

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



MILTON VOLUME II.
Rose & went forth among her fruits & flowers.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. NEWTON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

AND A CRITIQUE ON PARADISE LOST,

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go:
To make a third she join'd the former two.

DRYDEN.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1779.

PARADISE LOST.

A POEM IN TWELVE BOOKS.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

FROM

THE TEXT OF DR. NEWTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Milton----with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd, in majestic numbers walks :
No vulgar hero can his Muse engage,
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See ! see ! he upward springs, and, tow'ring high,
Spurns the dull province of mortality ;
Shakes Heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' almighty Thunderer in arms !

ADDISON.

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PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

The Argument.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battel against Satan and his angels. The first fight describ'd: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents devilish engins, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his angels to some disorder: but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan: yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that victory: he in the power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

ALL night the dreadless angel unpursued
Through Heav'n's wide champaign held his way; till
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand [Morn,
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a cave
Within the Mount of God, fast by his throne, 5
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night; [Heav'n
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious Darkness enters, till her hour 10
To veil the Heav'n, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the Morn;
Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in gold

Empyreal; from before her vanish'd Night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain
Cover'd with thick imbattel'd squadrons bright, 16
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view :
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought 20
To have reported : gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly powers, who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not lost : on to the Sacred Hill 25
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme ; from whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard.

Servant of God, well done ; well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd 30
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms ;
And for the testimony' of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence ; for this was all thy care 35
To stand approv'd in fight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverse : the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40
By force, who reason for their law refuse,

Right reason for their law, and for their king
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go Michael of celestial armies prince,
And thou in military prowess next 45
Gabriel, lead forth to battel these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed saints
By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious; them with fire and hostile arms 50
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall. 55

So spake the sovran Voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awak'd; nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow: 60
At which command the powers militant,
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible, mov'd on
In silence their bright legions, to the found
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd 65
Heroic ardor to advent'rous deeds
Under their godlike leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,

Nor strait'ningvale, nor wood nor stream divides 70
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summon'd over Eden to receive 75
Their names of thee; so over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
Far in th' horizon to the North appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd 80
In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
The banded powers of Satan hastening on 85
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That self-same day by fight, or by surprise,
To win the Mount of God, and on his throne
To set the Envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain 90
In the mid-way: though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that angel should with angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire 95
Hymning th' eternal Father: but the shout
Of battel now began, and rushing sound

Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a god
Th' Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100
Idol of Majesty divine, inclos'd
With flaming cherubim and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front 105
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length : before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battel ere it join'd,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd
Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold; 110
Abdiel that fight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n ! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and reäly 115
Remain not : wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to fight unconquerable ?
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd 120
Unsound and false ; nor is it ought but just,
That he who in debate of truth hath won
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor ; though brutish that contest and foul,
When Reason hath to deal with Force, yet so 125

Most reason is that Reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposit, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd. 130

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: Fool, not to think how vain 135
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow 140
Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness: but thou see'st
All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone 145
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my sect thou see'st; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know when thousands err.

Whom the grand Foe with scornful eye askance
Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour 150
Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'st
From flight, seditious angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay

Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose 155
A third part of the gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigor divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that Liberty and Heav'n
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now 165
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring spi'rits, train'd up in feast and song;
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heav'n,
Servility with Freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove. 170

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd.
Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of Truth remote:
Unjustly thou depriv'st it with the name
Of Servitude to serve whom God ordains, 175
Or Nature: God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
'To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180
Thyself not free, but to thyself inthrall'd;

Yet lewdly dar'st our ministring upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell thy kingdom; let me serve
In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd; 185
Yet chains in Hell not realms expect: mean while
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So say'ing, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190
On the proud crest of Satan, that no fight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth 195
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,
Prefage of victory, and fierce desire 201
Of battel: whereat Michaël bid sound
'Th' arch-angel trumpet; through the vast of Heav'n
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosanna to the High'est: nor stood at gaze 205
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock: now storming fury rose,
And clamor such as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd

Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volies flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd 215
Both battels main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n
Refounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her center shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fire-encount'ring angels fought 220
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Army' against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd 230
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight yet leader seem'd
Each warrior single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battel, open when, and when to close 235
The ridges of grim War: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed

That argued fear; each on himself rely'd,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory: deeds of eternal fame 240
 Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
 That war and various; sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
 Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
 Conflicting fire: long time in even scale 245
 The battel hung; till Satan, who that day
 Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length 249
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
 Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
 Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
 He halted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield, 255
 A vast circumference: at his approach
 The great arch-angel from his warlike toil
 Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestin war in Heav'n, th' Arch-foe subdu'd
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown 260
 And visage all inflam'd first thus began.

Author of ev'il, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself 265

And thy adherents : how hast thou disturb'd
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into Nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion ? how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
And faithful, now prov'd false ? But think not here
To trouble holy rest ; Heav'n casts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss
Brooks not the works of Violence and War.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along, 275
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew ; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 280

So spake the Prince of angels ; to whom thus
The Adversary. Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, Imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence ? err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st Evil, but we stile
The Strife of Glory ; which we mean to win, 290
Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign : mean while thy utmost force,

And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have fought thee far and nigh. 295

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Likened on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such highth 300
Of godlike power? for likest gods they seem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.

Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields 305
Blaz'd opposit, while Expectation stood
In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd,
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth 310

Great things by small, if Nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition in mid sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.

Together both with next to' almighty arm 316
Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determin, and not need repeat,
As not of power at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention: but the sword 320
Of Michael from the armoury of God