

# John Milton



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1608–1674

John Milton was born in London on December 9, 1608, into a middle-class family. He was educated at St. Paul's School, then at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he began to write poetry in Latin, Italian, and English, and prepared to enter the clergy.

After university, however, he abandoned his plans to join the priesthood and spent the next six years in his father's country home in Buckinghamshire following a rigorous course of independent study to prepare for a career as a poet. His extensive reading included both classical and modern works of religion, science, philosophy, history, politics, and literature. In addition, Milton was proficient in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, and Italian, and obtained a familiarity with Old English and Dutch as well.

During his period of private study, Milton composed a number of poems, including "[On the Morning of Christ's Nativity](#)," "[On Shakespeare](#)," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and the pastoral elegy "[Lycidas](#)." In May of 1638, Milton began a 13-month tour of France and Italy, during which he met many important intellectuals and influential people, including the astronomer Galileo, who appears in Milton's tract against censorship, "Areopagitica."

During the English Civil War, Milton championed the cause of the Puritans and Oliver Cromwell, and wrote a series of pamphlets. During this time, Milton steadily lost his eyesight, and was completely blind by 1651. He continued his duties, however, with the aid of [Andrew Marvell](#) and other assistants.

After the Restoration of Charles II to the throne in 1660, Milton was arrested as a defender of the Commonwealth, fined, and soon released. He lived the rest of his life in seclusion in the country, completing the blank-verse epic poem *Paradise Lost* in 1667, as well as

its sequel *Paradise Regained* and the tragedy *Samson Agonistes* both in 1671. He died on November 8, 1674, in Buckinghamshire, England.

"Paradise Lost", an epic poem in 12 books, written to "assert **eternal providence**, / And justify the ways of God to men."

## Book I

Satan tried to overthrow God's rule and banded together with other rebel angels to begin a civil war. They were defeated by God and cast out of Heaven and into Hell. The story begins with Satan and the other rebel angels waking up to find themselves floating on a lake of fire in Hell, transformed into devils.

**Book 2** opens with Satan sitting on his throne; he addresses his legions, saying that he still hopes to regain **Heaven**. He says that now they must debate about the most effective way to fight God; he asks whether all out war or something more subtle is better.

## Book 3

God is in Heaven, looking down at his angels, at Adam and Eve, and at Satan. His Son sits on his right. God describes Satan's malice to His Son. God knows what he's (Satan) up to, and he knows that Satan will succeed in his attempts to tempt mankind.

## Book 4

Satan enters into Paradise but he is driven off by angel Gabriel

## Book 5

Raphael comes to Paradise to warn Adam and Eve about the enemy. He also starts narrating the war between God and Satan

## Book 6

Description of the battle

## Book 7

Description of creation

## Book 8

Description of planets, the animals in Paradise and how everything belongs to Adam except the Tree of Knowledge, Raphael leaves after warning Adam of the lurking enemy.

## ***Paradise Lost: Book 9 (1674 version)***

BY JOHN MILTON

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  
*Maotis*, up beyond the River *Ob*;  
 Downward as farr Antarctic; and in length  
 West from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd  
 At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flowes  
*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 wilie Snake,  
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native suttletie  
 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 preferr'd  
 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 concentrating 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, and 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 find 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 reaire 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 earthy 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 mазie 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-rowld,  
 His head the midst, well stor'd with suttile wiles:  
 Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,  
 Nor 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 when as 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 grateful Smell, forth came the human pair  
 And joind 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 minde 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 taske we choose, what wonder if so 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, well 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 household 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 & Bowers doubt not but our joynt hands  
 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 yield.  
 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, still 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 austere 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 therfore 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*, missthougt of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words *Adam* replyd.  
 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 dishonour on our Front, but turns  
 Foul on himself; then wherefore shund or feard  
 By us? who rather double honour gaine  
 From his surmise prov'd false, find 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 ordain'd them, his creating hand  
 Nothing imperfet or deficient left  
 Of all that he Created, much less Man,  
 Or aught 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 expressly 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 Mankinde, 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 Art yet rude,  
 Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels brought.  
 To *Pales*, or *Pomona* thus adornd,  
 Likeliest 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 sound repose;  
 Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades  
 Waited with hellish rancour 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 storm so nigh.  
 Neerer he 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 ye 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 gaind, 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 things living 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 least of these I thought deni'd  
 To Beasts, whom God on thir Creation-Day  
 Created mute to all articulat sound;  
 The latter I demurre, for in thir looks  
 Much reason, and in thir actions oft appears.  
 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 plenty 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 retain'd.  
 Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep  
 I turn'd 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 made 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, and 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 mee, 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 addrest,  
 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 perfect have attained than Fate  
 Meant mee, by venturing higher than my Lot.  
 Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast  
 Is open? or will God incense his ire  
 For such a petty Trespass, and not praise  
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
 Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,  
 Deterred not from achieving what might lead  
 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 shunn'd?  
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;  
 Not just, not God; not feared then, nor obeyd:  
 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 Eat thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,  
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly 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 shall die perhaps, by putting off  
 Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,  
 Though threat'nd, which no worse than 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 breasts? 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;  
 Mean while 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,  
 Incluable 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, and 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 discerns,  
 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: Sate 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 fertile 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 adrest.

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 pain 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 restrain'd 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 sight or thought be formd,  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
 Defac't, deflour'd, and now to Death devote?  
 Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress  
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
 The sacred Fruit forbid'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 calm mood his Words to *Eve* he turnd.

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous *Eve*,  
 And peril great provok't, who thus hath dar'd  
 Had it been 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, nor 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 our taste;  
 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 resolvd,  
 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 scorne 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 imbowl'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* abash't,  
 At length gave utterance to these words constraind.

*Eve*, in evil hour thou didst give eare  
 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 glade  
 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 from the present serve to hide  
 The Parts of each for 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* so 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  
 Raind 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, calm 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, and 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 wandring, 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 been there,  
 Or here 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 this 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 *Enemie*  
 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 error 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.