

## PARADISE LOST

### BOOK VIII.

No more of talk where God or Angel Guest  
With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast, permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change  
Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach  
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt  
And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n,  
That brought into this World a world of woe,  
Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie  
Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument  
Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth  
Of stern ACHILLES on his Foe pursu'd  
Thrice Fugitive about TROY Wall; or rage  
Of TURNUS for LAVINIA disespous'd,  
Or NEPTUN'S ire or JUNO'S, that so long  
Perplex'd the GREEK and CYTHEREA'S Son;  
If answerable style I can obtaine  
Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes  
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,

And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires  
Easie my unpremeditated Verse:  
Since first this subject for Heroic Song  
Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;  
Not sedulous by Nature to indite  
Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument  
Heroic deem'd, chief maistrie to dissect  
With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights  
In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude  
Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom  
Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,  
Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,  
Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds;  
Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgeous Knights  
At Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd Feast  
Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals;  
The skill of Artifice or Office mean,  
Not that which justly gives Heroic name  
To Person or to Poem. Mee of these  
Nor skilld nor studious, higher Argument  
Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise  
That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
Climat, or Years damp my intended wing  
Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,  
Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr  
Of HESPERUS, whose Office is to bring  
Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter  
Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end  
Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round:  
When SATAN who late fled before the threats  
Of GABRIEL out of EDEN, now improv'd  
In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
On mans destruction, maugre what might hap  
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd  
From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,  
Since URIEL Regent of the Sun descri'd  
His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim  
That kept thir watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,  
The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode  
With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line  
He circl'd, four times cross'd the Carr of Night  
From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;  
On the eighth return'd, and on the Coast averse  
From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth  
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the change,  
Where TIGRIS at the foot of Paradise  
Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part  
Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;

In with the River sunk, and with it rose  
Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought  
Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land  
From EDEN over PONTUS, and the Poole  
MAEOTIS, up beyond the River OB;  
Downward as farr Antartic; and in length  
West from ORANTES to the Ocean barr'd  
At DARIEN, thence to the Land where flows  
GANGES and INDUS: thus the Orb he roam'd  
With narrow search; and with inspection deep  
Consider'd every Creature, which of all  
Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found  
The Serpent subtlest Beast of all the Field.  
Him after long debate, irresolute  
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom  
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
From sharpest sight: for in the wylie Snake,  
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
As from his wit and native sottletie  
Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd  
Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r  
Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grieve  
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferrd  
More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built  
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
For what God after better worse would build?  
Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns  
That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,  
Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,  
In thee concentring all thir precious beams  
Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n  
Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou  
Centring receav'st from all those Orbs; in thee,  
Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appeers  
Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth  
Of Creatures animate with gradual life  
Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.  
With what delight could I have walkt thee round  
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
Of Hill and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,  
Now Land, now Sea, & Shores with Forrest crownd,  
Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these  
Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
Of contraries; all good to me becomes  
Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.  
But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n

To dwell, unless by maistring Heav'ns Supream;  
Nor hope to be my self less miserable  
By what I seek, but others to make such  
As I though thereby worse to me redound:  
For onely in destroying I finde ease  
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd,  
Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,  
In wo then; that destruction wide may range:  
To mee shall be the glorie sole among  
The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd  
What he ALMIGHTIE styl'd, six Nights and Days  
Continu'd making, and who knows how long  
Before had bin contriving, though perhaps  
Not longer then since I in one Night freed  
From servitude inglorious welnigh half  
Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng  
Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,  
And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,  
Whether such vertue spent of old now faild  
More Angels to Create, if they at least  
Are his Created or to spite us more,  
Determin'd to advance into our room  
A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,  
Exalted from so base original,

With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed  
He effected; Man he made, and for him built  
Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,  
Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!  
Subjected to his service Angel wings,  
And flaming Ministers to watch and tend  
Thir earthlie Charge: Of these the vigilance  
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie  
In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde  
The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazie foulds  
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
O foul descent! that I who erst contended  
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constraind  
Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,  
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
That to the hight of Deitie aspir'd;  
But what will not Ambition and Revenge  
Descend to? who aspires must down as low  
As high he soard, obnoxious first or last  
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles;  
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,  
Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
Provokes my envie, this new Favorite  
Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,

Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd  
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,  
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
His midnight search, where soonest he might finde  
The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found  
In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowl'd,  
His head the midst, well stor'd with suttile wiles:  
Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,  
Not nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe  
Fearless unfeard he slept: in at his Mouth  
The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,  
In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd  
With act intelligential; but his sleep  
Disturbd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.  
Now whenas sacred Light began to dawne  
In EDEN on the humid Flours, that breathd  
Thir morning Incense, when all things that breath,  
From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise  
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill  
With gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair  
And joynd thir vocal Worship to the Quire  
Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake  
The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires:  
Then commune how that day they best may ply



Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew  
The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.  
And EVE first to her Husband thus began.

ADAM, well may we labour still to dress  
This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour.  
Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands  
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day  
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
One night or two with wanton growth derides  
Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise  
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present,  
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice  
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct  
The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I  
In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt  
With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:  
For while so near each other thus all day  
Our task we choose, what wonder if no near  
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new  
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
Our dayes work brought to little, though begun  
Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild answer ADAM thus return'd.  
Sole EVE, Associate sole, to me beyond  
Compare above all living Creatures deare,  
Well hast thou motion'd, wel thy thoughts imployd  
How we might best fulfill the work which here  
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass  
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, then to studie houshold good,  
And good workes in her Husband to promote.  
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd  
Labour, as to debarr us when we need  
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,  
To brute deni'd, and are of Love the food,  
Love not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksom toile, but to delight  
He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd.  
These paths and Bowers doubt not but our joynt  
Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide  
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
Assist us: But if much converse perhaps  
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yeild.  
For solitude somtimes is best societie,  
And short retirement urges sweet returne.  
But other doubt possesses me, least harm

Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou knowst  
What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe  
Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand  
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each  
To other speedie aide might lend at need;  
Whether his first design be to withdraw  
Our fealtie from God, or to disturb  
Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliss  
Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;  
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
That gave thee being, stil shades thee and protects.  
The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

To whom the Virgin Majestie of EVE,  
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
With sweet austeer composure thus reply'd.

Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,  
That such an enemie we have, who seeks  
Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne,

And from the parting Angel over-heard  
As in a shadie nook I stood behind,  
Just then returnd at shut of Evening Flours.  
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
To God or thee, because we have a foe  
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
His violence thou fearst not, being such,  
As wee, not capable of death or paine,  
Can either not receive, or can repell.  
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs  
Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love  
Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't;  
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy Brest,  
ADAM, misthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words ADAM reply'd.  
Daughter of God and Man, immortal EVE,  
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:  
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe.  
For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses  
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd  
Not incorruptible of Faith, not prooff  
Against temptation: thou thy self with scorne  
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,

Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,  
If such affront I labour to avert  
From thee alone, which on us both at once  
The Enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,  
Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall light.  
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;  
Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce  
Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.  
I from the influence of thy looks receive  
Access in every Vertue, in thy sight  
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
Shame to be overcome or over-reacht  
Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.  
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
When I am present, and thy trial choose  
With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri'd.

So spake domestick ADAM in his care  
And Matrimonial Love, but EVE, who thought  
Less attributed to her Faith sincere,  
Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,  
Suttle or violent, we not endu'd

Single with like defence, wherever met,  
How are we happie, still in fear of harm?  
But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe  
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
Of our integritie: his foul esteeme  
Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns  
Foul on himself; then wherfore shund or feard  
By us? who rather double honour gaine  
From his surmise prov'd false, finde peace within,  
Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.  
And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unassaid  
Alone, without exterior help sustaind?  
Let us not then suspect our happie State  
Left so imperfet by the Maker wise,  
As not secure to single or combin'd.  
Fraile is our happiness, if this be so,  
And EDEN were no EDEN thus expos'd.

To whom thus ADAM fervently repli'd.  
O Woman, best are all things as the will  
Of God ordaind them, his creating hand  
Nothing imperfet or deficient left  
Of all that he Created, much less Man,  
Or ought that might his happie State secure,  
Secure from outward force; within himself  
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:

Against his will he can receive no harme.  
But God left free the Will, for what obeyes  
Reason, is free, and Reason he made right,  
But bid her well beware, and still erect,  
Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd  
She dictate false, and misinforme the Will  
To do what God expresly hath forbid.  
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,  
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.  
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,  
Since Reason not impossibly may meet  
Some specious object by the Foe subornd,  
And fall into deception unaware,  
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warnd.  
Seek not temptation then, which to avoide  
Were better, and most likelie if from mee  
Thou sever not; Trial will come unsought.  
Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve  
First thy obedience; th' other who can know,  
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
But if thou think, trial unsought may finde  
Us both securer then thus warnd thou seemst,  
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;  
Go in thy native innocence, relie  
On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,  
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the Patriarch of Mankind, but EVE  
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd  
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
Touchd onely, that our trial, when least sought,  
May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,  
The willinger I goe, nor much expect  
A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;  
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.  
Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand  
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light  
OREAD or DRYAD, or of DELIA's Traine,  
Betook her to the Groves, but DELIA's self  
In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,  
Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver armd,  
But with such Gardning Tools as Are yet rude,  
Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels brought,  
To PALES, or POMONA, thus adornd,  
Likest she seemd, POMONA when she fled  
VERTUMNUS, or to CERES in her Prime,  
Yet Virgin of PROSERPINA from JOVE.  
Her long with ardent look his EYE pursu'd  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
Oft he to her his charge of quick returne,



Repeated, shee to him as oft engag'd  
To be returnd by Noon amid the Bowre,  
And all things in best order to invite  
Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.  
O much deceav'd, much failing, hapless EVE,  
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!  
Thou never from that houre in Paradise  
Foundst either sweet repast, or found repose;  
Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades  
Waited with hellish rancor imminent  
To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.  
For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend,  
Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde  
The onely two of Mankinde, but in them  
The whole included Race, his purposd prey.  
In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft  
Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,  
Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,  
By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet  
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
EVE separate, he wish'd, but not with hope  
Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,  
Beyond his hope, EVE separate he spies,  
Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,

Half spi'd, so thick the Roses bushing round  
About her glowd, oft stooping to support  
Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though gay  
Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with Gold,  
Hung drooping unsustaind, them she upstaies  
Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,  
Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,  
From her best prop so farr, and storn so nigh.  
Neererhe drew, and many a walk travers'd  
Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,  
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours  
Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of EVE:  
Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd  
Or of reviv'd ADONIS, or renownd  
ALCINOUS, host of old LAERTES Son,  
Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King  
Held dalliance with his faire EGYPTIAN Spouse.  
Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more.  
As one who long in populous City pent,  
Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,  
Forth issuing on a Summers Morn, to breathe  
Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes  
Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,  
The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,  
Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound;

If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,  
What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,  
She most, and in her look summs all Delight.  
Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold  
This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of EVE  
Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme  
Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,  
Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire  
Of gesture or lest action overawd  
His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:  
That space the Evil one abstracted stood  
From his own evil, and for the time remaind  
Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd,  
Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;  
But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,  
Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,  
And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon  
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have he led me, with what sweet  
Compulsion thus transported to forget  
What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope  
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste

Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
Save what is in destroying, other joy  
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
Occasion which now smiles, behold alone  
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,  
Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
And strength, of courage hautie, and of limb  
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,  
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,  
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine  
Infeeb'l'd me, to what I was in Heav'n.  
Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,  
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love  
And beautie, not approacht by stronger hate,  
Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign'd,  
The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd  
In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward EVE  
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,  
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,  
Circular base of rising foulds, that tour'd  
Fould above fould a surging Maze, his Head  
Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;  
With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect

Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass  
Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,  
And lovely, never since of Serpent kind  
Lovelier, not those that in ILLYRIA chang'd  
HERMIONE and CADMUS, or the God  
In EPIDAURUS; nor to which transformd  
AMMONIAN JOVE, or CAPITOLINE was seen,  
Hee with OLYMPIAS, this with her who bore  
SCIPIO the highth of ROME. With tract oblique  
At first, as one who sought access, but feard  
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.  
As when a Ship by skilful Stearsman wrought  
Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind  
Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;  
So varied hee, and of his tortuous Traine  
Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of EVE,  
To lure her Eye; shee busied heard the sound  
Of rusling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd  
To such disport before her through the Field,  
From every Beast, more duteous at her call,  
Then at CIRCEAN call the Herd disguis'd.  
Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her stood;  
But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd  
His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,  
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
His gentle dumb expression turnd at length

The Eye of EVE to mark his play; he glad  
Of her attention gain'd, with Serpent Tongue  
Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,  
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps  
Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm  
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
Insatiate, I thus single; nor have feard  
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,  
Thee all living things gaze on, all things thine  
By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore  
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
Where universally admir'd; but here  
In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,  
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen  
A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd  
By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;  
Into the Heart of EVE his words made way,  
Though at the voice much marveling; at length

Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.  
What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't  
By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?  
The first at lest of these I thought deni'd  
To Beasts, whom God on their Creation-Day  
Created mute to all articulat sound;  
The latter I demurre, for in thir looks  
Much reason, and in thir actions oft appeers.  
Thee, Serpent, suttlest beast of all the field  
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;  
Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how  
To me so friendly grown above the rest  
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?  
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.  
Empress of this fair World, resplendent EVE,  
Easie to mee it is to tell thee all  
What thou commandst, and right thou shouldst be obeyd:  
I was at first as other Beasts that graze  
The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd  
Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high:  
Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd  
A goodly Tree farr distant to behold

Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,  
Ruddie and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;  
When from the boughes a savorie odour blow'n,  
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense  
Then smell of sweetest Fenel, or the Teats  
Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,  
Unsuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.  
To satisfie the sharp desire I had  
Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd  
Not to deferr; hunger and thirst at once,  
Powerful perswaders, quick'nd at the scent  
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keene.  
About the Mossie Trunk I wound me soon,  
For high from ground the branches would require  
Thy utmost reach or ADAMS: Round the Tree  
All other Beasts that saw, with like desire  
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.  
Amid the Tree now got, where plentie hung  
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour  
At Feed or Fountain never had I found.  
Sated at length, ere long I might perceave  
Strange alteration in me, to degree  
Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech  
Wanted not long, though to this shape retaind.  
Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep



I turnd my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
Considerd all things visible in Heav'n,  
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;  
But all that fair and good in thy Divine  
Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray  
United I beheld; no Fair to thine  
Equivalent or second, which compel'd  
Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd  
Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.

So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and EVE  
Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd:  
But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how far?  
For many are the Trees of God that grow  
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
To us, in such abundance lies our choice,  
As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,  
Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
Grow up to thir provision, and more hands  
Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.

To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.

Empress, the way is readie, and not long,  
Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,  
Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past  
Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; if thou accept  
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said EVE. Hee leading swiftly rowld  
In tangles, and make intricate seem strait,  
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire  
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night  
Condenses, and the cold invirons round,  
Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,  
Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,  
Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,  
Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way  
To Boggs and Mires, & oft through Pond or Poole,  
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr.  
So glister'd the dire Snake and into fraud  
Led EVE our credulous Mother, to the Tree  
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;  
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,  
Fruitless to me, though Fruit be here to excess,  
The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,

Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.  
But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;  
God so commanded, and left that Command  
Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live  
Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.  
Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit  
Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,  
Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?

To whom thus EVE yet sinless. Of the Fruit  
Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate,  
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst  
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate  
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold  
The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love  
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,  
New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,  
Fluctuats disturbd, yet comely, and in act  
Rais'd, as of som great matter to begin.  
As when of old som Orator renound  
In ATHENS or free ROME, where Eloquence  
Flourishd, since mute, to som great cause address,

Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,  
Somtimes in highth began, as no delay  
Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.  
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown  
The Tempter all impassiond thus began.

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,

Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power  
Within me cleere, not onely to discern  
Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes  
Of highest Agents, deemd however wise.  
Queen of this Universe, doe not believe  
Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:  
How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life  
To Knowledge? By the Threatner, look on mee,  
Mee who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
And life more perfet have attaind then Fate  
Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.  
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast  
Is open? or will God incense his ire  
For such a pretty Trespass, and not praise  
Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain  
Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,  
Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade

To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;  
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
Be real, why not known, since easier shunnd?  
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;  
Not just, not God; not feard then, nor obeid:  
Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.  
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,  
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
His worshippers; he knows that in the day  
Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,  
Yet are but dim, shall perfetly be then  
Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,  
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.  
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,  
Internal Man, is but proportion meet,  
I of brute human, yee of human Gods.  
So ye shalt die perhaps, by putting off  
Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,  
Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can bring  
And what are Gods that Man may not become  
As they, participating God-like food?  
The Gods are first, and that advantage use  
On our belief, that all from them proceeds,  
I question it, for this fair Earth I see,  
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,  
Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd

Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,  
That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains  
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies  
Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?  
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree  
Impart against his will if all be his?  
Or is it envie, and can envie dwell  
In heav'nly brests? these, these and many more  
Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.  
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

He ended, and his words replete with guile  
Into her heart too easie entrance won:  
Fixt on the Fruit she gaz'd, which to behold  
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound  
Yet rung of his perswasive words, impregn'd  
With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth;  
Meanwhile the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd  
An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell  
So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,  
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,  
Sollicited her longing eye; yet first  
Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd.

Great are thy Vertues, doubtless, best of Fruits,  
Though kept from Man, & worthy to be admir'd,

Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay  
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise:  
Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use,  
Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree  
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;  
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding  
Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good  
By thee communicated, and our want:  
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had  
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,  
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?  
Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death  
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
Our inward freedom? In the day we eate  
Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.  
How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat'n and lives,  
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discernes,  
Irrational till then. For us alone  
Was death invented? or to us deni'd  
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?  
For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first  
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy  
The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,  
Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.

What fear I then, rather what know to feare  
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,  
Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?  
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,  
Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,  
Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then  
To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat  
Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,  
That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk  
The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for EVE  
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else  
Regarded, such delight till then, as seemd,  
In Fruit she never tasted, whether true  
Or fansied so, through expectation high  
Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought.  
Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,  
And knew not eating Death: Satiated at length,  
And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,  
Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees  
In Paradise, of operation blest



To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,  
And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end  
Created; but henceforth my early care,  
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise  
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease  
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;  
Till dieted by thee I grow mature  
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;  
Though others envie what they cannot give;  
For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here  
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,  
Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind  
In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,  
And giv'st access, though secret she retire.  
And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,  
High and remote to see from thence distinct  
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps  
May have diverted from continual watch  
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies  
About him. But to ADAM in what sort  
Shall I appeer? shall I to him make known  
As yet my change, and give him to partake  
Full happiness with mee, or rather not,  
But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power  
Without Copartner? so to add what wants  
In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,

And render me more equal, and perhaps  
A thing not undesireable, sometime  
Superior; for inferior who is free?  
This may be well: but what if God have seen,  
And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,  
And ADAM wedded to another EVE,  
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;  
A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,  
ADAM shall share with me in bliss or woe:  
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
I could endure; without him live no life.

So saying, from the Tree her step she turnd,  
But first low Reverence don, as to the power  
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd  
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd  
From Nectar, drink of Gods. ADAM the while  
Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne  
Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown  
As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.  
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;  
Yet oft his heart, divine of somthing ill,  
Misgave him; hee the faultring measure felt;  
And forth to meet her went, the way she took

That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree  
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,  
Scarse from the Tree returning; in her hand  
A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,  
New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.  
To him she hasted, in her face excuse  
Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,  
Which with bland words at will she thus address.

Hast thou not wonderd, ADAM, at my stay?  
Thee I have misst, and thought it long, depriv'd  
Thy presence, agonie of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought,  
The paine of absence from thy sight. But strange  
Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare:  
This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree  
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect  
To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;  
And hath bin tasted such; the Serpent wise,  
Or not restraind as wee, or not obeying,  
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,  
Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth  
Endu'd with human voice and human sense,  
Reasoning to admiration, and with mee

Perswasively hath so prevaild, that I  
Have also tasted, and have also found  
Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes,  
Dimm erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,  
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee  
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.  
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,  
Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.  
Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot  
May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;  
Least thou not tasting, different degree  
Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce  
Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.

Thus EVE with Countenance blithe her storie told;  
But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.  
On th' other side, ADAM, soon as he heard  
The fatal Trespass don by EVE, amaz'd,  
Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill  
Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd;  
From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for EVE  
Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:  
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length  
First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of Creation, last and best

Of all Gods Works, Creature in whom excell'd  
Whatever can to fight or thought be found,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
Defac't, deflourd, and now to Death devote?  
Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress  
The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud  
Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to Die;  
How can I live without thee, how forgoe  
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn'd,  
To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn?  
Should God create another EVE, and I  
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart; no no, I feel  
The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,  
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbd  
Submitting to what seemd remediless,  
Thus in calme mood his Words to EVE he turnd.

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous EVE,  
And peril great provok't, who thus hast dar'd  
Had it bin onely coveting to Eye  
That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
Much more to taste it under banne to touch.  
But past who can recall, or don undoe?  
Not God omnipotent, for Fate, yet so  
Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact  
Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,  
Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first  
Made common and unhallowd: ere one tastes;  
Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives,  
Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as Man  
Higher degree of Life, inducement strong  
To us, as likely tasting to attaine  
Proportional ascent, which cannot be  
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.  
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy  
Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high,  
Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,  
For us created, needs with us must faile,  
Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,  
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,  
Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power  
Creation could repeate, yet would be loath

Us to abolish, least the Adversary  
Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom God  
Most Favors, who can please him long? Mee first  
He ruind, now Mankind; whom will he next?  
Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe.  
However I with thee have fixt my Lot,  
Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death  
Consort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;  
So forcible within my heart I feel  
The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,  
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;  
Our State cannot be severd, we are one,  
One Flesh; to loose thee were to loose my self.

So ADAM, and thus EVE to him repli'd.  
O glorious trial of exceeding Love,  
Illustrious evidence, example high!  
Ingaging me to emulate, but short  
Of thy perfection, how shall I attaine,  
ADAM, from whose deare side I boast me sprung,  
And gladly of our Union heare thee speak,  
One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good prooff  
This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread  
Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare,  
To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,

If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,  
Whose vertue, for of good still good proceeds,  
Direct, or by occasion hath presented  
This happie trial of thy Love, which else  
So eminently never had bin known.  
Were it I thought Death menac't would ensue  
This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
The worst, and not perswade thee, rather die  
Deserted, then oblige thee with a fact  
Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur'd  
Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
So faithful Love unequald; but I feel  
Farr otherwise th' event, not Death, but Life  
Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes,  
Taste so Divine, that what of sweet before  
Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.  
On my experience, ADAM, freely taste,  
And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy  
Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love  
Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incurr  
Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.  
In recompence (for such compliance bad  
Such recompence best merits) from the bough  
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit



With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat  
Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,  
But fondly overcome with Femal charm.  
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again  
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,  
Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops  
Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin  
Original; while ADAM took no thought,  
Eating his fill, nor EVE to iterate  
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe  
Him with her lov'd societie, that now  
As with new Wine intoxicated both  
They swim in mirth, and fansie that they feel  
Divinitie within them breeding wings  
Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false Fruit  
Farr other operation first displaid,  
Carnal desire enflaming, hee on EVE  
Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him  
As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burne:  
Till ADAM thus 'gan EVE to dalliance move.

EVE, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
And elegant, of Sapience no small part,  
Since to each meaning savour we apply,  
And Palate call judicious; I the praise  
Yeild thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.

Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now  
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be  
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,  
For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.  
But come, so well refresh't, now let us play,  
As meet is, after such delicious Fare;  
For never did thy Beautie since the day  
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
With all perfections, so enflame my sense  
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now  
Then ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
Of amorous intent, well understood  
Of EVE, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.  
Her hand he seis'd, and to a shadie bank,  
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbawr'd  
He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,  
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,  
And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.  
There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport  
Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,  
The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep  
Oppress'd them, wearied with thir amorous play.  
Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,

That with exhilarating vapour bland  
About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost powers  
Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep  
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose  
As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
Soon found thir Eyes how op'nd, and thir minds  
How dark'nd; innocence, that as a veile  
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon,  
Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
And honour from about them, naked left  
To guiltie shame hee cover'd, but his Robe  
Uncover'd more. So rose the DANITE strong  
HERCULEAN SAMSON from the Harlot-lap  
Of PHILISTEAN DALILAH, and wak'd  
Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare  
Of all thir vertue: silent, and in face  
Confounded long they sate, as struck'n mute,  
Till ADAM, though not less then EVE abasht,  
At length gave utterance to these words constraind.

O EVE, in evil hour thou didst give care  
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught  
To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,  
False in our promis'd Rising; since our Eyes  
Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know

Both Good and Evil, Good lost and Evil got,  
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,  
Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,  
Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,  
Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staind,  
And in our Faces evident the signes  
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;  
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first  
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy  
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes  
Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze  
Insufferably bright. O might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glad  
Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable  
To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,  
And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,  
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs  
Hide me, where I may never see them more.  
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
What best may for the present serve to hide  
The Parts of each from other, that seem most  
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,  
Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together sowl,  
And girded on our loyns, may cover round  
Those middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,

There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd hee, and both together went  
Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose  
The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,  
But such as at this day to INDIANS known  
In MALABAR or DECAN spreads her Armes  
Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground  
The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow  
About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade  
High overarch't, and echoing Walks between;  
There oft the INDIAN Herdsman shunning heate  
Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds  
At Loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those Leaves  
They gatherd, broad as AMAZONIAN Targe,  
And with what skill they had, together sowl,  
To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide  
Thir guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike  
To that first naked Glorie. Such of late  
COLUMBUS found th' AMERICAN to girt  
With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde  
Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.  
Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame in part  
Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind,  
They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares  
Rai'd at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within

Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,  
Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook sore  
Thir inward State of Mind, calme Region once  
And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:  
For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will  
Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
To sensual Appetite, who from beneath  
Usurping over sovran Reason claimd  
Superior sway: From thus distemperd brest,  
ADAM, estrang'd in look and alterd stile,  
Speech intermitted thus to EVE renewd.

Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words, & stai'd  
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,  
I know not whence possessd thee; we had then  
Remaind still happie, not as now, despoild  
Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.  
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve  
The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek  
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus EVE.  
What words have past thy Lips, ADAM severe,  
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will  
Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows

But might as ill have happ'nd thou being by,  
Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou bin there,  
Or bere th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd  
Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;  
No ground of enmitie between us known,  
Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme.  
Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.  
Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head  
Command me absolutely not to go,  
Going into such danger as thou saidst?  
Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,  
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent,  
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with mee.

To whom then first incenst ADAM repli'd.  
Is this the Love, is the recompence  
Of mine to thee, ingrateful EVE, exprest  
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,  
Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal bliss,  
Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:  
And am I now upbraided, as the cause  
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?  
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold

The danger, and the lurking Enemy  
That lay in wait; beyond this had bin force,  
And force upon free Will hath here no place.  
But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
Either to meet no danger, or to finde  
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps  
I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
What seemd in thee so perfet, that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue  
That errour now, which is become my crime,  
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall  
Him who to worth in Women overtrusting  
Lets her Will rule; restraint she will not brook,  
And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,  
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning  
And of thir vain contest appeer'd no end.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.