his form had yet not lost — Book the 1st.
All her original brightness, nor appear'd — line. 591.
Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th'excess
Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th'Arch-Angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in Bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd:

Book the 1st

Let none admire

line. 690. That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian Kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength and art are easily out-done
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age, they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.