



Jonat. Richardson Queen's

Paradise Lost.
A
POEM
IN
TWELVE BOOKS.

The Author
JOHN MILTON.

The Second Edition
Revised and Augmented by the
same Author.

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IN

Paradisum Amissam

Summi Poetae

JOHANNIS MILTONI.

Qui legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, & fines continet iste liber.

Intima penduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur & toto quicquid in Orbe latet.

Terraque, tractusque maris, caelumque profundum
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomamque specus.

Quaeque colunt terras, Portumque & Tartara caeca,
Quaeque colunt summi lucida regna Poli.

Et quodcumque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,
Et sine fine Chaos, & sine fine Deus:

Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.

Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.

O quantos in bella Duces! quae protulit arma!
Quae canit, & quanta praelia dira tuba.

Cælestes acies! atque in certamine Cælum!
Et quae Cælestes pugna deceret agros!

Quantus in aetheriis tollit se Lucifer armis!
Atque ipso graditur vix Michaelis minor!

Quantis, & quam funestis concurritur iris
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!

Dum vulsos Montes ceu Tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali desuper igne pluuunt:

Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
 Et metuit pugna non superesse sua.
 At simul in cœlis Messia insignia fulgent,
 Et currus animæ, armaque digna Deo,
 Horrendumque rota strident, & sona rotarum
 Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
 Et flamma vibrant, & vera tonitrua rauce
 Admixtis flammis insonnere Polo:
 Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetus omnis
 Et cassis dextris irrita Tela cadunt.
 Ad pœnas fugiunt, & cœu foret Orcus asylum
 Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
 Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii
 Et quos jama recens vel celebravit anus.
 Hæc quicumque leget tantum cecinesse putabit
 Mæonidem raras, Virgilium culices.

S. B. M. D.

O N

Paradise Lost.

When I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
 In slender Book his vast Design unfold,
 Messiah Crown'd, Gods Reconcil'd Decree,
 Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,
 Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument
 Held me a while misdoubling his Intent,
 That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)
 The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song
 (So Sampson groap'd the Temples Posts in spight)
 The World o' rewhelming to revenge his sight.
 Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
 I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;
 Through that wide Field how he his way should find
 O're which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;
 Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,
 And what was easie he should render vain.
 Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,
 Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
 (Such as disquiet always what is well,
 And by ill imitating would excell)
 Might hence presume the whole Creations day
 To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.
 Pardon me, Mighty Poet, nor despise
 My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
 But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
 Within thy Labours to pretend a share.
 Thou hast not mis'd one thought that could be fit,
 And all that was improper dost omit:

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So

So that no room is here for Writers left,
 But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.
 That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign
 Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane.
 And things divine thou treatst of in such state
 As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
 At once delight and horrour on us seize,
 Thou singst with so much gravity and ease;
 And above humane flight dost soar aloft
 With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft,
 The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
 So never flags, but always keeps on Wing.

Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
 Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?
 Just Heav'n thee like *Tiresias* to requite
 Rewards with Prophecie thy loss of sight.

Well mightst thou scorn thy Readers to allure
 With tinkling Rhime, of thy own sense secure;
 While the *Town-Bayes* writes all the while and spells,
 And like a Pack-horse tires without his Bells:
 Their Fancies like our Bully-points appear,
 The Poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
 I too transported by the Mode offend,
 And while I meant to Praise thee must Commend.
 Thy Verse created like thy Theme sublime,
 In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

A. M.

THE VERSE.

THE Measure is English Heroic
 Verse without Rime, as that of
 Homer in Greek, and of
 Virgil in Latin; Rime being
 no necessary Adjunct or true
 Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer
 Works especially, but the Invention of a bar-
 barous Age, to set off wretched matter and
 lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the
 use of some famous modern Poets, carri-
 ed away by Custom, but much to thir own
 vexation, hindrance, and constraint to ex-
 press many things otherwise, and for the most
 part worse then else they would have express'd
 them. Not without cause therefore some both
 Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note have
 rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works,
 as have also long since our best English Trage-
 dies, as a thing of it self, to all judicious ears,
 trivial and of no true musical delight; which
 consists onely in apt Numbers, fit quantity of
 Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out
 from one Verse into another, not in the jingling
 sound of like endings, a fault avoyded by
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the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of Rimeing.

Paradise Lost.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole Subject, *Mans disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac't*: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep. Which action past over, the Poem hafts into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, describd here, not in the Center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) but in a place of utter darkness, fustiest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning La'e, thunder-struck and astonisht, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of thir miserable fall. Satan awakens all his Legions, who lay

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lay

lay till then in the same manner confounded; They rise, thir Numbers, array of Battel, thir chief Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols known afterwards in Canaan and the Countries adjoyning. To these Satan directs his Speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Prophecie or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible Creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this Prophecie, and what to determin thereon he refers to a full Council. What his Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the Palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: The infernal Peers there sit in Council.



Of Mans First Disobedience, and
the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose
mortal tast
Brought Death into the World,
and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one
greater Man

Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: Or if Sion Hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's Brook that flow'd
Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,

That

That with no middle sight intends to soar
Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime:
And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure;
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss
And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark
Illumin, what is low raise and support;
That to the highth of this great Argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justifie the wayes of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause
Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
From thir Creator, and transgress his Will
For one restraint, Lords of the World besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile
Stir'd up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd
The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host
Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in Glory above his Peers,
He trusted to have equal'd the most High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie
With hideous ruine and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell

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