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**Paradise lost**

**Milton, John**

**London, 1711**

**Universitätsbibliothek Basel**

Persistent Link: <https://doi.org/10.3931/e-rara-146767>

[Book I]

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*Lib. I.*



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# Paradise Lost.

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## BOOK I.

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### The ARGUMENT.

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole Subject. *Man's Disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd: 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 pass'd over, the Poem hasts into the midst of Things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, describ'd here, not in the Center, (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accus'd) but in a*

Place of utter Darknes, fitliest call'd  
 Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels  
 lying on the burning Lake, thunder-  
 struck and astonish'd, after a certain  
 Space recovers, as from Confusion, calls  
 up him who next in Order and Dignity  
 lay by him; they confer of their mise-  
 rable Fall. Satan awakens all his Le-  
 gions, who lay 'till then in the same  
 manner confounded: They rise, their  
 Numbers, Array of Battel, their chief  
 Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols  
 known afterwards in Canaan and the  
 Countries adjoining. To these Satan di-  
 rect's 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, accord-  
 ing 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 re-  
 fers to a full Council. What his Asso-  
 ciates thence attempt. Pandemonium  
 the Palace of Satan rises, suddenly  
 built out of the Deep: The infernal  
 Peers there sit in Council.

O F Man's  
 Of the  
 brought Dear  
 With loss of  
 Before us, a  
 Sing Hear'ly  
 Of Gods, or  
 That Shepher  
 in the Begin  
 Rose out of  
 Delight thee  
 Felt by the  
 Invoke thy  
 That wish  
 Above th' A  
 Things unat  
 And chiefly  
 Before all T  
 Instruct me  
 Was present  
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 And mod'it  
 Whomine, w  
 That to the  
 I may after  
 And justifi  
 Say first,  
 Nor the d  
 Mov'd out



**O**F 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,  
 Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top  
 Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire  
 That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,  
 In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth  
 Rose out of *Chaos*: Or if *Sion* Hill 15  
 Delight thee more, and *Siloa's* Brook that flow'd  
 Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence  
 Invoke thy Aid to my adventurous Song,  
 That with no middle flight intends to soar  
 Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it pursues 15  
 Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.  
 And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer  
 Before all Temples th' upright Heart and pure,  
 Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first  
 Wast present, and with mighty Wings out-spread 20  
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss  
 And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark  
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
 That to the heighth of this great Argument  
 I may assert Eternal Providence, 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  
 Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,

Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off 30  
 From their Creatour, and transgress his Will  
 For one Restraint, Lords of the World besides?  
 Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?  
 Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile  
 Stir'd up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd 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 above his Peers,  
 He trusted to have equall'd the Most High, 40  
 If he oppos'd; and with ambitious Aim,  
 Against the Throne and Monarchy of God  
 Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud  
 With vain Attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie, 45  
 With hideous ruine and combustion down  
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
 In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,  
 Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.  
 Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night  
 To mortal men, he with his horrid Crew 51  
 Lay vanquish'd, rowling in the fiery Gulf  
 Confounded though immortal: But his Doom  
 Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55  
 Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes  
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay  
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:  
 At once as far as Angels ken he views

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 5

The dismal Situation waste and wild, 60  
 A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
 As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
 No light, but rather darkness visible  
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 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 unconsum'd:  
 Such Place Eternal Justice had prepar'd 70  
 For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd  
 In utter darkness, and their Portion set  
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n  
 As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.  
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell! 75  
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd  
 With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
 He soon discerns, and wett'ring by his side  
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
 Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd 80  
*Beelzebub*. To whom th' Arch Enemy,  
 And thence in Heav'n call'd *Satan*, with bold Words  
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou bee'st he; But O how fall'n! How chang'd  
 From him, who in the happy Realms of light 85  
 Cloath'd with transcendent brightness didst out-shine  
 Myriads tho' bright! If he whom mutual League,  
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
 And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,



# PARADISE LOST. Book I.

Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd 90  
 In equal ruin: Into what Pit thou seest  
 From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd  
 He with his Thunder: And 'till then who knew  
 The Force of those dire Arms? Yet not for those,  
 Nor what the Potent Victor in his Rage 95  
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
 Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fix'd mind  
 And high disdain, from sense of injur'd merit,  
 That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
 And to the fierce Contention brought along 100  
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd  
 That durst dislike his Reign, and me preferring,  
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd  
 In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,  
 And shook his Throne. What tho' the field be lost?  
 All is not lost; th' unconquerable Will, 106  
 And study of Revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield:  
 And what is else not to be overcome?  
 That Glory never shall his wrath or might 110  
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for Grace  
 With suppliant Knee, and deifie his Power,  
 Who from the Terror of this Arm so late  
 Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,  
 That were an Ignominy and Shame beneath 115  
 This Downfal; since by Fate the Strength of Gods  
 And this Empyrean Substance cannot fail,  
 Since through Experience of this great Event  
 In Arms not worse, in Foresight much advanc'd,

Book I.  
 We may wit  
 To wage by  
 Irreconcilab  
 Who now is  
 Sole reigning  
 So spoke  
 Wanting al  
 And him th  
 O Prince,  
 That led th  
 Under thy  
 Fearless,  
 And put re  
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 Too well  
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 In horrib  
 As far as  
 Can peris  
 Invincible  
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 Of force  
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 Or do



We may with more successful Hope resolve 120

To wage by Force or Guile Eternal War

Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,

Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of Joy

Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in Pain, 125

Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep Despair:

And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,

That led th' imbattell'd Seraphim to War

Under thy Conduct, and in dreadful Deeds 130

Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King,

And put to Proof his high Supremacy,

Whether upheld by Strength, or Chance, or Fate,

Too well I see and rue the dire Event,

That with sad Overthrow and foul Defeat 135

Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host

In horrible Destruction laid thus low,

As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences

Can perish: For the Mind and Spirit remains

Invincible, and Vigour soon returns, 140

Though all our Glory extinct, and happy State

Here swallow'd up in endless Misery.

But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now

Of force believe Almighty, since no less 144

Than such could have o'er-power'd such Force as ours)

Have left us this our Spirit 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 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 undiminish'd, or Eternal Being  
 To undergo Eternal Punishment? 155  
 Whereto with speedy Words th' Arch-Fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable  
 Doing or Suffering: But of this be sure,  
 To do ought good never will be our task,  
 But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160  
 As being the contrary to his high will  
 Whom we resist. If then his Providence  
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
 And out of good still to find Means of evil; 165  
 Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps  
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
 His inmost Counsels from their destin'd aim.  
 But see the angry Victor hath recall'd  
 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170  
 Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The sulphurous Hail  
 Shot after us in Storm, o'er-blown hath laid  
 The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice  
 Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,  
 Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage, 175  
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
 To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.  
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,  
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe,

See'st thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wild, 180  
 The Seat of desolation, void of light,  
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
 From off the tossing of these fiery Waves,  
 There rest, if any Rest can harbour there, 185  
 And re-assembling our afflicted Powers,  
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
 Our Enemy, our own Loss how repair,  
 How overcome this dire Calamity,  
 What reinforcement we may gain from Hope, 190  
 If not what resolution from despair.

Thus *Satan* talking to his nearest Mate  
 With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes  
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides  
 Prone on the Floud, extended long and large, 195  
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
 As whom the Fables name of monst'rous size,  
*Titanian*, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,  
*Briareus* or *Typhon*, whom the Den  
 By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea-beast 200  
*Leviathan*, which God of all his works,  
 Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream:  
 Him haply slumb'ring on the *Norway* foam,  
 The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,  
 Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell, 205  
 With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind,  
 Moors by his Side under the Lee, while Night  
 Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays:  
 So stretch't out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,



TO PARADISE LOST. Book I.

Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence 210  
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will  
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
 That with reiterated crimes he might  
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought 215  
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might see  
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth  
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn  
 On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself  
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. 220  
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool  
 His mighty Stature; on each hand the Flames  
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing Spires, and  
 In Billows, leave i'th'midst a horrid Vale. [rowl'd  
 Then with expanded Wings he steers his flight 225  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air  
 That felt unusual Weight, 'till on dry Land  
 He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd  
 With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire;  
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230  
 Of subterranean Wind transports a Hill  
 Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd side  
 Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combustible  
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving Fire,  
 Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds, 235  
 And leave a sing'd bottom all involv'd  
 With stench and smoak: Such Resting found the Soal  
 Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next Mate,  
 Both glorying to have 'scap'd the *Stygian* flood,

Book I.  
 As Gods, and  
 Not by the  
 Is this th  
 Said then  
 That we m  
 For that Cel  
 Who now is  
 What shall  
 Whom Rea  
 Above his  
 Where Joy  
 Infernal w  
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 The mind  
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 To reign  
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Book I. PARADISE LOST. 11

As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240  
Not by the Sufferance of supernal Power.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,  
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the Seat [gloom  
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful  
For that Celestial Light ? Be it so, since he 245  
Who now is Sov'rain can dispose and bid  
What shall be right : fardest from him is best  
Whom Reason hath equal'd, Force hath made su-  
Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields, [pream  
Where Joy for ever dwells : Hail Horrors, hail 250  
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell  
Receive thy new Possessor : One who brings  
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.  
The mind is its own place, and in it self  
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n. 255  
What matter where, if I be still the same,  
And what I should be, all but less than he  
Whom Thunder hath made greater ? Here at least  
We shall be free ; th' Almighty hath not built  
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence : 260  
Here we may reign secure, and in my Choice  
To reign is worth ambition tho' in Hell :  
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.  
But wherefore let we then our faithful Friends,  
Th' associates and copartners of our loss, 265  
Lye thus astonish'd on th' oblivious Pool,  
And call them not to share with us their part  
In this unhappy Mansion, or once more  
With rallied Arms to try what may be yet

## 12 PARADISE LOST. Book 1.

Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell? 270

So *Satan* spake, and him *Beelzebub*

Thus answer'd: Leader of those Armies bright,  
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,  
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275

In worst extreame, and on the perillous edge  
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults  
Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
New Courage and revive, tho' now they lye  
Gro'ling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire, 280  
As we e'erwhile, astounded and amaz'd,  
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious heighth.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superiour Fiend  
Was moving toward the shoar; his pond'rous shield  
Ethereal temper, massie, large and round, 285  
Behind him cast; the broad Circumference  
Hung on his Shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb  
Thro' Optick Glasse the *Tuscan* Artist views  
At Ev'ning from the Top of *Fesole*,  
Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands, 290  
Rivers or Mountains on her spotty Globe.  
His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine  
Hewn on *Norwegian* Hills, to be the Mast  
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,  
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps 295  
Over the burning Marl, not like those Steps  
On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime  
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire;  
Nathless he so endur'd, 'till on the Beach

Book 1. PARADISE LOST. 13

Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd 300  
 His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay entrans't  
 Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks  
 In *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* Shades,  
 High over-arch'd embowr; or scatter'd sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd 305  
 Hath vex'd the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves o'er-  
*Busiris* and his *Memphian* Chivalry, [threw  
 While with perfidious Hatred they pursu'd  
 The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld  
 From the safe Shoar their floating Carkases 310  
 And broken Chariot Wheels; so thick bestrown,  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,  
 Under Amazement of their hideous change.  
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep  
 Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates, 315  
 Warriours, the Flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal Spirits; or have ye chos'n this place  
 After the toyl of Battel to repose  
 Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find 320  
 To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?  
 Or in this abject Posture have ye sworn  
 To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds  
 Cherub and Seraph rowling in the Flood,  
 With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, 'till anon 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 Gulfe.



Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

330

They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung  
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
Rouze and bestir themselves e'er well awake.  
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight 335  
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
Yet to their General's Voice they soon obey'd  
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod  
Of *Amram's* Son in *Egypt's* evil day  
Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340  
Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,  
That o'er the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung  
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile*:  
So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell 345  
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;  
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' up-lifted Spear  
Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
Their course, in even ballance down they light  
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain; 350  
A multitude, like which the populous North  
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass  
*Rhene* or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons  
Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread  
Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands. 355  
Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band  
The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood  
Their great Commander; God-like shapes and forms  
Excelling human, Princely Dignities,

Book I. P  
And Powers th  
Tho' of their N  
Be no memoria  
By their Rebel  
Nor had they  
Got them new  
Thro' God's hi  
By falsities and  
Of Mankind r  
God their Cre  
Glory of him  
Oit to the In  
With gay Re  
And Devils to  
Then were th  
And various  
Say, Muse, th  
Rouz'd from  
At their gre  
Came singly  
While the p  
The chief w  
Roaming to  
Their Seats  
Their Alta  
Among th  
Jehovah th  
Between t  
Within h  
Abomina



And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones;  
 Tho' of their Names in Heav'nly Records now 361  
 Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd  
 By their Rebellion, from the Books of Life.  
 Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve* 364  
 Got them new Names, 'till wand'ring o'er the Earth,  
 Thro' God's high sufferance for the trial of man,  
 By falsities and lyes the greatest part  
 Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake  
 God their Creator, and th' invisible  
 Glory of him that made them, to transform 370  
 Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd  
 With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,  
 And Devils to adore for Deities ;  
 Then were they known to Men by various Names,  
 And various Idols thro' the Heathen World. 375  
 Say, Muse, their Names then known, who first, who  
 Rouz'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch, [last,  
 At their great Emperors call, as next in worth,  
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
 While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof? 380  
 The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell  
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
 Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,  
 Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd  
 Among the Nations round, and durst abide 385  
*Jehovah* thund'ring out of *Sion*, thron'd  
 Between the Cherubim ; yea, often plac'd  
 Within his Sanctuary it self their Shrines,  
 Abominations ; and with cursed Things

His holy Rites and solemn Feasts prophan'd, 390  
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
 First *Moloch*, horrid King besmear'd with blood  
 Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,  
 Tho' for the noise of Drums and Timbrels loud  
 Their childrens cries unheard, that past thro' Fire 395  
 To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*  
 Worshipp'd in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,  
 In *Argob* and in *Basan*, to the stream  
 Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such  
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400  
 Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build  
 His Temple right against the Temple of God  
 On the opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove  
 The pleasant Vally of *Hinnon*, *Tophet* thence  
 And black *Gehenna* call'd, the Type of Hell. 405  
 Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread of *Moub's* Sons,  
 From *Aroar* to *Nebo*, and the wild  
 Of Southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*  
 And *Heronaim*, *Seon's* Realm, beyond  
 The flow'ry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines, 410  
 And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltick* Pool.  
 Poor his other Name, when he entic'd  
*Israel* in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*,  
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
 Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd 415  
 Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove  
 Of *Moloch* homicide, lust hard by hate;  
 Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell.  
 With these came they, who from the bord'ring flood

Book I. PA  
 Of old Embrates  
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 In Sin also  
 Her Temple  
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 To Idols for  
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 The Syrian  
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Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts 420  
*Egypt* from *Syrian* ground, had general Names  
 Of *Baalim* and *Astharoth*, those Male,  
 These Feminine. For Spirits when they please  
 Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft  
 And uncompounded is their Essence pure, 425  
 Not ty'd or manac'd with joint or limb,  
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
 Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they chuse  
 Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,  
 Can execute their airy purposes, 430  
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
 For those the Race of *Israel* oft forsook  
 Their living Strength, and unfrequented left  
 His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down  
 To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low 435  
 Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear  
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
 Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd  
*Astarte*, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;  
 To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon 440  
*Sidonian* Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,  
 In *Sion* also not unsung, where stood  
 Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built  
 By that uxorious King, whose heart tho' large,  
 Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell 445  
 To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,  
 Whose annual Wound in *Lebanon* allur'd  
 The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate  
 In am'rous ditties all a Summer's day,



While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock 450  
 Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood  
 Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the Love-tale  
 Infected *Sion's* Daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton Passions in the sacred Porch  
*Ezekiel* saw, when by the Vision led 455  
 His eye survey'd the dark Idolatries  
 Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one  
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark  
 Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off  
 In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge, 460  
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers:  
*Dagon* his Name, Sea-Monster, upward Man  
 And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high  
 Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast  
 Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*, 465  
 And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* frontier bounds.  
 Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat  
 Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertil banks  
 Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid streams.  
 He also against the House of God was bold: 470  
 A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,  
*Ahaz*, his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew  
 God's Altar to disparage and displace  
 For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn  
 His odious off'rings, and adore the Gods 475  
 Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd  
 A crew who under Names of old Renown,  
*Osiris*, *Isis*, *Orus*, and their Train,  
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd

Book I. PA  
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 Th' infection,  
 The Calf in Oreb  
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 Lik'ning his Ma  
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 Gods, ye

Fanatick *Egypt* and her Priests, to seek 480  
 Their wandering Gods disguis'd in brutish forms  
 Rather than human. Nor did *Israel* 'scape  
 Th' infection, when their borrow'd Gold compos'd  
 The Calf in *Oreb*; and the Rebel King  
 Doubl'd that Sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*, 485  
 Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,  
*Jehovah*, who in one Night when he pass'd  
 From *Egypt* marching, equall'd with one stroke  
 Both her first-born and all her bleating Gods.  
*Belial* came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd 490  
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
 Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood,  
 Or Altar smoak'd; yet who more oft than he  
 In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest  
 Turns Atheist, as did *Ely's* Sons, who fill'd 495  
 With lust and violence the house of God?  
 In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns,  
 And in luxurious Cities, where the noise  
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest Towers,  
 And injury and outrage: And when Night 500  
 Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons  
 Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine.  
 Witness the Streets of *Sodom*, and that night  
 In *Gibeah*, when the hospitable door  
 Expos'd a Matron to avoid worse rape. 505  
 These were the prime in order and in might;  
 The rest were long to tell, tho' far renown'd,  
 Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javan's* Issue held  
 Gods, yet confess'd later than Heav'n and Earth

Their boasted Parents ; *Titan* Heav'n's first-born,  
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd 511  
 By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*  
 His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found;  
 So *Jove* usurping reign'd : these first in *Crete*  
 And *Ida* known, thence on the snowy top 515  
 Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air,  
 Their highest Heav'n ; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,  
 Or in *Dodona*, and thro' all the bounds  
 Of *Doric* Land ; or who with *Saturn* old  
 Fled over *Adria* to the *Hesperian* Fields, 520  
 And o'er the *Celtick* roam'd the utmost Isles.  
 All these and more came flocking : but with looks  
 Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd  
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief  
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost 525  
 In loss it self ; which on his count'nance cast  
 Like doubtful hue : but he his wonted pride  
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd  
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears. 530  
 Then strait commands that at the warlike sound  
 Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be uprear'd  
 His mighty Standard ; that proud honour claim'd  
*Azazel* as his Right, a Cherub tall :  
 Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurl'd 535  
 Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc'd  
 Shone like a Meteor streaming to the Wind,  
 With Gems and Golden Lustre rich imblaz'd  
 Seraphic Arms and Trophies ; all the while

Book I. P  
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Book I. PARADISE LOST. 21

Sonorous metal blowing Martial Sounds : 540  
 At which the universal Host up sent  
 A shout that tore Hell's Concave, and beyond  
 Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.  
 All in a moment thro' the gloom were seen  
 Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air 545  
 With orient Colours waving : with them rose  
 A Forest huge of Spears; and thronging Helms  
 Appear'd, and serried Shields in thick array,  
 Of depth immeasurable : Anon they move  
 In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood 550  
 Of Flutes and soft Recorders ; such as rais'd  
 To height of noblest temper Hero's old  
 Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage  
 Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat, 555  
 Nor wanting power 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. Thus they  
 Breathing united force with fixed thought 560  
 Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd  
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soyl; and now  
 Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid Front  
 Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in guise  
 Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield, 565  
 Awaiting what command their mighty Chief  
 Had to impose: He thro' the armed Files  
 Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse  
 The whole Battalion views, their order due,

Their visages and stature as of Gods, 570  
 Their number last he summs. And now his heart  
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength  
 Glories: For never since created man,  
 Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these  
 Could merit more than that small infantry 575  
 Warr'd on by Cranes; tho' all the Giant brood  
 Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroick Race were join'd,  
 That fought at *Theb's* and *Ilium*, on each side  
 Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds  
 In Fable or Romance of *Uther's* Son, 580  
 Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights;  
 And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel  
 Jousted in *Aspramont* or *Montalban*,  
*Damasco*, or *Marocco*, or *Trebisond*,  
 Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* Shoar 585  
 When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell  
 By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far these beyond  
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
 Their dread commander: he, above the rest  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent 590  
 Stood like a Tow'r; his Form had yet not lost  
 All her Original brightness, nor appear'd  
 Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess  
 Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new-ris'n,  
 Looks thro' the Horizontal misty Air 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. Darken'd so, yet shone

Book I. F  
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Above them all th' Arch-Angel: But his face 600  
 Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under Brows  
 Of dauntless courage, and confid'rate Pride  
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast  
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold 605  
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
 (Far other once beheld in blifs) condemn'd  
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't  
 Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung 610  
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,  
 Their Glory wither'd. As when Heaven's Fire  
 Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,  
 With singed top their stately growth tho' bare  
 Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd 615  
 To speak; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend  
 From wing to wing, and half inclose him round  
 With all his Peers: Attention held them mute.  
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spight of Scorn,  
 Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth; at last 620  
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers  
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife  
 Was not inglorious, tho' th'event was dire,  
 As this place testifies, and this dire change, 625  
 hateful to utter: but what power of mind,  
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth  
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,  
 How such united force of Gods, how such



As flood like these, could ever know repulse? 630  
For who can yet believe, tho' after loss,  
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend  
Self-rai'd, and re-possess their native seat?  
For me be witness all the Host of Heav'n 635  
If counsels different, or danger shun'd  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
Monarch in Heav'n, 'till then as one secure  
Sate on his Throne, upheld by old repute,  
Consent or custom, and his Regal State 640  
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own  
So as not either to provoke, or dread  
New war, provok't; our better part remains 645  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
What force effected not: that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife 650  
There went a fame in Heav'n that he e'er long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:  
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655  
Our first Eruption, thither or elsewhere:  
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold.  
Celestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyss  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts

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Book I. PARADISE LOST. 25

Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd, 660  
For who can think Submission? War then, War  
Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words out-flew  
Millions of flaming Swords, drawn from the Thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze 665  
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd  
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped Arms  
Clash'd on their sounding Shields the din of war,  
Hurling defiance toward the Vault of Heav'n.

There stood a Hill not far, whose grisly Top 670  
Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire  
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hard metallick Ore,  
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed  
A numerous brigad hasten'd. As when Bands 675  
Of Pioneers with Spade and Pickax arm'd  
Fore-run the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,  
Or cast a Rampart, Mammon led them on,  
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell  
From Heav'n, for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more 681  
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden Gold,  
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd  
In vision beatifick: by him first  
Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685  
Ransack'd the Center, and with impious hands  
Rifled the Bowels of their mother Earth  
For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
Open'd into the Hill a spacious wound,

And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire 690  
 That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best  
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those  
 Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell  
 Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings,  
 Learn how their greatest Monuments of Fame, 695  
 And Strength and Art are easily out-done  
 By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
 What in an age they with incessant toyle  
 And hands innumerable scarce perform.  
 Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd, 700  
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
 Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude  
 With wondrous Art found out the massy Ore,  
 Severing each kind, and scum'd the Bullion dross:  
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground 705  
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,  
 As in an Organ from one blast of Wind  
 To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.  
 Anon out of the Earth a Fabrick huge 710  
 Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound  
 Of dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,  
 Built like a Temple where *Pilasters* round  
 Were set, and Doric Pillars overlaid  
 With golden Architrave; nor did there want 715  
 Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,  
 The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babylon*,  
 Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence  
 Equall'd in all their glories, to insarine



Book I. PARADISE LOST. 27

*Belus* or *Scrapis* their Gods, or feat 720  
 Their Kings, when *Egypt* with *Assyria* strove  
 In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile  
 Stood fixt her stately height, and freight the doors  
 Op'ning their brazen folds discover wide  
 Within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth 725  
 And level pavement: from the arched roof,  
 Pendent by subtle Magic, many a row  
 Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets, fed  
 With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus*, yielded light  
 As from a Sky. The hasty multitude 730  
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise  
 And some the Architect: his hand was known  
 In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,  
 Where Sceptred Angels held their residence,  
 And fate as Princes, whom the supreme King 735  
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard or unadot'd  
 In ancient *Greece*; and in *Ansonian* Land  
 Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell 740  
 From Heav'n, they fabl'd thrown by angry *Jove*  
 Sheer o'er the Chrystal Battlements; from Morn  
 To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,  
 A Summer's day; and with the setting Sun  
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star, 745  
 Oh *Lemnos* th' *Ægean* Isle: thus they relate,  
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
 Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now  
 T' have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he scape

By all his Engins, but was headlong sent 750  
 With his industrious crew to build in Hell.  
 Mean while the winged Heralds by command  
 Of Sov'reign Pow'r, with awful Ceremony  
 And Trumpets found, throughout the Host proclaim  
 A solemn Council forthwith to be held 755  
 At *Pandemonium*, the high Capital  
 Of Satan and his Peers: their summons call'd  
 From every Band and squared Regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon  
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came  
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates 761  
 And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall  
 (Though like a cover'd Field, where Champions bold  
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's Chair  
 Desi'd the best of *Panish* Chivalry 765  
 To mortal Combat, or carriere with Lance)  
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,  
 Brush'd with the hiss of rustling Winds. As Bees  
 In spring time, when the Sun with *Taurus* rides,  
 Pour forth their populous youth about the Hive 770  
 In clusters; they among fresh Dews and Flowers  
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,  
 The Suburb of their Straw-built Cittadel,  
 New rubb'd with Baum, expatiate and confer  
 Their State affairs. So thick the aery crowd 775  
 Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal giv'n.  
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd  
 In Bigness to surpass Earth's Giant Sons  
 Now less than smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 29

Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race 780  
 Beyond the Indian Mount, or Faery Elves,  
 Whose midnight Revels, by a Forest side  
 Or Fountain some belated Peasant sees,  
 Or dreams he sees, while over-head the Moon  
 Sits Arbitress, and nearer to the Earth 785  
 Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance  
 Intent, with jocund Music charm his Ear;  
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
 Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms  
 Reduc'd their Shapes immense, and were at large, 790  
 Though without number still amidst the Hall  
 Of that infernal Court. But far within,  
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
 The great Seraphick Lords and Cherubim,  
 In close recess and secret conclave sate 795  
 A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seats,  
 Frequent and full. After short silence then  
 And summons read, the great Consult began.

*The End of the First Book.*