

## PARADISE LOST

### BOOK III

Hail holy light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,  
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam  
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproach'd light  
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,  
Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,  
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,  
Escap't the STYGIAN Pool, though long detain'd  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne  
With other notes than to th' ORPHEAN Lyre  
I sung of CHAOS and ETERNAL NIGHT,  
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,

And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
Thee SION and the flowrie Brooks beneath  
That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,  
So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
Blind THAMYRIS and blind MAEONIDES,  
And TIRESIAS and PHINEUS Prophets old.  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move  
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird  
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 Summers Rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledg fair

Presented with a Universal blanc  
Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
So much the rather thou Celestial light  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
From the pure Empyrean where he sits  
High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,  
His own works and their works at once to view:  
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven  
Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd  
Beatitude past utterance; on his right  
The radiant image of his Glory sat,  
His onely Son; On Earth he first beheld  
Our two first Parents, yet the onely two  
Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love  
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd  
Hell and the Gulf between, and SATAN there  
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night  
In the dun Air sublime, and ready now

To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet  
On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd  
Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,  
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,  
Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.

Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds  
Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains  
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss  
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems  
On desperat revenge, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way  
Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,  
Directly towards the new created World,  
And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay  
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
By som false guile pervert; and shall pervert;  
For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,  
And easily transgress the sole Command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall  
Hee and his faithless Progenie: whose fault?  
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee

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  
And Spirits, both them who stood & them who faild;  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
Not free, what proof could they have givn sincere  
Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,  
Where onely what they needs must do, appeard,  
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 despoild,  
Made passive both, had servd necessitie,  
Not mee. They therefore as to right belongd,  
So were created, nor can justly accuse  
Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate;  
As if Predestination over-rul'd  
Thir will, dispos'd by absolute Decree  
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed  
Thir own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.  
So without least impulse or shadow of Fate,  
Or aught by me immutablie foreseen,  
They trespass, Authors to themselves in all  
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so

I formd them free, and free they must remain,  
Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change  
Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree  
Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd  
Thir freedom, they themselves ordain'd thir fall.  
The first sort by thir own suggestion fell,  
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd  
By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,  
The other none: in Mercy and Justice both,  
Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glorie excel,  
But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:  
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
Most glorious, in him all his Father shon  
Substantially express'd, and in his face  
Divine compassion visibly appeerd,  
Love without end, and without measure Grace,  
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd  
Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;  
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll  
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound

Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne  
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.  
For should Man finally be lost, should Man  
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son  
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joynd  
With his own folly? that be from thee farr,  
That farr be from thee, Father, who art Judge  
Of all things made, and judgest onely right.  
Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain  
His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill  
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,  
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,  
Yet with revenge accomplish't and to Hell  
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,  
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self  
Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,  
For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made?  
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
Be questiond and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.  
O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,  
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
All hast thou spok'n as my thoughts are, all  
As my Eternal purpose hath decreed:

Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,  
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
Freely voutsaft; once more I will renew  
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd  
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;  
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
On even ground against his mortal foe,  
By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
His fall'n condition is, and to me ow  
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.  
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace  
Elect above the rest; so is my will:  
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warnd  
Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes  
Th' incens'd Deitie, while offerd grace  
Invites; for I will cleer thir senses dark,  
What may suffice, and soft'n stonie hearts  
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,  
Though but endevord with sincere intent,  
Mine eare shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
And I will place within them as a guide  
My Umpire CONSCIENCE, whom if they will hear,  
Light after light well us'd 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 hard'nd, blind be blinded more,  
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;  
And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
But yet all is not don; Man disobeying,  
Disloyal breaks his fealtie, and sinns  
Against the high Supremacie of Heav'n,  
Affecting God-head, and so loosing all,  
To expiate his Treason hath naught left,  
But to destruction sacred and devote,  
He with his whole posteritie must die,  
Die hee or Justice must; unless for him  
Som other able, and as willing, pay  
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
Say Heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such love,  
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem  
Mans mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save,  
Dwels in all Heaven charitie so deare?

He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,  
And silence was in Heav'n: on mans behalf  
Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,  
Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have bin lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell

By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,  
His dearest mediation thus renewd.

Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;  
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought,  
Happie for man, so coming; he her aide  
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;  
Attonement for himself or offering meet,  
Indebted and undon, hath none to bring:  
Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life  
I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;  
Account mee man; I for his sake will leave  
Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee  
Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;  
Under his gloomie power I shall not long  
Lie vanquisht; thou hast givn me to possess  
Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,  
Though now to Death I yeild, and am his due  
All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,  
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave  
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule

For ever with corruption there to dwell;  
But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue  
My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile;  
Death his deaths wound shall then receive, & stoop  
Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.  
I through the ample Air in Triumph high  
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show  
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,  
Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:  
Then with the multitude of my redeemd  
Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,  
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,  
And reconcilement; wrauth shall be no more  
Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
To mortal men, above which only shon  
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice  
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will  
Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd  
All Heav'n, what this might mean, & whither tend  
Wondring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace  
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou  
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear,  
To me are all my works, nor Man the least  
Though last created, that for him I spare  
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost.  
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeeme,  
Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyne;  
And be thy self Man among men on Earth,  
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,  
By wondrous birth: Be thou in ADAMS room  
The Head of all mankind, though ADAMS Son.  
As in him perish all men, so in thee  
As from a second root shall be restor'd,  
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.  
His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit  
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,  
And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
His Brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.  
So Heav'nly love shal outdoo Hellish hate,

Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,  
So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate  
So easily destroy'd, and still destroyes  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume  
Mans Nature, less'n or degrade thine owne.  
Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss  
Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
A World from utter loss, and hast been found  
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,  
Found worthiest to be so by being Good,  
Farr more then Great or High; because in thee  
Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,  
Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt  
With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;  
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reigne  
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
Anointed universal King; all Power  
I give thee, reign for ever, and assume  
Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream  
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:  
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;  
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n  
Shalt in the Skie appeer, and from thee send

The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime  
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes  
The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past Ages to the general Doom  
Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.  
Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge  
Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink  
Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell  
And after all thir tribulations long  
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.  
Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,  
For regal Scepter then no more shall need,  
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,  
Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all  
The multitude of Angels with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung  
With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd  
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent

Towards either Throne they bow, & to the ground  
With solemn adoration down they cast  
Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,  
Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once  
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life  
Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence  
To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,  
And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,  
And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heavn  
Rowls o're ELISIAN Flours her Amber stream;  
With these that never fade the Spirits Elect  
Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,  
Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon  
Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.  
Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,  
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side  
Like Quivers hung, and with Praeamble sweet  
Of charming symphonie they introduce  
Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high;  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine  
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.

Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,  
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,

Fountain of Light, thy self invisible  
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer,  
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes.  
Thee next they sang of all Creation first,  
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud  
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no Creature can behold; on thee  
Impresst the effulgence of his Glorie abides,  
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein  
By thee created, and by thee threw down  
Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day  
Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,  
Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook  
Heav'ns everlasting Frame, while o're the necks  
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.  
Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime  
Thee only extold, Son of thy Fathers might,  
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
Not so on Man; him through their malice fall'n,



Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not doome  
So strictly, but much more to pitie encline:  
No sooner did thy dear and onely Son  
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
So strictly, but much more to pitie enclin'd,  
He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife  
Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,  
Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat  
Second to thee, offerd himself to die  
For mans offence. O unexampl'd love,  
Love no where to be found less then 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 Fathers praise disjoine.

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,  
Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.  
Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe  
Of this round World, whose first convex divides  
The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd  
From CHAOS and th' inroad of Darkness old,  
SATAN alighted walks: a Globe farr off  
It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent  
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms

Of CHAOS blustring round, inclement skie;  
Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n  
Though distant farr som small reflection gaines  
Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud:  
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.  
As when a Vultur on IMAUS bred,  
Whose snowie ridge the roving TARTAR bounds,  
Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey  
To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids  
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs  
Of GANGES or HYDASPES, INDIAN streams;  
But in his way lights on the barren plaines  
Of SERICANA, where CHINESES drive  
With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggons light:  
So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend  
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,  
Alone, for other Creature in this place  
Living or liveless to be found was none,  
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
Up hither like Aereal vapours flew  
Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin  
With vanity had filld the works of men:  
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,  
Or happiness in this or th' other life;  
All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits

Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,  
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find  
Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;  
All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,  
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,  
Dissolvd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
Till final dissolution, wander here,  
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamd;  
Those argent Fields more likely habitants,  
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold  
Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde:  
Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born  
First from the ancient World those Giants came  
With many a vain exploit, though then renownd:  
The builders next of BABEL on the Plain  
Of SENNAAR, and still with vain designe  
New BABELS, had they wherewithall, would build:  
Others came single; hee who to be deemd  
A God, leap'd fondly into AETNA flames,  
EMPEDOCLES, and hee who to enjoy  
PLATO'S ELYSIUM, leap'd into the Sea,  
CLEOMBROTUS, and many more too long,  
Embryo's and Idiots, Eremites and Friers  
White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.  
Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so farr to seek  
In GOLGOTHA him dead, who lives in Heav'n;

And they who to be sure of Paradise  
Dying put on the weeds of DOMINIC,  
Or in FRANCISCAN think to pass disguis'd;  
They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,  
And that Crystalline Sphear whose ballance weighs  
The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd;  
And now Saint PETER at Heav'ns Wicket seems  
To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot  
Of Heav'ns ascent they lift thir Feet, when loe  
A violent cross wind from either Coast  
Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry  
Into the devious Air; then might ye see  
Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost  
And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,  
Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,  
The sport of Winds: all these upwhirld aloft  
Fly o're the backside of the World farr off  
Into a LIMBO large and broad, since calld  
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;  
All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,  
And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame  
Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haste  
His travell'd steps; farr distant hee descries  
Ascending by degrees magnificent  
Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,

At top whereof, but farr more rich appeerd  
The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate  
With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold  
Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes  
The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth  
By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.  
The Stairs were such as whereon JACOB saw  
Angels ascending and descending, bands  
Of Guardians bright, when he from ESAU fled  
To PADAN-ARAM in the field of LUZ,  
Dreaming by night under the open Skie,  
And waking cri'd, This is the Gate of Heav'n.  
Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
There alwaies, but drawn up to Heav'n somtimes  
Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd  
Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon  
Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd,  
Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake  
Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.  
The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate  
His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss.  
Direct against which op'nd from beneath,  
Just o're the blissful seat of Paradise,  
A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,  
Wider by farr then that of after-times

Over Mount SION, and, though that were large,  
Over the PROMIS'D LAND to God so dear,  
By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,  
On high behests his Angels to and fro  
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
From PANEAS the fount of JORDANS flood  
To BEERSABA, where the HOLY LAND  
Borders on AEGYPT and the ARABIAN shoare;  
So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set  
To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.  
SATAN from hence now on the lower stair  
That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate  
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
Of all this World at once. As when a Scout  
Through dark and desart wayes with peril gone  
All night; at last by break of chearful dawne  
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,  
Which to his eye discovers unaware  
The goodly prospect of some forein land  
First-seen, or some renownd Metropolis  
With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adornd,  
Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.  
Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,  
The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd  
At sight of all this World beheld so faire.  
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood

So high above the circling Canopie  
Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point  
Of LIBRA to the fleecie Starr that bears  
ANDROMEDA farr off ATLANTICK Seas  
Beyond th' HORIZON; then from Pole to Pole  
He views in bredth, and without longer pause  
Down right into the Worlds first Region throws  
His flight precipitant, and windes with ease  
Through the pure marble Air his oblique way  
Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon  
Stars distant, but nigh hand seemd other Worlds,  
Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles,  
Like those HESPERIAN Gardens fam'd of old,  
Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,  
Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there  
He stayd not to enquire: above them all  
The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven  
Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends  
Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe  
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,  
Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie  
Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick,  
That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,  
Dispenses Light from farr; they as they move  
Thir Starry dance in numbers that compute  
Days, months, and years, towards his all-chearing Lamp

Turn swift their various motions, or are turnd  
By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms  
The Univers, and to each inward part  
With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep:  
So wondrously was set his Station bright.  
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe  
Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never saw.  
The place he found beyond expression bright,  
Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;  
Not all parts like, but all alike informd  
With radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;  
If mettal, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer;  
If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,  
Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon  
In AARONS Brest-plate, and a stone besides  
Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,  
That stone, or like to that which here below  
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde  
Volatil HERMES, and call up unbound  
In various shapes old PROTEUS from the Sea,  
Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme.  
What wonder then if fields and regions here  
Breathe forth ELIXIR pure, and Rivers run



Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch  
Th' Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote  
Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt  
Here in the dark so many precious things  
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?  
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
Undazl'd, farr and wide his eye commands,  
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon  
Culminate from th' AEQUATOR, as they now  
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,  
No where so cleer, sharp'nd his visual ray  
To objects distant farr, whereby he soon  
Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,  
The same whom JOHN saw also in the Sun:  
His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid;  
Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar  
Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind  
Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings  
Lay waving round; on som great charge imploy'd  
Hee seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.  
Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope  
To find who might direct his wandring flight  
To Paradise the happie seat of Man,  
His journies end and our beginning woe.

But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
Which else might work him danger or delay:  
And now a stripling Cherube he appeers,  
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb  
Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feignd;  
Under a Coronet his flowing haire  
In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore  
Of many a colourd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a Silver wand.  
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,  
Admonisht by his eare, and strait was known  
Th' Arch-Angel URIEL, one of the seav'n  
Who in Gods presence, neerest to his Throne  
Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes  
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth  
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
O're Sea and Land: him SATAN thus accostes;

URIEL, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand  
In sight of God's high Throne, gloriously bright,  
The first art wont his great authentic will  
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,  
Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend;

And here art likeliest by supream decree  
Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye  
To visit oft this new Creation round;  
Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,  
His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
All these his works so wondrous he ordaind,  
Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim  
Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell  
In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man  
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell;  
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,  
Or open admiration him behold  
On whom the great Creator hath bestowd  
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces powrd;  
That both in him and all things, as is meet,  
The Universal Maker we may praise;  
Who justly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes  
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss  
Created this new happie Race of Men  
To serve him better: wise are all his wayes.

So spake the false dissembler unperceivd;  
For neither Man nor Angel can discern  
Hypocrisie, the only evil that walks

Invisible, except to God alone,  
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth:  
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdoms Gate, and to simplicitie  
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd  
URIEL, though Regent of the Sun, and held  
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;  
Who to the fraudulent Impostor foule  
In his uprightness answer thus returnd.  
Faire Angel, thy desire which tends to know  
The works of God, thereby to glorifie  
The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
From thy Empyreal Mansion thus alone,  
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps  
Contented with report heare onely in heav'n:  
For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;  
But what created mind can comprehend  
Thir number, or the wisdom infinite  
That brought them forth, but hid thir causes deep.  
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,  
This worlds material mould, came to a heap:

Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar  
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;  
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:  
Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then  
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,  
And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n  
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs  
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;  
Each had his place appointed, each his course,  
The rest in circuit walles this Universe.  
Look downward on that Globe whose hither side  
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;  
That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light  
His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere  
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon  
(So call that opposite fair Starr) her aide  
Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n;  
With borrowd light her countenance triform  
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,  
And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
That spot to which I point is PARADISE,  
ADAMS abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.  
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.

Thus said, he turnd, and SATAN bowing low,  
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,  
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,  
Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,  
Throws his steep flight with many an Aerie wheele,  
Nor staid, till on NIPHATES top he lights.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.