

And mounting up from sphere to sphere  
With my angelick guide,  
At length me thought at distance I  
A monstrous shape espied,

Stalking across the specious plain,  
Which lay at my right hand,  
To which I came, while at the last,  
My lofty guide did stand.

Sure 'tis the black infernal prince,  
Thought I, to whom I said  
Proudest of rebels who did once  
Heaven's mighty realms invade.

Thou monarch of malicious fiends,  
And of the pit below,  
What does thou on these heavenly plains,  
And whither doest thou go.

The proud apostate strait replied,  
For sin surprizing red,  
Before the awful bar of God,  
You'll presently be had.

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