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Mine eyes down-pour, they nevermore  
 Are dry,  
 While to your ruth, and eke your truth,  
 I cry —  
 But, weladay, too far be they  
 To fetch.  
 Thus destiny is holding me —  
 Ah, wretch!  
 And when I fain would break the chain,  
 And try —  
 Faileth my wit (so weak is it)  
 With speech.

## XVI

Therefore I end thus, since my hope is  
 o'er —  
 I give all up both now and evermore;  
 And in the balance ne'er again will lay

My safety, nor be studious in love-lore.  
 But like the swan who, as I heard of yore,  
 Singeth life's penance on his deathly day,  
 So I sing here my life and woes away, —  
 Ay, how you, cruel Arcite, wounded sore,  
 With memory's point, your poor Annelida.

## XVII

After Annelida, the woeful queen,  
 Had written in her own hand in this wise,  
 With ghastly face, less pale than white, I  
 ween,  
 She fell a-swooning; then she 'gan arise,  
 And unto Mars voweth a sacrifice  
 Within the temple, with a sorrowful bear-  
 ing,  
 And in such phrase as meets your present  
 hearing.

## POEMS OF 1844

In 1844 appeared, *Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, Author of The Seraphim, etc. In two volumes. (London, Edward Moxon, Dover Street.)* This edition, the last which bore Mrs. Browning's maiden name, was dedicated to her father, and 'A Drama of Exile' was its

initial and longest poem. Her mind, as when she wrote 'The Seraphim,' was still preoccupied by the idea of casting the stupendous incidents of the Christian story into a form approximating that of Greek tragedy.

## A DRAMA OF EXILE

'De patrie, et de Dieu, des poètes, de l'âme  
 Qui s'élève en priant.' —Victor Hugo.

## PERSONS

CHRIST, *in a Vision.*  
 ADAM.  
 EVE.  
 GABRIEL.  
 LUCIFER.

*Angels, Eden Spirits, Earth Spirits, and Phantasms.*

SCENE. — *The outer side of the gate of Eden shut fast with cloud, from the depth of which revolves a sword of fire self-moved. ADAM and EVE are seen in the distance flying along the glare.*

LUCIFER, *alone.*

REJOICE in the clefts of Gehenna,  
 My exiled, my host!  
 Earth has exiles as hopeless as when a  
 Heaven's empire was lost.

Through the seams of her shaken founda-  
 tions,

Smoke up in great joy!  
 With the smoke of your fierce exultations  
 Deform and destroy!  
 Smoke up with your lurid revenges,  
 And darken the face  
 Of the white heavens and taunt them with  
 changes

From glory and grace.  
 We, in falling, while destiny strangles,  
 Pull down with us all.  
 Let them look to the rest of their angels!  
 Who's safe from a fall?

HE saves not. Where's Adam? Can  
 pardon

Requicken that sod?  
 Unkinged is the King of the Garden,  
 The image of God.

Other exiles are cast out of Eden, —  
 More curse has been hurled:  
 Come up, O my locusts, and feed in  
 The green of the world!  
 Come up! we have conquered by evil;  
 Good reigns not alone:

I prevail now, and, angel or devil,  
 Inherit a throne.  
 [In sudden apparition a watch of innum-  
 erable Angels, rank above rank, slopes  
 up from around the gate to the zenith.  
 The Angel GABRIEL descends.  
*Lucifer.* Hail, Gabriel, the keeper of the  
 gate!  
 Now that the fruit is plucked, prince  
 Gabriel, 30  
 I hold that Eden is impregnable  
 Under thy keeping.  
*Gabriel.* Angel of the sin,  
 Such as thou standest, — pale in the drear  
 light  
 Which rounds the rebel's work with  
 Maker's wrath, —  
 Thou shalt be an Idea to all souls,  
 A monumental melancholy gloom  
 Seen down all ages, whence to mark de-  
 spair  
 And measure out the distances from good.  
 Go from us straightway!  
*Lucifer.* Wherefore?  
*Gabriel.* Lucifer,  
 Thy last step in this place trod sorrow  
 up. 40  
 Recoil before that sorrow, if not this sword.  
*Lucifer.* Angels are in the world —  
 wherefore not I?  
 Exiles are in the world — wherefore not I?  
 The cursed are in the world — wherefore  
 not I?  
*Gabriel.* Depart!  
*Lucifer.* And where's the logic of 'de-  
 part' ?  
 Our lady Eve had half been satisfied  
 To obey her Maker, if I had not learnt  
 To fix my postulate better. Dost thou  
 dream  
 Of guarding some monopoly in heaven  
 Instead of earth? Why, I can dream with  
 thee 50  
 To the length of thy wings.  
*Gabriel.* I do not dream.  
 This is not heaven, even in a dream, nor  
 earth,  
 As earth was once, first breathed among  
 the stars,  
 Articulate glory from the mouth divine,  
 To which the myriad spheres thrilled au-  
 dibly,  
 Touched like a lute-string, and the sons of  
 God  
 Said AMEN, singing it. I know that this

Is earth not new created but new cursed —  
 This, Eden's gate not opened but built  
 up  
 With a final cloud of sunset. Do I  
 dream? 60  
 Alas, not so! this is the Eden lost  
 By Lucifer the serpent; this the sword  
 (This sword alive with justite and with  
 fire)  
 That smote, upon the forehead, Lucifer  
 The angel. Wherefore, angel, go — de-  
 part!  
 Enough is sinned and suffered.  
*Lucifer.* By no means.  
 Here's a brave earth to sin and suffer  
 on:  
 It holds fast still — it cracks not under  
 curse;  
 It holds like mine immortal. Presently  
 We'll sow it thick enough with graves as  
 green 70  
 Or greener certes, than its knowledge-tree.  
 We'll have the cypress for the tree of  
 life,  
 More eminent for shadow: for the rest,  
 We'll build it dark with towns and pyra-  
 mids,  
 And temples, if it please you: — we'll  
 have feasts  
 And funerals also, merrymakes and wars,  
 Till blood and wine shall mix and run  
 along  
 Right o'er the edges. And, good Gabriel  
 (Ye like that word in heaven), I too have  
 strength —  
 Strength to behold Him and not worship  
 Him, 80  
 Strength to fall from Him and not cry on  
 Him,  
 Strength to be in the universe and yet  
 Neither God nor his servant. The red  
 sign  
 Burnt on my forehead, which you taunt me  
 with,  
 Is God's sign that it bows not unto God,  
 The potter's mark upon his work, to show  
 It rings well to the striker. I and the  
 earth  
 Can bear more curse.  
*Gabriel.* O miserable earth,  
 O ruined angel!  
*Lucifer.* Well, and if it be!  
 I CHOSE this ruin; I elected it 90  
 Of my will, not of service. What I do,  
 I do volitient, not obedient,

And overtop thy crown  
 My sorrow crowns n  
 heaven,  
 And leave me to th  
 own  
 In virtue of her ruin  
 In virtue of my rev  
 both  
 That bright, impass  
 And spare to read u  
 Of the spent halleluj  
*Gabriel.*  
 I might say, of unre  
 That who despairs,  
 connives  
 With God's relations  
 That who elects, assu  
 Which God made po  
 obeys  
 The law of a Life-m  
*Lucifer.*  
 No more, thou Gabr  
 up  
 And strike my brow  
 line  
 Roofing the creature  
 that,  
 My stature is to  
 stand, —  
 Henceforward I mus  
*Gabriel.*  
*Lucifer.* A heaven  
 to thy heaven  
 And leave my earth  
*Gabriel.* Thro  
 God's will moves fre  
 As color follows ligh  
 The firmamental wal  
 Therefore with lov  
 abroad,  
 His pity may do so,  
 Whene'er He gives t  
*Lucifer.*  
 I and my demons  
 scorn,  
 Might hold this char  
 sword  
 'Twixt man and his i  
 As the benignest ang  
*Gabriel.* Thou spe  
 thy change.  
 If thou hadst gazed  
 This morning for a  
 known

And overtop thy crown with my despair.  
My sorrow crowns me. Get thee back to  
heaven,  
And leave me to the earth, which is mine  
own  
In virtue of her ruin, as I hers  
In virtue of my revolt! Turn thou from  
both  
That bright, impassive, passive angelhood,  
And spare to read us backward any more  
Of the spent hallelujahs!

*Gabriel.* Spirit of scorn, <sup>100</sup>  
I might say, of unreason! I might say,  
That who despairs, acts; that who acts,  
connives  
With God's relations set in time and space;  
That who elects, assumes a something good  
Which God made possible; that who lives,  
obeys  
The law of a Life-maker . . .

*Lucifer.* Let it pass!  
No more, thou Gabriel! What if I stand  
up  
And strike my brow against the crystal-  
line  
Roofing the creatures, — shall I say, for  
that,  
My stature is too high for me to  
stand, — <sup>110</sup>

Henceforward I must sit? Sit thou!  
*Gabriel.* I kneel.  
*Lucifer.* A heavenly answer. Get thee  
to thy heaven,  
And leave my earth to me!

*Gabriel.* Through heaven and earth  
God's will moves freely, and I follow it,  
As color follows light. He overflows  
The firmamental walls with deity,  
Therefore with love; his lightnings go  
abroad,  
His pity may do so, his angels must,  
Whene'er He gives them charges.

*Lucifer.* Verily,  
I and my demons, who are spirits of  
scorn, <sup>120</sup>  
Might hold this charge of standing with a  
sword

'Twixt man and his inheritance, as well  
As the benignest angel of you all.  
*Gabriel.* Thou speakest in the shadow of  
thy change.

If thou hadst gazed upon the face of God  
This morning for a moment, thou hadst  
known

That only pity fitly can chastise:  
Hate but avenges.

*Lucifer.* As it is, I know  
Something of pity. When I reeled in  
heaven,  
And my sword grew too heavy for my  
grasp, <sup>130</sup>  
Stabbing through matter, which it could not  
pierce  
So much as the first shell of, — toward the  
throne;  
When I fell back, down, — staring up as I  
fell, —

The lightnings holding open my scathed  
lids,  
And that thought of the infinite of God,  
Hurled after to precipitate descent;  
When countless angel faces still and stern  
Pressed out upon me from the level  
heavens

Adown the abysmal spaces, and I fell  
Trampled down by your stillness, and struck  
blind <sup>140</sup>  
By the sight within your eyes, — 't was then  
I knew

How ye could pity, my kind angelhood!  
*Gabriel.* Alas, discrowned one, by the  
truth in me  
Which God keeps in me, I would give  
away

All — save that truth and his love keeping  
it —  
To lead thee home again into the light  
And hear thy voice chant with the morning  
stars,

When their rays tremble round them with  
much song  
Sung in more gladness!

*Lucifer.* Sing, my Morning Star!  
Last beautiful, last heavenly, that I  
loved! <sup>150</sup>  
If I could drench thy golden locks with  
tears,

What were it to this angel?  
*Gabriel.* What love is.  
And now I have named God.

*Lucifer.* Yet, Gabriel,  
By the lie in me which I keep myself,  
Thou 'rt a false swearer. Were it other-  
wise,

What dost thou here, vouchsafing tender  
thoughts  
To that earth-angel or earth-demon —  
which,

Thou and I have not solved the problem  
yet  
Enough to argue, — that fallen Adam  
there, —  
That red-clay and a breath, — who must,  
forsooth, <sup>160</sup>

Live in a new apocalypse of sense,  
With beauty and music waving in his trees  
And running in his rivers, to make glad  
His soul made perfect? — is it not for  
hope,  
A hope within thee deeper than thy truth,  
Of finally conducting him and his  
To fill the vacant thrones of me and mine,  
Which affront heaven with their vacu-  
ity?

*Gabriel.* Angel, there are no vacant thrones  
in heaven  
To suit thy empty words. Glory and  
life <sup>170</sup>

Fulfil their own depletions; and if God  
Sighed you far from Him, his next breath  
drew in

A compensative splendor up the vast,  
Flushing the starry arteries.

*Lucifer.* What a change!  
So, let the vacant thrones and gardens too  
Fill as may please you! — and be pitiful,  
As ye translate that word, to the dethroned  
And exiled, man or angel. The fact stands,  
That I, the rebel, the cast out and down,  
Am here and will not go; while there,  
along <sup>180</sup>

The light to which ye flash the desert  
out,  
Flies your adopted Adam, your red-clay  
In two kinds, both being flawed. Why,  
what is this?

Whose work is this? Whose hand was in  
the work?  
Against whose hand? In this last strife,  
methinks,

I am not a fallen angel!  
*Gabriel.* Dost thou know  
Aught of those exiles?

*Lucifer.* Ay: I know they have fled  
Silent all day along the wilderness:  
I know they wear, for burden on their  
backs,

The thought of a shut gate of Paradise, <sup>190</sup>  
And faces of the marshalled cherubim  
Shining against, not for them; and I know  
They dare not look in one another's  
face, —  
As if each were a cherub!

*Gabriel.* Dost thou know  
Aught of their future?

*Lucifer.* Only as much as this:  
That evil will increase and multiply  
Without a benediction.

*Gabriel.* Nothing more?  
*Lucifer.* Why so the angels taunt!  
What should be more?

*Gabriel.* God is more.  
*Lucifer.* Proving what?  
*Gabriel.* That he is God,

And capable of saving. *Lucifer,* <sup>200</sup>  
I charge thee by the solitude He kept  
Ere He created, — leave the earth to God!

*Lucifer.* My foot is on the earth, firm  
as my sin.

*Gabriel.* I charge thee by the memory  
of heaven  
Ere any sin was done, — leave earth to  
God!

*Lucifer.* My sin is on the earth, to  
reign thereon.

*Gabriel.* I charge thee by the choral  
song we sang,  
When up against the white shore of our  
feet

The depths of the creation swelled and  
brake, —

And the new worlds, the beaded foam and  
flower <sup>210</sup>

Of all that coil, roared outward into space  
On thunder-edges, — leave the earth to  
God!

*Lucifer.* My woe is on the earth, to  
curse thereby.

*Gabriel.* I charge thee by that mourn-  
ful Morning Star  
Which trembles . . .

*Lucifer.* Enough spoken. As the pine  
In norland forest drops its weight of snows  
By a night's growth, so, growing toward  
my ends

I drop thy counsels. Farewell, Gabriel!  
Watch out thy service; I achieve my  
will.

And peradventure in the after years, <sup>220</sup>  
When thoughtful men shall bend their  
spacious brows

Upon the storm and strife seen everywhere  
To ruffle their smooth manhood and break  
up

With lurid lights of intermittent hope  
Their human fear and wrong, — they may  
discern

The heart of a lost angel in the earth.

## CHORUS OF EDEN

(Chanting from Paradise,  
EVE fly across the Sw

Hearken, oh hearken! le  
hind you

Turn, gently mov  
Our voices feel along th  
you,

O lost, beloved!  
Through the thick-shiel  
marshalled angels,

They press and pi  
Our requiems follow fa  
gels, —

Voice throbs in v  
We are but orphaned sp  
A time ago:

God gave us golden cu  
bidden

To feed you so.  
But now our right hand  
maining,

No work to do,  
The mystic hydromel is  
ing

The whole earth  
Most ineradicable stains.  
(Not interfused!)

That brighter colors w  
foregoing,

Than shall be use  
Hearken, oh hearken! y  
surely

For years and ye  
The noise beside you,  
purely,

Of spirits' tears.  
The yearning to a beau  
Shall strain your

Ideal sweetnesses shall  
Resumed from ou

In all your music, our p  
Your ears shall c  
And all good gifts sha  
diviner,

With sense of los  
We shall be near you  
languors

And wild extrem  
What time ye vex the  
angers,

Or mock with dr

## CHORUS OF EDEN SPIRITS

(*Chanting from Paradise, while ADAM and EVE fly across the Sword-glare.*)

Hearken, oh hearken! let your souls behind you

Turn, gently moved!

Our voices feel along the Dread to find you,

O lost, beloved! 230

Through the thick-shielded and strong-marshalled angels,

They press and pierce:

Our requiems follow fast on our evangels, —

Voice throbs in verse.

We are but orphaned spirits left in Eden  
A time ago:

God gave us golden cups, and we were bidden

To feed you so.

But now our right hand hath no cup remaining,

No work to do, 240

The mystic hydromel is spilt, and staining

The whole earth through.

Most ineradicable stains, for showing

(Not interfused!)

That brighter colors were the world's foregoing,

Than shall be used.

Hearken, oh hearken! ye shall hearken surely

For years and years,

The noise beside you, dripping coldly, purely,

Of spirits' tears. 250

The yearning to a beautiful denied you  
Shall strain your powers;

Ideal sweetnesses shall overglide you,  
Resumed from ours.

In all your music, our pathetic minor  
Your ears shall cross;

And all good gifts shall mind you of diviner,

With sense of loss.

We shall be near you in your poet-languors

And wild extremes, 260

What time ye vex the desert with vain  
angers,

Or mock with dreams.

And when upon you, weary after roaming,

Death's seal is put,

By the foregone ye shall discern the coming,

Through eyelids shut.

*Spirits of the Trees.*

Hark! the Eden trees are stirring,

Soft and solemn in your hearing!

Oak and linden, palm and fir,

Tamarisk and juniper, 270

Each still throbbing in vibration

Since that crowning of creation

When the God-breath spake abroad,

*Let us make man like to God!*

And the pine stood quivering

As the awful word went by,

Like a vibrant music-string

Stretched from mountain-peak to sky;

And the platan did expand 279

Slow and gradual, branch and head;

And the cedar's strong black shade

Fluttered brokenly and grand:

Grove and wood were swept aslant

In emotion jubilant.

*Voice of the same, but softer.*

Which divine impulsion cleaves

In dim movements to the leaves

Dropt and lifted, dropt and lifted,

In the sunlight greenly sifted, —

In the sunlight and the moonlight

Greenly sifted through the trees. 290

Ever wave the Eden trees

In the nightlight and the noonlight,

With a ruffling of green branches

Shaded off to resonances,

Never stirred by rain or breeze.

Fare ye well, farewell!

The sylvan sounds, no longer audible,

Expire at Eden's door.

Each footstep of your treading

Treads out some murmur which ye heard

before. 300

Farewell! the trees of Eden

Ye shall hear nevermore.

*River Spirits.*

Hark! the flow of the four rivers —

Hark the flow!

How the silence round you shivers,

While our voices through it go,

Cold and clear.

*A softer Voice.*

Think a little, while ye hear,

Of the banks

Where the willows and the deer 310  
 Crowd in intermingled ranks,  
 As if all would drink at once  
 Where the living water runs! —  
 Of the fishes' golden edges  
 Flashing in and out the sedges;  
 Of the swans on silver thrones,  
 Floating down the winding streams  
 With impassive eyes turned shoreward  
 And a chant of undertones, —  
 And the lotos leaning forward 320  
 To help them into dreams!  
 Fare ye well, farewell!  
 The river-sounds, no longer audible,  
 Expire at Eden's door.  
 Each footstep of your treading  
 Treads out some murmur which ye heard  
 before.  
 Farewell! the streams of Eden  
 Ye shall hear nevermore.

*Bird Spirit.*  
 I am the nearest nightingale  
 That singeth in Eden after you; 330  
 And I am singing loud and true,  
 And sweet, — I do not fail.  
 I sit upon a cypress bough,  
 Close to the gate, and I fling my song  
 Over the gate and through the mail  
 Of the warden angels marshalled  
 strong, —  
 Over the gate and after you.  
 And the warden angels let it pass,  
 Because the poor brown bird, alas,  
 Sings in the garden, sweet and true. 340  
 And I build my song of high pure notes,  
 Note over note, height over height,  
 Till I strike the arch of the Infinite,  
 And I bridge abysmal agonies  
 With strong, clear calms of harmonies, —  
 And something abides, and something  
 floats,  
 In the song which I sing after you.  
 Fare ye well, farewell!  
 The creature-sounds, no longer audible,  
 Expire at Eden's door. 350  
 Each footstep of your treading  
 Treads out some cadence which ye heard  
 before.  
 Farewell! the birds of Eden  
 Ye shall hear nevermore.

*Flower Spirits.*  
 We linger, we linger,  
 The last of the throng,  
 Like the tones of a singer  
 Who loves his own song.

We are spirit-aromas  
 Of blossom and bloom. 360  
 We call your thoughts home, — as  
 Ye breathe our perfume, —  
 To the amaranth's splendor  
 Afire on the slopes;  
 To the lily-bells tender,  
 And gray heliotropes;  
 To the poppy-plains keeping  
 Such dream-breath and blee  
 That the angels there stepping  
 Grew whiter to see: 370  
 To the nook, set with moly,  
 Ye jested one day in,  
 Till your smile waxed too holy  
 And left your lips praying:  
 To the rose in the bower-place,  
 That dripped o'er you sleeping;  
 To the asphodel flower-place,  
 Ye walked ankle-deep in.  
 We pluck at your raiment, 380  
 We stroke down your hair,  
 We faint in our lament  
 And pine into air.  
 Fare ye well, farewell!  
 The Eden scents, no longer sensible,  
 Expire at Eden's door.  
 Each footstep of your treading  
 Treads out some fragrance which ye knew  
 before.  
 Farewell! the flowers of Eden  
 Ye shall smell nevermore.  
 [There is silence. ADAM and EVE  
 fly on, and never look back. Only  
 a colossal shadow, as of the dark  
 Angel passing quickly, is cast upon  
 the Sword-glare.

SCENE. — *The extremity of the Sword-glare.*

*Adam.* Pausing a moment on this outer  
 edge 390  
 Where the supernal sword-glare cuts in  
 light  
 The dark exterior desert, — hast thou  
 strength,  
 Beloved, to look behind us to the gate?  
*Eve.* Have I not strength to look up to  
 thy face?  
*Adam.* We need be strong: yon spectacle  
 of cloud  
 Which seals the gate up to the final doom,  
 Is God's seal manifest. There seem to  
 lie

A hundred thunders in it, dark and  
 The unmolten lightnings vein it mo  
 And, outward from its depth, t  
 moved sword  
 Swings slow its awful gnomon of r  
 From side to side, in pendulous hor  
 Across the stagnant ghastly glare  
 flat  
 On the intermediate ground from  
 this.  
 The angelic hosts, the archangelic  
 Thrones, dominations, princeedoms,  
 rank,  
 Rising sublimely to the feet of God  
 On either side and overhead the g  
 Show like a glittering and sustainè  
 Drawn to an apex. That their faces  
 Betwixt the solemn clasping of the  
 Clasped high to a silver point abo  
 heads, —  
 We only guess from hence, and not  
*Eve.* Though we were near en  
 see them shine,  
 The shadow on thy face were awfu  
 To me, at least, — to me — than  
 light.  
*Adam.* What is this, Eve? th  
 pest heavily  
 In a heap earthward, and thy body  
 Under the golden floodings of thin  
*Eve.* O Adam, Adam! by th  
 of Eve —  
 Thine Eve, thy life — which suits  
 now,  
 Seeing that I now confess myself th  
 And thine undoer, as the sna  
 mine, —  
 I do adjure thee, put me straight a  
 Together with my name! Sweet  
 me!  
 O Love, be just! and, ere we pass  
 The light cast outward by the fiery  
 Into the dark which earth must be  
 Bruise my head with thy foot, —  
 curse said  
 My seed shall the first tempter's  
 with curse,  
 As God struck in the garden! and  
 Being satisfied with justice and wit  
 Did roll his thunder gentler at the  
 Thou, peradventure, mayst at last  
 To some soft need of mercy. St  
 lord!  
 I, also, after tempting, writhe  
 ground,

360 A hundred thunders in it, dark and dead;  
The unmolten lightnings vein it motionless;  
And, outward from its depth, the self-  
moved sword

Swings slow its awful gnomon of red fire  
From side to side, in pendulous horror slow,  
Across the stagnant ghastly glare thrown  
flat

On the intermediate ground from that to  
this.

370 The angelic hosts, the archangelic pomps,  
Thrones, dominations, principedoms, rank on  
rank,

Rising sublimely to the feet of God,  
On either side and overhead the gate,  
Show like a glittering and sustained smoke  
Drawn to an apex. That their faces shine<sup>410</sup>  
Betwixt the solemn clasping of their wings  
Clasped high to a silver point above their  
heads, —

We only guess from hence, and not discern.

380 *Eve.* Though we were near enough to  
see them shine,

The shadow on thy face were awfuller,  
To me, at least, — to me — than all their  
light.

*Adam.* What is this, Eve? thou drop-  
pest heavily

In a heap earthward, and thy body heaves  
Under the golden floodings of thine hair!

*Eve.* O Adam, Adam! by that name  
of Eve —<sup>420</sup>

Thine Eve, thy life — which suits me little  
now,

Seeing that I now confess myself thy death  
And thine undoer, as the snake was  
mine, —

I do adjure thee, put me straight away,  
Together with my name! Sweet, punish  
me!

O Love, be just! and, ere we pass beyond  
The light cast outward by the fiery sword,  
Into the dark which earth must be to us,  
Bruise my head with thy foot, — as the  
curse said

My seed shall the first tempter's! strike  
with curse,<sup>430</sup>

As God struck in the garden! and as HE,  
Being satisfied with justice and with wrath,  
Did roll his thunder gentler at the close, —  
Thou, peradventure, mayst at last recoil  
To some soft need of mercy. Strike, my  
lord!

I, also, after tempting, writhe on the  
ground,

And I would feed on ashes from thine  
hand,

As suits me, O my tempted!

*Adam.* My beloved,  
Mine Eve and life — I have no other name  
For thee or for the sun than what ye are,  
My utter life and light! If we have  
fallen,<sup>441</sup>

It is that we have sinned, — we: God is  
just;

And, since his curse doth comprehend us  
both,

It must be that his balance holds the  
weights

Of first and last sin on a level. What!  
Shall I who had not virtue to stand  
straight

Among the hills of Eden, here assume  
To mend the justice of the perfect God,  
By piling up a curse upon his curse,  
Against thee — thee?

390 *Eve.* For so, perchance, thy God<sup>450</sup>  
Might take thee into grace for scorning  
me;

Thy wrath against the sinner giving proof  
Of inward abrogation of the sin:

And so, the blessed angels might come  
down

And walk with thee as erst, — I think they  
would, —

Because I was not near to make them sad  
Or soil the rustling of their innocence.

*Adam.* They know me. I am deepest  
in the guilt,

If last in the transgression.

*Eve.* Thou!

*Adam.* If God,  
Who gave the right and joyaunce of the  
world<sup>460</sup>

Both unto thee and me, — gave thee to me,  
The best gift last, the last sin was the  
worst,

Which sinned against more complement of  
gifts

And grace of giving. God! I render back  
Strong benediction and perpetual praise  
From mortal feeble lips (as incense-smoke,  
Out of a little censer, may fill heaven),

That thou, in striking my benumbed hands  
And forcing them to drop all other boons  
Of beauty and dominion and delight, —<sup>470</sup>

Hast left this well-belovèd Eve, this life  
Within life, this best gift between their  
palms,

In gracious compensation!



*Eve.* Is it thy voice ?  
Or some saluting angel's — calling home  
My feet into the garden ?  
*Adam.* O my God !  
I, standing here between the glory and  
dark,—  
The glory of thy wrath projected forth  
From Eden's wall, the dark of our dis-  
tress  
Which settles a step off in that drear  
world —  
Lift up to Thee the hands from whence  
hath fallen  
Only creation's sceptre, — thanking Thee  
That rather Thou hast cast me out with  
*her*  
Than left me lorn of her in Paradise,  
With angel looks and angel songs around  
To show the absence of her eyes and voice,  
And make society full desertness  
Without her use in comfort!  
*Eve.* Where is loss ?  
Am I in Eden ? can another speak  
Mine own love's tongue ?  
*Adam.* Because with *her*, I stand  
Upright, as far as can be in this fall,  
And look away from heaven which doth  
accuse,  
And look away from earth which doth con-  
vict,  
Into her face, and crown my discrowned  
brow  
Out of her love, and put the thought of  
*her*  
Around me, for an Eden full of birds,  
And lift her body up — thus — to my heart,  
And with my lips upon her lips, — thus,  
thus,—  
Do quicken and sublimate my mortal  
breath  
Which cannot climb against the grave's  
steep sides  
But overtops this grief.  
*Eve.* I am renewed. 500  
My eyes grow with the light which is in  
thine;  
The silence of my heart is full of sound.  
Hold me up — so ! Because I compre-  
hend  
This human love, I shall not be afraid  
Of any human death; and yet because  
I know this strength of love, I seem to  
know  
Death's strength by that same sign. Kiss  
on my lips,

To shut the door close on my rising soul, —  
Lest it pass outwards in astonishment  
And leave thee lonely !  
*Adam.* Yet thou liest, Eve, 510  
Bent heavily on thyself across mine arm,  
Thy face flat to the sky.  
*Eve.* Ay, and the tears  
Running, as it might seem, my life from  
me,  
They run so fast and warm. Let me lie  
so,  
And weep so, as if in a dream or prayer,  
Unfastening, clasp by clasp, the hard tight  
thought  
Which clipped my heart and showed me  
evermore  
Loathed of thy justice as I loathe the snake,  
And as the pure ones loathe our sin. To-  
day,  
All day, beloved, as we fled across 520  
This desolating radiance cast by swords  
Not suns, — my lips prayed soundless to  
myself,  
Striking against each other — 'O Lord  
God !'  
( 'T was so I prayed ) ' I ask Thee by my  
sin,  
And by thy curse, and by thy blameless  
heavens,  
Make dreadful haste to hide me from thy  
face  
And from the face of my beloved here  
For whom I am no helpmeet, quick away  
Into the new dark mystery of death ! 529  
I will lie still there, I will make no plaint,  
I will not sigh, nor sob, nor speak a word,  
Nor struggle to come back beneath the  
sun  
Where peradventure I might sin anew  
Against thy mercy and his pleasure  
Death,  
O death, whate'er it be, is good enough  
For such as I am: while for Adam here,  
No voice shall say again, in heaven or  
earth,  
*It is not good for him to be alone.*  
*Adam.* And was it good for such a  
prayer to pass,  
My unkind Eve, betwixt our mutual lives ?  
If I am exiled, must I be bereaved ? 541  
*Eve.* 'T was an ill prayer: it shall be  
prayed no more;  
And God did use it like a foolishness,  
Giving no answer. Now my heart has  
grown

Too high and strong for su-  
prayer;  
Love makes it strong: and sin  
first  
In the transgression, with a st-  
I will be first to tread from  
glare  
Into the outer darkness of the  
And thus I do it.  
*Adam.* Thus I fol-  
As erewhile in the sin. — V  
what sounds !  
I feel a music which comes  
heaven,  
As tender as a watering dew.  
*Eve.*  
That angels — not those gu-  
dise, —  
But the love-angels, who can  
And when we said 'God,' fai-  
Back from our mortal presen-  
(As if He drew them inward  
His name being heard of th-  
that they  
With sliding voices lean f-  
towers,  
Invisible but gracious. Har-

## CHORUS OF INVISIBLE

*Faint and tend*

Mortal man and woman,  
Go upon your travel !  
Heaven assist the human  
Smoothly to unravel  
All that web of pain  
Wherein ye are holden.  
Do ye know our voices  
Chanting down the Gol-  
Do ye guess our choice is  
Being un beholden,  
To be hearkened by you  
This pure door of opal  
God hath shut between  
Us, his shining people,  
You, who once have se-  
And are blinded new !  
Yet, across the doorwa-  
Past the silence reaching  
Farewells evermore m-  
Blessing in the teaching  
Glide from us to you.

Too high and strong for such a foolish  
prayer;  
Love makes it strong: and since I was the  
first

In the transgression, with a steady foot  
I will be first to tread from this sword-  
glare

Into the outer darkness of the waste, —  
And thus I do it.

*Adam.* Thus I follow thee, 550  
As erewhile in the sin. — What sounds!  
what sounds!

I feel a music which comes straight from  
heaven,

As tender as a watering dew.

*Eve.* I think  
That angels — not those guarding Para-  
dise, —

But the love-angels, who came erst to us,  
And when we said 'GOD,' fainted unawares  
Back from our mortal presence unto God,  
(As if He drew them inward in a breath)  
His name being heard of them, — I think  
that they

With sliding voices lean from heavenly  
towers, 560

Invisible but gracious. Hark — how soft!

CHORUS OF INVISIBLE ANGELS

*Faint and tender.*

Mortal man and woman,  
Go upon your travel!  
Heaven assist the human  
Smoothly to unravel

All that web of pain  
Wherein ye are holden.

Do ye know our voices  
Chanting down the Golden?

Do ye guess our choice is, 570  
Being un beholden,  
To be hearkened by you yet again?

This pure door of opal  
God hath shut between us, —

Us, his shining people,  
You, who once have seen us

And are blinded new!  
Yet, across the doorway,

Past the silence reaching,  
Farewells evermore may, 580

Blessing in the teaching,  
Glide from us to you.

*First Semichorus.*

Think how erst your Eden,

Day on day succeeding,  
With our presence glowed.

We came as if the Heavens were bowed  
To a milder music rare.

Ye saw us in our solemn treading,  
Treading down the steps of cloud,

While our wings, outspreading 590  
Double calms of whiteness,  
Dropped superfluous brightness

Down from stair to stair.

*Second Semichorus.*

Or oft, abrupt though tender,

While ye gazed on space,  
We flashed our angel-splendor

In either human face.  
With mystic lilies in our hands,  
From the atmospheric bands

Breaking with a sudden grace, 600  
We took you unaware!

While our feet struck glories  
Outward, smooth and fair,

Which we stood on floorwise,  
Platformed in mid-air.

*First Semichorus.*

Or oft, when Heaven-descended,  
Stood we in our wondering sight

In a mute apocalypse  
With dumb vibrations on our lips 610

From hosannas ended,  
And grand half-vanishings

Of the empyreal things  
Within our eyes belated,

Till the heavenly Infinite  
Falling off from the Created,

Left our inward contemplation  
Opened into ministration.

*Chorus.*

Then upon our axle turning  
Of great joy to sympathy,

We sang out the morning 620  
Broadening up the sky.

Or we drew  
Our music through

The noontide's hush and heat and shine,  
Informed with our intense Divine:

Interrupted vital notes

Palpitating hither, thither,  
Burning out into the æther,

Sensible like fiery motes.

Or, whenever twilight drifted 630

Through the cedar masses,  
The globed sun we lifted,

Trailing purple, trailing gold

Out between the passes  
Of the mountains manifold,  
To anthems slowly sung:  
While he, — aweary, half in swoon  
For joy to hear our climbing tune  
Transpierce the stars' concentric rings, —  
The burden of his glory flung 640  
In broken lights upon our wings.

[*The chant dies away confusedly, and  
LUCIFER appears.*

*Lucifer.* Now may all fruits be pleasant  
to thy lips,  
Beautiful Eve! The times have somewhat  
changed

Since thou and I had talk beneath a tree,  
Albeit ye are not gods yet.

*Eve.* Adam! hold  
My right hand strongly! It is Lucifer —  
And we have love to lose.

*Adam.* I' the name of God,  
Go apart from us, O thou Lucifer!  
And leave us to the desert thou hast made  
Out of thy treason. Bring no serpent-  
slime 650

Athwart this path kept holy to our tears!  
Or we may curse thee with their bitterness.

*Lucifer.* Curse freely! curses thicken.  
Why, this Eve

Who thought me once part worthy of her  
ear  
And somewhat wiser than the other  
beasts, —

Drawing together her large globes of eyes,  
The light of which is throbbing in and out  
Their steadfast continuity of gaze, —  
Knots her fair eyebrows in so hard a knot,  
And down from her white heights of woman-  
hood 660

Looks on me so amazed, — I scarce should  
fear

To wager such an apple as she plucked  
Against one riper from the tree of life,  
That she could curse too — as a woman  
may —

Smooth in the vowels.

*Eve.* So — speak wickedly!  
I like it best so. Let thy words be  
wounds, —

For, so, I shall not fear thy power to hurt.  
Trench on the forms of good by open ill —  
For, so, I shall wax strong and grand with  
scorn,

Scorning myself for ever trusting thee 670  
As far as thinking, ere a snake ate dust,  
He could speak wisdom.

*Lucifer.* Our new gods, it seems  
Deal more in thunders than in courtesies.  
And, sooth, mine own Olympus, which anon  
I shall build up to loud-voiced imagery  
From all the wandering visions of the  
world,

May show worse railing than our lady Eve  
Pours o'er the rounding of her argent arm.  
But why should this be? Adam pardoned  
Eve.

*Adam.* Adam loved Eve. Jehovah par-  
doned both! 680

*Eve.* Adam forgave Eve — because lov-  
ing Eve.

*Lucifer.* So, well. Yet Adam was un-  
done of Eve,

As both were by the snake. Therefore  
forgive,

In like wise, fellow-temptress, the poor  
snake —

Who stung there, not so poorly! [*Aside.*

*Eve.* Hold thy wrath,  
Belovèd Adam! let me answer him;

For this time he speaks truth, which we  
should hear,

And asks for mercy, which I most should  
grant,

In like wise, as he tells us — in like  
wise!

And therefore I thee pardon, Lucifer, 690  
As freely as the streams of Eden flowed  
When we were happy by them. So, de-  
part;

Leave us to walk the remnant of our time  
Out mildly in the desert. Do not seek  
To harm us any more or scoff at us,  
Or ere the dust be laid upon our face,  
To find there the communion of the dust  
And issue of the dust. — Go!

*Adam.* At once, go!  
*Lucifer.* Forgive! and go! Ye images

of clay,  
Shrunk somewhat in the mould, — what  
jest is this? 700

What words are these to use? By what a  
thought

Conceive ye of me? Yesterday — a snake!  
To-day — what?

*Adam.* A strong spirit.

*Eve.* A sad spirit.

*Adam.* Perhaps a fallen angel. — Who  
shall say!

*Lucifer.* Who told thee, Adam?

*Adam.* Thou! The prodigy  
Of thy vast brows and melancholy eyes

Which compre  
great fa  
I think that  
crown

Under the eyes  
*Lucifer.*

*Adam.* It w  
think

Thou'rt fallen  
Said it so surel  
Grief by grief,

*Lucifer.*

*Adam.* Ay,  
than I

Now I know  
hope

Of final re-asc  
*Lucifer.*

*Adam.*

A spirit who e  
Though at the

Could dare no  
Such as this A

*Lucifer.*

Be it said pass  
Discovered on

Or haply of A  
Of the black

lower

Had made a r  
Is it not possi

(To give the t  
should

Instead of fal  
*Adam.*

The Highest  
Whoever rise

And sanctity  
*Lucifer.*

Thou wilt no  
The after ge

Will disinher  
For a new d  
And class th

rest

Of the old-w  
And Saurian

*Eve.*

Belovèd! it  
Go from us,

We have no  
scorn

Nor any blis  
Nor innocen

We would b

Which comprehend the heights of some  
great fall.

I think that thou hast one day worn a  
crown

Under the eyes of God.

*Lucifer.* And why of God?

*Adam.* It were no crown else. Verily, I  
think <sup>710</sup>

Thou'rt fallen far. I had not yesterday

Said it so surely, but I know to-day

Grief by grief, sin by sin.

*Lucifer.* A crown, by a crown.

*Adam.* Ay, mock me! now I know more  
than I knew:

Now I know that thou art fallen below  
hope

Of final re-ascent.

*Lucifer.* Because?

*Adam.* Because

A spirit who expected to see God

Though at the last point of a million years,

Could dare no mockery of a ruined man

Such as this Adam.

*Lucifer.* Who is high and bold — <sup>720</sup>

Be it said passing! — of a good red clay

Discovered on some top of Lebanon,

Or haply of Aornus, beyond sweep

Of the black eagle's wing! A furlong  
lower

Had made a meeker king for Eden. Soh!

Is it not possible, by sin and grief

(To give the things your names) that spirits  
should rise

Instead of falling?

*Adam.* Most impossible.

The Highest being the Holy and the Glad,

Whoever rises must approach delight <sup>730</sup>

And sanctity in the act.

*Lucifer.* Ha, my clay-king!

Thou wilt not rule by wisdom very long

The after generations. Earth, methinks,

Will disinherit thy philosophy

For a new doctrine suited to thine heirs,

And class these present dogmas with the  
rest

Of the old-world traditions, Eden fruits

And Saurian fossils.

*Eve.* Speak no more with him,

Beloved! it is not good to speak with him.

Go from us, Lucifer, and speak no more!

We have no pardon which thou dost not  
scorn, <sup>741</sup>

Nor any bliss, thou seest, for coveting,

Nor innocence for staining. Being bereft,

We would be alone. — Go!

*Lucifer.* Ah! ye talk the same,  
All of you — spirits and clay — go, and  
depart!

In Heaven they said so, and at Eden's gate,  
And here, reiterant, in the wilderness.

None saith, Stay with me, for thy face is  
fair!

None saith, Stay with me, for thy voice is  
sweet!

And yet I was not fashioned out of clay. <sup>750</sup>

Look on me, woman! Am I beautiful?

*Eve.* Thou hast a glorious darkness.

*Lucifer.* Nothing more?

*Eve.* I think, no more.

*Lucifer.* False Heart — thou thinkest  
more!

Thou canst not choose but think, as I praise  
God,

Unwillingly but fully, that I stand

Most absolute in beauty. As yourselves

Were fashioned very good at best, so we

Sprang very beauteous from the creant  
Word

Which thrilled behind us, God himself being  
moved

When that august work of a perfect shape,  
His dignities of sovran angelhood, <sup>761</sup>

Swept out into the universe, — divine

With thunderous movements, earnest looks  
of gods,

And silver-solemn clash of cymbal wings.

Whereof was I, in motion and in form,

A part not poorest. And yet, — yet, per-  
haps,

This beauty which I speak of, is not here,

As God's voice is not here, nor even my  
crown —

I do not know. What is this thought or  
thing

Which I call beauty? Is it thought, or  
thing? <sup>770</sup>

Is it a thought accepted for a thing?

Or both? or neither? — a pretext — a  
word?

Its meaning flutters in me like a flame

Under my own breath: my perceptions reel

For evermore around it, and fall off,

As if it too were holy.

*Eve.* Which it is.

*Adam.* The essence of all beauty, I call  
love.

The attribute, the evidence, and end,

The consummation to the inward sense,

Of beauty apprehended from without, <sup>780</sup>

I still call love. As form, when colorless,

Is nothing to the eye,—that pine-tree  
there,  
Without its black and green, being all a  
blank,—  
So, without love, is beauty undiscerned  
In man or angel. Angel! rather ask  
What love is in thee, what love moves to  
thee,  
And what collateral love moves on with  
thee;  
Then shalt thou know if thou art beautiful.  
*Lucifer.* Love! what is love? I lose it.  
Beauty and love  
I darken to the image. Beauty — love! <sup>790</sup>  
[*He fades away, while a low music  
sounds.*  
*Adam.* Thou art pale, Eve.  
*Eve.* The precipice of ill  
Down this colossal nature, dizzies me:  
And, hark! the starry harmony remote  
Seems measuring the heights from whence  
he fell.  
*Adam.* Think that we have not fallen so!  
By the hope  
And aspiration, by the love and faith,  
We do exceed the stature of this angel.  
*Eve.* Happier we are than he is, by the  
death.  
*Adam.* Or rather, by the life of the Lord  
God!  
How dim the angel grows, as if that blast <sup>800</sup>  
Of music swept him back into the dark.  
[*The music is stronger, gathering itself  
into uncertain articulation.*  
*Eve.* It throbs in on us like a plaintive  
heart,  
Pressing, with slow pulsations, vibrative,  
Its gradual sweetness through the yielding  
air,  
To such expression as the stars may use,  
Most starry-sweet and strange! With every  
note  
That grows more loud, the angel grows  
more dim,  
Receding in proportion to approach,  
Until he stand afar, — a shade.  
*Adam.* Now, words.

SONG OF THE MORNING STAR TO  
LUCIFER

*He fades utterly away and vanishes, as it  
proceeds.*

Mine orbèd image sinks <sup>810</sup>  
Back from thee, back from thee,

As thou art fallen, methinks,  
Back from me, back from me.  
O my light-bearer,  
Could another fairer  
Lack to thee, lack to thee?  
Ah, ah, Heosphoros!  
I loved thee with the fiery love of stars  
Who love by burning, and by loving move,  
Too near the throned Jehovah not to love. <sup>820</sup>  
Ah, ah, Heosphoros!  
Their brows flash fast on me from gliding  
cars,  
Pale-passioned for my loss.  
Ah, ah, Heosphoros!  
Mine orbèd heats drop cold  
Down from thee, down from thee,  
As fell thy grace of old  
Down from me, down from me.  
O my light-bearer,  
Is another fairer <sup>830</sup>  
Won to thee, won to thee?  
Ah, ah, Heosphoros,  
Great love preceded loss,  
Known to thee, known to thee.  
Ah, ah!  
Thou, breathing thy communicable grace  
Of life into my light,  
Mine astral faces, from thine angel face,  
Hast inly fed,  
And flooded me with radiance overmuch <sup>840</sup>  
From thy pure height.  
Ah, ah!  
Thou, with calm, floating pinions both ways  
spread,  
Erect, irradiated,  
Didst sting my wheel of glory  
On, on before thee  
Along the Godlight by a quickening touch!  
Ha, ha!  
Around, around the firmamental ocean  
I swam expanding with delirious fire! <sup>850</sup>  
Around, around, around, in blind desire  
To be drawn upward to the Infinite —  
Ha, ha!

Until, the motion flinging out the motion  
To a keen whirl of passion and avidity,  
To a dim whirl of languor and delight,  
I wound in gyant orbits smooth and white  
With that intense rapidity.  
Around, around, <sup>860</sup>  
I wound and interwound,  
While all the cyclic heavens about me  
spun.

Stars, planets, suns  
broad,  
Then flashed together  
And wound, and wound  
And as they wound  
around,  
In a great fire I alms  
Ha, ha, Heosphoros!

Thine angel glory  
Down from me,  
My beauty falls, n  
Down from thee  
O my light-be  
O my path-pr  
Gone from me,  
Ah, ah, Heosph  
I cannot kindle unde  
Of this new angel he  
All things are alte  
ago, —  
And if I shine at eve  
I am strange —  
Ah, ah, Heosph  
Henceforward, huma  
The only sweetest sig  
With tears between  
me.

Ah,  
When, having wept  
day  
Above the folded hil  
My light, a little tre  
Ah,  
And gazing on me  
hend,  
Through all my p  
or even,  
And melancholy le  
That love, their ow  
or end,  
That love may o  
Ah, ah, Heosph

SCENE. — *Farther on  
seen vaguely in the*

*Adam.* How doth  
choly earth  
Gather her hills arou  
And stare with blank  
Right in our faces!  
*Eve.*

Stars, planets, suns, and moons dilated  
broad,  
Then flashed together into a single sun,  
And wound, and wound in one:  
And as they wound I wound, — around,  
around,  
In a great fire I almost took for God.  
Ha, ha, Heosphoros !

Thine angel glory sinks  
Down from me, down from me —  
My beauty falls, methinks, <sup>870</sup>  
Down from thee, down from thee !  
O my light-bearer,  
O my path-preparer,  
Gone from me, gone from me !  
Ah, ah, Heosphoros !

I cannot kindle underneath the brow  
Of this new angel here, who is not thou.  
All things are altered since that time  
ago, —

And if I shine at eve, I shall not know.  
I am strange — I am slow. <sup>880</sup>

Ah, ah, Heosphoros !  
Henceforward, human eyes of lovers be  
The only sweetest sight that I shall see,  
With tears between the looks raised up to  
me.

Ah, ah !  
When, having wept all night, at break of  
day  
Above the folded hills they shall survey  
My light, a little trembling, in the gray.

Ah, ah !  
And gazing on me, such shall compre-  
hend, <sup>890</sup>

Through all my piteous pomp at morn  
or even,  
And melancholy leaning out of heaven,  
That love, their own divine, may change  
or end,  
That love may close in loss !  
Ah, ah, Heosphoros !

SCENE. — *Farther on. A wild open country  
seen vaguely in the approaching night.*

*Adam.* How doth the wide and melan-  
choly earth  
Gather her hills around us, gray and ghast,  
And stare with blank significance of loss  
Right in our faces ! Is the wind up ?  
*Eve.* *Nay.*

*Adam.* And yet the cedars and the ju-  
nipers <sup>900</sup>  
Rock slowly through the mist, without a  
sound,  
And shapes which have no certainty of  
shape  
Drift dusky in and out between the pines,  
And loom along the edges of the hills,  
And lie flat, curdling in the open ground —  
Shadows without a body, which contract  
And lengthen as we gaze on them.

*Eve.* O life  
Which is not man's nor angel's ! What is  
this ?

*Adam.* No cause for fear. The circle  
of God's life  
Contains all life beside.

*Eve.* I think the earth <sup>910</sup>  
Is crazed with curse, and wanders from  
the sense  
Of those first laws affixed to form and  
space

Or ever she knew sin.  
*Adam.* We will not fear:  
We were brave sinning.

*Eve.* Yea, I plucked the fruit  
With eyes upturned to heaven and seeing  
there

Our god-thrones, as the tempter said, —  
not GOD.  
My heart, which beat then, sinks. The  
sun hath sunk  
Out of sight with our Eden.

*Adam.* Night is near.  
*Eve.* And God's curse, nearest. Let us  
travel back

And stand within the sword-glare till we  
die, <sup>920</sup>  
Believing it is better to meet death  
Than suffer desolation.

*Adam.* Nay, beloved !  
We must not pluck death from the Maker's  
hand,  
As erst we plucked the apple: we must  
wait

Until He gives death as he gave us  
life,  
Nor murmur faintly o'er the primal gift  
Because we spoil its sweetness with our  
sin.

*Eve.* Ah, ah ! dost thou discern what I  
behold ?

*Adam.* I see all. How the spirits in  
thine eyes

From their dilated orbits bound before 930  
To meet the spectral Dread!

*Eve.* I am afraid —  
Ah, ah! the twilight bristles wild with  
shapes

Of intermittent motion, aspect vague  
And mystic bearings, which o'ercreep the  
earth,  
Keeping slow time with horrors in the  
blood.

How near they reach . . . and far! How  
gray they move —

Treading upon the darkness without feet,  
And fluttering on the darkness without  
wings!

Some run like dogs, with noses to the  
ground;

Some keep one path, like sheep; some rock  
like trees; 940

Some glide like a fallen leaf; and some  
flow on

Copious as rivers.

*Adam.* Some spring up like fire:  
And some coil . . .

*Eve.* Ah, ah! dost thou pause to say  
Like what? — coil like the serpent, when  
he fell

From all the emerald splendor of his height  
And withered, and could not climb against  
the curse,

Not a ring's length. I am afraid —  
afraid —

I think it is God's will to make me  
afraid, —

Permitting THESE to haunt us in the place  
Of his beloved angels — gone from us 950  
Because we are not pure. Dear Pity of  
God,

That didst permit the angels to go home  
And live no more with us who are not  
pure,

Save us too from a loathly company —  
Almost as loathly in our eyes, perhaps,

As we are in the purest! Pity us —  
Us too! nor shut us in the dark, away  
From verity and from stability,

Or what we name such through the pre-  
cedence

Of earth's adjusted uses, — leave us not 960  
To doubt betwixt our senses and our  
souls,

Which are the more distraught and full of  
pain

And weak of apprehension!

*Adam.*

Courage, Sweet!

The mystic shapes ebb back from us, and  
drop

With slow concentric movement, each on  
each, —

Expressing wider spaces, — and collapsed  
In lines more definite for imagery

And clearer for relation, till the throng  
Of shapeless spectra merge into a few  
Distinguishable phantasms vague and  
grand 970

Which sweep out and around us vastly  
And hold us in a circle and a calm.

*Eve.* Strange phantasms of pale shad-  
ow! there are twelve.

Thou who didst name all lives, hast names  
for these?

*Adam.* Methinks this is the zodiac of  
the earth,

Which rounds us with a visionary dread,  
Responding with twelve shadowy signs of  
earth,

In fantasque opposition and approach,  
To those celestial, constellated twelve  
Which palpitate adown the silent nights 980

Under the pressure of the hand of God  
Stretched wide in benediction. At this  
hour,

Not a star pricketh the flat gloom of  
heaven:

But, girdling close our nether wilderness,  
The zodiac-figures of the earth loom  
slow, —

Drawn out, as suiteth with the place and  
time,

In twelve colossal shades instead of stars,  
Through which the ecliptic line of mystery  
Strikes bleakly with an unrelenting scope,  
Foreshowing life and death.

*Eve.* By dream or sense, 990  
Do we see this?

*Adam.* Our spirits have climbed high  
By reason of the passion of our grief,  
And, from the top of sense, looked over  
sense

To the significance and heart of things  
Rather than things themselves.

*Eve.* And the dim twelve . . .  
*Adam.* Are dim exponents of the crea-  
ture-life

As earth contains it. Gaze on them, be-  
loved!

By stricter apprehension of the sight,  
Suggestions of the creatures shall assuage  
The terror of the shadows, — what is  
known 1000

Subduing the unknown  
From all prodigious  
tasm, there,

Presents a lion, albeit t  
As large as any lion —  
Set soundless in his vib

And a strange horror s  
And, there, a pendulo  
weigh —

Good against ill, perch  
crab

Puts coldly out its gra  
Like a slow blot that s  
ground,

Crawled over by it, see  
A bull stands hornéd  
glooms;

And a ram likewise  
writhes

Its tail in ghastly sl  
dark.

This way a goat leaps  
beard;

And here, fantastic fis  
Using the calm for  
fins

Throb out quick rhyth  
air.

While images more hu  
*Eve.*

That phantasm of a m  
Two phantasms of two  
*Adam.* On

And one that strives,  
ends

Of manhood's curse  
see  
That phantasm of a w  
*Eve.*

But look off to those  
Which draw me tende  
Lesser and fainter tha  
Or yet thy manhood  
cence

Set in the misty lines  
They lean together  
them

Longer and longer, ti  
As the stars do in wa  
Should light them fo  
line vague

To clear configuratio  
[Two Spirits, of  
Nature, arise f

Subduing the unknown and taming it  
From all prodigious dread. That phan-  
tasm, there,

Presents a lion, albeit twenty times  
As large as any lion — with a roar  
Set soundless in his vibratory jaws,  
And a strange horror stirring in his mane.  
And, there, a pendulous shadow seems to  
weigh —

Good against ill, perchance; and there, a  
crab

Puts coldly out its gradual shadow-claws,  
Like a slow blot that spreads, — till all the  
ground, <sup>1010</sup>

Crawled over by it, seems to crawl itself.  
A bull stands hornèd here with gibbous  
glooms;

And a ram likewise: and a scorpion  
writhes

Its tail in ghastly slime and stings the  
dark.

This way a goat leaps with wild blank of  
beard;

And here, fantastic fishes duskly float,  
Using the calm for waters, while their  
fins

Throb out quick rhythms along the shallow  
air.

While images more human —  
*Eve.* How he stands,

That phantasm of a man — who is not *thou!*  
Two phantasms of two men!

*Adam.* One that sustains, <sup>1021</sup>  
And one that strives, — resuming, so, the  
ends

Of manhood's curse of labor. Dost thou  
see

That phantasm of a woman?  
*Eve.* I have seen;

But look off to those small humanities  
Which draw me tenderly across my fear, —  
Lesser and fainter than my womanhood,  
Or yet thy manhood — with strange inno-  
cence

Set in the misty lines of head and hand.  
They lean together! I would gaze on  
them <sup>1030</sup>

Longer and longer, till my watching eyes,  
As the stars do in watching anything,  
Should light them forward from their out-  
line vague

To clear configuration.  
[*Two Spirits, of Organic and Inorganic  
Nature, arise from the ground.*

But what Shapes

Rise up between us in the open space,  
And thrust me into horror, back from  
hope!

*Adam.* Colossal Shapes — twin sovran  
images,

With a disconsolate, blank majesty  
Set in their wondrous faces! with no look,  
And yet an aspect — a significance <sup>1040</sup>  
Of individual life and passionate ends,  
Which overcomes us gazing.

O bleak sound,  
O shadow of sound, O phantasm of thin  
sound!

How it comes, wheeling as the pale moth  
wheels,

Wheeling and wheeling in continuous wail  
Around the cyclic zodiac, and gains force,  
And gathers, settling coldly like a moth,  
On the wan faces of these images

We see before us, — whereby modified,  
It draws a straight line of articulate  
song <sup>1050</sup>

From out that spiral faintness of lament,  
And, by one voice, expresses many griefs.

*First Spirit.*

I am the spirit of the harmless earth.  
God spake me softly out among the stars,  
As softly as a blessing of much worth;

And then his smile did follow unawares,  
That all things fashioned so for use and  
duty

Might shine anointed with his chrism of  
beauty —

Yet I wail!

I drave on with the worlds exultingly, <sup>1060</sup>  
Obliquely down the Godlight's gradual  
fall;

Individual aspect and complexity  
Of gyratory orb and interval  
Lost in the fluent motion of delight  
Toward the high ends of Being beyond  
sight —

Yet I wail!

*Second Spirit.*

I am the spirit of the harmless beasts,  
Of flying things, and creeping things,  
and swimming;

Of all the lives, erst set at silent feasts,  
That found the love-kiss on the goblet  
brimming, <sup>1070</sup>

And tasted in each drop within the mea-  
sure

The sweetest pleasure of their Lord's good  
pleasure —

Yet I wail!



What a full hum of life around his lips  
Bore witness to the fulness of crea-  
tion!  
How all the grand words were full-laden  
ships  
Each sailing onward from enunciation  
To separate existence, — and each bear-  
ing  
The creature's power of joying, hoping,  
fearing!

Yet I wail! 1080

*Eve.* They wail, beloved! they speak of  
glory and God,  
And they wail — wail. That burden of  
the song  
Drops from it like its fruit, and heavily  
falls  
Into the lap of silence.

*Adam.* Hark, again!

*First Spirit.*  
I was so beautiful, so beautiful,  
My joy stood up within me bold to add  
A word to God's, — and, when his work  
was full,  
To 'very good' responded 'very glad!'  
Filtered through roses did the light enclose  
me,  
And bunches of the grape swam blue across  
me — 1090

Yet I wail!

*Second Spirit.*  
I bounded with my panthers: I rejoiced  
In my young tumbling lions rolled to-  
gether:  
My stag, the river at his fetlocks, poised  
Then dipped his antlers through the  
golden weather  
In the same ripple which the alligator  
Left, in his joyous troubling of the water —  
Yet I wail!

*First Spirit.*

O my deep waters, cataract and flood,  
What wordless triumph did your voices  
render! 1100  
O mountain-summits, where the angels  
stood  
And shook from head and wing thick  
dews of splendor!  
How, with a holy quiet, did your Earthy  
Accept that Heavenly, knowing ye were  
worthy!

Yet I wail!

*Second Spirit.*  
O my wild wood-dogs, with your listening  
eyes!

My horses — my ground-eagles, for swift  
fleeing!  
My birds, with viewless wings of harmon-  
ies,  
My calm cold fishes of a silver being,  
How happy were ye, living and possess-  
ing, 1110  
O fair half-souls capacious of full bless-  
ing!

Yet I wail!

*First Spirit.*  
I wail, I wail! Now hear my charge to-  
day,  
Thou man, thou woman, marked as the  
misdoers  
By God's sword at your backs! I lent my  
clay  
To make your bodies, which had grown  
more flowers:  
And now, in change for what I lent, ye  
give me  
The thorn to vex, the tempest-fire to cleave  
me —

And I wail!

*Second Spirit.*  
I wail, I wail! Behold ye that I fasten 1120  
My sorrow's fang upon your souls dis-  
honored?  
Accursed transgressors! down the steep ye  
hasten, —  
Your crown's weight on the world, to  
drag it downward  
Unto your ruin. Lo! my lions, scent-  
ing  
The blood of wars, roar hoarse and unre-  
lenting —

And I wail!

*First Spirit.*  
I wail, I wail! Do you hear that I wail?  
I had no part in your transgression —  
none.  
My roses on the bough did bud not pale,  
My rivers did not loiter in the sun; 1130  
I was obedient. Wherefore in my cen-  
tre  
Do I thrill at this curse of death and  
winter? —

Do I wail?

*Second Spirit.*  
I wail, I wail! I wail in the assault  
Of undeserved perdition, sorely wounded!  
My nightingale sang sweet without a fault,  
My gentle leopards innocently bounded.  
We were obedient. What is this con-  
vulses

Our blameless life  
pulses?

*Eve.* I choose G  
angels' sword  
To die by, Adam, ra  
Let us pass out and  
*Adam.*

This zodiac of the er  
Curls round us, like  
And shuts us in, con

*First Spirit.*  
I feel your steps,  
strike

A sense of death  
graves!

The heart of earth  
bling like

The ragged foam  
The restless earthqu  
other;

The elements moan  
mother' —

*Second Spirit.*  
Your melancholy  
through;

Corruption swathe  
beauty.

Why have ye done t  
we do

That we should fal  
duty?

Wild shriek the haw  
jesses,

Fierce howl the wol  
nesses —

*Adam.* To thee, th  
less earth,

To thee, the Spirit  
lives,

Inferior creatures bu  
Be salutation from a

Yet worthy of some  
From you who are no

sinned,

God hath rebuked us  
To give rebuke or de

Because of any suffe  
Ye who are under an

Be satisfied with God  
And pass out from

peace

As we have left you,

Our blameless life with pangs and fever pulses ?

And I wail ! <sup>1140</sup>

*Eve.* I choose God's thunder and his angels' swords  
To die by, Adam, rather than such words.  
Let us pass out and flee.

*Adam.* We cannot flee.  
This zodiac of the creatures' cruelty  
Curls round us, like a river cold and drear,  
And shuts us in, constraining us to hear.

*First Spirit.*  
I feel your steps, O wandering sinners,  
strike

A sense of death to me, and undug graves !  
The heart of earth, once calm, is trembling like

The ragged foam along the ocean-waves:  
The restless earthquakes rock against each other;

The elements moan 'round me — 'Mother, mother' — <sup>1151</sup>

And I wail !

*Second Spirit.*  
Your melancholy looks do pierce me through;

Corruption swathes the paleness of your beauty.  
Why have ye done this thing ? What did we do

That we should fall from bliss as ye from duty ?  
Wild shriek the hawks, in waiting for their jesses,

Fierce howl the wolves along the wildernesses —

And I wail ! <sup>1160</sup>

*Adam.* To thee, the Spirit of the harmless earth,  
To thee, the Spirit of earth's harmless lives,

Inferior creatures but still innocent,  
Be salutation from a guilty mouth  
Yet worthy of some audience and respect  
From you who are not guilty. If we have sinned,

God hath rebuked us, who is over us  
To give rebuke or death, and if ye wail  
Because of any suffering from our sin,  
Ye who are under and not over us, <sup>1170</sup>

Be satisfied with God, if not with us,  
And pass out from our presence in such peace

As we have left you, to enjoy revenge

Such as the heavens have made you.  
Verily,

There must be strife between us, large as sin.

*Eve.* No strife, mine Adam ! Let us not stand high

Upon the wrong we did to reach disdain,  
Who rather should be humbler evermore  
Since self-made sadder. Adam ! shall I speak

I who spake once to such a bitter end — <sup>1180</sup>

Shall I speak humbly now who once was proud ?

I, schooled by sin to more humility  
Than thou hast, O mine Adam, O my king —

My king, if not the world's ?

*Adam.* Speak as thou wilt.

*Eve.* Thus, then — my hand in thine —

. . . Sweet, dreadful Spirits !

I pray you humbly in the name of God,  
Not to say of these tears, which are impure —

Grant me such pardoning grace as can go forth

From clean volitions toward a spotted will,  
From the wronged to the wronger, this and no more ! <sup>1190</sup>

I do not ask more. I am 'ware, indeed,  
That absolute pardon is impossible

From you to me, by reason of my sin, —  
And that I cannot evermore, as once,  
With worthy acceptance of pure joy,  
Behold the trances of the holy hills  
Beneath the leaning stars, or watch the vales

Dew-pallid with their morning ecstasy, —  
Or hear the winds make pastoral peace between

Two grassy uplands, — and the river-wells <sup>1200</sup>

Work out their bubbling mysteries underground, —

And all the birds sing, till for joy of song  
They lift their trembling wings as if to heave

The too-much weight of music from their heart

And float it up the æther. I am 'ware  
That these things I can no more apprehend

With a pure organ into a full delight, —  
The sense of beauty and of melody  
Being no more aided in me by the sense

Of personal adjustment to those heights  
 Of what I see well-formed or hear well-  
 tuned, <sup>1211</sup>  
 But rather coupled darkly and made  
 ashamed  
 By my percipiency of sin and fall  
 In melancholy of humilant thoughts.  
 But, oh! fair, dreadful Spirits — albeit this  
 Your accusation must confront my soul,  
 And your pathetic utterance and full gaze  
 Must evermore subdue me, — be content!  
 Conquer me gently — as if pitying me,  
 Not to say loving! let my tears fall  
 thick <sup>1220</sup>  
 As watering dews of Eden, unreproached;  
 And when your tongues reprove me, make  
 me smooth,  
 Not ruffled — smooth and still with your  
 reproof,  
 And peradventure better while more sad!  
 For look to it, sweet Spirits, look well to  
 it,  
 It will not be amiss in you who kept  
 The law of your own righteousness, and  
 keep  
 The right of your own griefs to mourn  
 themselves, —  
 To pity me twice fallen, from that, and  
 this,  
 From joy of place, and also right of  
 wail, <sup>1230</sup>  
 'I wail' being not for me — only 'I sin.'  
 Look to it, O sweet Spirits!  
 For was I not,  
 At that last sunset seen in Paradise,  
 When all the westering clouds flashed out  
 in throngs  
 Of sudden angel-faces, face by face,  
 All hushed and solemn, as a thought of  
 God  
 Held them suspended, — was I not, that  
 hour,  
 The lady of the world, princess of life,  
 Mistress of feast and favor? Could I  
 touch  
 A rose with my white hand, but it be-  
 came <sup>1240</sup>  
 Redder at once? Could I walk leisurely  
 Along our swarded garden, but the grass  
 Tracked me with greenness? Could I  
 stand aside  
 A moment underneath a cornel-tree,  
 But all the leaves did tremble as alive  
 With songs of fifty birds who were made  
 glad

Because I stood there? Could I turn to  
 look  
 With these twain eyes of mine, now weep-  
 ing fast,  
 Now good for only weeping, — upon man,  
 Angel, or beast, or bird, but each re-  
 joiced <sup>1250</sup>  
 Because I looked on him? Alas, alas!  
 And is not this much woe, to cry 'alas!'  
 Speaking of joy? And is not this more  
 shame,  
 To have made the woe myself, from all  
 that joy?  
 To have stretched my hand, and plucked it  
 from the tree,  
 And chosen it for fruit? Nay, is not  
 this  
 Still most despair, — to have halved that  
 bitter fruit,  
 And ruined, so, the sweetest friend I have,  
 Turning the GREATEST to mine enemy?  
*Adam.* I will not hear thee speak so.  
 Hearken, Spirits! <sup>1260</sup>  
 Our God, who is the enemy of none  
 But only of their sin, hath set your hope  
 And my hope, in a promise, on this Head.  
 Show reverence, then, and never bruise her  
 more  
 With unpermitted and extreme re-  
 proach, —  
 Lest, passionate in anguish, she fling down  
 Beneath your trampling feet, God's gift to  
 us  
 Of sovranity by reason and freewill,  
 Sinning against the province of the Soul  
 To rule the soulless. Reverence her es-  
 tate, <sup>1270</sup>  
 And pass out from her presence with no  
 words!  
*Eve.* O dearest Heart, have patience  
 with my heart!  
 O Spirits, have patience, 'stead of rever-  
 ence,  
 And let me speak, for, not being inno-  
 cent,  
 It little doth become me to be proud,  
 And I am prescient by the very hope  
 And promise set upon me, that hence-  
 forth  
 Only my gentleness shall make me great,  
 My humbleness exalt me. Awful Spirits,  
 Be witness that I stand in your reproof <sup>1280</sup>  
 But one sun's length off from my happi-  
 ness —  
 Happy, as I have said, to look around,

Clear to look up! — And  
 speak —  
 Ye see me what I am; ye  
 Because ye see me what  
 self  
 From God's best making  
 forgone,  
 Love wronged, and virtue  
 wept  
 Upon all, vainly! Alas,  
 Who have undone myse-  
 best,  
 Fairest and sweetest, to  
 est  
 Saddest and most defiled  
 down —  
 What word metes absolu-  
 lute loss  
 Suffice you for revenge.  
 Beneath the wings of ang-  
 Wander to-day beneath t  
 I, reigning the earth's em  
 Put off from me, to-day  
 prayers:  
 I, yesterday, who answer  
 Composed and glad as  
 sun,  
 Might shriek now from o  
 'God,'  
 And hear him make rep  
 need,  
 Thou whom I cursed to-d  
*Adam.*  
*Eve.*  
 Who yesterday was help  
 Unto mine Adam, am to-  
 And curse-mete for him  
 us,  
 Ye gentle Spirits, and par  
 And let some tender pea  
 pain,  
 Grow up betwixt us, as a  
 With boughs on both side  
 of which,  
 When presently ye shall b  
 For the poor sake of our  
 Breathe out your pardon  
 lips,  
 And drop your twilight  
 brows,  
 And stroking with mild a  
 hands  
 Left empty of all fruit, p  
 Distilling through your p  
 And suffer it, self-reconci

Clear to look up! — And now! I need not speak —

Ye see me what I am; ye scorn me so,  
Because ye see me what I have made myself

From God's best making! Alas, — peace  
forgone,

Love wronged, and virtue forfeit, and tears  
wept

Upon all, vainly! Alas, me! alas,  
Who have undone myself, from all that  
best,

Fairest and sweetest, to this wretched-  
est 1290

Saddest and most defiled — cast out, cast  
down —

What word metes absolute loss? let abso-  
lute loss

Suffice you for revenge. For *I*, who lived  
Beneath the wings of angels yesterday,

Wander to-day beneath the roofless world:  
*I*, reigning the earth's empress yesterday,

Put off from me, to-day, your hate with  
prayers:

*I*, yesterday, who answered the Lord God,  
Composed and glad as singing-birds the  
sun,

Might shriek now from our dismal desert,  
'God,' 1300

And hear him make reply, 'What is thy  
need,

Thou whom I cursed to-day?'

*Adam.* Eve!

*Eve.* *I*, at last,

Who yesterday was helpmate and delight  
Unto mine Adam, am to-day the grief

And curse-mete for him. And, so, pity  
us,

Ye gentle Spirits, and pardon him and me,  
And let some tender peace, made of our  
pain,

Grow up betwixt us, as a tree might grow,  
With boughs on both sides! In the shade  
of which,

When presently ye shall behold us dead, —  
For the poor sake of our humility, 1311

Breathe out your pardon on our breathless  
lips,

And drop your twilight dews against our  
brows,

And stroking with mild airs our harmless  
hands

Left empty of all fruit, perceive your love  
Distilling through your pity over us,

And suffer it, self-reconciled, to pass!

LUCIFER rises in the circle.

*Lucifer.* Who talks here of a comple-  
ment of grief?

Of expiation wrought by loss and fall?

Of hate subduable to pity? Eve? 1320

Take counsel from thy counsellor the snake,  
And boast no more in grief, nor hope from  
pain,

My docile Eve! I teach you to despond  
Who taught you disobedience. Look  
around: —

Earth spirits and phantasms hear you talk  
unmoved,

As if ye were red clay again and talked!

What are your words to them — your grief  
to them —

Your deaths, indeed, to them? Did the  
hand pause,

For *their* sake, in the plucking of the fruit,  
That they should pause for *you*, in hating  
you? 1330

Or will your grief or death, as did your  
sin,

Bring change upon their final doom? Be-  
hold,

Your grief is but your sin in the rebound,  
And cannot exiate for it.

*Adam.* That is true.

*Lucifer.* Ay, that is true. The clay-  
king testifies

To the snake's counsel, — hear him! —  
very true.

*Earth Spirits.* I wail, I wail!

*Lucifer.* And certes, that is true.

Ye wail, ye all wail. Peradventure I  
Could wail among you. O thou universe,

That holdest sin and woe, — more room  
for wail! 1340

*Distant Starry Voice.* Ah, ah, Heospho-  
ros! Heosphoros!

*Adam.* Mark Lucifer! He changes aw-  
fully.

*Eve.* It seems as if he looked from  
grief to God

And could not see him. Wretched Luci-  
fer!

*Adam.* How he stands — yet an angel!  
*Earth Spirits.* We all wail!

*Lucifer (after a pause).* Dost thou re-  
member, Adam, when the curse

Took us in Eden? On a mountain-peak  
Half-sheathed in primal woods and glitter-  
ing

In spasms of awful sunshine at that hour,

A lion couched, part raised upon his paws,  
 With his calm massive face turned full on  
 thine, <sup>1351</sup>  
 And his mane listening. When the ended  
 curse  
 Left silence in the world, right suddenly  
 He sprang up rampant and stood straight  
 and stiff,  
 As if the new reality of death  
 Were dashed against his eyes, and roared  
 so fierce,  
 (Such thick carnivorous passion in his  
 throat  
 Tearing a passage through the wrath and  
 fear)  
 And roared so wild, and smote from all the  
 hills  
 Such fast keen echoes crumbling down the  
 vales <sup>1360</sup>  
 Precipitately, — that the forest beasts,  
 One after one, did mutter a response  
 Of savage and of sorrowful complaint  
 Which trailed along the gorges. Then, at  
 once,  
 He fell back, and rolled crashing from the  
 height  
 Into the dusk of pines.  
*Adam.* It might have been.  
 I heard the curse alone.  
*Earth Spirits.* I wail, I wail!  
*Lucifer.* That lion is the type of what I  
 am.  
 And as he fixed thee with his full-faced  
 hate,  
 And roared, O Adam, comprehending doom,  
 So, gazing on the face of the Unseen, <sup>1371</sup>  
 I cry out here between the Heavens and  
 Earth  
 My conscience of this sin, this woe, this  
 wrath,  
 Which damn me to this depth.  
*Earth Spirits.* I wail, I wail!  
*Eve.* I wail — O God!  
*Lucifer.* I scorn you that ye wail,  
 Who use your petty griefs for pedestals  
 To stand on, beckoning pity from without,  
 And deal in pathos of antithesis  
 Of what ye *were* forsooth, and what ye  
 are; —  
 I scorn you like an angel! Yet, one cry <sup>1380</sup>  
 I, too, would drive up like a column erect,  
 Marble to marble, from my heart to heaven,  
 A monument of anguish to transpierce  
 And overtop your vapory complaints  
 Expressed from feeble woes.

*Earth Spirits.* I wail, I wail!  
*Lucifer.* For, O ye heavens, ye are my  
 witnesses,  
 That I, struck out from nature in a blot,  
 The outcast and the mildew of things good,  
 The leper of angels, the excepted dust  
 Under the common rain of daily gifts, — <sup>1390</sup>  
 I the snake, I the tempter, I the cursed, —  
 To whom the highest and the lowest alike  
 Say, Go from us — we have no need of  
 thee, —  
 Was made by God like others. Good and  
 fair,  
 He did create me! — ask him, if not  
 fair!  
 Ask, if I caught not fair and silverly  
 His blessing for chief angels on my head  
 Until it grew there, a crown crystallized!  
 Ask, if he never called me by my name,  
*Lucifer* — kindly said as 'Gabriel' — <sup>1400</sup>  
*Lucifer* — soft as 'Michael!' while serene  
 I, standing in the glory of the lamps,  
 Answered 'my Father,' innocent of shame  
 And of the sense of thunder. Ha! ye think,  
 White angels in your niches, — I repent,  
 And would tread down my own offences  
 back  
 To service at the footstool? *that's* read  
 wrong!  
 I cry as the beast did, that I may cry —  
 Expansive, not appealing! Fallen so deep,  
 Against the sides of this prodigious pit <sup>1410</sup>  
 I cry — cry — dashing out the hands of  
 wail  
 On each side, to meet anguish everywhere,  
 And to attest it in the ecstasy  
 And exaltation of a woe sustained  
 Because provoked and chosen.  
 Pass along  
 Your wilderness, vain mortals! Puny griefs  
 In transitory shapes, be henceforth dwarfed  
 To your own conscience, by the dread ex-  
 tremes  
 Of what I am and have been. If ye have  
 fallen,  
 It is but a step's fall, — the whole ground  
 beneath <sup>1420</sup>  
 Strewn woolly soft with promise! if ye have  
 sinned,  
 Your prayers tread high as angels! if ye  
 have grieved,  
 Ye are too mortal to be pitiable,  
 The power to die disproves the right to  
 grieve.  
 Go to! ye call this ruin? I half-scorn

The ill I did y  
 Hated and ter  
 Still, what's  
 hurt,  
 Of hating, ten  
 This sword's  
 through  
 The hand tha  
 Hate one ano  
 I would not c  
 Far be it fron  
 I breathe into  
 As wintry b  
 leaves  
 And lifting up  
 The branches  
 give  
 To Eve who  
 For her and  
 An answer ra  
 Than to the  
 trow,  
 For justice's  
 Adam and E  
 After my cu  
 hot  
 On all the h  
 here, —  
 And yet rejo  
 Ye in your g  
 Corruptions,  
 And hideous  
 death,  
 The thought  
 nent,  
 Immovable a  
 And deafly a  
 Of any hope  
 Whichever o  
 Shall seem to  
 My curse cat  
 soul,  
 And HE find  
 Of seraph me  
 Rejoice, — be  
 This hate wh  
 hate  
 Which glare  
 within  
 Which kills  
 hate,  
 Wherein I, a  
 To God and

The ill I did you ! Were ye wronged by me,  
Hated and tempted and undone of me, —  
Still, what 's your hurt to mine of doing  
hurt,

Of hating, tempting, and so ruining ?  
This sword's *hilt* is the sharpest, and cuts  
through 1430  
The hand that wields it.

Go ! I curse you all.  
Hate one another — feebly — as ye can !  
I would not certes cut you short in hate,  
Far be it from me ! hate on as ye can !  
I breathe into your faces, spirits of earth,  
As wintry blast may breathe on wintry  
leaves

And lifting up their brownness show beneath  
The branches bare. Beseech you, spirits,  
give

To Eve who beggarly entreats your love  
For her and Adam when they shall be dead,  
An answer rather fitting to the sin 1441  
Than to the sorrow — as the heavens, I  
trow,

For justice' sake gave theirs.  
I curse you both,  
Adam and Eve. Say grace as after meat,  
After my curses ! May your tears fall  
hot

On all the hissing scorns o' the creatures  
here, —

And yet rejoice ! Increase and multiply,  
Ye in your generations, in all plagues,  
Corruptions, melancholies, poverties,  
And hideous forms of life and fears of  
death, — 1450

The thought of death being always immi-  
nent,

Immovable and dreadful in your life,  
And deafly and dumbly insignificant  
Of any hope beyond, — as death itself,  
Whichever of you lieth dead the first,  
Shall seem to the survivor — yet rejoice !  
My curse catch at you strongly, body and  
soul,

And HE find no redemption — nor the wing  
Of seraph move your way; and yet rejoice !  
Rejoice, — because ye have not, set in you,  
This hate which shall pursue you — this fire-  
hate 1461

Which glares without, because it burns  
within —

Which kills from ashes — this potential  
hate,

Wherein I, angel, in antagonism  
To God and his reflex beatitudes,

Moan ever, in the central universe,  
With the great woe of striving against  
Love

And gasp for space amid the Infinite,  
And toss for rest amid the Desertness,  
Self-orphaned by my will, and self-elect 1470  
To kingship of resistant agony  
Toward the Good round me — hating good  
and love,

And willing to hate good and to hate love,  
And willing to will on so evermore,  
Scorning the past and damning the to-  
come —

Go and rejoice ! I curse you.  
[LUCIFER vanishes.

*Earth Spirits.*

And we scorn you ! there's no pardon  
Which can lean to you aright.

When your bodies take the guerdon  
Of the death-curse in our sight, 1480

Then the bee that hummeth lowest shall  
transcend you:

Then ye shall not move an eyelid  
Though the stars look down your  
eyes;

And the earth which ye defiled  
Shall expose you to the skies, —

'Lo ! these kings of ours, who sought to  
comprehend you.'

*First Spirit.*

And the elements shall boldly  
All your dust to dust constrain.

Unresistedly and coldly

I will smite you with my rain. 1490  
From the slowest of my frosts is no reced-  
ing.

*Second Spirit.*

And my little worm, appointed  
To assume a royal part,

He shall reign, crowned and anointed,  
O'er the noble human heart.

Give him counsel against losing of that  
Eden !

*Adam.* Do ye scorn us ? Back your  
scorn

Toward your faces gray and lorn,  
As the wind drives back the rain,

Thus I drive with passion-strife, 1500  
I who stand beneath God's sun,

Made like God, and, though undone,  
Not unmade for love and life.

Lo ! ye utter threats in vain.

By my free will that chose sin,  
By mine agony within

Round the passage of the fire,

By the pinings which disclose  
That my native soul is higher  
Than what it chose, <sup>1510</sup>  
We are yet too high, O Spirits, for your  
disdain!

*Eve.* Nay, beloved! If these be low,  
We confront them from no height.  
We have stooped down to their level  
By infecting them with evil,  
And their scorn that meets our blow  
Seathes aright.

Amen. Let it be so.

*Earth Spirits.*

We shall triumph — triumph greatly  
When ye lie beneath the sword. <sup>1520</sup>  
There, our lily shall grow stately  
Though ye answer not a word,  
And her fragrance shall be scornful of your  
silence:

While your throne ascending calmly  
We, in heirdom of your soul,  
Flash the river, lift the palm-tree,  
The dilated ocean roll,  
By the thoughts that throbb'd within you,  
round the islands.

Alp and torrent shall inherit  
Your significance of will, <sup>1530</sup>  
And the grandeur of your spirit  
Shall our broad savannahs fill;  
In our winds, your exultations shall be  
springing!  
Even your parlance which inveigles,  
By our rudeness shall be won.  
Hearts poetic in our eagles  
Shall beat up against the sun  
And strike downward in articulate clear  
singing.

Your bold speeches our Behemoth <sup>1539</sup>  
With his thunderous jaw shall wield.  
Your high fancies shall our Mammoth  
Breathe sublimely up the shield  
Of Saint Michael at God's throne, who  
waits to speed him:  
Till the heavens' smooth-groov'd thun-  
der  
Spinning back, shall leave them clear,  
And the angels, smiling wonder,  
With dropt looks from sphere to  
sphere,  
Shall cry 'Ho, ye heirs of Adam! ye ex-  
ceed him.'

*Adam.* Root out thine eyes, Sweet, from  
the dreary ground!

Beloved, we may be overcome by God, <sup>1550</sup>  
But not by these.

*Eve.* By God, perhaps, in these.

*Adam.* I think, not so. Had God fore-  
doomed despair

He had not spoken hope. He may destroy  
Certes, but not deceive.

*Eve.* Behold this rose!  
I plucked it in our bower of Paradise  
This morning as I went forth, and my  
heart

Has beat against its petals all the day.  
I thought it would be always red and full  
As when I plucked it. *Is it? — ye may  
see!*

I cast it down to you that ye may see, <sup>1560</sup>  
All of you! — count the petals lost of it,  
And note the colors faded! ye may see!  
And I am as it is, who yesterday  
Grew in the same place. O ye spirits of  
earth,

I almost, from my miserable heart,  
Could here upbraid you for your cruel  
heart,  
Which will not let me, down the slope of  
death,

Draw any of your pity after me,  
Or lie still in the quiet of your looks,  
As my flower, there, in mine.

[*A bleak wind, quickened with indistinct  
Human Voices, spins around the Earth-  
zodiac, filling the circle with its pres-  
ence; and then, wailing off into the  
East, carries the rose away with it.  
EVE falls upon her face. ADAM  
stands erect.*

*Adam.* So, verily, <sup>1570</sup>  
The last departs.

*Eve.* So Memory follows Hope,  
And Life both. Love said to me, 'Do not  
die,'

And I replied, 'O Love, I will not die.  
I exiled and I will not orphan Love.'  
But now it is no choice of mine to die:  
My heart throbs from me.

*Adam.* Call it straightway back!  
Death's consummation crowns completed  
life,

Or comes too early. Hope being set on  
thee

For others, if for others then for thee, —  
For thee and me.

[*The wind revolves from the East, and  
round again to the East, perfumed by  
the Eden rose, and full of Voices*

which sweep out  
they pass.

Let thy so  
To feel the mystic wind  
*Eve.*

*Infant Voices passing in t*  
O we live, O we live —  
And this life that we  
Is a warm thing and a  
Which we softly bud i  
From the heart and fr  
Something strange tha  
Of the sound and of th  
Flowing round in triel  
With a sorrow and de  
Yet is it all in vain?  
Ro

Lest it be all in vain.  
*Youthful Voices passing.*  
O we live, O we live —  
And this life that we  
Is a loud thing and a  
Which with pulses ma  
Strikes the heart out  
Active doer, noble liv  
Strong to struggle, su  
Though the vessel's p  
At the lifting of the a  
Yet do we strive in va  
*Infant Voices passing.*

Ro  
Lest it be all in vain.  
*Poet Voices passing.*  
O we live, O we live —  
And this life that we  
Is a clear thing and a  
Which we set in crys  
That its beauty may  
With a breathing and  
Of the heaven-life on  
While we hear the fo  
To the music of the s  
Yet is it tuned in vai  
*Infant Voices passing.*

Ro  
Lest it be all in vain.  
*Philosophic Voices passi*  
O we live, O we live —  
And this life that we  
Is a great thing and  
Which for others' us  
Duty-laden to remain  
We are helpers, fello  
Of the right against  
We are earnest-hear

which sweep out into articulation as they pass.

Let thy soul shake its leaves  
To feel the mystic wind — hark !  
*Eve.* I hear life.

*Infant Voices passing in the wind.*  
O we live, O we live — 1582  
And this life that we receive  
Is a warm thing and a new,  
Which we softly bud into  
From the heart and from the brain, —  
Something strange that overmuch is  
Of the sound and of the sight,  
Flowing round in trickling touches, 1590  
With a sorrow and delight, —  
Yet is it all in vain ?

Rock us softly,  
Lest it be all in vain.  
*Youthful Voices passing.*  
O we live, O we live —  
And this life that we achieve  
Is a loud thing and a bold  
Which with pulses manifold  
Strikes the heart out full and fain —  
Active doer, noble liver,  
Strong to struggle, sure to conquer, 1600  
Though the vessel's prow will quiver  
At the lifting of the anchor:  
Yet do we strive in vain ?

*Infant Voices passing.*  
Rock us softly,  
Lest it be all in vain.  
*Poet Voices passing.*  
O we live, O we live —  
And this life that we conceive  
Is a clear thing and a fair,  
Which we set in crystal air  
That its beauty may be plain ! 1610  
With a breathing and a flooding  
Of the heaven-life on the whole,  
While we hear the forests budding  
To the music of the soul —  
Yet is it tuned in vain ?

*Infant Voices passing.*  
Rock us softly,  
Lest it be all in vain.  
*Philosophic Voices passing.*  
O we live, O we live —  
And this life that we perceive  
Is a great thing and a grave 1620  
Which for others' use we have,  
Duty-laden to remain.  
We are helpers, fellow-creatures,  
Of the right against the wrong;  
We are earnest-hearted teachers

Of the truth which maketh strong —  
Yet do we teach in vain ?

*Infant Voices passing.*  
Rock us softly,  
Lest it be all in vain.  
*Revel Voices passing.*  
O we live, O we live — 1630  
And this life that we reprieve  
Is a low thing and a light,  
Which is jested out of sight  
And made worthy of disdain !  
Strike with bold electric laughter  
The high tops of things divine —  
Turn thy head, my brother, after,  
Lest thy tears fall in my wine !  
For is all laughed in vain ?

*Infant Voices passing.*  
Rock us softly, 1640  
Lest it be all in vain.  
*Eve.* I hear a sound of life — of life  
like ours —  
Of laughter and of wailing, of grave  
speech,  
Of little plaintive voices innocent,  
Of life in separate courses flowing out  
Like our four rivers to some outward main.  
I hear life — life !

*Adam.* And, so, thy cheeks have snatched  
Scarlet to paleness, and thine eyes drink  
fast  
Of glory from full cups, and thy moist  
lips  
Seem trembling, both of them, with ear-  
nest doubts 1650  
Whether to utter words or only smile.

*Eve.* Shall I be mother of the coming  
life ?  
Hear the steep generations, how they fall  
Adown the visionary stairs of Time  
Like supernatural thunders — far, yet  
near, —

Sowing their fiery echoes through the hills.  
Am I a cloud to these — mother to these ?  
*Earth Spirits.* And bringer of the curse  
upon all these.

[*EVE sinks down again.*]  
*Poet Voices passing.*  
O we live, O we live —  
And this life that we conceive 1660  
Is a noble thing and high,  
Which we climb up loftily  
To view God without a stain;  
Till, recoiling where the shade is,  
We retread our steps again,  
And descend the gloomy Hades



To resume man's mortal pain.  
Shall it be climbed in vain?  
*Infant Voices passing.* Rock us softly,  
Lest it be all in vain. 1670  
*Love Voices passing.*  
O we live, O we live —  
And this life we would retrieve,  
Is a faithful thing apart  
Which we love in, heart to heart,  
Until one heart fitteth twain.  
'Wilt thou be one with me?'  
'I will be one with thee.'  
'Ha, ha! — we love and live!'  
Alas! ye love and die.  
Shriek — who shall reply? 1680  
For is it not loved in vain?  
*Infant Voices passing.* Rock us softly,  
Though it be all in vain.  
*Aged Voices passing.*  
O we live, O we live —  
And this life we would survive,  
Is a gloomy thing and brief,  
Which consummated in grief,  
Leaveth ashes for all gain.  
Is it not all in vain?  
*Infant Voices passing.* Rock us softly, 1690  
Though it be all in vain.  
[*Voices die away.*  
*Earth Spirits.* And bringer of the curse  
upon all these.  
*Eve.* The voices of foreshown Humanity  
Die off; — so let me die.  
*Adam.* So let us die,  
When God's will soundeth the right hour  
of death.  
*Earth Spirits.* And bringer of the curse  
upon all these.  
*Eve.* O Spirits! by the gentleness ye  
use  
In winds at night, and floating clouds at  
noon,  
In gliding waters under lily-leaves,  
In chirp of crickets, and the settling  
hush 1700  
A bird makes in her nest with feet and  
wings, —  
Fulfil your natures now!  
*Earth Spirits.* Agreed, allowed!  
We gather out our natures like a cloud,  
And thus fulfil their lightnings! Thus,  
and thus!  
Hearken, oh hearken to us!

*First Spirit.*  
As the storm-wind blows bleakly from the  
norland,  
As the snow-wind beats blindly on the  
moorland,  
As the simoom drive shot across the des-  
ert,  
As the thunder roars deep in the Unmea-  
sured,  
As the torrent tears the ocean-world to  
atoms, 1710  
As the whirlpool grinds it fathoms below  
fathoms,  
Thus, — and thus!  
*Second Spirit.*  
As the yellow toad, that spits its poison  
chilly,  
As the tiger, in the jungle crouching stilly,  
As the wild boar, with ragged tusks of  
anger,  
As the wolf-dog, with teeth of glittering  
clangor,  
As the vultures, that scream against the  
thunder,  
As the owlets, that sit and moan asun-  
der,  
Thus, — and thus!  
*Eve.* Adam! God!  
*Adam.* Cruel, unrelenting Spirits! 1720  
By the power in me of the sovran soul  
Whose thoughts keep pace yet with the  
angel's march,  
I charge you into silence — trample you  
Down to obedience. I am king of you!  
*Earth Spirits.*  
Ha, ha! thou art king!  
With a sin for a crown,  
And a soul undone!  
Thou, the antagonized,  
Tortured and agonized,  
Held in the ring 1730  
Of the zodiac!  
Now, king, beware!  
We are many and strong  
Whom thou standest among, —  
And we press on the air,  
And we stifle thee back,  
And we multiply where  
Thou wouldst trample us down  
From rights of our own  
To an utter wrong — 1740  
And, from under the feet of thy scorn,  
O forlorn,  
We shall spring up like corn,  
And our stubble be strong.

*Adam.* God, there is p  
make appeal  
Unto thy kingship.  
*Eve.* Ther  
O sinned against, great  
my seed,  
There is hope set on THE  
Thou mystic Seed that  
us not  
In agony beyond what we  
Fallen in debasement bel  
A mark for scorning —  
plext  
By all these creatures we  
Whom thou, Lord, rules  
Seed,  
Through the tempestuous  
so thick  
Betwixt my ghostly vision  
Let me have token! for m  
Before the serpent's head  
[*A vision of CHRIST a  
of the Zodiac, whic  
heavenly light. T  
grow gray and fa*  
CHRIST.  
*Adam.* This is God!  
God, any more!  
*Eve.* But gazing so — s  
eyes,  
Lift my soul upward t  
feet!  
Or lift it only, — not to se  
To the low height of so  
feet,  
For such to tread on w  
straight  
And thy lips praise him!  
CHRIST. Sp  
I meet you with rebuke fo  
And cruel and unmitigated  
Ye cast upon your maste  
have sinned;  
And true their sin is recko  
For you the sinless. Y  
cence  
Which of you praises?  
your acts  
Inherent in your lives, a  
hands  
With instincts and imperic  
From self-defacement. W  
dains  
These sinners who in fall  
height

*Adam.* God, there is power in thee! I  
make appeal  
Unto thy kingship.

*Eve.* There is pity in THEE,  
O sinned against, great God! — My seed,  
my seed,  
There is hope set on THEE — I cry to thee,  
Thou mystic Seed that shalt be! — leave  
us not

In agony beyond what we can bear, <sup>1750</sup>  
Fallen in debasement below thunder-mark,  
A mark for scorning — taunted and per-  
plex

By all these creatures we ruled yesterday,  
Whom thou, Lord, rulest alway! O my  
Seed,

Through the tempestuous years that rain  
so thick

Betwixt my ghostly vision and thy face,  
Let me have token! for my soul is bruised  
Before the serpent's head is.

[*A vision of CHRIST appears in the midst  
of the Zodiac, which pales before the  
heavenly light. The Earth Spirits  
grow grayer and fainter.*

CHRIST. I AM HERE!

*Adam.* This is God! — Curse us not,  
God, any more!

*Eve.* But gazing so — so — with omnific  
eyes, <sup>1760</sup>

Lift my soul upward till it touch thy  
feet!

Or lift it only, — not to seem too proud, —  
To the low height of some good angel's  
feet,

For such to tread on when he walketh  
straight

And thy lips praise him!

CHRIST. Spirits of the earth,

I meet you with rebuke for the reproach  
And cruel and unmitigated blame  
Ye cast upon your masters. True, they  
have sinned;

And true their sin is reckoned into loss  
For you the sinless. Yet, your inno-  
cence <sup>1770</sup>

Which of you praises? since God made  
your acts

Inherent in your lives, and bound your  
hands

With instincts and imperious sanctities  
From self-defacement. Which of you dis-  
dains

These sinners who in falling proved their  
height

Above you by their liberty to fall?  
And which of you complains of loss by  
them,

For whose delight and use ye have your  
life

And honor in creation? Ponder it!

This regent and sublime Humanity, <sup>1780</sup>  
Though fallen, exceeds you! this shall film  
your sun,

Shall hunt your lightning to its lair of  
cloud,

Turn back your rivers, footpath all your  
seas,

Lay flat your forests, master with a look  
Your lion at his fasting, and fetch down  
Your eagle flying. Nay, without this law  
Of mandom, ye would perish, — beast by  
beast

Devouring, — tree by tree, with strangling  
roots

And trunks set tuskwise. Ye would gaze  
on God

With imperceptive blankness up the  
stars, <sup>1790</sup>

And mutter, 'Why, God, hast thou made  
us thus?'

And pining to a sallow idiocy

Stagger up blindly against the ends of life,  
Then stagnate into rottenness and drop

Heavily — poor, dead matter — piecemeal  
down

The abysmal spaces — like a little stone  
Let fall to chaos. Therefore over you  
Receive man's sceptre! — therefore be con-  
tent

To minister with voluntary grace  
And melancholy pardon, every rite <sup>1800</sup>

And function in you, to the human hand!

Be ye to man as angels are to God,

Servants in pleasure, singers of delight,

Suggesters to his soul of higher things

Than any of your highest! So at last,

He shall look round on you with lids too  
straight

To hold the grateful tears, and thank you  
well,

And bless you when he prays his secret  
prayers,

And praise you when he sings his open  
songs

For the clear song-note he has learnt in  
you <sup>1810</sup>

Of purifying sweetness, and extend

Across your head his golden fantasies

Which glorify you into soul from sense.

Go, serve him for such price ! That not in  
vain

Nor yet ignobly ye shall serve, I place  
My word here for an oath, mine oath for  
act

To be hereafter. In the name of which  
Perfect redemption and perpetual grace,  
I bless you through the hope and through  
the peace

Which are mine, — to the Love, which is  
myself. <sup>1820</sup>

*Eve.* Speak on still, Christ ! Albeit  
thou bless me not

In set words, I am blessed in hearkening  
thee —

Speak, Christ !

*CHRIST.* Speak, Adam ! Bless the wo-  
man, man !

It is thine office.

*Adam.* Mother of the world,  
Take heart before this Presence ! Lo, my  
voice,

Which, naming erst the creatures, did ex-  
press

(God breathing through my breath) the  
attributes

And instincts of each creature in its name,  
Floats to the same afflatus, — floats and  
heaves

Like a water-weed that opens to a wave, —  
A full-leaved prophecy affecting thee, <sup>1831</sup>  
Out fairly and wide. Henceforward, arise,  
aspire

To all the calms and magnanimities,  
The lofty uses and the noble ends,  
The sanctified devotion and full work,  
To which thou art elect for evermore,  
First woman, wife, and mother !

*Eve.* And first in sin.

*Adam.* And also the sole bearer of the  
Seed

Whereby sin dieth. Raise the majesties <sup>1839</sup>  
Of thy disconsolate brows, O well-beloved,  
And front with level eyelids the To-come,  
And all the dark o' the world ! Rise, woman,  
rise

To thy peculiar and best altitudes  
Of doing good and of enduring ill,  
Of comforting for ill, and teaching good,  
And reconciling all that ill and good  
Unto the patience of a constant hope, —  
Rise with thy daughters ! If sin came by  
thee,

And by sin, death, — the ransom-righteous-  
ness,

The heavenly life and compensative rest <sup>1850</sup>  
Shall come by means of thee. If woe by thee  
Had issue to the world, thou shalt go forth  
An angel of the woe thou didst achieve,  
Found acceptable to the world instead  
Of others of that name, of whose bright  
steps

Thy deed stripped bare the hills. Be satis-  
fied ;

Something thou hast to bear through wo-  
manhood,

Peculiar suffering answering to the sin, —  
Some pang paid down for each new human  
life,

Some weariness in guarding such a life, <sup>1860</sup>  
Some coldness from the guarded, some mis-  
trust

From those thou hast too well served, from  
those beloved

Too loyally some treason ; feebleness  
Within thy heart, and cruelty without,

And pressures of an alien tyranny  
With its dynastic reasons of larger bones  
And stronger sinews. But, go to ! thy love  
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes

After its own life-working. A child's kiss  
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee  
glad ; <sup>1870</sup>

A poor man served by thee shall make thee  
rich ;

A sick man helped by thee shall make thee  
strong ;

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest. Such a  
crown

I set upon thy head, — Christ witnessing  
With looks of prompting love — to keep  
thee clear

Of all reproach against the sin forgone,  
From all the generations which succeed.  
Thy hand which plucked the apple I clasp  
close,

Thy lips which spake wrong counsel I kiss  
close, <sup>1880</sup>

I bless thee in the name of Paradise  
And by the memory of Edenic joys  
Forfeit and lost, — by that last cypress  
tree,

Green at the gate, which thrilled as we  
came out,

And by the blessed nightingale which threw  
Its melancholy music after us, —  
And by the flowers, whose spirits full of  
smells

Did follow softly, plucking us behind

Back to the gra  
And fourfold ri  
I bless thee to  
I bless thee to  
To the element  
And to the roa  
And to the sol  
To each one of  
END

Of Death and

*Eve.*

For me and fo  
Which lowly s  
Shall hold me  
And in the pla  
Worthy endur  
While on my  
wait

Death's speecl

Whence come  
self

Humbly henc

That humbler

Shall it be so

O Seed ! O

seed, —

What shall  
swelle

Brightly betv

soul

Betwixt thy

Of forgone I

Since God s

the tr

I dare to plu

The lily or p

So pluck I

hands

And throw y

Wherein we

*Adam.* A

holde

Broadly ove

[The C

durin

logue

*Eve.*

Thou stand

*Adam.*

*Eve.* Th

fore

Diviner, wi

We worshi

Back to the gradual banks and vernal bowers  
And fourfold river-courses. — By all these,  
I bless thee to the contraries of these, 1891  
I bless thee to the desert and the thorns,  
To the elemental change and turbulence,  
And to the roar of the estrangèd beasts,  
And to the solemn dignities of grief, —  
To each one of these ends, — and to their

END

Of Death and the hereafter.

*Eve.* I accept  
For me and for my daughters this high part  
Which lowly shall be counted. Noble work  
Shall hold me in the place of garden-rest,  
And in the place of Eden's lost delight 1901  
Worthy endurance of permitted pain;  
While on my longest patience there shall  
wait

Death's speechless angel, smiling in the east,  
Whence cometh the cold wind. I bow myself

Humbly henceforward on the ill I did,  
That humbleness may keep it in the shade.  
Shall it be so? shall I smile, saying so?  
O Seed! O King! O God, who *shalt* be  
seed, —

What shall I say? As Eden's fountains  
swelled 1910  
Brightly betwixt their banks, so swells my  
soul

Betwixt thy love and power!

And, sweetest thoughts  
Of forgone Eden! now, for the first time  
Since God said 'Adam,' walking through  
the trees,

I dare to pluck you as I plucked erewhile  
The lily or pink, the rose or heliotrope.  
So pluck I you — so largely — with both  
hands,

And throw you forward on the outer earth,  
Wherein we are cast out, to sweeten it.

*Adam.* As thou, Christ, to illumine it,  
holdest Heaven 1920  
Broadly over our heads.

[*The CHRIST is gradually transfigured,  
during the following phrases of dia-  
logue, into humanity and suffering.*

*Eve.* O Saviour Christ  
Thou standest mute in glory, like the sun!

*Adam.* We worship in thy silence,  
Saviour Christ!

*Eve.* Thy brows grow grander with a  
forecast woe, —  
Diviner, with the possible of death.

We worship in thy sorrow, Saviour Christ!

*Adam.* How do thy clear, still eyes trans-  
pierce our souls,  
As gazing *through* them toward the Father-  
throne

In a pathological, full Deity, 1929  
Serenely as the stars gaze through the air  
Straight on each other!

*Eve.* O pathetic Christ,  
Thou standest mute in glory, like the  
moon!

CHRIST. Eternity stands alway front-  
ing God;

A stern colossal image, with blind eyes  
And grand dim lips that murmur evermore  
God, God, God! while the rush of life and  
death,

The roar of act and thought, of evil and  
good,

The avalanches of the ruining worlds  
Tolling down space, — the new worlds'  
genesis

Budding in fire, — the gradual humming  
growth 1940

Of the ancient atoms and first forms of  
earth,

The slow procession of the swathing seas,  
And firmamental waters, — and the noise  
Of the broad, fluent strata of pure airs, —  
All these flow onward in the intervals  
Of that reiterated sound of — GOD!

Which word innumerable angels straight-  
way lift

Wide on celestial altitudes of song  
And choral adoration, and then drop 1949  
The burden softly, shutting the last notes  
In silver wings. Howbeit in the noon of  
time

Eternity shall wax as dumb as Death,  
While a new voice beneath the spheres  
shall cry,

'God! why hast thou forsaken me, my  
God?'

And not a voice in Heaven shall answer it.  
[*The transfiguration is complete in sad-  
ness.*

*Adam.* Thy speech is of the Heavens,  
yet, O Christ,

Awfully human are thy voice and face!

*Eve.* My nature overcomes me from  
thine eyes.

CHRIST. In the set noon of time shall  
one from Heaven,

An angel fresh from looking upon God, 1964  
Descend before a woman, blessing her  
With perfect benediction of pure love,

For all the world in all its elements,  
For all the creatures of earth, air, and sea,  
For all men in the body and in the soul,  
Unto all ends of glory and sanctity.

*Eve.* O pale, pathetic Christ — I worship thee!

I thank thee for that woman!

CHRIST. Then, at last,  
I, wrapping round me your humanity,  
Which, being sustained, shall neither break  
nor burn <sup>1970</sup>

Beneath the fire of Godhead, will tread  
earth,

And ransom you and it, and set strong  
peace

Betwixt you and its creatures. With my  
pangs

I will confront your sins; and since those  
sins

Have sunken to all Nature's heart from  
yours,

The tears of my clean soul shall follow  
them

And set a holy passion to work clear  
Absolute consecration. In my brow  
Of kingly whiteness shall be crowned  
anew

Your discrowned human nature. Look on  
me! <sup>1980</sup>

As I shall be uplifted on a cross  
In darkness of eclipse and anguish dread,  
So shall I lift up in my pierced hands,  
Not into dark, but light — not unto death,  
But life, — beyond the reach of guilt and  
grief,

The whole creation. Henceforth in my  
name

Take courage, O thou woman, — man, take  
hope!

Your grave shall be as smooth as Eden's  
sward,

Beneath the steps of your prospective  
thoughts,

And, one step past it, a new Eden-gate <sup>1990</sup>  
Shall open on a hinge of harmony

And let you through to mercy. Ye shall  
fall

No more, within that Eden, nor pass out  
Any more from it. In which hope, move  
on,

First sinners and first mourners! Live  
and love, —

Doing both nobly because lowly!  
Live and work, strongly because patiently!

And, for the deed of death, trust it to God

That it be well done, unrepented of,  
And not to loss! And thence, with con-  
stant prayers, <sup>2000</sup>

Fasten your souls so high, that constantly  
The smile of your heroic cheer may float  
Above all floods of earthly agonies,  
Purification being the joy of pain!

[*The vision of CHRIST vanishes. ADAM  
and EVE stand in an ecstasy. The  
Earth-zodiac pales away shade by  
shade, as the stars, star by star, shine  
out in the sky; and the following chant  
from the two Earth Spirits (as they  
sweep back into the Zodiac and disap-  
pear with it) accompanies the process  
of change.*

*Earth Spirits.*

By the mighty word thus spoken  
Both for living and for dying,  
We our homage-oath, once broken,  
Fasten back again in sighing,  
And the creatures and the elements renew  
their covenanting.

Here, forgive us all our scorning; <sup>2010</sup>  
Here, we promise milder duty!  
And the evening and the morning  
Shall re-organize in beauty  
A sabbath day of sabbath joy, for universal  
chanting.

And if, still, this melancholy  
May be strong to overcome us,  
If this mortal and unholy  
We still fail to cast out from us,  
If we turn upon you, unaware, your own  
dark influences, —

If ye tremble when surrounded <sup>2020</sup>  
By our forest pine and palm trees,  
If we cannot cure the wounded  
With our gum trees and our balm  
trees,  
And if your souls all mournfully sit down  
among your senses, —

Yet, O mortals, do not fear us!  
We are gentle in our languor;  
Much more good ye shall have near us  
Than any pain or anger,  
And our God's refracted blessing in our  
blessing shall be given.

By the desert's endless vigil <sup>2030</sup>  
We will solemnize your passions,

By the wheel  
We will tea  
When he sails ag  
spot up in

Ye shall find u  
To your wea  
And our hands  
Dreary furr  
Till your bodies  
and strai

Then, a couch  
Where no s  
Strewing on y  
Thyme and  
And the yew-tre  
keep all s

Till the Holy  
Shall be chr  
Whereby, new  
We shall le  
To join the sph  
worlds as

While, renew  
Soul-consur  
Ye shall brigh  
Ye shall kn  
And the rays an  
sobbing l

[*The phant  
the Earth  
belt, and  
The Ear  
stars shin*

CHORUS O  
While ADAM  
Dese

Hear our h  
Through  
Love, ye sh  
In a pur  
As a fish o  
Swims o  
We unseen  
To live o  
Far above  
Of your  
Listen!  
Listen, thro

By the wheel of the black eagle  
We will teach you exaltations,  
When he sails against the wind, to the white  
spot up in heaven.

Ye shall find us tender nurses  
To your weariness of nature,  
And our hands shall stroke the curse's  
Dreary furrows from the creature,  
Till your bodies shall lie smooth in death  
and straight and slumberful.

Then, a couch we will provide you <sup>2040</sup>  
Where no summer heats shall dazzle,  
Strewing on you and beside you  
Thyme and rosemary and basil,  
And the yew-tree shall grow overhead to  
keep all safe and cool.

Till the Holy Blood awaited  
Shall be chrism around us running,  
Whereby, newly-consecrated,  
We shall leap up in God's sunning,  
To join the spheric company which purer  
worlds assemble:

While, renewed by new evangels, <sup>2050</sup>  
Soul-consummated, made glorious,  
Ye shall brighten past the angels,  
Ye shall kneel to Christ victorious,  
And the rays around his feet beneath your  
sobbing lips shall tremble.

[*The phantastic Vision has all passed;  
the Earth-zodiac has broken like a  
belt, and is dissolved from the Desert.  
The Earth Spirits vanish, and the  
stars shine out above.*

#### CHORUS OF INVISIBLE ANGELS

*While ADAM and EVE advance into the  
Desert, hand in hand*

Hear our heavenly promise  
Through your mortal passion!  
Love, ye shall have from us,  
In a pure relation.  
As a fish or bird <sup>2060</sup>  
Swims or flies, if moving,  
We unseen are heard  
To live on by loving.  
Far above the glances  
Of your eager eyes,  
Listen! we are loving.  
Listen, through man's ignorances —

Listen, through God's mysteries —  
Listen down the heart of things,  
Ye shall hear our mystic wings  
Murmurous with loving. <sup>2070</sup>  
Through the opal door  
Listen evermore  
How we live by loving!

#### *First Semichorus.*

When your bodies therefore  
Reach the grave their goal,  
Softly will we care for  
Each enfranchised soul.  
Softly and unlothly  
Through the door of opal  
Toward the heavenly people, <sup>2080</sup>  
Floated on a minor fine  
Into the full chant divine,  
We will draw you smoothly, —  
While the human in the minor  
Makes the harmony diviner.  
Listen to our loving!

#### *Second Semichorus.*

There, a sigh of glory  
Shall breathe on you as you come,  
Ruffling round the doorway  
All the light of angeldom. <sup>2090</sup>  
From the empyrean centre  
Heavenly voices shall repeat,  
'Souls redeemed and pardoned, enter,  
For the chrism on you is sweet!'  
And every angel in the place  
Lowlily shall bow his face,  
Folded fair on softened sounds,  
Because upon your hands and feet  
He images his Master's wounds.  
Listen to our loving! <sup>2100</sup>

#### *First Semichorus.*

So, in the universe's  
Consummated undoing,  
Our seraphs of white mercies  
Shall hover round the ruin.  
Their wings shall stream upon the flame  
As if incorporate of the same  
In elemental fusion;  
And calm their faces shall burn out  
With a pale and mastering thought,  
And a steadfast looking of desire <sup>2110</sup>  
From out between the clefts of fire, —  
While they cry, in the Holy's name,  
To the final Restitution.  
Listen to our loving!

#### *Second Semichorus.*

So, when the day of God is  
To the thick graves accompted,  
Awaking the dead bodies,

The angel of the trumpet  
 Shall split and shatter the earth  
 To the roots of the grave — 2120  
 Which never before were slackened —  
 And quicken the charnel birth  
 With his blast so clear and brave  
 That the Dead shall start and stand erect  
 And every face of the burial-place  
 Shall the awful, single look reflect  
 Wherewith he them awakened.  
 Listen to our loving !  
*First Semichorus.*  
 But wild is the horse of Death !  
 He will leap up wild at the clamor 2130  
 Above and beneath.  
 And where is his Tamer  
 On that last day,  
 When he crieth Ha, ha !  
 To the trumpet's blare,  
 And paweth the earth's Aceldama ?  
 When he tosseth his head,  
 The drear-white steed,  
 And ghastlily champeth the last moon-  
 ray —  
 What angel there 2140  
 Can lead him away,  
 That the living may rule for the Dead ?  
*Second Semichorus.*  
 Yet a TAMER shall be found !  
 One more bright than seraph crowned,  
 And more strong than cherub bold,  
 Elder, too, than angel old,  
 By his gray eternities.  
 He shall master and surprise  
 The steed of Death.  
 For He is strong, and He is fain. 2150  
 He shall quell him with a breath,  
 And shall lead him where He will,  
 With a whisper in the ear,  
 Full of fear,  
 And a hand upon the mane,  
 Grand and still.  
*First Semichorus.*  
 Through the flats of Hades where the souls  
 assemble  
 He will guide the Death-steed calm between  
 their ranks,  
 While, like beaten dogs, they a little moan  
 and tremble  
 To see the darkness curdle from the horse's  
 glittering flanks. 2160  
 Through the flats of Hades where the  
 dreary shade is,  
 Up the steep of heaven will the Tamer  
 guide the steed, —

Up the spheric circles, circle above circle,  
 We who count the ages shall count the toll-  
 ing tread —  
 Every hoof-fall striking a blinder blanker  
 sparkle  
 From the stony orbs, which shall show as  
 they were dead.  
*Second Semichorus.*  
 All the way the Death-steed with tolling  
 hoofs shall travel,  
 Ashen-gray the planets shall be motionless  
 as stones,  
 Loosely shall the systems eject their parts  
 coæval,  
 Stagnant in the spaces shall float the pallid  
 moons: 2170  
 Suns that touch their apogees, reeling from  
 their level,  
 Shall run back on their axles, in wild low  
 broken tunes.  
*Chorus.*  
 Up against the arches of the crystal ceil-  
 ing,  
 From the horse's nostrils shall stream the  
 blurring breath:  
 Up between the angels pale with silent  
 feeling  
 Will the Tamer calmly lead the horse of  
 Death.  
*Semichorus.*  
 Cleaving all that silence, cleaving all that  
 glory,  
 Will the Tamer lead him straightway to the  
 Throne;  
 'Look out, O Jehovah, to this I bring be-  
 fore Thee,  
 With a hand nail-piercèd, I who am thy  
 Son.' 2180  
 Then the Eye Divinest, from the Deepest,  
 flaming,  
 On the mystic courser shall look out in fire:  
 Blind the beast shall stagger where It over-  
 came him,  
 Meek as lamb at pasture, bloodless in  
 desire.  
 Down the beast shall shiver, — slain amid  
 the taming, —  
 And, by Life essential, the phantasm Death  
 expire.  
*Chorus.*  
 Listen, man, through life and death,  
 Through the dust and through the breath,  
 Listen down the heart of things !  
 Ye shall hear our mystic wings 2190  
 Murmurous with loving.

*A Voice from*  
 briel !  
*A Voice from*  
 with me  
*First Voice.*  
 the ange  
 And I would g  
*Second Voice.*  
*First Voice.*  
 my Mor  
 And had no a  
 out,  
 And answer in  
 I cast my voice  
 Of my Star shu  
 No more reply t  
 Breaking when  
 star ?  
 Where is my S  
 cast dow  
 Her glory like  
 Mortal, like A  
 hate  
 Like any angel  
*Second Voice.*  
 All things gro  
 one.  
*Angel Chorus*  
 Live, work  
 By the A  
 Speed the a  
 Of a pur  
 From the l  
 Reach th  
 From the s  
 Seek the  
 God's divin  
 Through th  
 Of our lo  
*First Voice. C*  
*Second Voice.*  
 me ?  
*First Voice. I*  
 that the  
 Of sorrow which  
 That HE claims  
*Second Voice.*  
*First Voice.*  
 from his  
 To lead those ex  
*Second Voice.*  
*First Voice. T*  
 his will,  
 As I by mine el  
*Second Voice.*

*A Voice from below.* Gabriel, thou Gabriel!

*A Voice from above.* What wouldst thou with me?

*First Voice.* I heard thy voice sound in the angels' song,  
And I would give thee question.

*Second Voice.* Question me!

*First Voice.* Why have I called thrice to my Morning Star  
And had no answer? All the stars are out,  
And answer in their places. Only in vain  
I cast my voice against the outer rays  
Of my Star shut in light behind the sun.  
No more reply than from a breaking string,  
Breaking when touched. Or is she *not* my star? 2201

Where is my Star — my Star? Have ye cast down  
Her glory like my glory? Has she waxed  
Mortal, like Adam? Has she learnt to hate  
Like any angel?

*Second Voice.* She is sad for thee.  
All things grow sadder to thee, one by one.

*Angel Chorus.*  
Live, work on, O Earthy!  
By the Actual's tension,  
Speed the arrow worthy  
Of a pure ascension! 2210

From the low earth round you,  
Reach the heights above you:  
From the stripes that wound you,  
Seek the loves that love you!  
God's divinest burneth plain  
Through the crystal diaphane  
Of our loves that love you.

*First Voice.* Gabriel, O Gabriel!

*Second Voice.* What wouldst thou with me?

*First Voice.* Is it true, O thou Gabriel,  
that the crown  
Of sorrow which I claimed, another claims?  
That HE claims THAT too?

*Second Voice.* Lost one, it is true. 2221

*First Voice.* That HE will be an exile  
from his heaven,  
To lead those exiles homeward?

*Second Voice.* It is true.

*First Voice.* That HE will be an exile by  
his will,  
As I by mine election?

*Second Voice.* It is true.

*First Voice.* That I shall stand sole exile  
finally, —  
Made desolate for fruition?

*Second Voice.* It is true.

*First Voice.* Gabriel!

*Second Voice.* I hearken.

*First Voice.* Is it true besides —  
Arigh true — that mine orient Star will  
give  
Her name of 'Bright and Morning-Star'  
to HIM, — 2230

And take the fairness of his virtue back  
To cover loss and sadness?

*Second Voice.* It is true.

*First Voice.* Untrue, Untrue! O Morn-  
ing Star, O MINE,  
Who sittest secret in a veil of light  
Far up the starry spaces, say — *Untrue!*  
Speak but so loud as doth a wasted moon  
To Tyrrhene waters. I am Lucifer.  
[A pause. Silence in the stars.]  
All things grow sadder to me, one by one.

*Angel Chorus.*  
Exiled human creatures,  
Let your hope grow larger! 2240  
Larger grows the vision  
Of the new delight.  
From this chain of Nature's  
God is the Discharger,  
And the Actual's prison  
Opens to your sight.

*Semichorus.*  
Calm the stars and golden  
In a light exceeding:  
What their rays have measured  
Let your feet fulfil! 2250  
These are stars beholden  
By your eyes in Eden,  
Yet, across the desert,  
See them shining still!

*Chorus.*  
Future joy and far light  
Working such relations,  
Hear us singing gently  
*Exiled is not lost!*  
God, above the starlight,  
God, above the patience, 2260  
Shall at last present ye  
Guerdons worth the cost.  
Patiently enduring,  
Painfully surrounded,  
Listen how we love you,  
Hope the uttermost!  
Waiting for that curing  
Which exalts the wounded,



Hear us sing above you —  
 EXILED, BUT NOT LOST! 2270  
 [The stars shine on brightly while  
 ADAM and EVE pursue their way  
 into the far wilderness. There is a  
 sound through the silence, as of the  
 falling tears of an angel.]

## SONNETS

## THE SOUL'S EXPRESSION

WITH stammering lips and insufficient  
 sound  
 I strive and struggle to deliver right  
 That music of my nature, day and night  
 With dream and thought and feeling inter-  
 wound,  
 And inly answering all the senses round  
 With octaves of a mystic depth and height  
 Which step out grandly to the infinite  
 From the dark edges of the sensual  
 ground.  
 This song of soul I struggle to outbear  
 Through portals of the sense, sublime and  
 whole,  
 And utter all myself into the air:  
 But if I did it, — as the thunder-roll  
 Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would per-  
 ish there,  
 Before that dread apocalypse of soul.

## THE SERAPH AND POET

THE seraph sings before the manifest  
 God-One, and in the burning of the Seven,  
 And with the full life of consummate  
 Heaven  
 Heaving beneath him like a mother's  
 breast  
 Warm with her first-born's slumber in that  
 nest.  
 The poet sings upon the earth grave-riven,  
 Before the naughty world, soon self-for-  
 given  
 For wronging him, — and in the darkness  
 prest  
 From his own soul by worldly weights.  
 Even so,  
 Sing, seraph with the glory! heaven is high;  
 Sing, poet with the sorrow! earth is low:  
 The universe's inward voices cry

'Amen' to either song of joy and woe:  
 Sing, seraph, — poet, — sing on equally!

ON A PORTRAIT OF WORDS-  
 WORTH BY B. R. HAYDON

First printed in the *Athenæum*, October 29,  
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 worth.'

WORDSWORTH upon Helvellyn! Let the  
 cloud  
 Ebb audibly along the mountain-wind,  
 Then break against the rock, and show be-  
 hind  
 The lowland valleys floating up to crowd  
 The sense with beauty. He with forehead  
 bowed  
 And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined  
 Before the sovran thought of his own  
 mind,  
 And very meek with inspirations proud,  
 Takes here his rightful place as poet-priest  
 By the high altar, singing prayer and  
 prayer  
 To the higher Heavens. A noble vision free  
 Our Haydon's hand has flung out from the  
 mist:  
 No portrait this, with Academic air!  
 This is the poet and his poetry.

## PAST AND FUTURE

MY future will not copy fair my past  
 On any leaf but Heaven's. Be fully done,  
 Supernal Will! I would not fain be one  
 Who, satisfying thirst and breaking fast,  
 Upon the fulness of the heart at last  
 Says no grace after meat. My wine has run  
 Indeed out of my cup, and there is none  
 To gather up the bread of my repast  
 Scattered and trampled; yet I find some  
 good  
 In earth's green herbs, and streams that  
 bubble up  
 Clear from the darkling ground, — content  
 until  
 I sit with angels before better food:  
 Dear Christ! when thy new vintage fills  
 my cup,  
 This hand shall shake no more, nor that  
 wine spill.

## IRREPREHENSIBLE

I HAVE been in the  
 And gathered the  
 see,  
 Singing within m  
 When such do  
 May.  
 But, now I look  
 Has met them in  
 Because more wa  
 are free  
 To come instead  
 say,  
 Sweet counsellor  
 should go  
 Back straightwa  
 more?  
 Another, sooth, r  
 My heart is very  
 My hands are ful  
 fore,  
 Held dead with  
 die.

THANK God, ble  
 not  
 More grief than  
 well —  
 That is light grie  
 Since Adam forfe  
 Tears! what are  
 in its cot,  
 The mother singi  
 The bride weeps,  
 Of high-faned hil  
 Such moisture on  
 for grace,  
 Ye who weep o  
 done,  
 Ye grope tear-bli  
 And touch but t  
 tears will f  
 Soon in long river  
 And leave the v  
 sun.

I TELL you, hope  
 That only men in