

“A”14 – Passages from Milton’s *Paradise Lost*

The following catalog of passages from *Paradise Lost* follows the order of LZ’s collaging at 319.15-325.6. The specific words LZ draws from Milton are highlighted. The text is from *The Poems of John Milton*, 2nd edition, edited by James Holly Hanford (NY: The Ronald Press Co., 1953).

Book IV.73-78

Me miserable! **which way shall I fly**
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.

Book II.187-193

War therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, **whose eye**
Views all things at one view? he from Heaven's height
All these our motions vain, sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might
Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.

Book III.86-96

And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not far off Heaven, **in the precincts of light**,
Directly towards the new-created World,
And Man there placed, with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert;
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience; so will fall
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?

Book IV.164-165

Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Cheered with the **grateful smell old Ocean smiles**.

Book IV.252-256

Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and **without thorn** the rose.

Book III.448-462

Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or the other life;

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All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All the unaccomplished works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,
Dissolved on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighboring moon, as some have dreamed;
Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
Betwixt the angelical and human kind.

Book III.487-497

A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air; then might ye see
Cowls, hoods and habits with their wearers tossed
And fluttered into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds. All these upwhirled aloft
Fly o'r the backside of the World far off
Into a limbo large and broad, since called
The **Paradise of Fools**; to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod;

Book V.308-313

"Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those trees what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn
Risen on mid-noon; some great behest from Heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest.

Book V.1-17

Now Morn her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was airy light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapors bland, which the only sound
Of **leaves and fuming rills**, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unawakened Eve
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest. He **on his side**
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamored, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,

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Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whispered thus.

Book I.650-654

Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the sons of Heaven:

Book II.488-495

As, when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o’erspread
Heaven’s cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o’er the darkened **landscape snow or shower**;
If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.

Book III.26-32

Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear Spring, or shady grove, or Sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath
That wash thy hallowed **feet**, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit:

Book IV.977-983

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
Turned fiery red, **sharpening in moonèd horns**
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres rope for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them;

Book IV.460-491

"As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appeared
Bending to look on me: **I started back**,
It started back, but pleased I soon returned
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love; there I had fixed
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me. **What thou seest**,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is **thyself**,
With thee it came and goes; but follow me,

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And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
Mother of human race.' What could I do
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platane; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image; back I turned,
Thou following cried'st aloud, 'Return, fair Eve,
Whom fliest thou? Whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear.
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine, I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelled by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

Book IV.677-680

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night.

Book III.474-477

Embryos and idiots, eremits and friers
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven;

Book V.479-490

[Raphael speaking:]

"So **from the root**
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More airy, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes; flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding, whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive, or Intuitive; discourse
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same."

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Book V.535-54

[Raphael speaking:]

"Myself, and all the angelic host that stand
In sight of God enthroned, our happy state
Hold, as yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none; freely we serve,
Because wee **freely love**, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall."

Book V.637-641

[Raphael speaking:]

On flowers reposed, and with fresh flowerets crowned,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit where **full measure only bounds
Excess**, before the all-bounteous King, who showed
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.

Book VI.423-428

[Satan speaking:]

Who have sustained one day in doubtful fight
(**And if one day, why not eternal days?**)
What Heaven's Lord had powerfulest to send
Against us from about his throne, and judged
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so.

Book VI.844-852

Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged Four,
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One Spirit in them ruled, and every **eye**
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among the accursed, that withered all their strength,
And of their wonted vigor left them drained,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.

Book VI.867-870

Hell heard the unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.

Book VII.98-108

And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep; suspense in heaven
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth

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Of Nature from the unapparent Deep.
Or if the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience, **Night** with her will bring
Silence, and **Sleep listening** to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his absence, **till thy song**
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Book VII.391-403

And God **created** the great whales, and **each**
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and blessed them, saying,
'Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas
And lakes and running streams the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiplied on the Earth.'
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in Sculls that oft
Bank the mid Sea.

Book VII.417-436

Meanwhile the tepid caves and fens and shores
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclosed
Their **callow young**, but feathered soon and fledge
They summed their pens, and soaring the air sublime
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build.
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, ranged in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their airy caravan high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered plumes.
From branch to branch **the smaller birds with song**
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even, **nor then the solemn nightingale**
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays.

Book VII.453-463

The Earth obeyed, and straight
Opening her fertile womb teemed at a birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
Limbed and full grown. Out of the ground up rose
As from his lair the wild beast where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;

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Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walked;

The cattle in the fields and meadows green:

Those rare and solitary, these in flocks

Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.

The grassy clods now calves, [. . .]

Book VII.505-516

There wanted yet the master work, the end

Of all yet done: a creature who not prone

And brute as other creatures, but endued

With sanctity of reason, might erect

His stature, and upright with front serene

Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence

Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,

But grateful to acknowledge whence his good

Descends, thither **with heart, and voice, and eyes,**

Directed in devotion, to adore

And worship God supreme, who made him chief

Of all his works.

Book VII.529-581

Male he created thee, but thy consort

Female for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,

'Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth,

Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold

Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,

And every living thing that moves on the Earth.'

Book VII.565-568

'Open, ye everlasting gates,' they sung,

Open, ye Heavens, your living doors; let in

The great Creator from his work returned

Magnificent, his six days' work, **a World;**

Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign

To visit oft the dwellings of just men

Delighted, and with frequent intercourse

Thither will send his wing'd messengers

On errands of supernal grace.' So sung

The glorious train ascending. He through Heaven,

That opened wide her blazing portals, led

To God's eternal house direct the way,

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold

And pavement stars, as strars to thee appear,

Seen in the Galaxy, that milky way

Which nightly as a circling **zone thou seest**

Powdered with stars.

Book VIII.179-202

To whom thus Adam cleared of doubt, replied.

"How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure

Intelligence of Heaven, Angel serene,

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And freed from intricacies, taught to live,
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandering thoughts and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Unchecked, and of her roving is no end;
Till warned, or by experience taught, she learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise
Of something not unseasonable to ask,
By sufferance, and thy wonted favor, deigned.

Book VIII.280-282

'Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am **happier then I know**.'

Book VIII.515-520

Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.

Book VIII.626-629

Easier then air with air, if spirits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.

Book IX.187-203

In at his mouth

The Devil entered, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspired
With act intelligential, but his sleep
Disturbed not, waiting close the approach of morn.
Now when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed
Their morning incense, when **all things that breathe**,
From the Earth's great altar send up silent praise

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Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse; to whom Sin thus began.

Book X.596-601

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answered soon.
"To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,
There best, where most with ravin I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
To stuff this maw, this vast **unhide-bound** corpse."

Book X.845-854

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night, not now, as ere Man fell,
Wholsome and cool and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror. On the ground
Outstretched he lay, on the **cold ground**, and oft
Cursed his creation, Death as oft accused
Of tardy execution, since denounced
The day of his offence.

Book X.962-965

Since this day's death denounced, if ought I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) derived.

Book XI.22-30

See Father, what first-fruits on Earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in Man, these sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mixed
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring,
Fruits of more pleasing savor from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which **his own hand manuring**, all the trees
Of **Paradise** could have produced, ere fallen
From innocence.

Book XI.280-285

Thee lastly nuptial bower, by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild, **how shall we breath in other air**
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?

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Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come called charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.