbouring round – beginning at the foot of the Mount of Paradise.
5. Humid bow – the rainbow.
6. Odoriferous – bringing sweet smells.
7. Native perfumes – not made by art.
8. Crisped – curling, winding.
9. Orient – beautiful.
10. Ran nectar – delicious, as the nectar which the poets feigned to be the drink of the gods.
11. Boon – good, bountiful

12. *Severe* – exact, strict.
13. *Hyacinthine* – raven-black.
14. *Implied subjection* – of which a veil was the token.
15. *Sole part* – that part of them which alone is dearer than all the rest.
16. *Plantane* – a plane-tree, a very broad-leaved tree.
17. *Hesperus* – the evening star, Venus.
18. *Orient* – rising.
19. *Mosaic pavement* is chequered with small inlaid stones, of various colours.
20. *Mysterious law* – containing a deep meaning, which few understand.
21. *Charities* – love, tenderness, endearments.
22. *Serenade* – a song sung at night by a lover under the window of his mistress.
23. *Of celestial temper* – of the spear which was tempered in heaven.
24. A *phalanx* is a square body of soldiers drawn up close together.
25. *Ported spears* held sloping toward the enemy.
26. *Ceres* – corn.
27. *Teneriffe* is one of the highest mountains in the world.
28. *His golden scales*. *Libra*, or *the scales*, is one of the twelve signs through which the sun moves yearly, between *Astrea* (or *Virgo*) and the *Scorpion*. This also alludes to the word spoken to Belshazzar, 'Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.'

## BOOK V

### *The Argument*

Morning approaches; Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream. He likes it not, yet comforts her. They come forth to their day labours: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God sends Raphael to admonish man of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise. His appearance described; his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower. He goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise, got together by Eve. Their discourse at table. Raphael performs his message; minds Adam of his state, and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof: how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there enticed them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel, a seraph; who, in argument, dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

[His wonder was to find unwakened Eve, With tresses discomposed and glowing cheek,] As through unquiet rest: he on his side Leaning half raised, with looks of cordial love Hung over her enamoured, and beheld Beauty, which whether waking, or asleep, Shot forth peculiar graces: then with voice	V.9
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes, Her hand soft touching, whispered thus: Awake, My fairest, my espoused, my latest found, Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight. Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field	V.15    V.20

Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,  
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet . . . V.25  
 Why sleep'st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time, V.38  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake,  
 Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song; now reigns  
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light,  
 Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,  
 If none regard: heav'n wakes with all his eyes;  
 Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire? V.45  
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze . . . V.47  
 So cheered he his fair spouse, and she was cheered, V.129  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye, and wiped them with her hair;  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,  
 Kissed, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that feared to have offended . . . V.135  
 [Lowly they bowed adoring, and began V.144  
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid . . . ] V.145  
 These are thy glorious works, Parent of good, V.153  
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, V.160  
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n:  
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. V.165  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright cirlet, praise him in thy sphere,

While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. V.170  
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.  
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st . . . V.175  
 And ye five other wand'ring fires<sup>1</sup> that move V.177  
 In mystic dance, not without song,<sup>2</sup> resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness called up light.  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth V.180  
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion<sup>3</sup> run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform;<sup>4</sup> and mix  
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise V.185  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds th'uncoloured sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, V.190  
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
 His praise ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow, V.195  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living souls. Ye birds,  
 That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk V.200  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,  
 Witness if *I* be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill, or valley, fountain or fresh shade  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still V.205  
 To give us only good; and if the night  
 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark . . . V.208

*Raphael is sent to Paradise*

At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise V.275

He lights, and to his proper shape returns,<sup>5</sup>

A seraph winged; six wings he wore, to shade

His lineaments divine; the pair that clad

Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast

With regal ornament; the middle pair V.280

Girt like a starry zone<sup>6</sup> his waist, and round

Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold

And colours dipped in heav'n; the third his feet

Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,<sup>7</sup>

Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son<sup>8</sup> he stood,

And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance filled

The circuit wide. . . . V.287

*Raphael cautions Adam*

God made thee perfect, not immutable; V.524

And good he made thee, but to persevere

He left it in thy pow'r; ordained thy will

By nature free, not over-ruled by fate

Inextricable,<sup>9</sup> or strict necessity:

Our voluntary service he requires,

Not our necessitated. Such with him V.530

Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how

Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve

Willing or no, who will but what they must? . . . V.533

Myself, and all the' angelic host, that stand V.535

In sight of God enthroned, our happy state

Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;

On other surety none; freely we serve,

Because we freely love, as in our will

To love or not; in this we stand or fall . . . V.540

*Abdiel accuses Satan of blasphemy.*

He said, and as the sound of waters deep V.872

Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause

Through the infinite host. Nor less for that

The flaming seraph fearless, though alone,

Encompassed round with foes, thus answered bold . . . V.876

[That golden sceptre which thou didst reject V.886

Is now an iron rod to bruise and break

Thy disobedience . . . V.888

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found.] V.896

Among the faithless, faithful only he;

Among innumerable false, unmoved,

Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified,

His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; V.900

Nor number, nor example with him wrought

To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,

Though single. V.903

*Notes on Book V*

1. *Wand'ring fires* – planets.

2. *Not without song*. The music of the spheres was much talked of among the ancient philosophers.

3. *In quaternion* – fourfold.

4. *Multiform* – in many forms.

5. *To his proper shape returns*. He stood on his feet, and replaced his wings in their proper situation.

6. *Zone* – a girdle.

7. *With feathered mail* – one feather coming a little short of the other, like the plates on a coat of mail.

8. *Maia's son* – Mercury, supposed by the heathens to be the messenger of Jupiter, and pictured with wings at his feet.

9. *Inextricable* – from which none can extricate or free himself.

## BOOK VI

### *The Argument*

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described: Satan and his powers retire under night; he calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan. Yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory. He, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

There is a cave	VI.4
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne, Where light and darkness in perpetual round Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through heaven Grateful vicissitude, like day and night; Light issues forth, and at the other door Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour	VI.10
To veil the heav'n, though darkness there might well Seem twilight here. And now went forth the morn, Such as in highest heav'n . . .	VI.13
<i>Abdiel's courage is praised</i>	
Servant of God, well done! Well hast thou fought The better fight, who single hast maintained Against revolted multitudes the cause	VI.29

Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms; And for the testimony of truth hast borne Universal reproach, far worse to bear Than violence; for this was all thy care, To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds Judged thee perverse . . .	VI.37
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*Abdiel challenges and attacks Satan*

All are not of thy train; there be who faith Prefer, and piety to God, though then To thee not visible when I alone Seemed in thy world erroneous to dissent From all. My sect thou seest; now learn too late How few sometimes may know, when thousands err . . .	VI.142
So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high, Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight, Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge He back recoiled; the tenth on bended knee His massy spear upstayed. As if on earth Winds underground, or waters forcing way, Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat, Half sunk with all his pines . . . Dire was the noise Of conflict; overhead the dismal hiss Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew, And flying vaulted either host with fire. So under fiery cope together rushed Both battles main with ruinous assault And inextinguishable rage; all heaven Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth Had to her centre shook. What wonder, when Millions of fierce encount'ring angels fought On either side, the least of whom could wield These elements, and arm him with the force Of all their regions: how much more of power Army against army numberless to raise Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, Though not destroy, their happy native seat; Had not th'eternal King omnipotent	VI.189 VI.195 V.198,211 VI.215 VI.220 VI.225

From his stronghold of heav'n, high overruled  
 And limited their might; though in number such  
 As each divided legion might have seemed VI.230  
 A numerous host, in strength each armed hand  
 A legion. Led in fight, yet leader seemed  
 Each warrior single as in chief; expert  
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
 Of battle, open when, and when to close  
 The ridges<sup>1</sup> of grim war . . . Satan . . . at length VI.236.246,249  
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and felled  
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway  
 Brandished aloft the horrid edge came down  
 Wide-wasting. Such destruction to withstand  
 He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb  
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,  
 A vast circumference . . . VI.256  
 Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air VI.304  
 Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields  
 Blazed opposite, while expectation stood  
 In horror; from each hand with speed retired,  
 Where erst was thickest fight, th'angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion; such as, to set forth VI.310  
 Great things by small, if, nature's concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung,  
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition in mid sky  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound. VI.315  
 Together both next to almighty arm  
 Uplifted imminent; one stroke they aimed  
 That might determine, and not need repeat,  
 As not of pow'r at once. Nor odds appeared  
 In might or swift prevention: but the sword VI.320  
 Of Michael from the armoury of God  
 Was giv'n him tempered so that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; not stayed, VI.325  
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring shared<sup>2</sup>  
 All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,

And writhed him to and fro convolved;<sup>3</sup> so sore  
 The griding<sup>4</sup> sword with discontinuous<sup>5</sup> wound  
 Passed through him; but th'ethereal substance closed, VI.330  
 Not long divisible; and from the gash  
 A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flowed  
 Sanguine, such as celestial Spi'rits may bleed,  
 And all his armour stained, erewhile so bright . . . VI.334  
 Yet soon he healed; for spi'rits that live throughout VI.344  
 Vital in every part, not as frail man  
 In entrails, heart, or head, liver or reins,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die;  
 Nor in their liquid<sup>6</sup> texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air:  
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, VI.350  
 All intellect, all sense; and as they please  
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size  
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare . . . VI.354  
*Satan's supporters complain*  
 For what avails VI.456  
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quelled with pain  
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
 Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well  
 Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine . . . VI.460  
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst VI.462  
 Of evils, and excessive, overturns  
 All patience . . . VI.464  
*The angels frustrate Satan's devices on the second day*  
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power, VI.637  
 Which God hath in his mighty angels placed)  
 Their arms away they threw, and to the hills  
 (For earth hath this variety from heaven VI.640  
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)  
 Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they slew.  
 From their foundations, loos'ning to and fro,  
 They plucked the seated hills with all their load,  
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops VI.645  
 Uplifting, bore them in their hands. Amaze,  
 Be sure, and terror seized the rebel host,  
 When coming towards them so dread they saw



The bottom of the mountains upward turned;  
 Till on those cursed engines triple-row VI.650  
 They saw them whelmed, and all their confidence  
 Under the weight of mountains buried deep;  
 Themselves invaded next, and on their heads  
 Main promontories flung, which in the air  
 Came shadowing, and oppressed whole legions armed; VI.655  
 Their armour helped their harm, crushed in and bruised  
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain  
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,  
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
 Out of such prison, though spi'rits of purest light, VI.660  
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
 The rest in imitation to like arms  
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore;  
 So hills amid the air encountered hills,  
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation<sup>7</sup> dire,  
 That underground they fought in dismal shade . . . VI.666

*On the third day Messiah joins the heavenly host*

Forth rushed with whirlwind sound VI.749  
 The chariot of paternal Deity,  
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed  
 By four cherubic shapes; four faces each  
 Had, wondrous; as with stars their bodies all  
 And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels VI.755  
 Of beryl,<sup>8</sup> and careering fires between;<sup>9</sup>  
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure  
 Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch. VI.760  
 He, in celestial panoply all armed  
 Of radiant Urim,<sup>10</sup> work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended; at his right hand victory  
 Sat eagle-winged; beside him hung his bow  
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored,  
 And from about him fierce effusion rolled VI.765  
 Of smoke and bickering flame<sup>11</sup> and sparkles dire.  
 Attended with ten thousand thousand [saints],  
 He onward came; far off his coming shone;

And twenty thousand (I their number heard)  
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen. VI.770  
 He on the wings of cherub rode sublime  
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned,  
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own  
 First seen; them unexpected joy surprised,  
 When the great ensign of Messiah blazed  
 Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heaven . . . VI.776  
 Before him pow'r divine his way prepared. VI.780  
 At his command th'uprooted hills retired  
 Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went  
 Obsequious; heav'n his wonted face renewed,  
 And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smiled . . . VI.784  
 [The great Son of God VI.799  
 To all his host on either hand thus spake:  
 Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand,  
 Ye angels armed, this day from battle rest.  
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause.  
 And as ye have received, so have ye done,  
 Invincibly; but of this cursed crew  
 The punishment to other hand belongs . . . ] VI.807  
 So spake the Son, and into terror changed VI.824  
 His count'nance, too severe to be beheld,  
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
 At once the four spread out their starry wings  
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs  
 Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound  
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. VI.830  
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
 Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels  
 The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,  
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
 Among them he arrived, in his right hand VI.835  
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
 Before him, such as in their souls infixed  
 Plagues. They, astonished, all resistance lost,  
 All courage; down their idle weapons dropped.  
 Over shields and helms and helmed heads he rode VI.840  
 Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,

That wished the mountains now might be again  
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.  
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged four, VI.845  
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels,  
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;  
 One spirit in them ruled, and every eye  
 Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
 Among th'accurs'd, that withered all their strength, VI.850  
 And of their wonted vigour left them drained,  
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked  
 His thunder in mid-volley; for he meant  
 Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven . . . VI.855  
 Hell heard th'un sufferable noise, hell saw VI.867  
 Heav'n ruining from heav'n, and would have fled  
 Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep  
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. VI.870  
 Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roared,  
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout  
 Encumbered him with ruin: hell at last  
 Yawning received them whole, and on them closed; VI.875  
 Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire  
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.

#### Notes on Book VI

1. *The ridges*. The ranks are figuratively so called, alluding to a ploughed field.
2. *Shared* – pierced through.
3. *Convolved* – bowed together.
4. *Griding* – to *gride* is to cut.
5. *Discontinuous* – dividing the parts from each other.
6. *Liquid* – pliable, flexible, not solid or hard.
7. *Jaculation* – darting, tossing.
8. *Beryl* is a precious stone of a sea green colour.
9. *And careering fires between* – striking forward, whirling, slashing: lightnings, darting out straight, then turning quick every way.
10. *Urim* – light.
11. *Bickering flame* – breaking out in sudden flashes, and kindling it to fury, Ezek. 1.4. It is a *fire enfolding itself*, literally, *fire catching itself*.

## BOOK VII

### *The Argument*

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

#### *Adam asks Raphael to explain the beginnings of the world*

How first began this heav'n which we behold VI.86  
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorned  
 Innumerable, and this which yields or fills  
 All space, the ambient air wide interfused<sup>1</sup>  
 Embracing round this florid earth? . . . VII.90  
 And the great light of day yet wants to run VII.98  
 Much of his race, though steep. Suspense in heaven,  
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,  
 And long will delay to hear thee tell  
 His generation, and the rising birth  
 Of nature from the unapparent deep.  
 Or if the star of evening and the moon  
 Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring VII.105  
 Silence, and sleep, list'ning to thee, will watch,  
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy song  
 End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine. VII.108  
 [Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought; VII.109  
 And thus the godlike angel answered mild.]  
 This also thy request, with caution asked, VII.111  
 Obtain: though to recount Almighty works

What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,  
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?  
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
 To glorify the Maker, and infer  
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld . . . ] VII.117  
 But knowledge is as food, and needs no less VII.126  
 Her temp'rance over appetite, to know  
 In measure what the mind may well contain;  
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
 Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind . . . VII.130

*Raphael describes God's charge to 'His Word, the Filial Godhead' (175),  
 and the rejoicing in heaven that he was to replace the fallen angels by  
 bringing 'a better race' (189) to Earth*

So sang the hierarchies. Meanwhile the Son VII.192  
 On his great expedition now appeared,  
 Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crowned  
 Of majesty divine, sapience<sup>2</sup> and love  
 Immense, and all his Father in him shone.  
 About his chariot numberless were poured  
 Cherubim, and seraph, potentates and thrones,  
 And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots winged  
 From th'armoury of God, where stand of old VII.200  
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodged<sup>3</sup>  
 Against a solemn day, harnessed at hand,  
 Celestial equipage; and now came forth  
 Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived,  
 Attendant on their Lord; heav'n opened wide VII.205  
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound  
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
 The King of Glory, in his pow'rful Word  
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds.  
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore VII.210  
 They viewed the vast immeasurable abyss  
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
 Up from the bottom turned by furious winds  
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
 Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole. VII.215  
 Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,  
 Said then th'omnific<sup>4</sup> Word, your discord end.

Nor stayed, but on the wings of cherubim  
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
 Far into Chaos, and the world unborn; VII.220  
 For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train  
 Followed in bright procession to behold  
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
 Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
 He took the golden compasses, prepared VII.225  
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
 This universe, and all created things.  
 One foot he centred, and the other turned  
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
 And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
 This be thy just circumference, O world . . . VII.231  
 Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light VII.243  
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure  
 Sprung from the deep, and from her native east  
 To journey through the aery gloom began,  
 Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun  
 Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourned the while. [God saw the light was good;  
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere VII.250  
 Divided:<sup>5</sup> light the day, and darkness night  
 He named.] Thus was the first day ev'n and morn;  
 Nor passed uncelebrated, nor unsung  
 By the celestial choirs, when orient light  
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,  
 Birthday of heav'n and earth. With joy and shout  
 The hollow universal orb they filled . . . VII.257  
 [Again God said, Let there be firmament . . . ] VII.261  
 Immediately the mountains huge appear VII.285  
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
 Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:  
 So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low  
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
 Capacious bed of waters . . . VII.290  
 All but within those banks where rivers now VII.305  
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train. VII.306  
 [The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle  
 Of congregated waters he called seas; VII.307

And saw that it was good, and said, Let th'earth  
 Put forth the verdant grass . . . VII.310  
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then VII.313  
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,]  
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad VII.315  
 Her universal face with pleasant green;  
 Then herbs<sup>6</sup> of every leaf, that sudden flow' red,  
 Opening their various colours, and made gay  
 Her bosom, smelling sweet; and these scarce blown,  
 Forth flourished thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept VII.320  
 The swelling gourd, up stood the corny<sup>7</sup> reed  
 Embattled in her field, and th'humble shrub,  
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit;<sup>8</sup> last  
 Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread  
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemmed<sup>9</sup> VII.325  
 Their blossoms. With high woods the hills were crowned,  
 With tufts the valleys and each fountain side,  
 With borders long the rivers, that earth now  
 Seemed like to heav'n, a seat where gods might dwell . . . VII.329  
 Of the celestial bodies first the sun VII.354  
 A mighty sphere he framed, unlightsome first,  
 Though of ethereal mould; then formed the moon  
 Globose, and eve'ry magnitude of stars,  
 And sowed with stars the heav'n thick as a field.  
 Of light by far the greater part he took,  
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed VII.360  
 In the sun's orb, made porous to receive  
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain  
 Her gathered beams, great palace now of light.  
 Hither as to their fountain other stars  
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,  
 And hence the morning planet<sup>10</sup> gilds her horns . . . VII.366  
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, VII.370  
 Regent of day, and all th'horizon round  
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
 His longitude<sup>11</sup> through heav'n's high road; the gray  
 Dawn, and the Pleiades<sup>12</sup> before him danced,  
 Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon, VII.375  
 But opposite in levelled west, was set,  
 Her mirror, with full face borrowing her light

From him, for other light she needed none  
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
 Till night, then in the east shines . . . and her reign VII.380,381  
 With thousand lesser lights divided holds . . . VII.382  
 [And God said, Let the waters generate . . . VII.387  
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay VII.399  
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals]  
 Of fishes that with fins and shining scales VII.401  
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls<sup>13</sup> that oft  
 Bank the mid sea. Part, single or with mate,  
 Graze the seaweed, their pasture, and through groves  
 Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance  
 Show to the sun their waved coats dropped with gold . . . VII.406  
 . . . The swan, with arched neck VII.438  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit  
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower  
 The mid aerial sky. Others on ground  
 Walked firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours, and th'other<sup>14</sup>, whose gay train  
 Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue  
 Of rainbows and starry eyes . . . VII.446  
 The grassy clods now calved;<sup>15</sup> now half appeared VII.463  
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bands,  
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,<sup>16</sup>  
 The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole  
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
 In hillocks; the swift stag from underground  
 Bore up his branching head . . . VII.470  
 [At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,]  
 Insect or worm. Those waved their limber fans VII.475  
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
 In all the liveries decked of summer's pride,  
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green;  
 These as a line their long dimensions drew, VII.480  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous<sup>17</sup> trace; not at all  
 Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved  
 Their snaky folds, and added wings . . . VII.484

Now heav'n in all her glory shone, and rolled VII.499  
 Her motions as the great First Mover's hand  
 First wheeled their course; earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely smiled . . . VII.502

*Notes on Book VII*

1. *Interfused* – insinuating into and betwixt all other bodies.
2. *Sapience* – wisdom.
3. The thought is taken from Zech. 6:1.
4. *Omnific* – all-creating.
5. *By the hemisphere divided* – one half of the globe being enlightened, the other not.
6. *Then* the earth brought forth *herbs*.
7. *Corny* – stiff like horn.
8. *Implicit* – entangled.
9. *Gemmed* – budded forth.
10. *The morning planet*, Venus, varies her appearances, just as the moon does.
11. *His longitude* – his course from East to West.
12. *The Pleiades* – the Seven Stars.
13. *Sculls* – shoals so large as to appear like banks in the sea.
14. *Th'other* – the peacock.
15. *Calved* – brought forth.
16. *The ounce* – more usually termed lynx.
17. *Sinuous* – winding.

*BOOK VIII**The Argument*

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

*Raphael replies to Adam's questions about God's government of the universe*

But whether thus these things, or whether not, VIII.159  
 Whether the sun predominant in heaven  
 Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,  
 He from the east his flaming road begin,  
 Or from the west her silent course advance  
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
 On her soft axle, while she paces even, VIII.165  
 And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,  
 Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid:  
 Leave them to God above, him serve and fear.  
 Of other creatures, as him pleases best,  
 Wherever placed, let him dispose. Joy thou  
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
 And thy fair Eve; heav'n is for thee too high  
 To know what passes there; be lowly wise . . . VIII.173  
 [To whom thus Adam, cleared of doubt, replied:] VIII.179  
 While I sit with thee, I seem in heaven, VIII.210  
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
 Than fruit of palm tree pleasantest to thirst  
 And hunger both, from labour, at the hour  
 Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,

Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine  
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety . . . VIII.216

*Adam describes his creation*

For man to tell how human life began VIII.250

Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?  
Desire with thee still longer to converse  
Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep,  
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid  
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun VIII.255

Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turned,  
And gazed awhile the ample sky, till raised  
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright VIII.260

Stood on my feet; about me round I saw  
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these,  
Creatures that lived and moved and walked, or flew,  
Birds on the branches: all things smiled VIII.265

With fragrance; and with joy my heart o'erflowed.  
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb  
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:  
But who I was, or where, or from what cause, VIII.270

Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake;  
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name  
Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light,  
And thou enlightened earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains, VIII.275

And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?  
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,  
In goodness and in power pre-eminent.  
Tell me how may I know him, how adore, VIII.280

From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
And feel that I am happier than I know.  
While thus I called, and strayed I knew not whither  
From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
This happy light, when answer none returned, VIII.285

On a green shady bank profuse of flowers,  
Pensive I sat me down. There gentle sleep  
First found me, and with soft oppression seized  
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought  
I was then passing to my former state VIII.290

Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve.  
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
Whose inward apparition gently moved  
My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
And lived. One came, methought, of shape divine VIII.295

And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,  
First man. of men innumerably ordained  
First father, called by thee I come thy guide  
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.  
So saying, by the hand he took me, raised, VIII.300

And over fields and waters, as in air  
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,  
A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees  
Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I saw VIII.305

Of earth before scarce pleasant seemed. Each tree  
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th'eye  
Tempting, stirred in me sudden appetite  
To pluck and eat. Whereat I waked, and found  
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream VIII.310

Had lively shadowed. Here had new begun  
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide  
Up hither, from among the trees appeared,  
Presence divine . . . VIII.314

*God appears before Adam, asking him to name his creatures*

As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold VIII.349  
Approaching two and two, these cow'ring<sup>1</sup> low  
With blandishment,<sup>2</sup> each bird stooped on his wing.

I named them as they passed, and understood  
Their nature, with such knowledge God endued  
My sudden apprehension. But in these

I found not what methought I wanted still, VIII.355

[And to the heavenly vision thus presumed . . . VIII.356

Thou hast provided all things: but with me VIII.363

I see not who partakes. In solitude What happiness? . . . The vision . . . thus replied:	VIII.365,367,368
With these find pastime, and bear rule . . .	VIII.374,375
I with leave of speech implored . . .	VIII.377
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute, And these inferior far beneath me set? Among unequals what society Can sort, what harmony or true delight? . . .	VIII.381
Thus I emboldened spake, and freedom used Permissive, and acceptance found . . . ]	VIII.384
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell Of fancy, my internal sight, by which Abstract <sup>3</sup> as in a trance methought I saw, Though sleeping, where I lay, I saw the shape Still glorious before whom awake I stood;	VIII.434
Who, stooping opened my left side, and took From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm, And life-blood streaming fresh. Wide was the wound, But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed. The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands; Under his forming hands a creature grew, Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair, That what seemed fair in all the world seemed now Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained And in her looks, which from that time infused Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before.	VIII.465
[She disappeared, and left me dark. I waked To find her, or for ever to deplore Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure. When out of hope, behold her, not far off, Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned With what all earth or heaven could bestow] To make her amiable. On she came, Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen, And guided by his voice, nor uninformed Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites.	VIII.470
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, In every gesture dignity and love.	VIII.475
[I overjoyed could not forbear aloud . . .	VIII.480
	VIII.485
	VIII.488

I now see	VIII.494
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself Before me. Woman is her name, of Man Extracted; for this cause he shall forego Father and mother, and to his wife adhere; And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.]	VIII.499
She heard me thus, and though divinely brought, Yet innocence and virgin modesty, Her virtue and the conscience <sup>4</sup> of her worth, That would be wooed, and not unsought be won, Not obvious <sup>5</sup> , nor obtrusive, <sup>6</sup> but retired, <sup>7</sup> The more desirable, or to say all,	VIII.500
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thoughts, Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turned. I followed her; she what was honour knew, And with obsequious <sup>8</sup> majesty approved My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower I led her blushing like the morn. All heaven, And happy constellations on that hour Shed their selectest influence; the earth Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill; Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub, Disporting, till the amorous bird of night Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star On this hill top, to light the bridal lamp.	VIII.505
[ <sup>9</sup> Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought My story to the sum of earthly bliss Which I enjoy, and must confess to find In all things else, indeed, but such As used or not works in the mind no change Nor vehement desire; these delicacies I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers, Walks, and the melody of birds; but here Far otherwise, transported I behold, Transported touch; here passion first I felt, Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else Superior and unmoved, here only weak Against the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance . . .	VIII.510
	VIII.515
	VIII.520
	VIII.525
	VIII.530
	VIII.533

- For well I understand in the prime end VIII.540  
 Of nature her th'inferior, in the mind  
 And inward faculties, which most excel;  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His image who made both, and less expressing  
 The character of that dominion given] VIII.545  
 O'er other creatures; yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
 And in herself complete, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
 Seems wisest, virtouosest, discreetest, best; VIII.550  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses discount'nanced, and like folly shows . . . VIII.553  
 Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat VIII.557  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her, as a guard angelic placed. VIII.559  
 [To whom the angel, with contracted brow: VIII.560  
 . . . Nature hath done her part; do thou but thine. . . . VIII.561,562
- For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so? VIII.567  
 An outside? Fair, no doubt, and worthy well  
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,  
 Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself,] VIII.570  
 Then value. Oft-times nothing profits more VIII.571  
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right,  
 Well managed; of that skill the more thou know'st  
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,  
 And to realities yields all her shows.  
 Made so adorned for thy delight the more,  
 So awful, that with honour thou may'st love  
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise . . . VIII.578  
 What higher in her society thou find'st VIII.586  
 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 heav'nly love thou may'st ascend . . . VIII.592  
 To whom thus half abashed Adam replied: VIII.595

- 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, VIII.600  
 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) . . . VIII.605  
 [To whom the angel with a smile that glowed . . . ] VIII.618  
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st VIII.622  
 (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 sp'rits embrace,  
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure . . . VIII.627

## Notes on Book VIII

1. *Cow'ring* – bending, bowing themselves.
2. *Blandishment* – making court.
3. *Abstract* – abstracted from the body.
4. *Conscience* – consciousness.
5. *Obvious* – forward.
6. *Obtrusive* – thrusting herself on me.
7. *Retired* – modest, backward.
8. *Obsequious* – yielding, obedient.
9. [It seems likely that an asterisk was here omitted from Wesley's text by error, at the opening of this new section on the status and character of women, and of married love; certainly his printer placed an asterisk at VIII.546, which was thus mistakenly shown as a new paragraph. Similarly there was an asterisk at the end of VIII.559 which might well have been intended by Wesley for the beginning of VIII.560.]



## 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; 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 grows bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she, pleased with the taste, deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass eats also of the fruit. The effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

*Satan, close to Paradise, ponders his journey round the Earth*

[O earth, how like to heav'n, if not preferred! . . . ] IX.98  
With what delight could I have walked thee round, IX.114  
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 IX.120  
Torment within; all good to me becomes  
Bane, and in heav'n much worse would be my state.  
But neither here seek I, no, nor in heaven  
To dwell, unless by mast'ring heav'n's supreme;  
Nor hope to be myself less miserable  
By what I see, but others to make such  
As I, though thereby worse to me redound . . . IX.128  
O foul descent! That I who erst contended IX.163  
With gods to sit the high'st, am now constrained  
Into a beast, and mixed with bestial slime,  
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
That to the height of deity aspired.  
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 . . . IX.172

*Eve suggests to Adam that they work apart; he replies:*

[Well hast thou motioned, well thy thoughts employed IX.229  
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 IX.235  
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 – IX.240  
Love, not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksome toil, but to delight  
He made us, and delight to reason joined . . . IX.243  
[But if much converse perhaps IX.247  
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield;]

For solitude sometimes is best society,  
 And short retirement urges sweet return . . . IX.250  
 I from the influence of thy looks receive IX.309  
 Access<sup>1</sup> 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 shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
 When I am present, and thy trial choose  
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried? IX.317  
 [So spake domestic Adam in his care IX.318  
 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 . . . IX.323  
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm? . . . IX.326  
 Let us not then suspect our happy state IX.337  
 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.] IX.341  
 To whom thus Adam fervently replied: IX.342  
 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. IX.350  
 But God left free the will, for what obeys  
 Reason is free, and reason he made right;  
 But bid her well beware,<sup>2</sup> and still erect,<sup>3</sup>  
 Lest by some fair appearing good surprised,  
 She dictate false, and misinform the will  
 To do what God expressly hath forbid . . . IX.356  
 [So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve IX.376  
 Persisted; yet submiss, though last, replied:

With thy permission, then, and thus forewarned . . . IX.378  
 The willinger I go, nor much expect IX.382  
 A foe so proud will first the weaker seek . . . ] IX.383  
 Her long with ardent look his eye pursued, IX.397  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
 Repeated, she to him as oft engaged IX.400  
 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! . . . IX.404  
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise IX.406  
 Found either sweet repast or sound repose . . . IX.407  
 [Much pleasure took the serpent to behold] IX.455  
 This flo'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve,  
 Thus early, thus alone; her heav'nly form  
 Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,  
 Her graceful innocence, her every air  
 Of gesture or least action overawed IX.460  
 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, IX.465  
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.  
 But the hot hell that always in him burns,  
 Though in mid heav'n, soon ended his delight,  
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
 Of pleasure not for him ordained . . . IX.470  
 [The enemy of mankind . . . in serpent . . . toward Eve] IX.494,495  
 Addressed his way, not with indented wave, IX.496  
 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<sup>4</sup> his eyes;  
 With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect  
 Amidst his circling spires . . . IX.502  
 [His fraudulent temptation thus began:] IX.531  
 Wonder not, sov'reign mistress, if perhaps IX.532

Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less arm  
 Thy looks, the heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze IX.535  
 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, IX.540  
 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, IX.545  
 Who sees thee? (And what is one?) Who shouldst be seen,  
 A goddess among gods, adored and served  
 By angels numberless, thy daily train . . . IX.548

*Being tempted, Eve ate the forbidden fruit*

Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat IX.782  
 Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,  
 That all was lost . . . IX.784

*Eve wonders how she should approach Adam*

But to Adam in what sort IX.816  
 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 pow'r IX.820  
 Without copartner? So to add what wants  
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
 A thing not undesirable, sometime  
 Superior; for inferior who is free? IX.825  
 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 IX.830  
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:  
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths

I could endure, without him live no life . . . IX.833  
*Informed of her sin, Adam resolves to die with her*  
 However, I with thee have fixed my lot, IX.952  
 Certain to undergo like doom; if death  
 Consort with thee<sup>5</sup>, death is to me as life; IX.954  
 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: IX.960  
 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, IX.965  
 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, IX.970  
 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 IX.975  
 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 IX.980  
 Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured  
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
 So faithful love unequalled. But I feel  
 Far otherwise th'event, not death, but life  
 Augmented, opened eyes, new hopes, new joys, IX.985  
 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 IX.990  
 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 IX.995  
 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 IX.1000  
 In pangs, and nature gave a second groan,  
 Sky loured, and muttering thunder, some sad drops  
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
 Original . . . IX.1004
- In shame, Adam laments*
- [O might I here IX.1086  
 In solitude live savage, in some glade]  
 Obscured, where highest woods impenetrable  
 To star or sunlight, spread their umbrage<sup>6</sup> broad  
 And brown as evening. Cover me, ye pines,  
 Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs  
 Hid me, where I may never see them more . . . IX.1090  
 [Would thou hadst hearkened to my words, and stayed] IX.1134  
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
 Desire of wand'ring 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 t'approve  
 The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek  
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail . . . IX.1142

*Notes on Book IX*

1. *Access* – increase.
2. *Beware* – wary.
3. *Erect* – on its guard.

4. *Carbuncle* – fiery red, like a carbuncle.
5. *If death consort with thee* – attend thee; if thou must die.
6. *Umbrage* – shade.

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

### *The sentence of God on man, conveyed by his Son*

So judged he man, both Judge and Saviour sent, X.209  
And th' 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 changed, disdained not to begin  
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,  
As when he washed his servants' feet, so now . . . X.215  
He clad their nakedness with skins of beasts. X.216,217

### *Death speaks to his father Sin*

So saying, with delight he snuffed the smell X.272  
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, X.280  
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.  
Then both from out hell gates into the waste  
Wide anarch of Chaos, damp and dark,  
Flew diverse, and with pow'r (their pow'r was great)  
Hovering upon the waters, what they met  
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea  
Tossed up and down, together crowded drove  
From each side shoaling . . . The aggregated soil X.288,293  
Death with his mace petrific . . . smote and fixed . . . X.294,295  
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  
Immovable of this now fenceless world,  
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,  
Smooth, easy, inoffensive down to hell. X.305

### *Adam's lament*

O miserable of happy! Is this the end X.720

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 X.725  
 The misery! I deserved it, and would bear  
 My own deservings. But this will not serve:  
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard  
 Delightfully, 'Increase and multiply,' X.730  
 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! . . . So, besides X.736,737  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,  
 On me as on their centre . . . O fleeting joys X.740,741  
 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 X.750  
 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 X.760  
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,  
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not.

Wouldst thou admit for this 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's at his will. X.768  
 Be't 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 overlive,  
 Why am I mocked with death, and lengthened out  
 To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet X.775  
 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 X.780  
 To me and to my offspring would torment me  
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt  
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;  
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spi'rit 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? . . . ['Tis so,] X.788  
 That death is not one stroke, as I supposed, X.809  
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery  
 From this day onward, which I feel begun  
 Both in me, and without me, and to last  
 To perpetuity. Ay me! that fear  
 Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution  
 On my defenceless head; both Death and I X.815  
 Am found immortal, and incorporate<sup>1</sup> both.  
 Nor I on my part single, in me all  
 Posterity stands curs'd. Fair patrimony  
 That I must leave you, sons! O were I able  
 To waste it all myself, and leave you none! . . . X.820  
 [Thus Adam to himself lamented loud] X.845  
 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 X.850  
Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
Cursed his creation, death as oft accused  
Of tardy<sup>2</sup> execution, since denounced  
The day of his offence. Why comes not death,  
Said he, with one thrice-acceptable stroke X.856  
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 slow pace for prayers or cries.  
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales and bowers,  
With other echo late I taught your shades  
To answer and resound far other song . . . X.862  
  O why did God, X.888  
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 feminineness?  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n, X.895  
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; X.900  
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 . . . X.906  
          [Eve . . . proceeded in her plaint:] X.909,913  
          Forsake me not thus, Adam! Witness heaven  
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
I bear thee, and unweeting<sup>3</sup> 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, X.920  
My only strength and stay. Forlorn<sup>4</sup> 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 befall'n,  
On me already lost, me than thyself  
More miserable; both have sinned, but thou X.930  
Against God only; I against God and thee,  
And to the place of judgment will return,  
There with my cries importune heav'n, that all  
Thy sentence from thy head removed may light  
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
Me, only me, just object of his ire. X.936  
          She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,  
Immovable till peace obtained from fault  
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought  
Commiseration; soon his heart relented X.940  
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,  
His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aid.  
At once disarmed, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon . . . X.946  
  If prayers X.952  
          Could alter high decrees, I to that place  
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard  
That on my head all might be visited,  
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,  
To me committed and by me exposed. X.957  
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 . . . X.965  
     Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems X.1013  
 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 X.1020  
 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 snatched will not exempt us from the pain  
 We are by doom to pay; rather such acts  
 Of contumacy<sup>5</sup> will provoke the Highest  
 To make death in us live . . . X.1028  
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear X.1060  
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline,  
 And teach us further by what means to shun  
 Th'inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail and snow!  
 Which now the sky with various face begins  
 To show us in this mountain, while the winds  
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
 Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek  
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish  
 Our limbs benumbed, ere this diurnal star<sup>6</sup>  
 Leave cold the night. X.1070

*Notes on Book X*

1. *Incorporate* – joined in one.
2. *Tardy* – slow.
3. *Unweeting* – ignorantly, undesignedly.
4. *Forlorn* – forsaken.
5. *Contumacy* – obstinacy.
6. *This diurnal star* – The sun; many suppose all the fixed stars are suns.

*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.

*Adam speaks to Eve*

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all XI.141  
 The good which we enjoy from heav'n 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  
 Ev'n to the seat of God. XI.148

*Eve's lament*

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death! XI.268  
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave  
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
 Fit haunt of gods; where I had hope to spend,  
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
 That never will in other climate grow,  
 My earliest visitation and my last XI.275



At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
 From the first opening bud, and gave you names,  
 Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank  
 Your tribes, and water from th'ambrosial fount? XI.279  
 Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorned  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee  
 How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower world, to this obscure  
 And wild? How shall we breathe in other air  
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits? XI.285

*Adam replies to Michael*

And if by prayer XI.307  
 Incessant I could hope to change the will  
 Of him who all things can, I could not cease  
 To weary him with my assiduous cries.  
 But pray'r against his absolute decree  
 No more avails than breath against the wind . . . XI.312  
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit. XI.314  
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence,  
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived  
 His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent  
 With worship place by place where he vouchsafed  
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate,  
 On this mount he appeared, under this tree XI.320  
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice  
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talked.  
 So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory<sup>1</sup>  
 Or monument<sup>2</sup> to ages, and thereon  
 Offer sweet-smelling gums and fruits and flowers. XI.327  
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet recalled  
 To life prolonged and promised race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore. XI.333

*Michael shows Adam a vision of Cain and Abel; Adam responds:*

But have I now seen Death? Is this the way XI.462  
 I must return to native dust? O sight  
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!  
 To whom thus Michael: Death thou hast seen XI.466  
 In his first shape on man; but many shapes  
 Of Death, and many are the ways that lead  
 To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense  
 More terrible at th'entrance than within.  
 Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
 By fire, flood, famine, by intemp'rance more  
 In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring  
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
 Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know XI.475  
 What misery th'inabstinence of Eve  
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place  
 Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark,  
 A lazar-house<sup>3</sup> it seemed, wherein were laid  
 Numbers of all diseased, all maladies XI.480  
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
 Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,  
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,  
 Demoniac frenzy<sup>4</sup>, moping melancholy, XI.485  
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy<sup>5</sup>,  
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
 Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.  
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair  
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch; XI.490  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked  
 With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.  
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long  
 Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,  
 Though not of woman born; compassion quelled  
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears . . . XI.497  
 O miserable mankind, to what fall XI.500  
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!

Better end here unborn. Why is life given  
 To be thus wrested from us? Rather why  
 Obtruded<sup>6</sup> on us thus? Who if we knew  
 What we receive, would either not accept  
 Life offered, or soon beg to lay it down,  
 Glad to be so dismissed in peace. Can thus  
 Th' image of God in man created once  
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
 To such unsightly sufferings be debased  
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,  
 Retaining still divine similitude  
 In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And for his Maker's image' sake exempt? . . .  
 There is, said Michael, if thou well observe  
 The rule of not too much by temp'rance taught,  
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence  
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
 Till many years over thy head return.  
 So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop  
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
 Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature.  
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change  
 To withered, weak, and grey; thy senses then  
 Obtuse,<sup>7</sup> all taste of pleasure must forego  
 To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,  
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign  
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry,  
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
 The balm of life. To whom our ancestor:  
 Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit,  
 Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge,  
 Which I must keep till my appointed day  
 Of rendering up, and patiently attend  
 My dissolution. Michael replied:  
 Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st  
 Live well; how long or short permit to heaven . . .  
 To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft:  
 O pity and shame, that they who to live well

XI.510

XI.514

XI.530

XI.537

XI.545

XI.550

XI.554

XI.628

Entered so fair, should turn aside, to tread  
 Paths indirect, or in the midway faint! . . . XI.631

*Michael shows Adam a vision of the flood and the ark*

Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings XI.738

Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove  
 From under heav'n . . . And now the thickened sky XI.740,742

Like a dark ceiling stood; down rushed the rain

Impetuous, and continued till the earth

No more was seen; the floating vessel swum

Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow

Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else

Flood overwhelmed, and them with all their pomp

Deep under water rolled; sea covered sea,

Sea without shore; and in their palaces, XI.750

Where luxury late reigned, sea-monsters whelped

And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,

All left, in one small bottom swum embarked.

How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold

The end of all thy offspring, end so sad, XI.755

Depopulation!<sup>8</sup> Thee another flood,

Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drowned,

And sunk thee as they sons; till gently reared

By th'angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,

Though comfortless, as when a father mourns

His children, all in view destroyed at once . . . XI.761

*Michael shows the destruction of Paradise*

Then shall this mount XI.829

Of Paradise by might of waves be moved

Out of his place, pushed by the horned flood,<sup>9</sup>

With all his verdure spoiled, and trees adrift,

Down the great river to the opening gulf,<sup>10</sup>

And there take root, an island salt and bare,

The haunt of seals, and orcs,<sup>11</sup> and sea-mews' clang<sup>12</sup> . . . XI.835

*Adam rejoices in the promise of the rainbow*

But say, what mean those coloured streaks in heaven, IX.879

Distended as the brow of God appeased,

Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind

The fluid skirts of that same wat'ry cloud,  
Lest it again dissolve and show'r the earth?

IX. 883

*Notes on Book XI*

1. *In memory* – for myself.
2. *Or monument* – for my posterity.
3. *A lazar-house* – an hospital.
4. *Demoniac frenzy* – Those termed lunatics by one Evangelist are frequently termed *lunatics*, or possessed of the devil, by another.
5. *Atrophy* and *marasmus* are a kind of consumption.
6. *Obtruded* – forced upon us.
7. *Obtuse* – blunted, dull.
8. *Depopulation* – dispeopling the earth.
9. *Pushed by the horned flood* – A river opposed in its course by an island or mountain, divides, and seems to push as with horns.
10. *To the opening gulf* – the sea opening wider and wider.
11. *Orcs* – a large kind of sea-fish.
12. *Clang* is properly the noise made by the flight of large flocks of birds.

## BOOK XII

*The Argument*

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

*Adam responds to Michael's prophesies*

How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest, XII.553  
Measured this transient world, the race of time,  
Till time stand fixed! Beyond is all abyss,  
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.  
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,  
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;  
Beyond which was my folly to aspire. XII.560  
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,  
And love with fear the only God, to walk  
As in his presence; ever to observe  
His providence, and on him sole depend . . . XII.564  
[To whom thus also th'angel last replied:] XII.574  
This having learned, thou hast attained the sum  
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars  
Thou knew'st by name, and all th'ethereal pow'rs,

All secrets of the deep, all nature's works,  
Or works of God in heav'n, air, earth, or sea,  
And all the riches of this world enjoy'st,                   XII.580  
And all the rule, one empire. Only add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith;  
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,  
By name to come called charity, the soul  
Of all the rest. Then wilt thou not be loath  
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
A Paradise within thee happier far.                   XII.587

Milton was a great influence on the Wesleys; John Wesley studied his works closely from his undergraduate days at Oxford, as is evident from his Diary, and he took Milton's works with him as a missionary to Georgia. His edited and annotated *Paradise Lost* was first published in 1763, and these emphasized extracts are taken from that edition.

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