

EDEN
AN ORATORIO
BY
ROBERT BRIDGES
SET TO MUSIC BY
C. V. STANFORD

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SINGERS.

ALL ANGELS.
THE SERAPHS, CHERUBS, AND THRONES.
THE VIRTUES.
THE ANGELS.
THE ANGEL OF THE EARTH.
THE ANGEL OF THE SUN.
THE ANGELS OF THE FIVE OLD PLANETS.
THE ANGEL OF VISIBLE BEAUTY.
THE ANGEL OF POETRY.
THE ANGEL OF MUSIC.
MICHAEL.
SATAN.
ALL DEVILS.
ADAM.
EVE.

VOICES OF THE MASK.

WAR.
FURIES.
VICTORS AND VANQUISHED.
PLAGUE.
FAMINE.
DISEASES.
—
ALL SEERS.
THE VOICE OF CHRIST.

*(The Angels of Poetry and Music and the Angelic Chorus
also sing in the Mask.)*

ACT I

HEAVEN

I

THE ANGEL OF THE EARTH HAS HEARD FROM THE EARTH
THE SINGING OF THE ANGELS IN HEAVEN,
AND COMES TO JOIN.

Angel of the Earth:

HARK! What solemn joy
On the wonder-shaken ways
Of the airy firmament,
Spreading down to the earth,
Hath drawn me hither intent!

'Tis angel voices, that frame
In the all-delighting Creator's praise
The hymn of man's birth.

Hark! It is come. Ah, near
It cometh: O hark! I hear
The eternal name.

II

HYMN OF THE ANGELS.

All Angels :

GOD of might! God of love! God of light!

I. *Seraphs :* We, Thy love-kindling fire,

Cherubs : We, Thy all-wise desire,

Thrones : We, Thine enduring might,

All: Adore Thee only, that art as Thou art,
God of might, God of love, God of light.

II. *Virtues :* We, of Thy beauty bright,

III. *Angels :* We, warriors for Thy right,
Who shield from heaven's heart
Evil o'erwhelmed in fiery night,

All: Adore Thee only, that art as Thou art,
God of light, God of love, God of might.

III

DIALOGUE OF THE ANGELS.

Angel of the Earth :

WHAT new delight, ye angels, hath woven your voices,
That, as they cease,
The floating music rejoices
Heaven's perpetual peace?

Angel of the Sun :

To me hath He given the charge of the sun
To fill man's life with desire,
And flood his days as they run
With the gay breath of his fire.

Angel of the Earth :

Lovely flowers at thy smile
Spring from the dusky sod,
Whose wonder awaited awhile
The purpose of God.
But what is man?

Angels of the Planets :

We on the orbits of the wandering spheres
Our secrets bright
Tune to thine ears,
And glorify man's night
With far-removèd light.

Angel of the Earth :

I watch your courses from my throne, and see
Your eyes are bent on me.
But what is man?

Angel of Visible Beauty :

A voice spake also to me
From the highest, Behold!
My Virtue go forth, inhabit the land and sea ;
Thy vesture of broken light shall be,
And thy crown of gold.

Angel of the Earth:

Gloriously art thou clad, as thou art fair:
 Thy beauty is everywhere.
 But what is man?

Angel of Poetry:

Me also He callèd, and said
 O Muse of my spirit descend,
 And dream in the heart of the man I have made
 My thoughts without end.

Angel of Music:

And unto me He spake,
 Go wave thy rod in the azurous air;
 The breath of his life into music shake,
 That his love and joy find speech, and his prayer
 A pathway to take.

IV

MADRIGAL.

All Angels:

FLAMES of pure love are we,
 Echoes of God's decree,
 Lovers of what He maketh: O sing His praise.
 But man, while so he willeth to be,
 A God is he,
 Maker of what he loveth,—O sing his praise—
 In His image array'd,
 Who in a creature hath a creator made.

V

A SONG OF GOD'S LOVE.

Angel of the Earth:

My sphere slowly turneth
Thro' night and day:
With fourfold jewels burneth
Her robe of airy array;
An Emerald gemming of herb and tree,
A sparkling Sapphire of summer sea,
Her ripeness gloweth a Ruby of ruddy light,
Her winter Diamonds flash to the stars of night:
And out of the billowy cloud
Steals to my ear
The song of the sphere,
A thought of voyaging, born of beauty aloud,

(THE SONG OF THE EARTH.)

O Maker, if all Thou madest were but for me,
Thy sun for my day,
The starry mantle of space to enfold me,
Thine angels to guard, Thy strength to uphold me,
And I to receive and obey!
Since thou alone art He
That worketh in secret and openly,
And nothing in vain; then I for Thee
I am, and ever will be
Thy only belovèd.

VI

CHORUS ON MAN'S FREE WILL AND ENVY
OF HIS CONDITION.*All Angels:*

A SPIRIT he for triumph high,
Arrived in rays of beauteous life
Our fixèd loves in peace for ever free
By free desire to multiply.
O man, thou may'st with thy Creator vie:
Consider, consider
If to excel be worthy thine endeavour.

Let all Thy works, O God of might and love,
Praise Thee for ever:
As we, Thy heavenly works, praise and adore:
Let man for evermore
Praise Thee for ever.

God of might! God of love, God of light!

END OF ACT I

ACT II

HELL

VII

CHORUS OF IMPATIENT FIENDS AWAKENING
SATAN FROM HIS SLEEP.

All Devils :

SATAN, Satan, awake! Satan, awake!
Thy hosts are idle on the clanging shore
Of the sulphury lake. Its hollow cup
O'erboils with cries that split the fiery welkin.
Awake! if by those yelling lightning clefts
We may slip forth to invade the heaven and soil
The glory of God. Awake, Satan, awake!
Our starvèd furies feed, our clawing lust
Sate, that hate may thrive. Satan, awake!

VIII

THE AWAKENING OF SATAN.

- Satan* : I AWAKE. I awake.
Dev. : The king awaketh from his groaning sleep.
Satan : I awake. I awake.
Dev. : As smoke and fire from a far mountain cone
 Burst suddenly forth—the ear awaits the sound.
Sat. : I have dreamed a curse on God ; the ruin of all.
All Devils : Ho ! ho ! attend !
 Silence ! attend !

IX

SATAN'S DREAM.

- Satan* :
- IN the visions of God that vex my spirit,
 I saw the joy, and heard the song, whose echo
 Sometimes makes vibrate here our iron vault :
 Him now they praised for a new creation,
 Higher than they, a left arm against us,
 Called man ; to breed as we, but in a world
 Of beauty, a wealth extravagant of space,
 To serve Him as they will : His spirit with matter
 God mingling made ; obedience so to steal
 From the first forms of His disposing will.

X

CHORUS.

All Devils :

HA! Ha! Cease, ss!

'Tis good thou tell'st not evil. Shew us not
The praise of God: we will not hearken. Ha!
All that He made we hate, as our forefathers
Hated: What He maketh we hate, and what
He shall make shall be hate for evermore.

Ha!

'Tis good not ill: we will not hear thee. Ha!

XI

DIALOGUE OF THE DEVILS WITH SATAN.

Satan :

So hate ye and hiss Him aye. But hearken, fiends:
In the Creator's scheme I spy a blot.
What think ye? If spirit and matter are joined in one,
How shall not spirit eternal pine and falter?

All Devils : Ho!

The spirit will falter and pine.

Satan : The senseless lump
May turn to corruption.

All Devils : Ho! The senseless lump
May turn to corruption.

Satan : Ours is the earth;
Ours is the soul of man, I have spied a blot
In God's new world. 'Tis bad and belongeth to ME.

XII

CHORUS OF SATISFIED FIENDS.

All Devils :

OURS shall man be, and all his generations,
 For ever and ever ours: ours is the prize.
 He shall hate God and good. He shall love us and ill.
 Here shall he dwell, and have delight in hell;
 He here for ever, and all his generations,
 For ever and ever coming, cursing God,
 And serving thee for ever, Hell without end.

XIII

SATAN PROPOSES HIS DESIGN.

Satan :

I WILL go forth, and win his boasted will.
 I will disguise: I will lie and deceive;
 Will fawn; crouch; bow down at his feet; will cringe;
 Smile; flatter his wandering eye; his marvelling ear
 I will beguile; will snare his taste, his tongue,
 His nostrils, his fine touch, will cozen and cheat,
 Betray, undo to ruin; I will delude
 His beating heart, and his mechanical mind
 Of reason o'erreach, mislead, spoil, ravel and fool.
 I will go forth, &c. (*repeating himself*).

XIV

THE PRAISE OF SATAN.

All Devils :

PRAISE, Óho! praise to thee, thou king of hate ;
Ancient of Chaos, essential flower of night ;
That wrappest in darkness, burnest with fire ; that
marrest
Beauty ; that sapest strength ; that broodest de-
lighting
For ever in ever-increasing desolation.
Forth go thou : lead us forth ; thine armèd fiends
Let loose. Thy power extend. Be God's new world
Blasted with war and pain. Be all destroyed
But strife and sin and thee to reign for aye ;

King of death! King of hate! King of night!

Echo of angelic song faintly heard in the vault :

God of might! God of love! God of light!

All Devils : Ha! ha! cease! ss!

END OF ACT II

ACT III

EARTH

PART I. THE FALL.

XV

MORNING HYMN AND LOVE-SONG OF ADAM AND EVE.

Adam and Eve.

Adam :

ON the garden of earth arise, O Sun,
My world of joy display :
Côme, clóke night's sleepless eyes
With the blue robe of day.

To the eyes of earth thou arisest ; they shine ;
Thou shewest their way.
Thy glance o'ertaketh the streams in their flight ;
They drink of thy ray.

Eve :

The awakening flowers their heads of light
Uplift in the shades.

Birds arouse their hymns of delight
On the paths of the glades.

Adam :

As a song-bird is the voice of thy love
In the Paradise of my heart.

Strength, light to my world of joy
As the sun thou art.

Together :

The waters are bright, the flowers are awake,
The sun is above.

Birds hush their songs: 'tis day
In the garden of love.

XVI

EVE SEES AND FOLLOWS THE SERPENT.

Adam and Eve.

Eve : BEHOLD! what beauty glideth
Down from yon branching tree!
He coilith round: he hideth
Under the flowers. O see!

Adam : A brute is he.

Eve : See thou the sunlight glancing
Upon his motley squame:-
His agile tongue forth-dancing,
And eyes of flame.

Adam : Serpent his name.

E. Bid him stay. *A.* He would not stay.

E. Speak to him. *A.* He will answer not.

E. Call to him. *A.* He would not obey.

Savage ears have they;

Tongues and no speech; minds without thought.

E. Watch him. *A.* He will flee anon.

E. He flieth, follow! *A.* He is gone.

E. I will follow. *A.* He will lead thee a vain chase.

E. I will follow. *A.* He will head thee in the race.

E. Follow! follow! *A.* He will hide him in the grasses.

E. Follow! follow! *A.* In the thicket where he passes

He will lead thee a vain chase.

XVII

THE TEMPTATION.

Eve, Satan, and Chorus of watching Angels.

Angels: TAKE heed, Eve, take heed!

Eve: A voice I hear

I know not whence, within me or above.

Angels: Take heed, Eve, take heed!

Eve: Who bids me fear?

Angels: Guard her, angels of love:

Satan on earth is come.

Satan :

My home is in this fairest tree :
 Its fruit, in thy reach hung,
 Untasted but by me,
 Hath loosed my tongue.

Eve :

Thou, serpent, was't that spake ?

Angels : Take heed !

Satan : 'Tis I,
 Whom thou didst hold brute, mute, and dumb.

Angels :

Give heed, Eve, give heed : to thee we call :
 O child of earth, our voice is to thee.

Satan :

Give heed, Eve, give heed : to thee I call :
 Child of earth, my voice is to thee.
 Am I not comely too, O fairest of all ?
 O wisest, I too am wise : hearken to me.

Eve : In wonder I hearken.

Angels : Take heed, take heed !

Satan :

On the fair apples as I feed,
 I wise and ever wiser grow :
 By knowledge is my spirit freed ;
 All truth I know.

Angels : Man's speech he taketh :
 Himself as God he maketh.

Satan :

THERE IS NO GOD. The heaven and light of life,
 Thy wonder, sprang of chance. Sun, moon and stars,
 The earth and all thereon, thou and thy man,
 Thy river-watered garden, the fair trees,
 The flowers, the birds and beasts and lesser life
 Came all of chance from changeful matter's strife.
 There is no God: He whom thou dream'st to love thee
 Is but a shadow of thought. GOD there is NONE.
 Think Him not, and He is not. Lo! unseen,
 Unfelt, unheard, what then is He?—Thou
 Art thine own God: wherefore be wise as I
 Freely to see, touch, take, taste, as thou list.
 Think as I: eat as I.

Angels : 'Tis death: consider!

Satan : THOU SHALT NOT DIE.

Eve : Why doubteth my heart? What dream I, to hear
 Forbidding voices?—I will not fear—
 Fair is the tree to the eyes,—
 Nor planted in vain.—
 The serpent hath eaten and liveth:—
 He surely is wise:—
 Good is the counsel he giveth:—
 I will not refrain.

O beauteous fruit, whether for God's own pleasure
 Or of thyself sprung, thou art mine.

Angels : The heavenly links are broken.
 Evil is thought on earth, evil is spoken,
 Evil is done.

Satan : The fruit of wisdom, the tree of pleasure:
 Eat, eat: 'tis thine.

Eve : O sweet to the taste ; intense,
Wondrous rapture of sense :
A joy of passion I find
Opening the eyes of the mind
To the truth thou spakest.
Of me, serpent, thou makest
A God indeed.

Satan : To Adam haste.

Eve : He too shall taste.

Satan (mocking Angels) :
Make speed, Eve, make speed !

Eve : To him I haste.

Satan : He too shall taste.

Satan (alone) :
Ye boastful angels, eternal tyrants, behold,
Behold, behold !
Adam is fallen, he eateth : no longer now
In Hell to be confined I thither turn,
But thence to draw the friends of death : hereafter
On earth with men to inhabit evermore ;
'Less I with fire or flood or cumbering cold
Destroy God's fanciful fabric and them.—Farewell.

XVIII

THE DESCENT OF MICHAEL.

*Dialogue of Angels.**The Angels that warned Eve :*

EYES, whom the face of God delighteth,
Ye sight of His seeing!

A wonder ye see, not understood;
The earth He willed into being,
His foe to combat inviteth.

Still from our heavenly tower look we down :
The will of His good
Redemption shall crown.

Twin balanced swords of flame descending,
On Michael attending,
What mean ye? who sayeth?

Angels attending Michael :

We may not tarry.
God's will to earth we carry,
Where Adam lamenteth and prayeth.

XIX

ADAM'S LAMENT.

Angels, Adam and Eve.

Adam :

FLED are my joy and peace. Why was I made?
 Creator of all, why madest Thou me,
 A breath in the dust, to be
 Of itself afraid?

My pride to be Thine Thou hast reft, the glory and
 crown of my head;

My robe of innocence rent; my nakedness Thou
 piercest

With fiercest

Fangs of dread. (*Distant thunder heard.*)

SHALL the mighty lion, his kindness forgetting,
 Steal on me in the night to spring and rend me?

Or must I defend me

From the onslaught of eagles, my head besetting
 With furious beak? What fate unshewn

O'ershadows my heart with horrible fears unknown?

IN blackest night I shall be shrouded for ever,
 Away from thee, Eve, out of thy sight.

No eyes of love to recall me thence.

Thy weeping eyes shall then be closèd in night,
 Forgotten in blackness dense,

Where good nor ill cometh : sun shineth there never,
 Nor horrors of soul the darkness can darken.

(*Thunder.*)

Angels above in the thunder ;

ADAM ! ADAM !

Eve : Hearken ! O hearken !

Adam :

No other repose. Ye lightning swords of flame
 To dust of earth smite me : (*Lightning.*)
 From dust I came. (*Thunder.*)

Angels above :

ADAM ! ADAM !

XX

THE PRAYER.

Adam and Eve.

Adam :

HIDE, hide from heaven our shame !

Eve :

Nay, seek we God : call on His name,
 Since ill we have done.

Adam :

Ill have we done.

Eve : If thou despair,

How shall He hear our prayer ?

Adam : How hear our prayer ?

Eve : O Adam, pray :
 Speak for us, Adam, say

FATHER of heaven, forgive, restore—

Adam :

Father of heaven, forgive, restore.

E. and A. : Turn not away.

Thy weeping children do not disregard.

Thy work of love with love amend.

A. and E. : Thy making, by ourselves unmade—
 In pain and grief, by terror and sorrow marred,
 In the dust low laid—

(Together) : Create once more ;

Bid Thou to honour again arise.

One hope of Thee we crave,

Our broken hearts receive ; unto our heavy cries
 Bow Thine ear and save.

XXI

THE SENTENCE OF EXPULSION.

Michael, with two Angels, and Adam.

Michael, with the two Angels :

ADAM, thy prayer is heard in heaven.

Thou fal'n most in despair, lament no more.

From Eden tho' thou'rt driven,

Yet unto thee,

And to thy children to be born to thee,

The Earth and all her joy is given.

Take heart, look forth and see !

Thou fal'n most in despair, lament no more.

Adam : Angel of God !

Angels : Lament no more.

Adam : Of my lament,
When in despair I fell,
I do repent.

Angels : Thy prayer is heard.

Adam : Angel of God !

Angels : Lament no more.

Adam : In thy word I rejoice,
And in thy voice
I comfort me.

But of my sons tell me, for thou canst tell,
The fault wherein I fell

Shall they too rue, nor in this garden dwell ?

Michael and Angels :

Fear not, rejoice at their birth ;
For them shall Earth
As Eden be.

We that behold their Father's face,
Will shield their grace,
Their steps of joy, their voice of mirth.
To gladden the Earth
They shall be free.

PART II. ADAM'S VISION.

XXII

VISION OF WAR.

Michael, Adam, War, Chorus of Furies, Warriors, and Vanquished.

Michael :

SUCH child thou wert ;
 Now, since man thou art,
 Will terrors, sorrows, deaths and doubts surround
 thee.
 Let wisdom lead thee there, where innocence first
 found thee,
 And fear thou not.

Adam : I will not fear.
 Thee rather, Angel, I bid unfold
 Some of the curse to be.

Michael :

AH! if thou those ills wouldst see,
 Watch as here we sit :
 I will make before thee flit,
 In shadow and music of a pageant vain,
 Sights that soon thy sons in earnest shall behold.
 Name thou each as I send him.
 See on the plain afar
 With banners and armèd train,
 What plague accurst
 Rideth the first.

Adam : Alas! I call him War,
And furies attend him.

Furies :

WAR, War! To the attack!

Warriors, with trumpets :

The enemy! See! the enemy!

War :

Vengeance, Victory! On, my furies, o'erthrow ;
Smite them, my men renowned!
My captains of fight!

Trumpets :

On! Run! With your onset bear them down!

War : In the force of his might,
In the enemy's anger I take my delight,
In fierce resistance and bloody breath,

(With Furies) :

In cries of the wounded, despairing and flying,
In groans of the dying,
In corpses and death.

Trumpets :

Firm, firm, ye spearmen! Hold to your steel!

War : No master but I. Their kings and lords
Shall bow the knee:
Their women shall be
The slaves of your fury, their men the prey of your
swords.

Trumpets :

Ye horsemen, break them, scatter them, tread them
down!

Furies :

Thou stealest as night, thou leapest as dawn of
day,

Thou smitest with noonday rays of fire.

War : Uplift your swords to slay :

Spur forward your steeds! They tire.

Trumpets :

Victory, victory! Revenge! To the sword! Spare
not!

Furies :

O conquering king, none reigneth but thou :

Our arms restrain not our maddened steeds.

At every stroke an enemy bleeds :

In death they bow.

War and Furies :

They fly, they fly!

Trumpets :

Follow, pursue the flying! Destroy, destroy!

Vanquished :

Spare, spare!

Furies : Die, die!

Vanquished :

We are fallen.

Furies : Ye perish, ye die.

Vanquished :

We yield. Our arms we yield. Spare, spare! We
yield

Our country and cities to be thine; ourselves

To be thy slaves, our children and our wives.

Spare, spare our lives!

Trumpets :

Pursue, o'ertake, surround; surround and slay!

Vanquished :

As a lion thy teeth close on us, they crush, devour.
Devour no more! Spare, spare!

Furies : Die, die!

PEAN.

Furies :

LION of War, that roarest thy name,
Destroyer of man,
The earth thou dost ravish, her children thou slayest ;
When thou wilt burn, the winds are thy fan.
The field quaketh whereon thou playest ;
And when thyself thou arrayest,
The sun crowns thee with flame.

Adam :

Be these my sons! Alas!

Michael : They are gone.

XXIII

VISION OF PLAGUE, FAMINE, AND DISEASES.

Adam : AH, see !

What shapes hideous and lean float o'er the land,
Their faces veiled, twin devils hand in hand,
With silent swoop. Plague! Famine! and behind
Diseases! cramped misfeatures of all kind ;
Direful their forms, direful their names shall be.

Plague :

I WALK the winds unseen.

Famine : I follow thee fast.

Plague :

I tarnish the sky,
I ingender the flood
With atoms of death,

Famine : I powder the blast
With mildew and mould:

Plague :

To enter the blood
With drink and breath.

Famine : Seeds of worms and locusts rank,
Rust and fungus dank,

Plague :

Out of my culturing horn
Of poison I shower
My curses unclean.

Famine : To tetter the vines,
And smirch the corn
With blight and branding sour.

Plague :

Men and beasts sicken and die ;
They cannot escape.

Famine : The earth I enfold,
And she pines ;
Men and beasts famish and die.

Together : In terror they { fly,
lie :
They cannot escape ;
They { sicken } and die.
{ famish }

Diseases : WE are your train.
 We enter men's bodies made sick with a sign ;
 Nérve, múscle, and vein,
 Heárt, líver, and brain,
 Each hath his choice :
 And if they repine,
 We cry with their voice
 Our chorus of pain.

(PAIN CHORUS.)

Ah ! Ah ! Pain racks us : our brains reel and swim ;
 We fall, with sudden faintings fall, in spasms of horror.
 With cramping cold we creep : our eyes grow dim :
 Our trembling limbs wither : our bones decay.
 With ghastly aches we pine. In terror
 And melancholy shudderings drowned, our joy is fled.
 Our beauty and strength are dead.

Tortured we cannot sleep, in pangs of fire
 Quenchless, that no thirst, quenchless thirst, can
 allay.

Tottering in hideous dances of despairing death,
 Gnawed by secret cankerings deep,
 With suffocated breath,
 Choked, we expire.

XXIV

VISION OF GOOD.

Michael shews to Adam the Muses.

Adam :

WOE! woe to the earth! Now rather far
In the lion's mouth of fury would I be crushed,
Than by the least
Of these black skeletons be possest.

Michael :

Weep not, nor stay these evils to deplore.
Close tó thine eyes. Part now their lids again,
And name the sight.

Adam :

Two forms I see, that in the evening sky
Upgather robes of splendour. Great their beauty,
Baffling my sense. These are the powers of Love ;
They should be comforters of sorrow ; Muses
I call them: Together on high,
Over forest and plain as they fly,
O'er mountain and sea
Their voices come floating.

Angel of Poetry :

COME, fairest spirit !

Angel of Music : Fairest spirit, come !

Angel of Poetry :

I link my hand in thine.

Angel of Music : I lean on thee.

Poetry : Thy generous fantasy
To my proud thought surrender, be thou mine.

Music : I yield to thee.

Poetry : I have launchèd a boat
On the ocean of thought :

Music : I spread my sail ; it hath caught
God's breath ; we float.

Both : We float.

The prow of thy passion furrows the night
In starry ripples of flying light.

Adam :

Behind them, O happy sight ! my sons I see,
Crowned and bright as the Seraphim,
That in God's presence sing the threefold hymn.

Michael : Knowest thou their names ?

Adam : The memory of their names
Wings back to me thro' time on feathery flames.

XXV

VISION OF ALL-SEERS.

Chorus of All-Seers :

WE come, O Muse of delight ; we follow thy voice.
In thy praise we rejoice.

The unseen we adore
In music and prayer ;

In palaces fair
 Hath knowledge her throne ;
 Thy love we have pictured, and carvèd in stone
 The forms of desire.

With wisdom for joy
 Our pleasure hath played,
 Our labour hath made
 The small to be great,
 A rapture of sorrow, a beauty of fate,
 In forms of desire.

We follow thy thought, O beauteous best,
 But yet, yet are not our spirits at rest.

Angel of Poetry :

O wavering mind of man, to what dost thou aspire?

All-Seers :

Thy smile is of God,
 Thy teaching is truth ;
 The glory of youth
 Thy wisdom hath won ;
 Thy beauty, a flower, doth gaze on the sun,
 With eyes of desire.

But O, our heart escapeth in fire,
 Our love flieth away in breath.

Angel :

The sorrow of Adam is it? the terror of death?

All-Seers :

The sorrow of Adam it is, the terror of death.

XXVI

THE VISION OF CHRIST.

Chorus of Angels :

GLORY to God on high !

Adam :

Who cometh now, that all the Angel-throng
Usher him with glad song ?

Angels :

Glory to God on high ! To men be peace !

Michael : The vision granteth thee to see
The SON OF MAN. Look for no other.

Voice of CHRIST :

Come unto Me !

Angels : O come to Him !

CHRIST : We weary and heavy-laden.

Angels : O come to Him !

CHRIST : And I will give you rest.

Angels : He will give you rest.

Angels of Poetry and Music :

O Son of Man, to Thee our wings we vail.

All-Seers :

All hail, Christ, all hail !

We have waited for Thee.

CHRIST :

Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me.

Angels : O learn of Him !

CHRIST: For I am lowly of heart.

Angels: O learn of Him!

CHRIST: And ye shall find your rest.

Angels: Ye shall find your rest.

(Somniferous music.)

XXVII

SLEEP CHORUS.

Michael:

They sleep, they sleep; they are fallen asleep.

The night descendeth:

The promise of God hath brought them peace;

The vision endeth.

Sleep, Adam, sleep; Sleep, Eve; forget your woes.

From all distress the sweet release,

Of longest day of toil the easy close

This ever shall be.

Sleep, sleep!

Chorus of Angels:

In Paradise no more shall he awake:

When the day breaketh,

As a dream, when he awaketh,

His childhood shall be.

Sleep, sleep!

Of Angel-songs their sons shall tell,

Of the tree,

Of the garden where they might dwell,

Of the serpent of Hell,

Of the fruit they did take, and fell.

As a dream, as a dream, shall their childhood be,
As a dream; and their hope as a memory.
Sleep, Adam, sleep: Sleep, Eve, and rest you well.

XXVIII

CHORUS OF ANGELS RETURNING TO HEAVEN.

All Angels :

GLORY to God on high! To man be peace.
Alleluiah! Alleluiah!
Amen.

THE END

NOTES

This poem was written for musical composition, and is now printed for the convenience of the musical public. Its poetic form is not always such as I could wish; but the time in which it had to be written was less than I would have spent on it; and it may some day be revised.

No. I. Hark! refers to the prelude. In the score the prelude is numbered 1. No. 2 comprises I and II of the poem; the other numbers correspond.

No. II. The Virtues stand for the second hierarchal order, of Dominations, Virtues and Powers. The Angels stand for the third order, of Princedoms, Archangels and Angels.

No. V. Secret and openly.

Colui che volse il sesto
Allo stremo del mondo, e dentro ad esso
Distinse tanto occulto e manifesto.

Dante, Par. xix. 14.

No. VI. Rays of beauteous life.

O ben creato spirito, che, a' rai
Di vita eterna. *Par. iii. 13.*

Line 3. Fixed for ever free.

Io veggio ben, diss' io, sacra lucerna,
Come libero amore in questa corte
Basta a seguir la provvidenza eterna.

Par. xxi. 25.

Line 7. If to excel be worthy thine endeavour.

Cary's translation of

Vedi se far si dee l' uomo eccellente.

Par. ix. 14.

No. XVI. See thou the sunlight glancing
Upon his motley squame.

Compare

O com' il Sol co' raggi suoi dorando

Quelle di bei colori accese squamme.

These lines occur in L'ADAMO, Andreini's poem, from which Milton is supposed to have taken the scheme of his unwritten and impossible tragedy ADAM UNPARADISED. Milton's original sketch is exposed in the Library at Trinity College, Cambridge, and there gave Mr. Stanford the happy notion of making an Oratorio of it. I was in Cambridge in May last year, and had already given my poem to Mr. Stanford, when happening one day to be in the Library I saw for the first time Milton's MS., which I knew only from books. The Sub-librarian, Mr. White, observing that I was unusually interested, told me that he had lately succeeded in obtaining a copy of the first edition of Andreini's book, Milan 1613. He offered to show it me, and then, pro singulari suâ humanitate, let me take it away to read. The strange coincidence of diction which my quotation shows must excuse this long story. There are also some accidental coincidences of thought. I had not read the translation of L'Adamo made by Cowper and Hayley, which is printed with Cowper's poems.

No. XVII. Child of Earth, our voice is to thee.—
Prov. viii. 4.

No. XIX. The glory and crown of my head.—
Job xix. 9.

My robe of innocence.

This is that robe of Adam in Milton, Par. Lost, ix. 1058.

Together in blackness dense, &c.—*Job* x. 21, 22.

No. XXIII. We cry with their voice.

The authority of Jeremy Taylor has been pointed out to me. Justifying the complaints of the sick, he says, 'For there is the voice of man, and there is the voice of the disease.' Holy Dying, ii. 2.

R. B.

Yattendon, March '91.