

Paradise Lost

BOOK 1

THE ARGUMENT

This first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole Subject, *Mans disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac't*: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep. Which action past over, the Poem hasts into [the midst of things](#), presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, describ'd here, *not in the Center* (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) *but in a place of utter darkness, fittest call'd Chaos*: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunder-struck and astonisht, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of thir miserable fall. Satan awakens all his Legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; They rise, thir Numbers, array of Battel, thir chief Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols known afterwards in Canaan and the Countries 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 Prophesie or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible Creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this Prophesie, and what to determin thereon he refers to a full 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.

O F Mans First Disobedience, and the Fruit
 Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast
 Brought [Death into the World, and all our woe](#),
 With loss of Eden, till [one greater Man](#)
 Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat, [5]
 Sing [Heav'nly Muse](#), that on the secret top
 Of [Oreb](#), or of *Sinai*, didst inspire
 That Shepherd, who first taught the [chosen Seed](#),
[In the Beginning](#) how the Heav'ns and Earth
 Rose [out of Chaos](#): Or if [Sion](#) Hill [10]
 Delight thee more, and *Siloa's* Brook that flow'd
 Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my [adventrous Song](#),
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above th' [Aonian Mount](#), while it pursues [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 outspread [20]
[Dove-like](#) satst [brooding](#) on the vast Abyss

And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark
 Illumin, what is low raise and support;
 That to the highth of this great Argument
 I may assert Eternal Providence, [25]
 And justifie the wayes of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
 Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause
 Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,
 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off [30]
 From thir Creator, 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
 Stird 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 equal'd the most High, [40]
 If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
 Against the Throne and Monarchy of God
 Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurld 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 [50]
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe
 Confounded though immortal: But his doom
 Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain [55]
 Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
 Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
 At once as far as Angels kenn he views
 The dismal Situation waste and wilde, [60]
 A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round
 As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Serv'd onely 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 thir Prison ordain'd

In utter darkness, and thir 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'whelm'd
 With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd [80]
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 beest he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd
 From him, who in the happy Realms of Light [85]
 Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst out-shine
 Myriads though bright: If he Whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
 Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd [90]
 In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest
 From what highth 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 fixt mind
 And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,
 That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along [100]
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
 In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost? [105]
 All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield:
 And what is else not to be overcome?
 That Glory never shall his wrath or might [110]
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deifie his power,
 Who from the terrour of this Arm so late
 Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath [115]
 This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods
 And this Empyrean substance cannot fail,
 Since through experience of this great event
 In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,
 We may with more successful hope resolve [120]
 To wage by force or guile eternal Warr

Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in pain, [125]
 Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despare:
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,
 That led th' imbattelld Seraphim to Warr
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds [130]
 Fearless, endanger'd Heav'ns 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 Conquerour, (whom I now
 Of force believe Almighty, since no less
 Then such could hav orepow'rd such force as ours) [145]
 Have left us this our spirit and strength intire
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls
 By right of Warr, what e're his business be [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 undiminisht, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment? [155]
 Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable
 Doing or Suffering: but of this be sure,
 To do ought good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight, [160]
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his Providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil; [165]
 Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from thir destind aim.
 But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit [170]
 Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The Sulphurous Hail

Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid
 The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
 Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,
 Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage, [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.
 Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde, [180]
 The seat of desolation, voyd of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there, [185]
 And reassembling our afflicted Powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire Calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from Hope, [190]
 If not what resolution from despare.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest Mate
 With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides
 Prone on the Flood, extended long and large [195]
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 As whom the Fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the Den
 By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea-beast [200]
Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream:
 Him haply slumbring on the *Norway* foam
 The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,
 Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell, [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 stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
 Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence [210]
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought [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't, but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. [220]
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool

His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames
 Drivn backward slope thir pointing spires, and rowld
 In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale.
 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 thundring Aetna, whose combustible
 And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,
Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds, [235]
 And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
 With stench and smoak: Such resting found the sole
 Of unblest feet. Him followed his next Mate,
 Both glorying to have scap't the Stygian flood
As Gods, and by thir own recover'd strength, [240]
 Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
 Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
 That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he [245]
 Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: fardest from him is best
 Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream
 Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
 Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail [250]
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
 Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
 A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in it self
 Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n. [255]
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less then 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 choyce
 To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
 Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss [265]
 Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
 With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
 Regaind 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' Onnipotent none could have foyld,
 If once they hear that voyce, thir liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft [275]
 In worst extreams, and on the perilous edge
 Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
 Thir surest signal, they will soon resume
 New courage and revive, though now they lye
 Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire, [280]
 As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend
 Was moving toward the shoar; his ponderous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round, [285]
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
 Through Optic Glass the Tuscan Artist views
 At Ev'ning from the top of Fesole,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new Lands, [290]
 Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.
 His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
 Hewn on *Norwegian* hills, to be the Mast
 Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
 He walkt with to support uneasie steps [295]
 Over the burning Marle, not like those steps
 On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire;
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the Beach
 Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd [300]
 His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't
 Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
 High overarch't imbowr; or scatterd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce Winds Orion arm'd [305]
 Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves orethrew
Busiris and his *Memphian* Chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
 The Sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore thir floating Carkases [310]
 And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,
 Under amazement of thir hideous change.
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep
 Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates, [315]
 Warriors, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can sieze
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
 After the toyl of Battel to repose
 Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find [320]
 To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?

Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
[Cherube and Seraph](#) rowling in the Flood
 With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, till anon [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,
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
 Nor did they not perceave the evil plight [335]
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
 Yet to thir Generals Voyce they soon obeyd
 Innumerable. As when the potent Rod
 Of [Amrams Son](#) in *Egypt*s evill day
 Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud [340]
 Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,
 That ore the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung
 Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile*:
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the [Cope](#) of Hell [345]
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;
 Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear
 Of [thir great Sultan](#) waving to direct
 Thir course, in even ballance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain; [350]
 A multitude, like which [the populous North](#)
 Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass
[Rhene](#) or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons
 Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
 Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands. [355]
 Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band
 The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood
 Thir great Commander; [Godlike](#) shapes and forms
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
 And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones; [360]
 Though of thir Names in heav'nly Records now
 Be no memorial blotted out and ras'd
 By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.
 Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*
[Got them new Names](#), till wandring ore the Earth, [365]
 Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,
 By falsities and lyes the greatest part
 Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
 God thir Creator, and th' invisible
 Glory of him that made them, to transform [370]
 Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd

With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
 And Devils to adore for Deities:
 Then were they known to men by various Names,
 And various Idols through the Heathen World. [375]
 Say, Muse, thir Names then known, who first, who last,
 Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,
 At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
 While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof? [380]
 The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell
 Roaming to seek thir prey on earth, durst fix
 Thir Seats long after next the Seat of God,
 Thir Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd
 Among the Nations round, and durst abide [385]
Jehovah thundring out of *Sion*, thron'd
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
 Within his Sanctuary it self thir Shrines,
 Abominations; and with cursed things
 His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan'd, [390]
 And with thir darkness durst affront his light.
 First Moloch, horrid King besmear'd with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
 Though for the noyse of Drums and Timbrels loud
 Thir childrens cries unheard, that past through fire [395]
 To his grim Idol. Him the Ammonite
 Worshipt in Rabba and her watry Plain,
 In Argob and in *Basan*, to the stream
 Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart [400]
 Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build
 His Temple right against the Temple of God
 On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
 The pleasant Vally of Hinnom, *Tophet* thence
 And black *Gehenna* call'd, the Type of Hell. [405]
 Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of *Moabs* Sons,
 From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
 Of Southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
 And Horonaim, *Seons* Realm, beyond
 The flowry Dale of Sibma clad with Vines, [410]
 And *Eleale* to th' Asphaltick Pool.
Peor his other Name, when he entic'd
Israel in Sittim on thir 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 bordring flood
 Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts [420]
Egypt from *Syrian* ground, had general Names

Of *Baalim and Ashtaroth*, those male,
 These Feminine. For Spirits when they please
 Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft
 And uncompounded is thir *Essence pure*, [425]
 Not ti'd or manacl'd with joynt or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like *cumbrous* flesh; but in what shape they choose
 Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,
 Can execute thir aerie purposes, [430]
 And works of love or enmity fulfill.
 For those the Race of *Israel* oft forsook
 Thir living strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial Gods; for which thir heads as low [435]
 Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop
 Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phoenicians* call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;
 To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon [440]
Sidonian Virgins paid thir Vows and Songs,
 In *Sion* also not unsung, where stood
 Her Temple on *th' offensive Mountain*, built
 By that *uxorious King*, whose heart though large,
 Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell [445]
 To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
 The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous dittyes all a Summers day,
 While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock [450]
 Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the Love-tale
 Infected *Sions daughters* with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led [455]
 His eye survay'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
 Gods 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 vanquisht. After these appear'd
 A crew who under Names of old Renown,
[Osiris](#), *Isis*, *Orus* and their Train
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
 Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests, to seek [480]
 Thir wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
 Rather than human. Nor did *Israel* scape
 Th' infection when thir 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, [equal'd with one stroke](#)
 Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.
[Belial](#) came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd [490]
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood
 Or Altar smoak'd; yet who more oft then hee
 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 noyse
 Of riot ascends above thir loftiest Towrs,
 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, though far renown'd,
 Th' *Ionian* Gods, of [Javans](#) Issue held
 Gods, yet confest later then Heav'n and Earth
 Thir [boasted Parents](#); *Titan* Heav'ns first born [510]
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seis'd
 By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*
 His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found;
 So *Jove* usurping reign'd: these first in [Crete](#)
 And *Ida* known, thence on the Snowy top [515]
 Of cold [Olympus](#) rul'd the middle Air
 Thir highest Heav'n; or on the [Delphian](#) Cliff,
 Or in *Dodona*, and through all the bounds
 Of [Doric Land](#); or who with *Saturn* old
 Fled over [Adria](#) to th' [Hesperian Fields](#), [520]
 And ore the *Celtic* roam'd the [utmost Isles](#).

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
 Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
 Obscure some glimps of joy, to have found thir 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
 Thir fainting courage, and dispel'd thir fears. [530]
 Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
 Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upheard
 His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherube tall:
 Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld [535]
 Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't
 Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind
 With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while
 Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds: [540]
 At which the universal Host upsent
 A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond
 Frighted the Reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air [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 hight 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, troubl'd thoughts, and chase
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
 Breathing united force with fixed thought [560]
 Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd
 Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now
 Advanc't in view, they stand, a horrid Front
 Of dreadful length and dazling Arms, in guise
 Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield, [565]
 Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief
 Had to impose: He through the armed Files
 Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
 The whole Battalion views, thir order due,
 Thir visages and stature as of Gods, [570]
 Thir number last he summs. And now his heart

Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength
 Glories: For never since created man,
 Met such imbodyed force, as nam'd with these
 Could merit more then that small infantry [575]
Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant brood
 Of Phlegra with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd
 That fought at Theb's and Ilium, on each side
 Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
 In Fable or *Romance* of Uthers Son [580]
 Begirt with *British* and Armoric Knights;
 And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel
 Jousted in Aspramont or *Montalban*,
Damasco, or *Marocco*, or *Trebisond*,
 Or whom Biserta sent from *Afric* shore [585]
 When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell
 By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Thir dread commander: he above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent [590]
 Stood like a Towr; his form had yet not lost
 All her Original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less then Arch Angel ruind, and th' excess
 Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n
 Looks through the Horizontal misty Air [595]
 Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
 In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the Nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon
 Above them all th' Arch Angel: but his face [600]
 Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold [605]
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
 For ever now to have thir lot in pain,
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't
 Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung [610]
 For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,
 Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire
 Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,
 With singed top thir stately growth though bare
 Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd [615]
 To speak; whereat thir doubl'd Ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
 With all his Peers: attention held them mute.
 Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spight of scorn,
 Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last [620]
 Words interwove with sighs found out thir way.

O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
 Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
 As this place testifies, and this dire change [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 stood like these, could ever know repulse? [630]
 For who can yet beleave, though after loss,
 That all these puissant Legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
 Self-rais'd, and repossess thir native seat?
 For mee 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
 Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custome, and his Regal State [640]
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
 So as not either to provoke, or dread
 New warr, provok't; our better part remains [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 ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere: [655]
 For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
 Cælestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd, [660]
 For who can think Submission? Warr then, Warr
 Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze [665]
 Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
 Clash'd on thir sounding Shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.

There stood a Hill not far whose griesly top [670]
 Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire

Shon with a glossie scurff, undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,
 The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
 A numerous Brigad hasten'd. As when Bands [675]
 Of Pioners with Spade and Pickax arm'd
 Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,
 Or cast a Rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
 From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts [680]
 Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of Heav'ns pavement, trod'n Gold,
 Then aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
 In vision beatific: by him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught, [685]
 Ransack'd the Center, and with impious hands
 Rifl'd the bowels of thir mother Earth
 For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 Op'nd into the Hill a spacious wound
 And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire [690]
 That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best
 Deserve the 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 thir 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 massie 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 boyling cells
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
 As in an Organ from one blast of wind
 To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.
 Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge [710]
 Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
 Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a Temple, where Pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With Golden Architrave; nor did there want [715]
 Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,
 The Roof was fretted Gold. Not Babilon,
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis thir Gods, or seat [720]
 Thir Kings, when Ægypt with Assyria strove

In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile
 Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores
 Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide
 Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth [725]
 And level pavement: from the arched roof
 Pendant by suttile Magic many a row
 Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed
 With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus* yeilded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude [730]
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
 And some the Architect: his hand was known
 In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,
 Where Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,
 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King [735]
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his Hierarchie, the Orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
 In ancient *Greece*; and in Ausonian land
 Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell [740]
 From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry *Jove*
 Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements: from Morn
 To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
 A Summers day; and with the setting Sun
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star, [745]
 On *Lemnos* th' *Ægean* Ile: thus they relate,
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
 To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he scape
 By all his Engins, but was headlong sent [750]
 With his industrious crew to build in hell.
 Mean while the winged Haralds by command
 Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony
 And Trumpets sound throughout the Host proclaim
 A solemn Councel forthwith to be held [755]
 At Pandæmonium, the high Capital
 Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call'd
 From every Band and squared Regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
 With hunderds and with thousands trooping came [760]
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the Gates
 And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall
 (Though like a cover'd field, where Champions bold
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair
 Defi'd the best of Paynim chivalry [765]
 To mortal combat or carrear with Lance)
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
 Brusht with the hiss of russling wings. As Bees
 In spring time, when the Sun with *Taurus* rides,
 Pour forth thir populous youth about the Hive [770]
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers

Flie to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,
The suburb of thir Straw-built Cittadel,
New rub'd with Baum, expatiate and confer
Thir State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd [775]
Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal giv'n.
Behold a wonder! they but now who seemd
In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons
Now less then smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that [Pigmean Race](#) [780]
Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faerie Elves,
Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side
Or Fountain [some belated Peasant](#) sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the Moon
Sits Arbitress, and neerer to the Earth [785]
Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth and dance
Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd thir shapes immense, and were at large, [790]
Though without number still amidst the Hall
Of that infernal Court. But far within
And in thir own dimensions like themselves
The great [Seraphic Lords and Cherubim](#)
In close recess and secret [conclave](#) sat [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.