

## Heaven and Earth :

### A MYSTERY,

FOUNDED ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN GENESIS, CHAP. VI.

"And it came to pass . . . that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair ; and they took them wives of all which they chose."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> And woman wailing for her demon lover." — COLERIDGE.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Angels. — SAMIASA.  
AZAZIEL.  
RAPHAEL the Archangel.  
Men. — NOAH and his Sons.  
IRAD.  
JAPHET.

Women. — ANAH.  
AHOLIBAMAH.

Chorus of Spirits of the Earth. — Chorus of Mortals.

and revolts throughout, by the extravagant disproportion which the injury bears to the unmeasured resentment with which it is pursued. As a poem, though it occasionally displays great force and elevation, it obviously wants both grace and facility. The diction is often heavy and cumbrous, and the versification without sweetness or elasticity. It is generally very verbose, and sometimes exceedingly dull. Altogether, it gives us the impression of a thing worked out against the grain, and not poured forth from the fulness of the heart or the fancy; — the ambitious and elaborate work of a powerful mind engaged with an unsuitable task — not the spontaneous effusion of an exuberant imagination, sporting in the fulness of its strength. Every thing is heightened and enforced with visible effort and design; and the noble author is often contented to be emphatic by dint of exaggeration, and eloquent by the common topics of declamation. Lord Byron is, undoubtedly, a poet of the very first order, and has talents to reach the very highest honours of the drama. But he must not again disdain love, and ambition, and jealousy; he must not substitute what is merely *bizarre* and extraordinary, for what is naturally and universally interesting, nor expect, by any exaggerations, so to rouse and rule our sympathies by the senseless anger of an old man, and the prudish proprieties of an untempted woman, as by the agency of the great and simple passions with which, in some of their degrees, all men are familiar, and by which alone the Dramatic Muse has hitherto wrought her miracles. — JEFFREY.

On the whole, the *Doge of Venice* is the effect of a powerful and cultivated mind. It has all the requisites of tragedy, sublimity, terror, and pathos — all but that without which the rest are unavailing, interest! With many detached passages which neither derogate from Lord Byron's former fame, nor would have derogated from the reputation of our best ancient tragedians, it is, as a whole, neither sustained nor impressive. The poet, except in the soliloquy of Lioni, scarcely ever seems to have written with his own thorough good liking. He may be suspected throughout to have had in his eye some other model than nature; and we rise from his work with the same feeling as if we had been reading a translation. For this want of interest the subject itself is, doubtless, in some measure to blame; though, if the same subject had been differently treated, we are inclined to believe a very different effect would have been produced. But for the constraint and stiffness of the poetry, we have nothing to blame but the apparent resolution of its author to set (at whatever risk) an example of classical correctness to his uncivilised countrymen, and rather to forego success than to succeed after the manner of Shakspeare. — HEBER.]

<sup>1</sup> ["Heaven and Earth" was written at Ravenna, in October, 1821. In forwarding it to Mr. Murray, in the following month, Lord Byron says — "Enclosed is a lyrical drama, entitled 'A Mystery.' You will find it pious enough, I trust —

## Heaven and Earth.

### PART I.

#### SCENE I.

*A woody and mountainous district near Mount Ararat. — Time, Midnight.*

Enter ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.<sup>2</sup>

ANAH. OUR father sleeps; it is the hour when they Who love us are accustom'd to descend Through the deep clouds o'er rocky Ararat: — How my heart beats!

at least some of the chorus might have been written by Sternhold and Hopkins themselves for that, and perhaps for melody. As it is longer, and more lyrical and Greek, than I intended at first, I have not divided it into acts, but called what I have sent *Part First*; as there is a suspension of the action, which may either close there without impropriety, or be continued in a way that I have in view. I wish the first part to be published before the second; because, if it don't succeed, it is better to stop there, than to go on in a fruitless experiment." Though without delay revised by Mr. Gifford, and printed, this "First Part" was not published till 1822, when it appeared in the second number of the "Liberal." The "Mystery" was never completed.]

<sup>2</sup> ["It is impossible to suppose two poems more nearly diametrically opposite to each other in object and execution, than the 'Loves of the Angels' by Mr. Moore, and 'Heaven and Earth, a Mystery,' by Lord Byron. The first is all glitter and point, like a piece of Derbyshire spar; and the other is dark and massy, like a block of marble. In the one, angels harangue each other, like authors wishing to make a great public impression; in the other, they appear silent and majestic, even when their souls have been visited with human passions. In the one, the women whom the angels love, although beautiful and amiable, are blue-stockinged and pedantic, and their sins proceed from curiosity and the love of knowledge. In the other, they are the gentle, or the daring, daughters of flesh and blood, dissolving in tenderness, or burning with passion for the Sons of the Morning. In the one, we have sighs, tears, kisses, shiverings, thrillings, perfumes, feathered angels on beds of down, and all the transports of the honey-moon; in the other, silent looks of joy or despair, passion seen blending in vain union between the spirits of mortal and immortal, love shrieking on the wild shore of death, and all the thoughts that ever agitated human hearts dashed and distracted beneath the blackness and amidst the howling of commingled earth and heaven. The one is extremely pretty, and the other is something terrible. The great power of this 'Mystery' is in its fearless and daring simplicity. Lord Byron faces at once all the grandeur of his sublime subject. He seeks for nothing, but it rises before him in its death-doomed magnificence. Man, or angel, or demon, the being who mourns, or laments, or exults, is driven to speak by his own soul. The angels deign not to use many words, even to their beautiful paramours; and they scorn Noah and his sententious sons. The first scene is a woody and mountainous district, near Mount Ararat, and the time midnight. Mortal creatures, conscious of their own wickedness, have heard awful predictions of the threatened flood, and all their lives are darkened with terror. But the sons of God have been dwellers on earth, and women's hearts have been stirred by the beauty of these celestial visitants. Anah and Aholibamah, two of

AHO. Let us proceed upon Our invocation.  
ANAH. But the stars are hidden. I tremble.  
AHO. So do I, but not with fear Of aught save their delay.  
ANAH. My sister, though I love Azazel more than — oh, too much! What was I going to say? my heart grows impious.  
AHO. And where is the impiety of loving Celestial natures?  
ANAH. But, Aholibamah, I love our God less since his angel loved me: This cannot be of good; and though I know not That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears Which are not ominous of right.  
AHO. Then wed thee Unto some son of clay, and toil and spin! There's Japhet loves thee well, hath loved thee long: Marry, and bring forth dust!  
ANAH. I should have loved Azazel not less, were he mortal; yet I am glad he is not. I can not outlive him. And when I think that his immortal wings Will one day hover o'er the sepulchre Of the poor child of clay which so adored him, As he adores the Highest, death becomes Less terrible; but yet I pity him: His grief will be of ages, or at least Mine would be such for him, were I the Seraph, And he the perishable.

AHO. Rather say, That he will single forth some other daughter Of Earth, and love her as he once loved Anah.  
ANAH. And if it should be so, and she loved him, Better thus than that he should weep for me.  
AHO. If I thought thus of Samiasa's love, All Seraph as he is, I'd spurn him from me. But to our invocation! — 'Tis the hour.  
ANAH. Seraph! From thy sphere! Whatever star contain thy glory; In the eternal depths of heaven Albeit thou watchest with "the seven,"<sup>1</sup> Though through space infinite and hoary Before thy bright wings worlds be driven, Yet hear! Oh! think of her who holds thee dear! And though she nothing is to thee, Yet think that thou art all to her. Thou canst not tell, — and never be Such pangs decreed to aught save me, — The bitterness of tears. Eternity is in thine years, Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes; With me thou canst not sympathise, Except in love, and there thou must Acknowledge that more loving dust Ne'er wept beneath the skies. Thou walk'st thy many worlds, thou see'st The face of him who made thee great, As he hath made me of the least Of those cast out from Eden's gate:

these angel-stricken maidens, come wandering along while others sleep, to pour forth their invocations to their demon lovers. They are of very different characters: Anah, soft, gentle, and submissive; Aholibamah, proud, impetuous, and

Yet, Seraph dear! Oh hear! For thou hast loved me, and I would not die Until I know what I must die in knowing, That thou forget'st in thine eternity Her whose heart death could not keep from o'erflowing For thee, immortal essence as thou art! Great is their love who love in sin and fear; And such, I feel, are waging in my heart A war unworthy: to an Adamite Forgive, my Seraph! that such thoughts appear, For sorrow is our element; Delight An Eden kept afar from sight, Though sometimes with our visions blent. The hour is near Which tells me we are not abandon'd quite. — Appear! Appear! Seraph! My own Azazel! be but here, And leave the stars to their own light.  
AHO. Samiasa! Wheresoe'er Thou rulest in the upper air — Or warring with the spirits who may dare Dispute with Him Who made all empires, empire; or recalling Some wandering star, which shoots through the abyss, Whose tenants dying, while their world is falling, Share the dim destiny of clay in this; Or joining with the inferior cherubim, Thou deignest to partake their hymn — Samiasa! I call thee, I await thee, and I love thee. Many may worship thee, that will I not: If that thy spirit down to mine may move thee, Descend and share my lot! Though I be form'd of clay, And thou of beams More bright than those of day On Eden's streams, Thine immortality can not repay With love more warm than mine My love. There is a ray In me, which, though forbidden yet to shine, I feel was lighted at thy God's and thine. It may be hidden long: death and decay Our mother Eve bequeath'd us — but my heart Defies it: though this life must pass away, Is that a cause for thee and me to part? Thou art immortal — so am I: I feel — I feel my immortality o'ersweep All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal, Like the eternal thunders of the deep, Into my ears this truth — "Thou liv'st for ever!" But if it be in joy I know not, nor would know; That secret rests with the Almighty giver Who folds in clouds the founts of bliss and woe. But thee and me he never can destroy;

aspiring — the one loving in fear, and the other in ambition. — WILSON.]

<sup>1</sup> The archangels, said to be seven in number, and to occupy the eighth rank in the celestial hierarchy.

Change us he may, but not o'erwhelm; we are  
Of as eternal essence, and must war  
With him if he will war with us: with thee  
I can share all things, even immortal sorrow;  
For thou hast ventured to share life with me,  
And shall I shrink from thine eternity?

No! though the serpent's sting should pierce  
me thorough,

And thou thyself wert like the serpent, coil  
Around me still! and I will smile,  
And curse thee not; but hold  
Thee in as warm a fold

As — but descend, and prove  
A mortal's love

For an immortal. If the skies contain  
More joy than thou canst give and take, remain!

Anah. Sister! sister! I view them winging  
Their bright way through the parted night.

Aho. The clouds from off their pinions flinging,  
As though they bore to-morrow's light.

Anah. But if our father see the sight!  
Aho. He would but deem it was the moon

Rising unto some sorcerer's tune  
An hour too soon.

Anah. They come! he comes! — Azazel!  
Aho. Haste

To meet them! Oh! for wings to bear  
My spirit, while they hover there,  
To Samiasa's breast!

Anah. Lo! they have kindled all the west,  
Like a returning sunset; — lo!

On Ararat's late secret crest  
A mild and many-colour'd bow,

The remnant of their flashing path,  
Now shines! and now, behold! it hath

Return'd to night, as rippling foam,  
Which the leviathan hath lash'd

From his unfathomable home,  
When sporting on the face of the calm deep,

Subsides soon after he again hath dash'd  
Down, down, to where the ocean's fountains sleep.<sup>2</sup>

Aho. They have touch'd earth! Samiasa!  
Anah. My Azazel!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter IRAD and JAPHET.*

Irada. Despond not: wherefore wilt thou wander  
thus

To add thy silence to the silent night,  
And lift thy tearful eye unto the stars?  
They cannot aid thee.

Japh. But they soothe me — nor  
Perhaps she looks upon them as I look.

Methinks a being that is beautiful  
Becometh more so as it looks on beauty,

The eternal beauty of undying things.  
Oh, Anah!

Irada. But she loves thee not.

<sup>1</sup> [This invocation is extremely beautiful: its chief beauty lies in the continuous and meandering flow of its impassioned versification. At its close, — and it might well win down to earth erring angels from heaven, — the maidens disappear in the midnight darkness, hoping the presence of their celestial lovers. — WILSON.]

<sup>2</sup> [Lord Byron here takes a wide career, and is sometimes obscure and confused; but the flashes of fire continually break through, and illumine the clouds of smoke and vapour. The

Japh. Alas!  
Irada. And proud Aholibamah spurns me also.

Japh. I feel for thee too.  
Irada. Let her keep her pride,  
Mine hath enabled me to bear her scorn:

It may be, time too will avenge it.

Japh. Canst thou  
Find joy in such a thought?

Irada. Nor joy, nor sorrow.  
I loved her well; I would have loved her better,  
Had love been met with love; as 'tis, I leave her  
To brighter destinies, if so she deems them.

Japh. What destinies?  
Irada. I have some cause to think  
She loves another.

Japh. Anah!  
Irada. No; her sister.

Japh. What other?  
Irada. That I know not; but her air,  
If not her words, tells me she loves another.

Japh. Ay, but not Anah: she but loves her God.  
Irada. Whate'er she loveth, so she loves thee not,  
What can it profit thee?<sup>3</sup>

Japh. True, nothing; but  
I love.

Irada. And so do I.  
Japh. And now thou lov'st not,  
Or think'st thou lov'st not, art thou happier?

Irada. Yes.  
Japh. I pity thee.

Irada. Me! why?  
Japh. For being happy,  
Deprived of that which makes my misery.

Irada. I take thy taunt as part of thy distemper,  
And would not feel as thou dost for more shekels  
Than all our father's herds would bring if weigh'd  
Against the metal of the sons of Cain —

The yellow dust they try to barter with us,  
As if such useless and discolour'd trash,  
The refuse of the earth, could be received  
For milk, and wool, and flesh, and fruits, and all  
Our flocks and wilderness afford. — Go, Japhet,  
Sigh to the stars, as wolves howl to the moon —  
I must back to my rest.

Japh. And so would I  
If I could rest.

Irada. Thou wilt not to our tents then?  
Japh. No, Irada; I will to the cavern, whose  
Mouth they say opens from the internal world  
To let the inner spirits of the earth  
Forth when they walk its surface.

Irada. Wherefore so?  
What wouldst thou there?

Japh. Soothe further my sad spirit  
With gloom as sad: it is a hopeless spot,  
And I am hopeless.

Irada. But 'tis dangerous;  
Strange sounds and sights have peopled it with  
terrors.

I must go with thee.

extravagance is dictated by passion. His muse, even in her  
riddles and digressions, has a sybil-like, prophetic fury. —  
JEFFREY.]

<sup>3</sup> [This is one of those bitter, taunting sarcasms that es-  
cape from Lord Byron's pen, in spite of himself. Japhet is  
afterwards introduced alone, in a mountainous cave; and  
his soliloquy, bemoaning his own fate, and the approaching  
destruction of mankind, is interrupted by a laugh of demons,  
rejoicing over the event. This scene is terrific. — JEFFREY.]

Japh. Irada, no; believe me  
I feel no evil thought, and fear no evil.

Irada. But evil things will be thy foe the more  
As not being of them: turn thy steps aside,  
Or let mine be with thine.

Japh. No, neither, Irada;  
I must proceed alone.

Irada. Then peace be with thee!  
[*Exit IRAD.*]

Japh. (solus). Peace! I have sought it where it  
should be found,

In love — with love, too, which perhaps deserved it;  
And, in its stead, a heaviness of heart —  
A weakness of the spirit — listless days,  
And nights inexorable to sweet sleep —

Have come upon me. Peace! what peace? the calm  
Of desolation, and the stillness of  
The untrodden forest, only broken by  
The sweeping tempest through its groaning boughs;  
Such is the sullen or the fitful state  
Of my mind overworn. The earth's grown wicked,  
And many signs and portents have proclaim'd  
A change at hand, and an o'erwhelming doom  
To perishable beings. Oh, my Anah!

When the dread hour denounced shall open wide  
The fountains of the deep, how mightest thou  
Have lain within this bosom, folded from  
The elements; this bosom, which in vain  
Hath beat for thee, and then will beat more vainly,  
While thine — Oh, God! at least remit to her  
Thy wrath! for she is pure amidst the falling  
As a star in the clouds, which cannot quench,  
Although they obscure it for an hour. My Anah!

How would I have adored thee, but thou wouldst  
not;

And still would I redeem thee — see thee live  
When ocean is earth's grave, and, unopposed  
By rock or shallow, the leviathan,  
Lord of the shoreless sea and watery world,  
Shall wonder at his boundlessness of realm.

[*Exit JAPHET.*]

*Enter NOAH and SHEM.*

Noah. Where is thy brother Japhet?  
Shem. He went forth,  
According to his wont, to meet with Irada,  
He said; but, as I fear, to bend his steps  
Towards Anah's tents, round which he hovers nightly,  
Like a dove round and round its pillaged nest;  
Or else he walks the wild up to the cavern  
Which opens to the heart of Ararat.

Noah. What doth he there? It is an evil spot  
Upon an earth all evil; for things worse  
Than even wicked men resort there: he  
Still loves this daughter of a fated race,  
Although he could not wed her if she loved him,  
And that she doth not. Oh, the unhappy hearts  
Of men! that one of my blood, knowing well  
The destiny and evil of these days,  
And that the hour approacheth, should indulge  
In such forbidden yearnings! Lead the way;  
He must be sought for!

Shem. Go not forward, father:  
I will seek Japhet.

Noah. Do not fear for me:  
All evil things are powerless on the man  
Selected by Jehovah. — Let us on.

Shem. To the tents of the father of the sisters?  
Noah. No; to the cavern of the Caucasus.

[*Exeunt NOAH and SHEM.*]

## SCENE III.

*The mountains. — A cavern, and the rocks of Caucasus.*

Japh. (solus). Ye wilds, that look eternal; and  
thou cave,

Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye mountains,  
So varied and so terrible in beauty;  
Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks  
And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone  
In perpendicular places, where the foot  
Of man would tremble, could he reach them — yes,  
Ye look eternal! Yet, in a few days,  
Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurld  
Before the mass of waters; and yon cave,  
Which seems to lead into a lower world,  
Shall have its depths search'd by the sweeping wave,  
And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!

And man — Oh, men! my fellow-beings! Who  
Shall weep above your universal grave,  
Save I? Who shall be left to weep? My kinsmen,  
Alas! what am I better than ye are,  
That I must live beyond ye? Where shall be  
The pleasant places where I thought of Anah  
While I had hope? or the more savage haunts,  
Scarce less beloved, where I despair'd for her?

And can it be! — Shall yon exulting peak,  
Whose glittering top is like a distant star,  
Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?  
No more to have the morning sun break forth,  
And scatter back the mists in floating folds  
From its tremendous brow? no more to have  
Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,  
Leaving it with a crown of many hues?

No more to be the beacon of the world,  
For angels to alight on, as the spot  
Nearest the stars? And can those words "no more"  
Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,  
And the predestined creeping things reserved  
By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May  
He preserve them, and I not have the power  
To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters from  
A doom which even some serpent, with his mate,  
Shall 'scape to save his kind to be prolong'd,  
To hiss and sting through some emerging world,  
Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose ooze  
Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this until  
The salt morass subside into a sphere  
Beneath the sun, and be the monument,  
The sole and undistinguish'd sepulchre,  
Of yet quick myriads of all life? How much  
Breath will be still'd at once! All-beauteous world!  
So young, so mark'd out for destruction, I  
With a cleft heart look on thee day by day,  
And night by night, thy number'd days and nights:  
I cannot save thee, cannot save even her  
Whose love had made me love thee more; but as  
A portion of thy dust, I cannot think  
Upon thy coming doom without a feeling  
Such as — Oh God! and canst thou — [*He pauses.*]

A rushing sound from the cavern is heard, and shouts  
of laughter — afterwards a Spirit passes.

Japh. In the name  
Of the Most High, what art thou?

Spirit (laughs). Ha! ha! ha!

*Japh.* By all that earth holds holiest, speak!  
*Spirit* (*laughs*). Ha! ha!  
*Japh.* By the approaching deluge! by the earth  
 Which will be strangled by the ocean! by  
 The deep which will lay open all her fountains!  
 The heaven which will convert her clouds to seas,  
 And the Omnipotent who makes and crushes!  
 Thou unknown, terrible, and indistinct,  
 Yet awful Thing of Shadows, speak to me!  
 Why dost thou laugh that horrid laugh?  
*Spirit.* Why weep'st thou?  
*Japh.* For earth and all her children.  
*Spirit.* Ha! ha! ha! [*Spirit vanishes.*]  
*Japh.* How the fiend mocks the tortures of a world,  
 The coming desolation of an orb,  
 On which the sun shall rise and warm no life!  
 How the earth sleeps! and all that in it is  
 Sleep too upon the very eve of death!  
 Why should they wake to meet it? What is here,  
 Which look like death in life, and speak like things  
 Born ere this dying world? They come like clouds!  
 [*Various Spirits pass from the cavern.*]  
*Spirit.* Rejoice!  
 The abhorred race  
 Which could not keep in Eden their high place,  
 But listen'd to the voice  
 Of knowledge without power,  
 Are nigh the hour  
 Of death!  
 Not slow, not single, not by sword, nor sorrow,  
 Nor years, nor heart-break, nor time's sapping  
 motion,  
 Shall they drop off. Behold their last to-morrow!  
 Earth shall be ocean!  
 And no breath,  
 Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave!  
 Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot:  
 Not even a rock from out the liquid grave  
 Shall lift its point to save,  
 Or show the place where strong Despair hath died,  
 After long looking o'er the ocean wide  
 For the expected ebb which cometh not:  
 All shall be void,  
 Destroy'd!  
 Another element shall be the lord  
 Of life, and the abhor'd  
 Children of dust be quench'd; and of each hue  
 Of earth nought left but the unbroken blue;  
 And of the variegated mountain  
 Shall nought remain  
 Unchanged, or of the level plain;  
 Cedar and pine shall lift their tops in vain:  
 All merged within the universal fountain,  
 Man, earth, and fire, shall die,  
 And sea and sky  
 Look vast and lifeless in the eternal eye.  
 Upon the foam  
 Who shall erect a home?  
*Japh.* (*coming forward*). My sire!  
 Earth's seed shall not expire;  
 Only the evil shall be put away  
 From day.  
 Avaunt! ye exulting demons of the waste!  
 Who howl your hideous joy  
 When God destroys whom you dare not destroy;  
 Hence! haste!  
 Back to your inner caves!  
 Until the waves

Shall search you in your secret place,  
 And drive your sullen race  
 Forth, to be roll'd upon the tossing winds  
 In restless wretchedness along all space!  
*Spirit.* Son of the saved!  
 When thou and thine have braved  
 The wide and warring element;  
 When the great barrier of the deep is rent,  
 Shall thou and thine be good or happy?—No!  
 Thy new world and new race shall be of woe—  
 Less goodly in their aspect, in their years  
 Less than the glorious giants, who  
 Yet walk the world in pride,  
 The Sons of Heaven by many a mortal bride.  
 Thine shall be nothing of the past, save tears.  
 And art thou not ashamed  
 Thus to survive,  
 And eat, and drink, and wife?  
 With a base heart so far subdued and tamed,  
 As even to hear this wide destruction named,  
 Without such grief and courage, as should rather  
 Bid thee await the world-dissolving wave,  
 Than seek a shelter with thy favour'd father,  
 And build thy city o'er the drown'd Earth's  
 grave?  
 Who would outlive their kind,  
 Except the base and blind?  
 Mine  
 Hateth thine,  
 As of a different order in the sphere,  
 But not our own.  
 There is not one who hath not left a throne  
 Vacant in heaven to dwell in darkness here,  
 Rather than see his mates endure alone.  
 Go, wretch! and give  
 A life like thine to other wretches—live!  
 And when the annihilating waters roar  
 Above what they have done,  
 Envy the giant patriarchs then no more,  
 And scorn thy sire as the surviving one!  
 Thyself for being his son!

*Chorus of Spirits issuing from the cavern.*  
 Rejoice!  
 No more the human voice  
 Shall vex our joys in middle air  
 With prayer;  
 No more  
 Shall they adore;  
 And we, who ne'er for ages have adored  
 The prayer-exacting Lord,  
 To whom the omission of a sacrifice  
 Is vice;  
 We, we shall view the deep's salt sources pour'd  
 Until one element shall do the work  
 Of all in chaos; until they,  
 The creatures proud of their poor clay,  
 Shall perish, and their bleached bones shall lurk  
 In caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains, where  
 The Deep shall follow to their latest lair;  
 Where even the brutes, in their despair,  
 Shall cease to prey on man and on each other,  
 And the striped tiger shall lie down to die  
 Beside the lamb, as though he were his brother;  
 Till all things shall be as they were,  
 Silent and uncreated, save the sky:  
 While a brief truce  
 Is made with Death, who shall forbear

The little remnant of the past creation,  
 To generate new nations for his use;  
 This remnant, floating o'er the undulation  
 Of the subsiding deluge, from its slime,  
 When the hot sun hath baked the reeking soil  
 Into a world, shall give again to Time  
 New beings—years—diseases—sorrow—crime—  
 With all companionship of hate and toil,  
 Until—  
*Japh.* (*interrupting them*). The eternal will  
 Shall deign to expound this dream  
 Of good and evil; and redeem  
 Unto himself all times, all things;  
 And, gather'd under his almighty wings,  
 Abolish hell!  
 And to the expiated Earth  
 Restore the beauty of her birth,  
 Her Eden in an endless paradise,  
 Where man no more can fall as once he fell,  
 And even the very demons shall do well!  
*Spirits.* And when shall take effect this wondrous  
 spell?  
*Japh.* When the Redeemer cometh; first in pain,  
 And then in glory.  
*Spirit.* Meantime still struggle in the mortal chain,  
 Till earth wax hoary;  
 War with yourselves, and hell, and heaven, in vain,  
 Until the clouds look gory  
 With the blood reeking from each battle plain;  
 New times, new climes, new arts, new men: but  
 still,  
 The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill,  
 Shall be amongst your race in different forms;  
 But the same moral storms  
 Shall oversweep the future, as the waves  
 In a few hours the glorious giants' graves.<sup>1</sup>

*Chorus of Spirits.*

Brethren, rejoice!  
 Mortal, farewell!  
 Hark! hark! already we can hear the voice  
 Of growing ocean's gloomy swell;  
 The winds, too, plume their piercing wings;  
 The clouds have nearly fill'd their springs;  
 The fountains of the great deep shall be broken,  
 And heaven set wide her windows<sup>2</sup>; while man-  
 kind  
 View, unacknowledged, each tremendous token—  
 Still, as they were from the beginning, blind.  
 We hear the sound they cannot hear, [sphere;  
 The mustering thunders of the threatening  
 Yet a few hours their coming is delay'd—  
 Their flashing banners, folded still on high,  
 Yet undisplay'd,  
 Save to the Spirit's all-pervading eye.  
 How! how! oh Earth!  
 Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth:  
 Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below  
 The ocean's overflow!  
 The wave shall break upon your cliffs; and shells,  
 The little shells, of ocean's least things be  
 Deposed where now the eagle's offspring dwells—  
 How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless sea!

<sup>1</sup> "And there were giants in the earth in those days, and after; mighty men, which were of old, men of renown."—*Genesis*.

<sup>2</sup> "The same day were all the fountains of the great deep

And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,  
 Unanswer'd, save by the encroaching swell;—  
 While man shall long in vain for his broad wings,  
 The wings which could not save:— [brings  
 Where could he rest them, while the whole space  
 Nought to his eye beyond the deep, his grave?  
 Brethren, rejoice!  
 And loudly lift each superhuman voice—  
 All die,  
 Save the slight remnant of Seth's seed—  
 The seed of Seth,  
 Exempt for future Sorrow's sake from death.  
 But of the sons of Cain  
 None shall remain;  
 And all his goodly daughters  
 Must lie beneath the desolating waters—  
 Or, floating upward, with their long hair laid  
 Along the wave, the cruel heaven upbraid,  
 Which would not spare  
 Beings even in death so fair.  
 It is decreed,  
 All die!  
 And to the universal human cry  
 The universal silence shall succeed!  
 Fly, brethren, fly!  
 But still rejoice!  
 We fell!  
 They fall!  
 So perish all  
 These petty foes of Heaven who shrink from hell!  
 [*The Spirits disappear, soaring upwards.*]  
*Japh.* (*solus*). God hath proclaim'd the destiny of  
 earth;  
 My father's ark of safety hath announced it;  
 The very demons shriek it from their caves;  
 The scroll<sup>3</sup> of Enoch prophesied it long  
 In silent books, which, in their silence, say  
 More to the mind than thunder to the ear:  
 And yet men listen'd not, nor listen; but  
 Walk darkling to their doom; which, though so nigh,  
 Shakes them no more in their dim disbelief,  
 Than their last cries shall shake the Almighty purpose,  
 Or deaf obedient ocean, which fulfils it.  
 No sign yet hangs its banner in the air;  
 The clouds are few, and of their wonted texture,  
 The sun will rise upon the earth's last day  
 As on the fourth day of creation, when  
 God said unto him, "Shine!" and he broke forth  
 Into the dawn, which lighted not the yet  
 Uniform'd forefather of mankind—but roused  
 Before the human orison the earlier  
 Made and far sweeter voices of the birds,  
 Which in the open firmament of heaven  
 Have wings like angels, and like them salute  
 Heaven first each day before the Adamites!  
 Their matins now draw nigh—the east is kindling—  
 And they will sing! and day will break! Both near,  
 So near the awful close! For these must drop  
 Their outworn pinions on the deep; and day,  
 After the bright course of a few brief morrows,—  
 Ay, day will rise; but upon what?—a chaos,  
 Which was ere day; and which, renew'd, makes time  
 Nothing! for, without life, what are the hours?

broken up; and the windows of heaven were opened."—*Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> The book of Enoch, preserved by the Ethiopians, is said by them to be anterior to the flood.