



PARADISE LOST BOOK 9

By John Milson translated by Mrs Hunn-Smith



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 [5]
 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, [10]
 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 [15]
 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 [20]
 Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes
 Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
 And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
 Easie my unpremeditated Verse:
 Since first this Subject for Heroic Song [25]
 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 [30]
 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; [35]
Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgious 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 [40]
 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 [45]
 Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,
 Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

No more now about when God and the
 angels used to sit and talk with man like they
 were friends, chatting about all sorts of things
 while they were innocent. I now need to
 change the tone of this to tragedy: distrust,
 man's disloyalty, rebellion and disobedience.
 For heaven, now distant from man, anger and
 justified rebuke and judgement against man
 that brought all the woe into the world in the
 forms of sin, death and misery, the bringer of
 death. It is sad to have to tell this, but it's a
 more heroic story than the wrath of stern
 Achilles as he dragged his foe around the
 walls of Troy, or the rage of Turnus about
 Lavinia, or Neptune's rage of Juno's anger,
 which perplexed the Greek for so long.

If I can imitate that style then I can get the
 story from the celestial patroness who visits
 me unasked for in my sleep and dictates to
 me, or inspires the verse into me so it's easy
 to write it.

Since I first chose this subject for my heroic
 poem, and I started late since it is not in my
 nature to write about wars, which until now
 were the only thing that was deemed heroic,
 as if the best poetry was writing about made
 up knights in made up battles, ignoring the
 better strengths of patience and heroic
 martyrdom. Or they described races and
 games or jousting with decorated shields,
 horses and spangled armour on gorgeous
 knights followed by feasts with servants. All
 this is artificial, not the topics that should be
 given the name Heroic. I am not skilled nor
 studied in this type of writing, but my higher
 argument remains, which is good enough to
 deserve the name 'heroic', unless I am too
 old to finish it, or I die early or depressed,
 which might happen to me, but it won't
 because of the muse who brings the poem to
 my ears every night while I sleep.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr
Of *Hesperus*, whose Office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbitr [50]
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 [55]
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 [60]
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 [65]
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 [75]
Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land
From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole
Mæotis, up beyond the River Ob;
Downward as farr Antartic; and in length
West from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd [80]
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 [85]
The Serpent suttlest 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 [90]
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 [95]

The sun was sunk, and after that the evening star appeared, whose job it was to mark the time between day and night, and so now the night's hemisphere had wrapped round the horizon when Satan – who had previously fled Eden, threatened by Gabriel – returned, feeling even more calculated malice and fraud, not worried what might happen to himself but only focussed on man's destruction. He fled at night and returned again at midnight from journeying round the earth. He was scared of the daylight, since Uriel, the angel of the sun, had forbid him entrance to Eden and warned the cherubim to keep their eyes out for him. So, driven by anguish, he circled the earth for seven nights, three times around the equator and four times pole to pole. He returned on the eighth night and on the edge of Eden he found a hidden entrance.

There was a place (though it's not there now – it was sin, not time that made that change) where the river Tigris shot under the ground and then rose up as a fountain by the tree of life. Satan dove down into the river and then rose with it again, now as a mist, and he searched for a place to hide. He searched all the seas and then land from Eden to Pontus in the Black Sea, then the Sea of Asov and beyond the River Ob (Arctic) and down as far as Antarctic. He travelled west past Turkey and Syria as far as the pacific ocean, where he was blocked by Darien (in Panama), then he went to India. So he roamed the earth with close searching and inspected every creature to see which one might give him the best opportunity to perform his wiles. He found the serpent, the subtlest beast of all the field. After thinking about it for a long time, Satan finally chose the serpent as the best vessel for his fraud, and decided to enter him so as to hide his own dark suggestions from all eyes. When inside the snake, no one would notice him because the serpent was already wise, whereas if he went into another animal it might look suspicious as being beyond

Active within beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grieffe
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 [100]
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, [105]
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 appears [110]
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 [115]
Of Hill, and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,
Now Land, now Sea, and Shores with Forrest crown'd,
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 [120]
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; [125]
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, [130]
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 [135]
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 [140]
From servitude inglorious wel'nigh half
Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng

The ability of normal animals' reasoning powers. So he resolved to do this but first, his inwards passions burst out into plaintive cries:

'Oh earth, how like Heaven you are, if not even better, more worthy of Gods, since you were built second in order to improve what went before. Because what God would build a worse place after a good one? Earthy heaven, danced around by other heavens that shine and bring their lights seemingly only to you, concentrating all their beams on you. As God is at the centre of heaven but reaches out to all, so you are in the centre and receive all. In you all the virtues of everything appears: herbs, plants and animals have been given different gradations of life and reason, culminating in Man.

With what joy I could have walked around you, earth, if I could take joy from anything. Such sweet variations of hills and valleys, rivers, woods and plains, the land, the sea and the shores crowned with forests, rocks, dens and caves. But I find refuge in none of these places and the more I see the pleasures all around me, the more I feel the torment within me, caused by the opposites. To me all goodness becomes poison, and this would be even worse if I was in heaven. But I don't want to live here on earth, or in heaven, unless I was master of heaven. And I don't hope to become less miserable through my plans, just to make others as miserable as me, even though I know this will make things worse for me. I only find ease for my relentless thoughts through destroying things. And once I've destroyed man, or persuaded him to do something that will cause his own fall, him for this whole earth was made, all this will soon follow as it is linked to him in happiness or misery. I choose misery, then: if the destruction ranges wide and I shall have the sole glory among all the angelic powers because I will have destroyed in one day what took him six days and nights' continuous labour to make, and he calls himself Almighty! And who knows how long before he started work he had been planning his creation, but surely not before the one night in which I freed about half the angels from inglorious servitude to him, leaving his throng of admirers much smaller than it was.

Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,
And to reparaire his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether such vertue spent of old now faild [145]
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, [150]
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, [155]
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 [160]
The Serpent sleeping, in whose maziie 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, [165]
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 [170]
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 [175]
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 [180]
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 subtle wiles:
Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den, [185]
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

'He who, in order to get revenge and rebuild his depleted numbers, went to create new angels (although maybe he didn't have enough power to build real angels), if he even did create angels in the first place. Or maybe he wanted to spite me more by advancing into our old space of high rank a creature made of earth, and give him all the heavenly rewards that used to be mine. But he did what he said he would: he has made man and made this magnificent earth to be his home; he has pronounced man Lord of this world and, oh indignity, subjected his angels to serve and guard these earthly, low humans. I dread the watchfulness of these angels and in order to elude them I am wrapped in mist like a cloud of darkness and I search in every bush to find the sleeping serpent, in whose mazy folds I can hide myself and my dark plans.

Oh what a descent I have suffered! I, who was once contending with gods over who should sit the highest, am now constrained inside a beast, mixed with bestial slime, the essence of brutes, I who once aspired to the height of deity. But is there anything that ambition and revenge won't descend to? Anyone who aspires must be prepared to stoop as low as high he once soared, must expose himself to the basest things. Although revenge is sweet at first, before long it recoils back on itself. Let it. I don't care. Since I cannot win against god, I shall aim my arrows at the next things who provoke my envy: this new favourite of heaven, this man made of clay, son of spite. God wanted to spite me, so he raised mankind out of dust. Well then, spite is best repaid with spite.'

Saying this, he crept through each dark and dry thicket like a black, low, creeping mist. He kept his midnight search up so he could find the serpent. He soon found him asleep on the ground, rolled and curled up in himself like a labyrinth. His head was in the middle, storing subtle wiles but he was not guilty yet. He just slept, fearless, on the grass; Satan entered through his mouth, inspiring him with intelligence.

With act intelligential; but his sleep [190]
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 [195]
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 [205]
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, [210]
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 [220]
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. [225]

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 [230]
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.

But the serpent's sleep was not disturbed because it was waiting for morning.

Now the sacred light began to dawn on the humid flowers in Eden, which breathed their morning incense. At this time all things that breathe send up silent praise to the creator and fill the nostrils with grateful smell. The human pair came forth and joined their own vocal worship to the choir of creatures. After that, they took in the season, full of sweetest scents and airs, and decided how they should work that day, because their work was becoming too difficult for just the two of them, since the garden was so big. And Eve spoke first to her husband.

'Adam, we can work as hard as we can on this garden, tending the plants, herbs and flowers, enjoying our task, but until there are more hands to help us the work just grows beyond us every day. Our pruning just makes it grow more. What we spend the day pruning or propping up or tying back, is regrown again after one or two nights. So advise us, or listen to the ideas that have cropped up in my mind. Why don't we split up the work, you choosing to go and work wherever you like, or where you think there is most work to be done, whether that's winding the woodbine round the arbour or directing the path of the climbing ivy. And I can go off to where the roses mix with the myrtle and find something to do until noon. This is partly because while we're near each other all day, working together, it's not surprising that we get distracted by looking and smiling at each other, or starting up a conversation, which breaks up the work we do and, even though we began work early, means by the time dinner time comes we haven't earned it.'

To Eve, Adam gave this mild answer:

'Sole Eve, my only partner, you are beyond comparisons with all other creatures. You have spoken well, and thought well about how we can best carry out our work here that God has given us. And I will certainly praise what you've said, because there is nothing lovelier in a woman than her studying housekeeping and encouraging her husband to work well.'

Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd [235]
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, [240]
Love not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksom toile, but to delight
He made us, and delight to Reason joynd.
These paths & Bowers doubt not but our joynt hands
Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide [245]
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. [250]
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 [255]
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; [260]
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 [265]
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*, [270]
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, [275]
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

'But God hasn't given us such strict instructions about our work as to restrict us when we need a break, whether for food or to chat; our sweet interchange of smiles and looks are actually food for the mind, because they prompt our reason, which is denied to animals, and which are the food of love. Love is not the least important thing in human lives. Because God didn't make us for annoying work, but to enjoy our lives and to enjoy our reason. Don't worry about the overgrowing plants: until we have more hands to help us the paths will naturally become as wide as the pair of us walking hand by hand, and we don't need them to be any wider than that. But if spending all this time with me makes you bored of me, I could agree to a short separation. Sometimes solitude is good for us, and going away for a short while makes us more keen to return. But I have other doubts: what if harm comes to you when you are separated from me? You know what we have been warned about: the malicious enemy who envies our happiness and because of his own despair seeks to bring us to misery and shame by some sly attack. And he is probably somewhere close by, watching us, greedily hoping to find us in the best position for him: separated. He couldn't harm us if we were together, when we could come to each other's aid. It could be that his plan is to make us unfaithful to God, or to ruin our happy marriage (which might be the thing that he is most envious of). Whatever it is, don't leave the side that you were created from, which still shades and protects you. Where there is danger and dishonour lurking, the safest place for a wife is by her husband who can guard her, or endure the worst things with her.'

The virgin majesty of Eve then, like one who loves someone but is met with an unkindness, replied with sweet, austere composure.
'O offspring of heaven and earth, lord of all the earth, I have heard about this enemy who wants to ruin us from you and when I overheard the angel when he was leaving: I was standing behind in a shady nook at the end of the day.
But the idea that you would therefore doubt my faithfulness, to god or to you, just because we have an enemy is not something I had expected to hear.

To God or thee, because we have a foe [280]
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st 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 [285]
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* replyd. [290]
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 itself, intended by our Foe. [295]
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, [300]
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. [305]
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 [310]
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 [315]
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, [320]
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

'You can't be scared of his violence: since we are not capable of feeling death or pain, we cannot be victims or violence or can repel it. His fraud is what you're frightened of, then, which plainly suggests that you think that my own faith and love can be broken. How did these thoughts, Adam, find their way into your heart, about the one supposedly so precious to you?'

Adam replied with healing words:

Daughter of god and man, immortal Eve, because you are immortal, free from sin and blame. It's not because I doubt you that I am trying to dissuade you from leaving me, but just in order to avoid the attempt on you itself. Remember that when someone tries to tempt you, even if they are unsuccessful, they do cover you in foul dishonour; even if you resist the temptation, that would not be proof in your favour. You would resent this attempt with scorn and anger, even if it wasn't successful. Don't misunderstand me, then, if I try to save you from this affront. And the enemy would hardly dare attempt this fraud on us both together, and if he was bold enough to do so, he would surely go for me first. And also don't underestimate his malice and guile: subtle must be the creature who can seduce angels, and who thinks he doesn't need the help of anyone else. When you are near me, the influence of your presence makes me more virtuous: when you are watching I am wiser, more watchful, stronger (if I ever need to know physical strength). And if you were looking on when I was doing something shameful, I would be desperate to behave more honourably so I could be equally honourable as you. Why don't you feel the same way about me being near you? Why don't you want to undergo the trial with me, when I can be there to witness your virtue?'

This is what domestic Adam said, in his care and matrimonial love. But Eve, who thought he had undermined her sincere faith, replied with a sweet voice:

'If this is our lot, to live here in a narrow space restricted by a subtle or violent enemy, without any way of defending ourselves, how are we happy if we live in fear of harm?'

Single with like defence, wherever met, [325]
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 [330]
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 [335]
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, [340]
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 [345]
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. [350]
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 [355]
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 [360]
Some specious object by the Foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoide
Were better, and most likelie if from mee [365]
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 [370]
Us both securer then thus warn'd thou seemst,

Harm to use does not mean we have to sin. Foul dishonour does not stick on us if someone tries to tempt us, it just makes our integrity clearer. His dishonour would not stick to us but rebound on him, so why should we avoid or fear him? Actually, we could gain double honour if we reject his persuasion, not just feeling pleased with ourselves for our success but also gaining favour from heaven, who would have witnessed our behaviour. And what is faith, love or virtue if it is never tested and not helped by anything else? Don't let us suspect that god left us with such an imperfect situation, as if we couldn't defend ourselves alone or jointly. Our happiness would be frail, and Eden would be no Eden, if this were the situation.'

Adam replied fervently 'Oh woman, God has created everything to be the best it can be; he didn't leave anything he created incomplete or imperfect, not least man, or anything else that could help keep us in our happy state. It is within ourselves that danger lies, but we have the power to control it: against our will we cannot come to harm. God left us with free will, and what obeys reason is free, and god made reason to be right. But be careful and alert of reason: sometimes she may appear good but actually be false, and she might trick the will into doing something God has expressly forbidden. So it's not mistrust but tender love for you that makes me mind you, and should make you mind me. We must stay strong, even though it's possible for us to sway from the right path, because it is possible that our reason should come up against something controlled by our enemy which would deceive us, especially if we were not keeping a look out, as you have been warned. So don't seek temptation. It's better to avoid it, and it's most likely that you'll avoid it if you don't separate yourself from me because then you won't have sought out the trial. If you want to prove your faith, prove your obedience first. Otherwise, who could know about your faith if they weren't around to see you resist temptation? But if you think that we will be securer if we are not prepared for such a trial, even after you've been warned,

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 submit, 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, [38
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 [38
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, [39
But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels brought.
To Pales, or *Pomona*, thus adorn'd,
Likeliest she seemd, Pomona when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her Prime, [395]
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 [400]
To be return'd 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! [405]
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 [410]
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 [415]
The whole included Race, his purposd prey.
In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft

'Go, because if you stay here against your will, you will move even further away from me. Go, in your natural innocence. Rely on whatever virtue you have; summon it all to help you, because God has done his bit for you. It is now up to you to do yours.'

So said the patriarch of mankind, but Eve kept on, at last replying:

'With your permission and warnings I go, then. It was only your last argument that seemed true to me, that when we don't seek our trial, that is when it will come. I don't really expect such a proud foe as ours to seek the weaker of us first: if he bends that low, all the more shame is on him.'

Saying this, she withdrew her hand from her husband's hand, and went off to the groves like a wood-nymph. She was like Oread or Dryad, or one of Delia's train. But she surpassed Delia in her goddess-like appearance. But she didn't have the bow and arrows of Delia; she had her primitive gardening tools.

She looked like Pomona when she fled Vertumnus, or like Ceres in her prime, or when Prosperina fled Jove. Adam looked after Eve with longing ardent eyes, wishing she had stayed. He often repeated his reminder that she return quickly; she just as often replied that she would be back at the bower by noon in order for them to spend lunchtime and the afternoon together.

Oh much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve, to think you would return! What a perverse event! You never from this hour on found either sweet pastimes or sound rest, such ambush hid among the flowers and shadows for you. He waited with hellish rancour, waiting to intercept your path and send you back despoiled of innocence, faith and bliss.

For now, since the first break of dawn the fiend, in his serpentine form, came forward. He was on his quest, looking for the likeliest place that the only two humans might be (but the whole human race was contained in them, and the whole human race was his prey).

In amongst the trees and fields he searched, looking for any pleasant part of the garden where they might spend their time.

Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,
 Their tendance or Plantation for delight,
 By Fountain or by shady Rivulet [420]
 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, [425]
 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 unsustain'd, them she upstaires [430]
 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, [435]
 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 renown'd [440]
Alcinous, host of old Laertes Son,
 Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapiient King
 Held dalliance with his fair *Egyptian* Spouse.
 Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more.
 As one who long in populous City pent, [445]
 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, [450]
 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 [455]
 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 overaw'd [460]
 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 remain'd
Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd, [465]

He looked near the fountains and the shaded rivers, looking for them both but wishing he might find Eve alone. He wished for this but did not dare hope for what was so unlikely to happen, when, beyond all his hopes, he saw Eve alone, veiled in a cloud of fragrance where she stood, half visible to him, obscured by the thick roses that bushed around her. There was Eve, often stooping down to support or prop up flowers with slender stalks whose heads – whether they were carnation, purple, azure or speckled with gold – hung drooping because they were too heavy for their stalks. She propped up these flowers gently using bands of myrtle, unaware that she was the fairest unsupported flower, being so far from her best prop and with the storm so close.

He came closer and came in many pathways through the cedar, pine and palm trees. Suddenly fluent and bold, then hidden, and then revealed again, he wove through the arbours and flowers on the banks and saw the hand of Eve, a spot more delicious than the Edenic gardens themselves, or even of Adonis, or of Alcinous (who hosted Odysseus), or the real, not mythical, garden where Solomon married the Egyptian princess.

He admired the garden a lot, but he admired the person he was watching more. He was like someone who has been pent up in a city for a long time, where the houses are crowded and the smells of the sewers pollute the air, who then goes to the countryside on a summer's morning. There he breathes amidst the pleasant villages and farms, and everything he meets gives him delight: the smell of the grain or the hay or the cattle or dairy. Each rural sight, each rural sound gives him delight. If it so happens that a pretty virgin walks past with a nymph-like step, everything that did seem pleasing before is now even more pleasing thanks to her presence. She pleases the most out of everything: in her looks are all delights. This was the pleasure the serpent had as he looked over this flowery plain and the sweet body of Eve, this early in the morning and all alone. Her heavenly form was angelic, but more soft and feminine. Her graceful innocence, her every breath and action and gesture overawed Satan's hatred and sweetly rapped his fierceness of its fierce intent.

Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;
But the hot Hell that always 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 [470]
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 [475]
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 [480]
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, [485]
Foe not in formidable, exempt from wound,
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine
Infeebld me, to what I was in Heav'n.
Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love [490]
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.

In that moment the evil one stood separated from his own evilness and for a time was stupidly good, disarmed of guile, of hatred, of envy, of revenge. But the hot hell that always burns inside him, even though he was half-way to heaven, soon ended his delight and it now tortures him even more to see pleasure that is not meant for him. Then soon he remembers his fierce hatred, and his mischievous thoughts come back to him:

'Thoughts, where have you led me? What sweet compulsion led me to forget what brought me here? Hate, not love, nor hope to move my hell to live here in paradise (so I could taste the pleasure here) but to destroy all pleasures! Apart from the pleasure that comes from destroying, all other pleasure is lost to me. So let me now miss this opportunity which has presented itself: look at the woman all alone, open to all attacks. Her husband is not nearby: I've looked far around here. I fear Adam's higher intellect so I avoid him, and I fear his haughty courage and strength since he is built like a hero, even though he is made of earth. He is a formidable foe: he cannot feel pain; I can feel pain; hell has debased and pained me and left me feeble compared to what I was when I was in heaven. She is fair, divinely fair, fit to be loved by gods. She is not terrible, though terror is in love and beauty when it is not approached with a stronger hate, a stronger hate that hides under a show of love, which is the way I shall now begin to ruin her.'

So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd
 In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward Eve [495]
 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; [500]
 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](#) [505]
 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 [510]
 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; [515]
 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, [520]
 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, [525]
 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, [530]
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

So said the enemy of mankind (Satan) in his serpent form and he began to move towards Eve, making his way not winding along the ground, as snakes do now, but on his tail, a circular spiral of rising folds that towered up in a surging maze, his head held high with ruby eyes; with shining neck of gold, tall atop his spiralling folds that floated above the grass: he looked good! There had never been a more attractive snake since Hermione and Cadmus were made into serpents, or Epidaurus turned himself into a snake, or Jove who turned into a snake in order to father Alexander the Great (who was often compared to Scipio).
 With a sneaky course at first, as if he wanted to get close but was worried about interrupting, he made a side-long, sneaky approach. Like when a skilful steersman navigates a ship through difficult waters, when the wind blows from different directions and he has to keep changing the ship's sail, so Satan changed his direction and in his slow course he curled many alluring circles in Eve's sight to attract her attention. She thought she heard the leaves rustling but was too busy to look up as she was used to the animals of Eden being around and obeying her, even more than Circe's herd obeyed Circe. Satan stood before her boldly now, looking at her admiringly. He kept bowing and dipping his head and sleek neck, fawning and licking the ground Eve walked on. His attractive actions eventually made Eve look and he was glad to have her attention. Playing his serpent-voice like an instrument, he began his fraudulent temptation.

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 [535]
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 [540]
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, [545]
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.

'Don't wonder (be alarmed), sovereign mistress – if you even can wonder, given you are the only wonder in the world – definitely don't look frightened or angry that I have approached you to gaze at you and haven't been frightened of you.

You are the fairest resemblance of your maker; all living things gaze on you and all things shine by the gift of your sight; all things adore your celestial beauty as if you are from heaven (where you should be as you would be universally admired). But here in this wild garden only these beasts can admire you, who cannot appreciate even half of your beauty. Only one man (and that's practically no one!) sees you, you who should be seen as a goddess among gods and be adored and served by unlimited angels every single day.'

So [glaz'd](#) the Tempter, and his [Proem](#) tun'd;
Into the Heart of Eve his words made way, [550]
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 [555]
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, sottlest beast of all the field [560]
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? [565]
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

So the tempter spoke his prelude and it made its way into Eve's heart, though she was very surprised that he had a voice. After a while, amazed, she replied to the serpent:

'What is this? Man's language spoken by the tongue of brute animal, and using human sense too? I thought God had denied beasts a voice when he created them in Eden. Having sense I had always hesitated about, because I had often thought animals looked and behaved as if they had feelings and human sense.

You, the serpent, I knew to be the most fine, rare beast of the field, but I did not know you had been given a voice. Repeat this miracle and tell me how you came to be able to speak when you were mute, and how you have come to be so friendly to me while the other animals are not. Tell me, for such wonder needs this much attention.

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 [575]
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, [580]
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 [585]
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 [595]
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 [600]
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; [605]
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 compell'd
Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come [610]
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.

The tempter replied to Eve:

'Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,
It is easy for me to tell you everything you have
commanded and it is right that you should be
obeyed. At first I was like the other beasts that eat
trodden grass, having only low, base thoughts; my
food was equally base, and I thought of nothing but
food and sex, unaware and not understanding
anything higher.

Until one day while I was roving around, I came
upon a special tree that you could see standing out:
laden down with fruit of the fairest colours, ruddy
and gold. I went closer to gaze at it when I became
aware of a most pleasant smell blowing from the
boughs. This smell was more pleasing to me than
the smell of sweetest fennel, or the heavy teats of
sheep or goat at evening, awaiting the suckling of a
lamb or kid. To satisfy my sharp desire to taste the
apples, I decided not to wait: hunger and thirst are
convincing persuaders and, roused by the smell of
the alluring fruit, they urged me on. I wound myself
up the mossy tree trunk because the branches were
so high only you or Adam could reach them. All the
other animals looked on, full of desire and envy,
but they could not reach the fruit. I was now amid
the tree where plenty of fruit hung and, as it was so
tempting, I did not hold back from plucking and
eating my fill because I had never had such pleasure
before from food or drink.

Eventually satiated, before long I noticed strange
changes in myself: my inward thoughts gained a
degree of reason and soon I could speak, though I
remained in this snake-form.

From then on I turned my thoughts to high and
deep subjects, and with my spacious mind
considered all things in heaven and earth and in
between; but everything good and beautiful that I
considered, I found the best in your own
appearance. No one is as beautiful as you, which
compelled me to come here to gaze at you and
worship you, who is rightfully called the queen of
all creatures (even though it might be a bit harrass-
y for me to do so)'

So talk'd the [spirited](#) sly Snake; and Eve
Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.

Serpent, [thy overpraising](#) leaves in doubt [615]
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, [620]
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 wylie Adder, blithe and glad. [625]
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. [630]

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 [635]
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; [645]
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. [650]
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.

So said the sly, spirited snake and Even, even more
amazed, without due wariness then replied:

'Serpent, your exaggerated praise of me makes me
doubt what you've said about the powers of the
fruit. But tell me, where is this tree? How far away?
There are so many trees in paradise that we don't
yet know about, and this great range of choices
means there is a huge amount of fruit we do not yet
know about, hanging uncorrupted until enough
people live here to be able to eat the fruit and help
nature by removing the burden of the heavy fruit.'

To whom the wily snake gladly replied:

'Empress, the way is here and it's not far, just
beyond a row of myrtles on flat ground, past a
fountain and a thicket of myrrh and balm. If you'll
accept my as your guide, I can have you there in a
jiffy.'

'Lead then' said Eve. Satan lead, swiftly rolling along
in tangles, making intricate movements appear
straight, on the way to his quick mischief. His chest
is brightened by joy and raised by hope, as when a
patch of will'o'th'wisp appears in the night and
tricks weary travellers to leave the road and fall into
bogs or ponds, where they are swallowed up and
lost, far away from assistance.

So glistened the evil snake, and led our believing
mother, Eve, to the forbidden tree, cause of all our
woe. When she saw it, she spoke to her guide:

'Serpent, we could have saved ourselves a trip. This
tree is fruitless to me, though it is full of fruit which
apparently has wonderful virtues if it made you as
you are. But we are not allowed to touch or taste of
this tree. It was God's only commend to us; apart
from this one commandment, we can make our
own laws according to our own reason.'

To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd. [655]
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?

Satan replied with cunning:

'Really? God has said that you're lords of all in the earth and the air but you are not allowed the fruit of this one single tree?'

To whom thus Eve yet sinless. Of the Fruit
Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate, [660]
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.

Eve, still sinless at this stage, said 'we are allowed the fruit of every tree in Eden. Every tree except this one. God has said "you shall not eat from it, not touch it, because you will die"'

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love [665]
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 [670]
In Athens or free Rome, where Eloquence
Flourishd, since mute, to som great cause adressd,
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay [675]
Of Preface [brooking](#) through his Zeal of Right.
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown
The Tempter all impassiond thus began.

She had scarcely said this when, bolder now (but looking as if he was only speaking from love towards mankind and from his outrage at this injustice) he stepped up to the next level, as if about to talk about some great topic. Like when an ancient Greek or Roman speaker (where rhetoric and public speaking was born) would get ready to deliver an amazing speech, standing taller and making each movement persuasive so that he was convincing even before he opened his mouth to speak – just like this, moving and standing at his highest height the tempter began with great passion:

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,
Mother of [Science](#), Now I feel thy Power [680]
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](#): [685]
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. [690]
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 vertue, whom the pain
Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be, [695]
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 shund?

'Oh sacred, wise and wisdom-giving tree, mother of science, now I feel your powers clearly within me: not only can I understand how things work and where they come from, but can understand the ways of the highest beings. Queen of this universe, do not believe the threats of death: you will not die. How would you die? By the fruit? It gives you life and knowledge! By God, who threatens you? Look at me, who has touched and tasted the fruit but am still alive and living a better life than fate meant for me, now I can rise higher than my original status. Do you really think that something a beast can have would be denied to humans? Or do you think God would really become furious at such a small disobedience rather than praising your courage? Your courage that when faced with death (whatever death might be – who knows?) you were not frightened to seek a happier life with knowledge of good and evil? If you learn good, how could it be just to kill you? If you learn evil, if evil even exists, why shouldn't you know it, since then you could repel it more easily?'

God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just; [700]
Not just, not God; not feard 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 [705]
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, [710]
[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 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, [720]
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 [725]
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 [730]
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 [735]
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 [740]
So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,
[Inclinable](#) now grown to touch or taste,
Sollicitd her longing eye; yet first
Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd.

'Therefore, God cannot hurt you and still be just. If he is not just, he cannot be God. Therefore you should neither fear God nor obey him. The very fact that you are frightened of death proves that you don't need to be frightened. Why, then, did God forbid you from eating the fruit? Why else but to keep you low and ignorant? He knows that the day you eat the fruit, your eyes will open up and you shall see perfectly, you shall be a gods, knowing good and evil just as they do. It's logical and proportionate that if I, an animal, become like a human, you, a human, will become like the gods. So yes, perhaps you will die: you will die as a human and become a god, so death is actually a thing you should look forward to. What even are gods if man may not become like them?

The gods are first in the hierarchy and they use that to their advantage to fool us into thinking everything comes from them. I question this, because I see everything on the earth is warmed by the sun, which produces everything. The gods produce nothing.

If the gods did enclose knowledge of good and evil in the tree, then anyone who eats and becomes wise does so, basically, with their permission! And where is the crime in man wanting to have more knowledge? What harm can your knowledge do or can this tree do to God if everything is his? Or is it just envy? Can heavenly gods even feel envy? These and many more reasons give you cause to eat the fruit. Human goddess, reach, then, and freely taste.'

He finished, and his cunning words found their way into Eve's heart too easily. She fixed her gaze on the fruit, whose appearance alone might be enough to tempt, and the sounds of his persuasive words rung in her ears. To her mind, the snake's words were full of reason and truth. Meanwhile, it was approaching noon, which waked Eve's eager appetite which had already been raised by the smell of the fruit. The fruit, now she was inclined to touch or taste it, held her longing looks. But first, pausing for a while, she mused to herself.

Great are thy Vertues, doubtless, best of Fruits. [745]
 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, [750]
 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: [755]
 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 [760]
 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 [770]
 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? [775]
 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?

'I have no doubt that you, best of fruits, have many great properties. You have been kept from humans, even though you are worthy of admiration; your taste, which for too long we have not known, allowed the animal to speak as soon as he tasted you, and he speaks your praise. The one who forbids us from tasting you also praises you, naming you the tree of knowledge, knowledge of good and of evil. He forbids us to taste you, but the fact he has forbidden it makes you seem even more powerful, because it tells us what knowledge you could give us and highlights how much knowledge we lack. Surely if we do not know what good *is*, we may as well not have it; and if we do not know what good we *have*, we may as well not have it. So clearly, what he is actually forbidding us is knowledge, which forbids us goodness and forbids us wisdom. These prohibitions should not hold us back. But if death takes us afterwards, what is the good of our new knowledge? What if the day we eat the fruit is the day we die? But the serpent hasn't died. He has eaten and lives and knows and speaks and reasons and understands, even though it was irrational before eating the fruit. So was death invented for humans alone? Or is this mind-food denied to us when animals are able to eat it? It seems like it but the beast which has tasted it is now full of joy rather than envy and he is friendly and seems trustworthy. What am I frightened of, then? I don't actually know what I should be frightened of because I am ignorant about good and evil, about God and death, about laws and penalties. This fruit growing here is the cure of all this. It looks appealing; it tastes inviting; it will make me wise. What is holding me back, then, from reaching out and feeding both my body and my mind?'

So saying, [her rash hand](#) in evil hour [780]
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 [785]
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 [795]
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 [800]
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; [805]
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. [810]
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 [815]
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 [820]
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 undesirable, sometime
Superior: for [inferior who is free](#)? [825]

Saying this, she reached out her rash hand in this evil hour. She plucked and ate the fruit. Earth felt the injury and nature sighed through all her works with signs of woe that everything was lost. The guilty serpent slunk back to the thicket, and well he might, for Eve was now only interested in what she was eating. She couldn't remember ever experiencing such delight as came from this fruit, though it's not clear whether it was really like that or just in her imagination, since she was so full of anticipation that she would become knowledgeable. She also kept thinking about godhead. She ate greedily, without restraint, and did not know she was eating death. Full at last, intoxicated as if with wine, she was feeling happy with herself and said: 'Oh sovereign, virtuous, precious tree in paradise, blessed with the power of knowledge which has until now been hidden and made infamous, and your beautiful fruit which has just been left to hang as if it had no purpose. Now I shall sing to you and praise you each morning; I shall tend you and unburden your branches from their heavy fruit which you have offered out to all. I shall eat until I grow full in knowledge, like the gods who know all things. The gods might envy what they cannot give (because surely, if they could give it, it would not be contained within you). Experience, I owe you my thanks as well for being such a good guide. Had I not followed you, I would have remained ignorance; but you opened the way to wisdom and gave me access to what had been secret. And perhaps I am secret. Heaven is too high and far away to see everything that happens on earth, and God and his spies may even have been distracted and not seen me. But how should I approach Adam? Shall I let him know of my change, and allow him to share it with me? Or should I not, and keep the power of knowledge all for myself, not sharing it? That way, I could improve in myself those things females lack, so Adam would love me more and make me more equal. Even, perhaps, I could become superior, which would be no bad thing, because who can be free when they are inferior?'

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, [830]
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.

This would be great, but what if God has seen me and I am to die? Then I would be no more and Adam would be married to another Eve and they would live happily together while I was dead. It's like a death just to think of it! I'm settled, than: Adam will share with me, whether this brings happiness or misery. I love him so much that I could endure any death along with him, but without him my life would not be worth living.'

So saying, from the Tree her step she turn'd,
But first low Reverence don, as to the power [835]
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
Into the plant [scientific](#) sap, deriv'd
From Nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne [840]
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, [845]
Mishap'd him; hee the faulting 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 [850]
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.

Saying this, she turned away from the tree but first, she bowed down to it, as if to the power inside the tree which had filled the plant with the scientific sap derived from the gods' nectar. Adam, meanwhile, was waiting for Eve to return and had woven her a garland for her hair as a crown for her rural work, just like reapers often crown their harvest queen. He was full of happy thoughts and excited about her return, which had been delayed so long, but his heart did keep worrying that something bad had happened and then he felt the faltering of the earth [when Eve ate the apple] so he went forward to meet her, following where she went that morning. He would pass her at the tree of knowledge and that is where he did meet her, just as she was leaving, with a bough of fair fruit with ambrosial smell and soft skin gathered in her arms. She rushed towards him, her face showing she was about to defend herself, and she began to speak:

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](#), [860]
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 [865]
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 [870]
Endu'd with human voice and human sense,

'Haven't you wondered, Adam, where I've been? I have missed you and I felt it was such a long time, an agony of love, since I last saw you, and I shall never feel that agony again because I will never again try that rash idea of being away from you. But something strange and wonderful happened that made me late back to you: this tree is not, as we have been told, a tree to fear or an evil tree. It is a tree with divine effects that will open our eyes and make us into Gods when it is tasted. And it has been tasted! The serpent, not wise like us, or not so obedient, has eaten it and he hasn't died, like we were threatened with, but become imbued with human voice and human sense,

Reasoning to admiration, and with mee
Persuasively hath so prevaild, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes [875]
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. [880]
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. [885]

Thus Eve with Countnance 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 [890]
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. [895]

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, [900]
Defac't, deflour'd, and now to Death [devote](#)?
Rather how hast thou yeilded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud
Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown, [905]
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 joynd,
To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn? [910]
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 [915]
Mine never shall be parted, [bliss or woe](#).

'With the ability to reason and he has persuaded me so well that I have also tasted, and I have also felt the same effects: my eyes are opener (they were dimmed before) and my spirits and heart are expanded as I grow up to godhead. I wanted this for you, mainly, because what makes you happy makes me happy. Life is tedious if it is not shared with you. So you should taste it too, so we can be equal in joy, equal in love, because if you don't eat it, we might become disjoined and then it might be too late for me to give up my godhead for you.'

So Eve told her story with a happy face, but her embarrassment did show in her glowing cheeks. On the other hand, Adam, as soon as he heard the fatal trespass committed by Eve, was amazed and stood blankly while horror chills ran through his veins and all his joints relaxed. The garland he had made for Eve dropped from his hand and all the faded roses shed from it. He stood speechless and pale, until at last he broke his inward silence by speaking to himself:

'Oh fairest creation; last and best of all God's works; creature who was the most holy, divine, amiable and sweet! You are lost, how suddenly you are lost, defaced, deflowered and now devoted to death. But how did you give in to disobey the great forbiddance; how did you violate the sacred forbidden fruit? Some cursed fraudulent enemy has deceived you, even though you don't know it yet, and you have destroyed me with you. For I must die with you: how can I live without you? How could I give up your sweet conversation and love to live alone in these forlorn wild woods? If God created another Eve, and I gave up another rib, my heart would never get over the loss of you. No, no, the link of nature draws me: you are flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone, and my state shall never be parted from yours, whether that's bliss or woe.'

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
Thus in calm mood his Words to Eve he turn'd.

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. [925]
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 [930]
Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste;
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives, as thou saidst, and gaine to live as Man
Higher degree of Life, inducement strong
To us, as likely tasting to attaine [935]
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, [940]
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 [955]
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.

Having said this to himself, he looked like someone who feels better because he had resolved a seemingly impossible situation. So he was calm when he spoke to Eve:

'You did a bold thing, adventurous Eve, which has provoked great danger; it would have been bad if you had just looked at it: it's the sacred fruit, we're not allowed to go near it, much less taste it when we've been banned from even touching it. But who can turn back time or change the past? Not omnipotent God, or fate; but perhaps you will not die. Perhaps it's not so bad now that the serpent ate the fruit first; maybe he made it un-sacred before we could taste it. But he is not dead: he lives, as you said, and he has gained so as to live like man, living a higher kind of life. This is a strong reason for us to taste the fruit, because we could gain a proportionate rise; but this cannot be: we would be like gods or angels, who are demi-gods. But I cannot think that God, our wise creator, would destroy us (even though he has threatened to) when he has made us so important and put us at the top above all his other creatures. And if we were to fall, all his other creations would fall with us because it is dependent on us. So God would be making, then unmaking, wasting his time, which would not look good for him. Even though he could just repeat the process of creation, I'm sure he would not want to destroy us because then the enemy would be able to say 'Ooh, things are fickle for anyone God favours. No one can please him for long. First he ruined me, now he's ruined humans, who's he going to ruin next?' God wouldn't want to give his enemy that kind of argument. So I have fixed my lot with you, certain to undergo the same doom as you. If death comes to you, death will mean the same to me as life because the bond I feel with you is so strong that I am drawn to you. What you are is mine: we cannot be truly separated; we are one, one flesh. To lose you would be like losing part of myself.'

So Adam, and thus Eve to him repli'd. [960]
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, [965]
And gladly of our Union heare thee speak,
One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,
Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread
Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare, [970]
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 [975]
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](#) [980]
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, [985]
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 said Adam. And then Eve replied.
'Oh what a wonderful trial of love, what an amazing example you have set! You make me want to imitate you, but I'm not perfect like you so I can never be as good as you, Adam, from whose rib I was created. I hear you speak of our union with such happiness, of our one heart and one soul. You have proved this to be true today, in declaring that you would rather be dead than separated from me because we are so linked in our love that you would join me in one guilt, one crime (if there even is a crime in eating this lovely fruit, because good things continue to come from the fruit, both directly and because it has led to this happy trial of your love which otherwise I would never have known about). If I truly thought that death would follow my actions, I would suffer it alone and not try to persuade you to join me. I would rather die deserted than trick you with something that would harm you, especially since I am reassured of how much you love me. But I feel very differently from that: it is not death but greater life that has come to me; opened eyes, new hopes, new joys, divine taste so that what before tasted sweet to me now seems flat and harsh in comparison. Following my experience, Adam, freely taste and send all your dear of death to the West Indies.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy [990]
Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love
Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.
In recompence (for such [compliance bad](#)
Such recompence best merits) from the bough [995]
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 [1000]
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,

Saying this, she hugged him and wept with joy, so happy that he had chosen his love so as to choose risking God's wrath or death for her sake. To repay him (and such a bad decision deserves this kind of repayment), from the bough she gave him some of the fair enticing fruit. He didn't worry about eating it at all. He wasn't convinced by Eve's arguments but he was overcome by her female charm. Earth trembled again, as if in pain, and nature groaned again. The sky lowered, thunder muttered and sad drops of rain wept when they thought about the original sin.

Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate [1005]
 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 [1010]
 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](#): [1015]
 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 [1020]
 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, [1025]
 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 [1030]
 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 [1035]
 Of Eve, whose [Eye darted contagious Fire](#).
 Her hand [he seisd](#), 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, [1040]
 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](#). [1045]
 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 [1050]
 Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,

While Adam was eating without worries, and Eve too had no qualms about repeating her earlier sin because she wanted to sooth Adam with her loving company, they both became intoxicated as if from wine. They swan around, laughing, and imagine they feel the godness within them growing wings so they can fly. But the false fruit is making other things happen. Full of carnal desire, Adam began to look lasciviously at Eve. She returned his looks, wantonly. They burned in their lust until Adam spoke, to move Eve to have sex with him:

'Eve, now I can see that you have excellent taste, and are so elegant and knowledgeable. I give all praise to you, you have done so well today. We missed out on so much pleasure while we abstained from eating the fruit and have never known true relish until now. If forbidden things bring this much pleasure, I wish there were ten forbidden trees, not just one! But come, we have eaten well so now it is right that we should play together. Never since the day I first saw you and married you have I seen you so beautiful, so perfect. You inflame my passions, more beautiful now than ever before thanks to this virtuous tree.'

So he said, and he did not even need to give a look or show of his sexual intent because Eve understood him so well. Her eyes darted back a contagious fire. He seized her hand and took her to a shaded bank overhung with foliage. Their bed was flowers: pansies, violets and asphodel, and hyacinth, the freshest, softest lap the earth could give. There they took their fill of love and sealed their mutual guilt, the only good thing to come of their sin, until sleep overcame them as they were tired out from their amorous play. As quickly as the fruit's powerful vapour had made them sin, it was now gone and fitful sleep full of dreams left them waking up as if they hadn't slept at all, and as they looked at each other

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, [1055]
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 [1060]
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, [1065]
At length gave utterance to these words constraind.

O 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 [1070]
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, [1075]
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 [1080]
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 [1085]
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. [1090]
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 sowd,
And girded on our loyns, may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

They saw how their eyes were opened and how their minds had darkened: innocence, that had been a veil that protected them from knowing evil, was gone. Now they were left, stripped of the righteous confidence and natural righteousness and honour they once had. They now only had shame, so they rose like Samson from the lap of the harlot, Dalilah, when he was shorn of his strength. They were now destitute, without all their virtue, silent and looking confused as if they had been struck mute. This was until Adam, although he was no less ashamed than Eve, at last said these pained words:

'Oh Eve, it was an evil hour when you let that false worm into your ear, whoever it was that pretended to have a man's voice. It was true about our fall but false about the ascent it promised us. Now our eyes are opened we find that we know good and evil: we have lost good and gained evil. It was a bad fruit of knowledge if knowledge means leaving us naked, without honour, innocence, faith or purity. We are now soiled and stained and you can see in our faces the signs of our wanton sex in which shame and evils are stored. How can I now look at the face of God or of an angel, which before I saw with so much rapture? Now those heavenly shapes will dazzle my earthly sight, with their blaze being too bright. Oh I wish I could live alone here like a savage, hidden from view in the thickest woods, where I couldn't see the sun or starlight. Cover me, pines and cedars, with innumerable branches. Hide me so I never see anything again. But let us now, in our bad situation, decide what might be the best way for us to hide our most shameful plants from each other. There will be a tree whose broad leaves we can sew together and fix around our loins so that we can avoid shame and not seen unclean.'

So counsel'd hee, and both together went
 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose [1100]
 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 [1105]
 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 sowd,
 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 [1115]
 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, [1120]
 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 [1125]
 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 beneathe
[Usurping over sovran Reason](#) claimd [1130]
 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 staid
 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.

So said Adam, and they both went into the thickest wood where they found the fig tree, not like the fig trees we know now for fruit, but like the ones known in India that spread their arms, branching so broad and low that the twigs reach the ground and take root again, so daughters grow about the mother tree and create pillared shade beneath high arches, and huge walks between the branches that echo, where Indian shepherds can rest in the cool shade while their herds drink beneath the tree. Those leaves they gathered, broad as Amazonian shields. And with the skill they had, they sewed the leaves and tied them round their wastes; it was in vain if they were trying to hide their guilt. Oh how unlike their original naked glory they were now. This was how Columbus found the American, wearing feathered belts, otherwise naked and wild among the trees on the islands and shores. This is how Adam and Eve were dressed, and just as they thought, their physical shame was partly covered but they could not find peace of mind. They sat down to weep but it wasn't just tears that fell from their eyes. Worse high winds began to rise inside of them: high passions, anger, hate, mistrust, suspicion, discord. These winds shook their minds, which had once been calm and peaceful; now they were tossed and turbulent. Understanding no longer ruled their minds, and the will could not make herself heard; both were now ruled by sensual appetite, which had overtaken reason to take control. From this unhappy chest, Adam, different from how he was before, began speaking to Eve again.

'I wish you'd listened to me and stayed with me when you had that strange idea of wandering away this unhappy morning. I don't know what possessed you. We would have still been happy, not like now, robbed of all our good, ashamed, naked and miserable. No one should ever find needless way to prove their faith. When they try, they fail.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.
What words have past thy Lips, Adam severe,
Input'st thou that to my default, or will [1145]
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; [1150]
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](#) [1155]
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, [1160]
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, [1165]
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? [1170]
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 [1175]
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 [1180]
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, [1185]
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.

In answer, feeling that Adam was blaming her, Eve said:

'What have you said, Adam severe? Are you saying that it was my fault, that my desire to wander off, as you call it, caused everything? Who knows, it could have easily happened if you were around, or even to you by yourself. If you had been there, you couldn't have known that the serpent was fraudulent, speaking as he did. There was no hatred between us, how was I to know he meant me ill? What I never to have parted from your side? I might as well have stayed there as a lifeless rib. If I am so weak as you say why didn't you, the superior one, command me not to leave you, if you knew it was going into such much danger? It's a bit simple that you didn't really stop me, and actually even permitted and told me to go. If you had stayed firm in forbidding me, I would never have transgressed and neither would you.'

Adam replied, furious: 'Is this love? Is this the thanks I get, ungrateful Eve? You were lost, I was fine, and I could have lived and enjoyed immortal bliss. But I chose death with you, and now you blame me for causing your transgression? I was not severe enough in keeping you back? What else could I have done? I warned you, told you about the danger and the enemy. Anything else and I would have been forcing you and force has no place in Eden. Your confidence made you go off, sure you would find no danger or find a glorious trial. And maybe I was wrong to admire what I thought was perfection in you, thinking no evil could come near you. I regret my error now, because it is my crime and you accuse me. From now on anyone who trusts women will realise she will not restrain herself and if evil comes, she will blame him for it.

They sat for hours accusing each other like this, neither one accepting responsibility, and it seemed that this pointless argument would never end.