In 1821 Richard Laurence, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford (he was later the protestant bishop of Cashel in Ireland), brought out his translation of a book from the Ethiopian Old Testament, entitled:

The Book of Enoch / The Prophet: / An Apocryphal Production, / supposed to have been lost for ages; / but / discovered at the close of the last century in Abyssinia; / now first translated from / An Ethiopic MS. in the Bodleian Library.

In its seventh chapter (section II) we read:

1. It happened after the sons of men had multiplied in those days, that daughters were born to them elegant and beautiful.
2. And when the angels, the sons of heaven, beheld them, they became enamoured of them, saying to each other; Come, let us select for ourselves wives from the progeny of men, and let us beget children.
3. Then their leader Samyaza said to them; I fear that you may perhaps be indisposed to the performance of this enterprise;
4. And that I alone shall suffer for so grievous a crime.
5. But they answered him and said; We all swear.
6. And bind ourselves by mutual execrations, that we will not change our intention, but execute our projected undertaking.
7. Then they all swore together, and all bound themselves by mutual execrations. Their whole number was two hundred, who descended upon Mount Ardis, which is the top of Mount Armon.
8. That mountain was therefore called Armon, because they had sworn upon it, and had bound themselves by mutual execrations.
9. These are the names of their chiefs: Samyaza, who was their leader, Urakabarameel, Akibeel, Tamiel, Ramuel, Danel, Azkeel, Sarakuyal, Asael, Armers, Batraal, Anane, Zavebe, Samsaveel, Ertael, Turel, Yomyael, Arazyal. These were the prefects of the two hundred angels, and the remainder were all with them.
10. Then they took wives, each choosing for himself; whom they began to approach, and with whom they cohabited: teaching them sorcery, incantations, and the dividing of roots and trees.
11. And the women conceiving brought forth giants;
12. Whose stature was each three hundred cubits. These devoured all which the labour of men produced; until it became impossible to feed them;
13. When they turned themselves against men, in order to devour them;
14. And began to injure birds, beasts, reptiles, and fishes, to eat their flesh after one another, and to drink their blood.
15. Then the earth reproved the unrighteous.¹

Byron mentions The Book of Enoch at *Heaven and Earth* II 275 and in his note, and there’s no doubt that he read it: his assertion, on his first page, that the play (written in October 1821), is based on Genesis, is disingenuous. Samyaza, the leader of the angels here in Enoch, becomes, in *Heaven and Earth*, Samiasa, the angelic lover of Aholibamah. The name of the angelic lover of Anah, “Azaziel”, is, by a similar “y-to-i” shift, derived from that of another angel, Azazyel, who, in Enoch Chapter Eight, “taught men to make swords, knives, shields” as well as such depravities as “the use of paint, for beautifying the eyebrows”.²

In Enoch, not only do the giant offspring of the illicit species-bondings run amok, but general impiety increases, and fornication multiplies. A further charge, voiced by the Archangel Michael later in the book, concerns a different kind of abomination:

The name of the fourth is Penemue … He taught men to understand writing, and the use of ink and paper. / Therefore numerous have been those who have gone astray from every period of the world, even to this day. / For men were not born for this, thus with pen and ink to confirm their faith.³

Eventually “men, being destroyed, cried out; and their voice reached to heaven”.⁴ God gets quite irate, and condemns Azayel, thus:

Bind Azazyel hand and foot; cast him into darkness; and opening the desert which is in Dudael, cast him in there. / Throw him upon hurled and pointed stones; covering him with darkness; / There shall he remain for ever; cover his face, that he may not see the light; / And in the great day of judgment let him be cast into the fire.⁵

God further punishes the errant humans, thus:

Destroy all the souls addicted to dalliance, and the offspring of the Watchers, for they have tyrannized over mankind.⁶

It is given to Enoch, the prophet, to announce to Azazyel and the Watchers the chastisement decreed for them. They beg him to help them; in a dream he sees a vision of punishment, and tells them that their sentence has been commuted – they will henceforth dwell forever on earth, and will merely behold helplessly “the destruction of your beloved sons”.⁷

I do not believe that Byron, having discovered his theme in the opening pages of Enoch, paid much attention to the ecstasies, visions, and revelations of the remainder (they include the coming of the Messiah),⁸ until he came to the last section, Noah’s Vision of the Deluge. Noah claims Enoch as his great grandfather:

A commandment has gone forth from the Lord against those who dwell on the earth, that they may be destroyed; for they know every secret of the angels, every oppressive and secret power of the devils, and every power of those who commit sorcery, as well as of those who make molten images in the whole earth … I beheld that valley in which there was great perturbation, and where the waters were troubled. / And when all this was effected, from the fluid mass of fire, and the perturbation which prevailed in that place, there arose a strong smell of sulphur, which became mixed with the waters; and the valley of the angels, who had been guilty of seduction, burned beneath its soil.⁹

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¹: Laurence, op. cit., pp.5-6; Enoch Ch VII.
²: Ibid, p.7; Enoch Ch VIII.
³: Ibid, p.74; Enoch LXVIII.
⁴: Ibid, p.7; Enoch Ch VIII.
⁵: Ibid, p.9; Enoch Ch X.
⁶: Ibid, p.11; Enoch Ch X.
⁷: Ibid, p.15; Enoch Ch XIV.
⁸: Ibid, p.53; Enoch Ch LI.
⁹: Ibid, pp.163-4, 166; Enoch Chs LXIV and LXVI.
At this point Byron must have known that all he was interested in was the love between the mortal women and the angels: he wasn’t interested in their giant offspring, the self-destruction of their giant offspring, their learning sorcery, warfare, cosmetics, or literacy. Nor was he interested in a Deluge of Sulphur – one of water would be enough. He really could base the rest of his play on Genesis.

HEAVEN AND EARTH
IN THE CONTEXT OF BYRON’S RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

[A paper delivered immediately before the first-ever recorded performance of Heaven and Earth, at Yerevan State University, Armenia, on Monday May 29th 2000.]

Byron was no atheist. He was instinctively at odds with the militant disbelief of his friend Shelley, and wrote to Thomas Moore:

I am no enemy to religion, but the contrary. As a proof, I am educating my natural daughter a strict Catholic in a convent of Romagna; for I think people can never have enough of religion, if they are to have any. I incline, myself, very much to the Catholic doctrines; but if I am to write a drama, I must make my characters speak as I conceive them likely to argue.10

His belief, a gloomy inheritance from the Calvinist teachers who he said dominated his childhood, was rendered warmer and kinder by the Catholicism he found in Italy – particularly in the monks he met at the Armenian monastery of San Lazzaro. However, he seems, as have many semi-believers before and since, to have found belief a burden, especially when it was pitted against the rational scepticism he had also inherited, from the eighteenth century. “The worst of it is, I do believe” he confessed to his wife Annabella.11 Where for ordinary Christians belief was and is a joy, for Byron, belief was a problem, for his antithetical nature held other mental and philosophical positions which conflicted with it.

This paper examines the conflict between Byron’s unbelief and his belief, his tendency to have faith and his tendency to doubt.

Heaven and Earth is unusual among Byron’s works in that no manuscript of it exists to tell us when he wrote it. He told Thomas Medwin that he started it on October 9th 1821 and finished it “fourteen days” later.12 If this is so, he wrote it in Ravenna, soon after finishing The Vision of Judgement on October 4th, in conditions of isolation, knowing that he was soon to move to Pisa to rejoin Teresa Guiccioli and her family, and the Shelleys. He moved to Pisa on October 29th.

The composition of The Vision of Judgement had been bisected by the composition of Cain. The three works – The Vision of Judgement, Cain, and Heaven and Earth – thus form a kind of trilogy.

Byron sent the manuscript of Heaven and Earth to his publisher John Murray on November 14th 1821, requesting Murray to publish it either as a separate appendix to, or in the same volume as, Cain, Sardanapalus and The Two Foscari.13 But Murray, despite Byron’s offers to cut and soften the text,14 would not publish it at all. Medwin reports Byron as saying:

It [Heaven and Earth] was offered to Murray; but he is the most timid of God’s booksellers, and starts at the title. He has taken a dislike to that three-syllabled word Mystery, and says, I know not why, that it is another ‘Cain’. I suppose he does not like my making one of Cain’s daughters talk the same language as her father’s father, and has a prejudice against the family. I could not make her so unnatural as to speak ill of her grandfather. I was forced to make her aristocratic, proud of her descent from the eldest born. Murray says that whoever prints it will have it pirated, as ‘Cain’ has been,— that a Court of justice will not sanction

10: BLJ IX 119. This is the letter in which he describes HaE as “very pious … chiefly lyrical” (BLJ IX 118).
14: BLJ IX 136 and X 12.
it as a literary property. On what plea? There is nothing objectionable in it, that I am aware of. You have read it; what do you think? If ‘Cain’ be immoral (which I deny), will not the Chancellor’s refusal to protect, and the cheapness of a piratical edition, give it a wider circulation among the lower classes? Will they not buy it and read it for the very reason that it is considered improper, and try to discover an evil tendency where it was least meant? May not impiety be extracted by garbling the Bible? I defy the common people to understand such mysteries as the loves of the Angels,– at least they are mysteries to me. Moore, too, is writing on the same text. Any thing that he writes must succeed.  

We suspect that Byron told Medwin what he told him with a view to humming him, and thus to humming the world, and there is much evidence of humming here: his words are a cunning mixture of fact and facetiousness.

The conservative Murray was indeed too nervous, after the furor over the publication of *Cain* in December 1821, to put another such work before the public under his name (remember that the first two cantos of *Don Juan* – published by him in 1819 – came out with only the printer’s name on the title-page). He also shilly-shallied over publishing *The Vision of Judgement*, so that Byron had eventually to give *The Vision* to the radical publisher John Hunt, for printing in the first number of *The Liberal*, which came out on October 22nd 1822. But Murray had given John Hunt an uncorrected proof of *The Vision*, which came out minus its preface, and with some misprints. Byron was furious, although the error here may have lain not with Murray, but with Byron’s friend Douglas Kinnaird – a great admirer, or so he claimed, of *Heaven and Earth*. To correct the record, John Hunt brought *The Vision* out again, in a second imprint of the first number of *The Liberal*: and in the actual second number of *The Liberal*, published on the same day (January 1st 1823) as the second imprint of the first number. John Hunt finally published *Heaven and Earth* – nearly fifteen months after Byron had written it. No-one knows what happened to the manuscript. It may yet turn up, which would be exciting; but the greater likelihood is that, once Byron had corrected the proofs, John Hunt, himself printer as well as publisher, destroyed it, not guessing what value it would have in years to come. [He and his brother-in-law C.H.Reynell seem to have done the same with what would have been still more fascinating documents, namely Mary Shelley’s fair copies of the last eight cantos of *Don Juan*.]

What was there about *Heaven and Earth* which frightened John Murray, Byron’s usual publisher, with whom he had hitherto maintained a fairly good working relationship, despite their supposed ideological differences? [(I don’t think Murray had any ideology really – he just agreed always with the last man who spoke, which can cause difficulties if you speak to too many people.)] What does *Heaven and Earth* have in common with its immediate predecessors, *Cain*, which Murray had published (to his subsequent regret) and *The Vision of Judgement*, which Murray also would not publish?

All three works do three things, dangerous in the dull eyes of the theologically-unadventurous Anglican orthodoxy of 1820s England. They bring mortals and immortals into very close physical and social proximity, so that the differences between them are minimalised. They dramatise serious dispute in matters of morality and religion, thus perhaps encouraging scepticism; and, in examining the causes and variants of the Fall, they query by implication the benevolence of God the Father.

The first of these three problems may have a biographical basis. During the break-up of their marriage, Lady Byron had noticed that Byron’s

… Imagination dwelt so much upon the idea that he was a *fallen angel* that I thought it amounted nearly to derangement, and the tradition that Angels, having fallen from Heaven, had become enamoured of mortal women, struck him particularly, and he said he should compose upon it, and that I should be the woman, who was all perfection.
Byron also told Annabella he was convinced that there was a connection between his lameness “& his Predestination to Evil, or his being an Exiled Angel”. Now just as he was humming Medwin in 1821, it is not impossible that he was humming Annabella in 1815: but we have to concede that one of the two heroines of Heaven and Earth – the one who is “all perfection” – is named “Anah”. We have also concede that, if Byron suspected that certain elements of the creation were doomed by the Creator never to cohabit happily – the thesis of Heaven and Earth – he would have to seek no further than his own marriage for evidence.

It was in Manfred, written five years earlier, that Byron had first asserted mortal man’s equality with immortal spirits. Manfred converses with his spirits defiantly: he refuses to bow before the throne of Arimanes; though he suffers at the hands of demons, the suffering does not break his will: and, when finally a spirit comes to claim him, he refuses to go, and cannot be forced to. He needs no demon to tempt him, and appears, too, to deny the power of any supernatural being to redeem him. He is, as George Sand wrote, “Faust delivered from the odious company of Mephistopheles”. Manfred is ground-breaking in its assertion of man’s independent capacity for self-destruction. Hence its great historical importance. On the question of man’s independent capacity for self-redemption, it is silent.

In Heaven and Earth, the bolder of the mortal sisters, Aholibamah, shares some of Manfred’s defiance of the immortal power with whom he would aspire to equality:

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But thee and me he never can destroy;  
Change us he may, but not o’erwhelm; we are  
Of as eternal essence, and must war  
With him if he will war with us …
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Of Aholibamah, Samuel Chew says, “Her defiance of God is no weak murmur, but worthy of Satan”. She is descended from Cain, as Byron reminded Medwin.

Cain takes Manfred back to the start of his career towards the discovery that “The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life”. It is what Hollywood might call a “prequel” – a scenario written later than, but dealing with events before the action of, its parent work. Encouraged, no doubt, by the respectful and easy tone that Lucifer takes with him, Cain, a prototype Manfred embarking on the road to near-omniscience, asks questions and makes replies implying, if not his status as the devil’s current equal in understanding, at least the capacity to become his equal. Manfred, Cain’s simultaneous antecedent and descendant, is the Devil’s equal, both in understanding and in power. Whether he is God’s equal is another subject on which the play is silent.

If I’m right, Byron had to get Cain out of the way to prepare for The Vision of Judgement. The insights which Cain mines for with difficulty, The Vision wears without effort. It shows men defying the devil in the most natural manner, and getting away with it. It also implies the difficulty of comprehending God’s will. First the wall-eyed John Wilkes, and then the inscrutable Junius, refuse to testify to the damnability of George III, even though there is a three-line Satanic whip over their heads to make them do so. Wilkes from innate charity, and Junius from innate contempt, turn their backs on the issue of whether or not King George is good enough to enter heaven, as on a question which does not interest them, much as it may interest both God and the Devil, [neither of which parties they seem to fear, or even think about.] Implicit in The Vision’s satire are such hard questions as: why does God the Father divide his creation from itself? Does God the Father favour kings and tyrants, and want them, rather than democrats, in heaven with him? What sort of poetry does God the Father enjoy? These questions are not answered, but posed and left in suspense in a very dramatic fashion. The Vision of Judgement, in its articulation, via personality clashes, of varying perspectives on a central

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20: Ibid., p.271.
22: There is an echo of Manfred’s dying line (“Old man, ‘tis not so difficult to die”) in Anah’s line “Being gone, ’twill be less difficult to die” (HaE III 677).
23: HaE I 119-22.
25: Manfred I i 12.
theme, is very dramatic. It is also a great leveller between mortals and immortals, especially at its climax, when, as Robert Southey – Byron’s greatest enemy – reads his *Vision of Judgement*,

> the whole Spiritual show …

> … vanished, with variety of scents,

> Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang

> Like Lightning off from his “melodious twang.”

Men, demons, archangels, angels, cherubs, the saved and the damned, are united by one thing: they are not able to tolerate the poetry of Robert Southey. It is worrying, for we suspect that Southey does write the kind of poetry which God the Father enjoys. God the Father doesn’t appear to mind, after all, that “The angels” in Heaven “all were singing out of tune”; and Southey’s verse is certainly tuneless. The idea is adapted from *Cain*:

Cain:

> … I have heard

> His seraphs sing; and so my father saith.

Lucifer:

> They say – what they must sing and say, on pain

> Of being that which I am – and thou art –

> Of spirits and men.

Cain:

> And what is that?

Lucifer:

> Souls who dare use their immortality –

> Souls who dare look the Omnipotent tyrant in

> His everlasting face, and tell him, that

> His evil is not good?!

What the seraphs sing unwillingly (if Lucifer is to be believed, of course), Southey sings happily, and God the Father accepts despite its mediocrity: the flattering intention gains grace, not the inartistic effect.

*Heaven and Earth*, if Byron’s words to Medwin, quoted above, are true, was started within a week of the completion of *The Vision of Judgement*. It depicts a more intimate relationship between mortals and immortals than anything Byron had hitherto assayed: it shows two human women, sisters, having love-affairs with two angels. How, or whether or not, such an affair might be carried on or consummated, women being female and corporeal, and angels gender-free and immaterial, appears not to interest Byron, and there are in any case strangely few scenes between the two pairs of lovers. This perhaps explains his words to Medwin, “I defy the common people to understand such mysteries as the loves of the Angels,— at least they are mysteries to me”. The affairs are depicted, however, not as isolated freaks, but as symptoms of a much wider decline of virtue throughout the Creation, to punish which God has announced his intention of bringing about the Deluge. The amorous angels, Azaziel and Samiasa, as Japhet says at one point, “… have shared man’s sin”. Noah and his family will be spared, of course: but there seems no automatic hope that things will improve in a world inhabited exclusively by their descendants. The play’s protagonist, Noah’s son Japhet – himself to be saved, and thus an interested party – asserts that post-diluvian Earth will restore pre-lapsarian Earth:

> The eternal will

> Shall deign to expound this dream

> Of good and evil; and redeem

> Unto himself all times, all things;

> And, gathered under his almighty wings,

> Abolish Hell!

> And to the expiated Earth

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26: *TVOJ* 813-16.
28: *Cain*, I 132-140 (CPW VI 236-7).
29: The standard reference for Byron’s source for this idea is *Genesis* 6 1-2; but Chew points out also *The Rape of the Lock*, I 145n.
30: There is one stretch of dialogue between them, III 770-84, and even then Raphael, Japhet and Noah are present.
31: *HaE* III 333.
Restore the beauty of her birth,
Her Eden in an endless paradise,
Where man no more can fall as once he fell,
And even the very demons shall do well!\(^{32}\)

He may be influenced by the fact that he is speaking at the mouth of a cavern in the Caucasus, a cavern which, indeed, “opens to the heart of Ararat”.\(^{33}\) *Heaven and Earth* is, in other words, set in Armenia, where, as Byron wrote,

> If the Scriptures are rightly understood … Paradise was placed – Armenia, which has paid as dearly as the descendants of Adam for that fleeting participation of its soil in the happiness of him who was created from its dust …\(^{34}\)

Intriguing as the idea of a sin-free, prelapsarian Armenia may be, Japhet’s ecstatic prophecy is not allowed to go unchallenged. The devilish chorus listening to him anticipate after the Flood, not a return to Eden, but Demonic Business As Usual:

Meantime still struggle in the mortal chain,
   Till Earth wax hoary;
War with yourselves, and Hell, and Heaven, in vain,
   Until the Clouds look gory 210
With the blood reeking from each battle plain;
New times, new climes, new arts, new men; but still
   The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill,
Shall be amongst your race in different forms;
   But the same mortal storms 215
Shall oversweep the future, as the Waves
In a few hours the glorious Giants’ graves.\(^{35}\)

There seems little doubt which of the two prophecies Byron expected his readers to credit in 1821. And I leave it to you, my Armenian audience, to work out which one rings truest in the Yerevan of 2000. What kind of God the Father, Byron seems to wonder, might, in the interest of eradicating sin, propose to empty the world of all save one family, if that family is liable to bring sin back into the world all over again?

However, to show that we must associate none of the voices and viewpoints we hear in the drama with those of the author, the two complementary meditations just quoted are divided by these lines:

*Spirits*. And when shall take effect this wond’rous spell?

_Japh._ When the Redeemer cometh; first in pain,
   And then in glory.\(^{36}\)

It is the one of the few sympathetic references to Christ the Redeemer in all of Byron’s work.\(^{37}\) In Biblical terms it is rather early: it is hard to imagine an anticipation of the Incarnation and Suffering on the day of the Flood, which is perhaps – Byron makes no explicit play with the idea – planned with a view to rendering the Incarnation and Suffering unnecessary.

And one should not read Japhet’s ecstatic words as Byron’s: for Byron could not accept The Atonement as morally logical or just:

\(^{32}: HaE\ I\ II 193-203. Japhet’s words here are contradicted by his words at III 300-309, where he predicts nothing but post-diluvian Chaos, despite his understanding that the Ark (with him in it) is going to survive the Flood.\(^{33}: HaE\ II 90.\(^{34}: CMP\ 67.\(^{35}: HaE\ III 207-214.\(^{36}: HaE\ III 204-6.\(^{37}: See also *Def Tra* II iii 70.\)
... the basis of your religion is injustice; the Son of God, the pure, the immaculate, the innocent, is sacrificed for the guilty. This proves His heroism; but no more does away with man’s guilt than a schoolboy’s volunteering to be flogged for another would exculpate the dunce from negligence, or preserve him from the rod. You degrade the Creator, in the first place, by making Him a begetter of children; and in the next you convert Him into a tyrant over an immaculate and injured Being, who is sent into existence to suffer death for the benefit of some millions of scoundrels, who, after all, seem as likely to be damned as ever. 

This is from a letter to Byron’s friend Francis Hodgson, written just before Hodgson went into holy orders. The Flood will not reverse the Fall, and in Byron’s judgement neither, for many sinners, will the Incarnation. It seems to Byron that neither of God’s initiatives for ending the reign of Sin will bear, in earthly and temporal terms, much fruit.

Why is Byron anxious for his play to contain a pious reference to the Incarnation and Death of Christ in an adaptation of Genesis, in defiance of Biblical chronology, and in defiance of his own lack of faith in the concept? Is he atoning for the blasphemous joke at the heart of The Vision of Judgement, whereby, in a travesty-atonement, Robert Southey is knocked by St. Peter off a cloud and into Derwent Water, so that George III may slip into Heaven without anyone noticing? Or is he atoning for the following speech from Cain, written only a few months earlier?

LUCIFER: He! So wretched in his height, So restless in his wretchedness, must still Create, and re-create – perhaps he’ll make One day a Son unto himself – as he Gave you a father – and if he so doth Mark me – that Son will be a Sacrifice.

Lucifer’s contemptuous words here, implying that God’s only happy metier is destruction, were cut from the first edition of Cain, and only restored after Byron’s death. They are echoed in Heaven and Earth by the demonic description of God (“The prayer-exacting Lord, / To whom the omission of a sacrifice / Is vice”). We do not know, but may guess that the man who advised their deletion was William Gifford, Murray’s chief reader and Byron’s “literary father”, who had an influence on Byron’s literary taste disproportionate to the narrowness of his own. Gifford’s judgement seems to have affected Heaven and Earth, too. On July 6th 1822 Byron wrote to Murray, of Heaven and Earth:

I have softened the part to which Gifford objected – and changed the name of Michael to Raphael who was an angel of gentler sympathies.

[In the present edition the Archangel has his original name restored to him.]

This is interesting, because if Byron had not yielded to what seems Gifford’s suggestion, the Archangel Michael would have been the only character who appears in both The Vision of Judgement and Heaven and Earth. In both works he shows a fondness for Lucifer, remembering him nostalgically as an old friend. Lucifer should of course be called “Sathan” now, something which in The Vision both St. Peter and St. Michael forget, for they still call him by his prelapsarian name, as if neither has adjusted completely to idea of the Fall. Here is the famous stanza from The Vision, describing the meeting between Michael and the Devil:

The Spirits were in Neutral space, before The gate of heaven; like Eastern thresholds is The place where Death’s grand cause is argued o’er,

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38: BLJ II 97.
39: One answer to this may be the Messianic predictions in the Book of Enoch (see above).
40: To have written HaE so soon after rendering Southey’s name ignominious for all time is an outrageous thing to do, for several aspects of HaE – the lyrics of unequal line-length, and the idea of mortals and immortals in love – are taken from Southey’s The Curse of Kehama.
41: Cain I i 161-6.
42: HaE III 169.
43: BLJ IX 181.
44: For this memory-lapse, see TVOJ line 136 (St Peter) and 497 (St Michael).
And Souls dispatched to that world or to this,
And therefore Michael and the Other wore
A civil aspect – though they did not kiss,
Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness
There passed a mutual glance of great politeness.\(^{45}\)

And here, from *Heaven and Earth*, is a passage in which Raphael (named originally Michael, don’t forget) recollects his relationship with Lucifer:

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And here, from *Heaven and Earth*, is a passage in which Raphael (named originally Michael, don’t forget) recollects his relationship with Lucifer:

Long have I warred,
Long must I war
With him who deemed it hard
To be created, and to acknowledge him
Who midst the Cherubim
Made him as suns to a dependent star,
Leaving the Archangels at his right hand dim.
I loved him – beautiful he was: oh heaven!
Save his who made, what beauty and what power
Was ever like to Sathan’s! Would the hour
In which he fell could ever be forgiven!
The wish is impious …\(^{46}\)
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Perhaps the name-change from Michael to Raphael was the right thing to do. The St. Michael of *The Vision* is far too sophisticated, far too much of a diplomat, to display his heart on his sleeve like this. It is as if Byron, having written so discreetly in subversive *The Vision of Judgement*, needs to spell things out more in the pious *Heaven and Earth*: as if he trusts neither his readership, nor his own intuition about his characters, but has to make explicit in the orthodox work what had been tucked-away and unspoken in the radical one.

Earlier, it is Noah who says (and it seems, in tones of regret):

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Has not God made a barrier between Earth
And heaven, and limited each, kind to kind?\(^{47}\)
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His words can be read as a general statement about all the barriers which God the Father seems to wish erected between the different parts of his creation, the barrier between Raphael / Michael and Lucifer / Satan being only one of the more sensational – second only, perhaps, to that between Cain and Abel themselves. Their division echoes on a large scale the barrier which, it is asserted, God wishes erected between the mortal sisters Anah and Aholibamah on the one hand and the angels Samiasa and Azaziel on the other. To wish any of these barriers down, it seems, is impiety, contrary to God’s jealous will.\(^{48}\) Too much love between different elements in the creation would militate against His idea, which is that all should love Him exclusively. As Anah says, near the start of the play:

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I love our God less since his angel loved me:
This cannot be of good …\(^{49}\)
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It is an idea echoed in that most Byronic of novels, *Jane Eyre*:

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I could not, in those days, see God for His creature: of whom I had made an idol.\(^{50}\)
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\(^{45}\): TVOJ stanza 35.  
\(^{46}\): HaE III 572-84. In TVOJ, Byron uses the spelling “Sathan” in all appearances of the name except the first. It would be interesting to know whether or not he did in the Ms. of HaE.  
\(^{47}\): HaE III 475.  
\(^{48}\): I am aware that the question of the extent of God’s complicity in the Fall is theologically contentious.  
\(^{49}\): HaE I 12-13.  
\(^{50}\): Jane Eyre Chapter 24, final sentence.
For those who refuse, God’s vengeance is swift, as witness the Deluge, described so vividly at the end of *Heaven and Earth*; and the safest and easiest reaction is indeed to accept that Deluge as an act of inscrutable Love:

Blessed are the dead  
Who die in the Lord!  
And, though the waters be o’er Earth outspread,  
Yet, as his word,  
Be the decree adored!  
He gave me life – he taketh but  
The breath which is his own:  
And though these eyes should be forever shut,  
Nor longer this weak voice before his throne  
Be heard in supplicating tone,  
Still blessed be the Lord,  
For what is past,  
For that which is:  
For all are his,  
From first to last –  
Time – Space – Eternity – Life – Death –  
The vast known and measurable unknown.

He made, and can unmake;  
And shall I, for a little gasp of breath,  
Blaspheme and groan?  
No, let me die, as I have lived, in faith,  
Nor quiver, though the universe may quake.\(^{51}\)

This is not the last reaction to God’s wrath which Byron dramatises in *Heaven and Earth* – that privilege belongs to the agonised words of Japhet, who is unable to adjust so readily. But it is a long and impressive speech, to be delivered only two minutes or so before the curtain falls, and Byron obviously intended its sincere piety to linger in our minds.

*Heaven and Earth* may be less of a drama and more of an “Oratorio”, as Byron described it.\(^{52}\) There can be little conflict or tension, for we know that the Deluge will come whatever the humans and angels do. As in *The Two Foscari*, the protagonists are from the outset in the relentless grip of a higher power, and all we can do is watch their suffering increase as the play proceeds. As I have said, once Byron has set up the concept of angels loving women, he seems to lose interest in it; and the possibility that the angels may escape the flood, rescuing their lovers, is so lightly sketched that no narrative tension is derived from it. What remains is a debate about, and an examination of, God’s ruthless will versus the wills of his created beings, dramatised through personality-clash, and a moving description of the temporary end of creation. How well this works on stage no-one has ever bothered to see – until today.

**Afterword:**

When I gave this talk in Yerevan, before their excellent production – which was superbly spoken, and constrained only by the technical limitations of the lecture-hall in which it was given – I had not read the Book of Enoch. What follows are my thoughts now (June 2006), having read it.

*Heaven and Earth* rewrites the myth of the Fall. Enoch can only entertain a male perspective, that of the Angels, on the “elegant and beautiful” daughters of men (as I said, he ignores the inconvenient tradition which puts angels beyond gender). Women cannot, in his world, be allowed any perspective at all. The angels “took” and “chose” them, chattels as they were. They took no decisions. Enoch boldly argues Male Lust to be the cause of the Fall, not female curiosity, as in Genesis 3:6. The antithetical Byron sees beyond Enoch, arguing logically, and from his own experience, that Male Lust

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51: *HaE* III 883-904.  
52: BLJ X 24.
is very rarely unanswered by Female Lust, and knows that whatever Samyaza and his crew felt faced with the daughters of men, the daughters of men must have felt too, faced with Samyaza and his crew. Celestial Passion is the already-fulfilled aspiration of Aholibamah and Anah as the curtain rises, and they pursue it to the end. Byron is thus seizing with glee the chance to rewrite the story of Man’s First Disobedience – setting it, however, as a post-Edenic Second Fall. His attempts to reassure Murray of its conventional nature (“You will find it pious enough I trust”) depend on Murray and Gifford ignoring the implications of the women’s opening speeches, and concentrating on the morality of Noah’s.

But Byron was (a) conventional enough in the other half of his antithetical nature, and was (b) on his guard against offending William Gifford, Murray’s reader, and his “literary father”. He knew that to portray what happened when Samaiza and Azaziel met Aholibamah and Anah would be to go too far. He may have planned further adventures for them (see Appendix) but inhibition, and a guess that if he did they would be unpublishable, prevented him from writing anything more. As it is, we feel cheated, for, as I said at Yerevan, there are no scenes at all between the Angels and the Daughters of Men. All romantic encounters occur offstage. The piety of Noah, Shem, and Japhet drowns out all else. It’s similar to Byron’s two-facedness in *The Island*: determined to portray the drama of a mutiny, but anxious not to encourage naval indiscretion while doing so.

In the event Murray did not publish *Heaven and Earth*, and it came out in *The Liberal*, No. II, on January 1st 1823. This was also the day of the publication of the second version of *The Liberal* No. I, which contained *The Vision of Judgement*, with the errors corrected which had occurred when John Murray had innocently handed to John Hunt an uncorrected proof (Douglas Kinnaird sat on the corrected proof of *The Vision*, and it has never been found).

*Heaven and Earth*, especially in its original form (reconstructed here), is a kind of coda to *The Vision of Judgement*, a poem which Byron stopped writing because he appears to have needed to write *Cain* first. He started and stopped writing *The Vision* on May 7th 1821; wrote *Cain* between July 16th and September 9th; finished *The Vision* on October 4th; started *Heaven and Earth* on October 9th; and finished it a fortnight later.

*The Vision* anticipates the main theme of *Heaven and Earth* by detailing the commerce between mortals and immortals, with the latter taking the initiative – the Angel brings George to the Celestial Gate, Sathan summons Junius, Wilkes, and the “universal shoal of shades” up from Hell. But it is an atypical Byron poem in having no female characters in it: sex is excluded, and the only references are to women such as George III’s “unhandsome” wife, and Mrs Malaprop. *Heaven and Earth* rectifies this deficiency.

The malign spirit of Robert Southey haunts both *The Vision* and *Heaven and Earth*. In *The Vision* it / he is of course exorcised as few spirits have ever been exorcised before or since: in *Heaven and Earth*, it / he has crept back! The lyric speeches and choruses of *Heaven and Earth* are written in the irregularly-rhyming, irregularly-stressed verse form in which Southey had written his 1801 “Moslem” epic *Thalaba the Destroyer* and his 1811 “Hindu” epic, *The Curse of Kehama*. The latter also concerns interaction between a mortal woman and an angel – the heroine, Kailyal, and the angel, Ereenia the Glendoveer, are, however, very strictly chaste: and the Power which rules Southey’s fanciful “Hindoo” universe is ultimately revealed as benign – not at all like My Mad Mother Kali, and not at all like the irradiationally uncompassionate Deity of Byron’s three “religious” works. Here is a section from *Kehama* Book X, in which the union of Kailyal and Ereenia is blessed by a divinity, Camdeo, who, Southey’s note tells us, is a sort of Hindu Cupid:

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There all good Spirits of the air,  
Suras and Devetas repair;  
Aloft they love to hover there  
And view the flower of mortal birth  
Here for her innocence and worth;  
Transplanted from the fields of earth; …  
And him, who on the dreadful day  
When Heaven was fill’d with consternation,
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53: BLJ IX 58.  
54: BLJ XI 117; letter of February 22nd 1824; and BLJ XI 123.
And Indra trembled with dismay,
And, for the sounds of joy and mirth,
Woe was heard, and lamentation,
Defied the Rajah in his pride.
Though all in Heaven and Earth beside
Stood mute in dolorous expectation;
And, rushing forward in that hour,
Saved the Swerga from his power.
Grateful for this they hover nigh,
And bless the blessed company.
One God alone, with wanton eye,
Beheld them in their Bower;
O ye, he cried, who have defied
The Rajah, will ye mock my power?
'Twas Camdeo riding on his lory,
'Twas the immortal youth of Love;
Subject alike, quoth he, have felt these darts,
Shall ye alone, of all in story,
Boast impenetrable hearts?
Hover here, my gentle lory,
Gently hover, while I see
To whom hath Fate decreed the glory,
To the Glendoveer or me.

Byron, as a good Christian, seems anxious to recall the Laureate from such pagan excess, and remind him of his patriotic and religious duty. Hence his use of a similar verse-form, in which he can, not travesty one of his enemy’s works, as he does in The Vision (travesty involving, not comical imitation, but ridiculous treatment in a different style and perspective), but parody it. Except that (being antithetical), he imitates / parodies it in such a way as to draw attention to its triviality by writing verse which is more, not less, serious. Southey is, also, after all, “a good Christian and vindictive” as Byron points out, in his note to the Preface to The Vision. The gravity and terror of some of the lyric speeches in Heaven and Earth have no parallel with anything in Kehama:

Oh Let this child embark!
I brought him forth in woe,
But thought it joy
To see him to my bosom clinging so.

Why was he born?
What hath he done –
My unweaned son –
To move Jehovah’s wrath or scorn?

What is there in this milk of mine, that
Death
Should stir all Heaven and Earth up to destroy
My boy,
And roll the Waters o’er his placid breath!

Save him, thou seed of Seth!
Or cursed Be – with him who made
Thee and thy race, for which we are betrayed!

... and yet the similar verse-form reminds us of Kehama. It’s a unique parodic intention which rewrites the original, making it more serious – or is it (“Save him, thou seed of Seth!”) really so serious after all?

Renaming the Archangel Michael instead of Raphael, as I have done in accordance with Byron’s first choice, enables us to see a further link with The Vision, namely the Archangel’s speech of regret,

56: HaE III.
at III 566-93, for the lost beauty of “his former friend, and future foe”, Lucifer. Here is the whole passage from The Vision (it is stanzas 32-6):

He and the Sombre silent Spirit met –
    They knew each other both for good and ill –
Such was their power that neither could forget
    His former friend, and future foe – but still
There was a high, immortal, proud regret
    In either’s eye, as if ’twere less their will
Than destiny to make the eternal years
    Their date of war, and their “Champ Clos” the Spheres.

But here they were in neutral space – we know
From Job that Sathan hath the power to pay
A heavenly visit thrice a year or so,
    And that “the Sons of God”, like those of Clay,
Must keep him company; and we might show
From the same book in how polite a way
The dialogue is held between the Powers
Of Good and Evil – but ’twould take up hours,

And this is not a theologic tract
To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic
If Job be allegory or a fact,
    But a true narrative, and thus I pick
From out the whole but such and such an act
As sets aside the slightest thought of trick –
’Tis every tittle true – beyond suspicion –
And accurate as any other vision. –

The Spirits were in Neutral space, before
    The gate of heaven; like Eastern thresholds is
The place where Death’s grand cause is argued o’er,
    And Souls dispatched to that world or to this,
And therefore Michael and the Other wore
    A civil aspect – though they did not kiss,
Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness
There passed a mutual glance of great politeness.

The Archangel bowed – not like a modern beau,
    But with a graceful Oriental bend –
Pressing one radiant arm just where below
    The heart in good men is supposed to tend;
He turned as to an Equal; not too low
    But kindly; Sathan met his ancient friend
With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian
Poor Noble meet a mushroom rich civilian. –

Heaven and Earth is a minor work, in an idiom quite alien to the above. It is a shaving from the bench of a master-carpenter, in comparison with its predecessor in Byron’s œuvre, The Vision of Judgement.

Text: In the absence of Byron’s manuscript, there is only one text of Heaven and Earth, namely, The Liberal No. II (January 1st 1832), pp.165-206. The text below is an attempt to imagine an edition which adheres to the lost manuscript. Going on the principle that anything done to please William Gifford must be damaging, I have renamed the archangel “Michael” instead of “Raphael”. If, after all, we accepted Gifford’s decisions, Manfred would be deprived of his last line, and Lucifer in Cain his speech about the Incarnation, quoted above. If Gifford had been consulted, Don Juan would not have been written at all. I have re-spelled Satan’s name “Sathan”: both these rechristenings make the poem
echo The Vision of Judgement, written immediately before. I have cut all examples of comma / dash, semicolon / dash, and colon / dash, replacing them with simple dashes. Byron never combined such things in manuscript, though he did use full-stop / dash. I have also expanded all contracted past participle endings (“dash’d”, for example). Byron never contracted past participles in this way.

Basing my practice on Byron’s uppercasing in The Vision of Judgement, I have uppercased the first letters of all meteorological, spiritual, and zoological nouns: Ocean, Air, Star, Sea, Sky, Spirit, Sphere, Heaven, Hell, Angel, Archangel, Devil, Seraph, and Cherub, and several others. Byron’s capitalising habit was sometimes haphazard; but he does seem to have uppercased the openers of verbs in the imperative.

I have noted several suggested emendations by Barry Weller in CPW VI, but have changed the text in ways different from his. – P.C.
HEAVEN AND EARTH,
A MYSTERY,

FOUNDED ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN GENESIS, CHAP. VI.
“And it came to pass ... that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose.”\(^{57}\)
“And woman wailing for her demon lover.”—COLERIDGE.\(^{58}\)

PART I.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Angels.  SAMIASA.
          AZAZIEL.
          MICHAEL the Archangel.
Men.  NOAH and his sons, Shem and Japhet.
          Irad.\(^{59}\)
Women.  ANAH\(^{60}\)
          AHO LIBAMAH.\(^{61}\)

Chorus of Spirits of the Earth. – Chorus of Mortals.

SCENE I.

A woody and mountainous district near Mount Ararat. – Time, midnight. – Enter ANAH and AHO LIBAMAH.

Anah.  Our father sleeps: it is the hour when they
Who love us are accustomed to descend
Through the deep clouds o’er rocky Ararat –
How my heart beats!
Aho.  Let us proceed upon
Our invocation.
Anah.  But the Stars are hidden.
I tremble.
Aho.  So do I, but not with fear
Of aught save their delay.
Anah.  My sister, though
I love Azaziel more than – oh, too much!
What was I going to say? my heart grows impious.
Aho.  And where is the impiety of loving
Celestial natures?
Anah.  But, Aholibamah,
I love our God less since his Angel loved me:
This cannot be of good; and though I know not
That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears
Which are not ominous of right.
Aho.  Then wed thee
Unto some son of clay, and toil and spin!
There’s Japhet loves thee well, hath loved thee long;
Marry, and bring forth dust!

\(^{57}\): Genesis 6:2.
\(^{59}\): For Irad, see Genesis 4, 18, where he is son of Enoch and father of Mehujael.
\(^{60}\): For Anah, see Genesis 36, 2 / 14, where she is the daughter of Zibeon.
\(^{61}\): For Aholibamah, see Genesis 36, 2 / 14 / 18 / 25, where she is Esau’s wife and Anah’s daughter.
Anah. I should have loved
Azaziel not less were he mortal; yet
I am glad he is not. I can not outlive him. And when I think that his immortal wings
Will one day hover o’er the sepulchre
Of the poor child of clay which so adored him,
As he adores the Highest, death becomes
Less terrible; but yet I pity him;
His grief will be of ages, or at least
Mine would be such for him, were I the Seraph,
And he the perishable.

Aho. Rather say,
That he will single forth some other daughter
Of Earth, and love her as he once loved Anah.

Anah. And if it should be so, and she so loved him,
Better thus than that he should weep for me.

Aho. If I thought thus of Samiasa’s love,
All Seraph as he is, I’d spurn him from me.
But to our invocation! ’Tis the hour.

Anah. Seraph!
From thy Sphere!
Whatever Star contain thy glory;
In the eternal depths of heaven
Albeit thou watchest with “the Seven,”
Though through Space infinite and hoary
Before thy bright wings worlds be driven,
Yet hear!
Oh! think of her who holds thee dear!
And though she nothing is to thee,
Yet think that thou art all to her.
Thou canst not tell – and never be
Such pangs decreed to aught save me –
The bitterness of tears.
Eternity is in thine years,
Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes;
With me thou canst not sympathize,
Except in love, and there thou must
Acknowledge that more loving dust
Ne’er wept beneath the Skies.
Thou walk’st thy many worlds, thou see’st
The face of him who made thee great,
As he hath made me of the least
Of those cast out from Eden’s gate:
Yet, Seraph dear!
Oh hear!
For thou hast loved me, and I would not die
Until I know what I must die in knowing.

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62: BYRON’S NOTE: The Archangels, said to be seven in number. There are seven archangels; Compare also the Pleiades: but see “There, too, I beheld seven stars of heaven bound in together, like great mountains, and like a blazing fire. I exclaimed; For what species of crime have they been bound, and why have they been removed to this place? Then Uriel, one of the holy angels who was with me, answered; Enoch, wherefore dost thou ask; wherefore reason with thyself, and anxiously enquire? These are those of the stars which have transgressed the commandment of the most high God; and are here bound, until the infinite number of the days of their crimes be completed” – The Book of Enoch, p.25 (Ch. XXI; see also p.128, Ch. LXXXIX).

63: Matthew 25:40: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.
That thou forget’st in thine eternity
Her whose heart death could not keep from o’erflowing
For thee, immortal essence as thou art!
Great is their love who love in sin and fear;
And such, I feel, are waging in my heart
A war unworthy: to an Adamite
Forgive, my Seraph! that such thoughts appear,
For sorrow is our element;
Delight
An Eden kept afar from sight,
Though sometimes with our visions blent.
The hour is near
Which tells me we are not abandoned quite. –
Appear! Appear!
Seraph!
My own Azaziel! be but here,
And leave the Stars to their own light.

Aho.

Samiasa!
Wheresoe’er
Thou rulest in the upper Air –
Or warring with the Spirits who may dare
Dispute with him
Who made all empires, empire; or recalling
Some wandering Star, which shoots through the abyss,64
Whose tenants dying, while their world is falling
Share the dim destiny of clay in this;
Or joining with the inferior Cherubim,
Thou deignest to partake their hymn
Samiasa!
I call thee, I await thee, and I love thee.
Many may worship thee, that will I not
If that thy Spirit down to mine may move thee,
Descend and share my lot!
Though I be formed of clay,
And thou of beams
More bright than those of day
On Eden’s streams,
Thine immortality can not repay
With love more warm than mine
My love. There is a ray
In me, which, though forbidden yet to shine,
I feel was lighted at thy God’s and thine.
It may be hidden long: death and decay
Our mother Eve bequeathed us – but my heart
Defies it: though this life must pass away,
Is that a cause for thee and me to part?
Thou art immortal – so am I: I feel –
I feel my immortality o’ersweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal,
Like the eternal thunders of the Deep,
Into my ears this truth – “thou liv’st for ever!”
But if it be in joy
I know not, nor would know;

64: Compare TVOJ, 2, 4: … curb a runaway young Star or two …
That secret rests with the Almighty giver
Who folds in clouds the fonts of bliss and woe.
But thee and me he never can destroy;
Change us he may, but not o’erwhelm; we are
Of as eternal essence, and must war
With him if he will war with us: with thee
I can share all things, even immortal sorrow;
For thou hast ventured to share life with me,
And shall I shrink from thine eternity?
No! though the serpent’s sting should pierce me thorough,
And thou thyself wert like the serpent, coil
Around me still! and I will smile
And curse thee not; but hold
Thee in as warm a fold
As – but descend; and prove
A mortal’s love
For an immortal. If the skies contain
More joy than thou canst give and take, remain!
Anah. Sister! sister! I view them winging
Their bright way through the parted night.
Aho. The clouds from off their pinions flinging
As though they bore to-morrow’s light.
Anah. But if our father see the sight!
Aho. He would but deem it was the moon
Rising unto some sorcerer’s tune
An hour too soon.
Anah. They come! he comes! – Azaziel!
Aho. Haste
To meet them! Oh! for wings to bear
My Spirit, while they hover there,
To Samiasa’s breast!
Anah. Lo! they have kindled all the west,
Like a returning sunset – lo!
On Ararat’s late secret crest
A mild and many-coloured bow,
The remnant of their flashing path,
Now shines! and now, behold! it hath
Returned to night, as rippling foam,
Which the Leviathan hath lashed
From his unfathomable home,
When sporting on the face of the calm deep
An hour after he again hath dashed
Down, down, to where the Ocean’s fountains sleep.65
Aho. They have touched Earth! Samiasa!
Anah. My Azaziel!

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter IRAD and JAPHET.

Irad. Despond not: wherefore wilt thou wander thus

65: Genesis 7:11: … in the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up … Also Proverbs 8: 28.
To add thy silence to the silent night,
And lift thy tearful eye unto the Stars?
They cannot aid thee.

\textit{Japh.} But they soothe me – now
Perhaps she looks upon them as I look.
Methinks a being that is beautiful
Becometh more so as it looks on beauty,
The eternal beauty of undying things.
Oh, Anah!

\textit{Irad.} But she loves thee not.
\textit{Japh.} Alas!
\textit{Irad.} And proud Aholibamah spurns me also.
\textit{Japh.} I feel for thee too.
\textit{Irad.} Let her keep her pride,
Mine hath enabled me to bear her scorn;
It may be, time too will avenge it.
\textit{Japh.} Canst thou
Find joy in such a thought?
\textit{Irad.} Nor joy, nor sorrow.
I loved her well; I would have loved her better,
Had love been met with love: as 'tis, I leave her
To brighter destinies, if so she deems them.

\textit{Japh.} What destinies?
\textit{Irad.} I have some cause to think
She loves another.
\textit{Japh.} Anah!
\textit{Irad.} No; her sister.
\textit{Japh.} What other?
\textit{Irad.} That I know not; but her air,
If not her words, tells me she loves another.
\textit{Japh.} Ay, but not Anah: she but loves her God.
\textit{Irad.} Whate'er she loveth, so she loves thee not,
What can it profit thee?
\textit{Japh.} True, nothing; but
I love.
\textit{Irad.} And so did I.
\textit{Japh.} And now thou lov'st not,
Or think'st thou lov'st not, art thou happier?
\textit{Irad.} Yes.
\textit{Japh.} I pity thee.
\textit{Irad.} Me! why?
\textit{Japh.} For being happy,
Deprived of that which makes my misery.
\textit{Irad.} I take thy taunt as part of thy distemper,
And would not feel as thou dost, for more shekels
Than all our father's herds would bring if weighed
Against the metal of the sons of Cain\textsuperscript{66} –
The yellow dust they try to barter with us,
As if such useless and discoloured trash,
The refuse of the Earth, could be received
For milk, and wool, and flesh, and fruits, and all
Our flocks and wilderness afford. – Go, Japhet,
Sigh to the Stars as Wolves howl to the Moon

\textsuperscript{66}: See Genesis 4:22, where \textit{Tubal-Cain was an instructor of every artificer of brass and iron.}
I must back to my rest.

*Japh.*  And so would I

If I could rest.

*Irad.*  Thou wilt not to our tents then?

*Japh.* No, Irad; I will to the Cavern, whose
Mouth they say opens from the internal world
To let the inner Spirits of the Earth
Forth when they walk its surface.

*Irad.*  Wherefore so?

*Japh.*  What wouldst thou there?

*Irad.*  But 'tis dangerous;
Strange sounds and sights have peopled it with terrors.
I must go with thee.

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

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

*Japh.*  No; neither, Irad;
I must proceed alone.

*Irad.*  Then peace be with thee!

*Exit IRAD.*

*Japh. (solus).* Peace! I have sought it where it should be found,
In love – with love too, which perhaps deserved it;
And, in its stead, a heaviness of heart –
A weakness of the Spirit – listless days,
And nights inexorable to sweet sleep –
Have come upon me. Peace! what peace? the calm
Of desolation, and the stillness of
The untrodden forest, only broken by
The sweeping Tempest through its groaning boughs;
Such is the sullen or the fitful state
Of my mind overworn. The Earth’s grown wicked,
And many signs and portents have proclaimed
A change at hand, and an o’erwhelming doom
To perishable beings. Oh, my Anah!
When the dread hour denounced shall open wide
The fountains of the Deep, how mightest thou
Have lain within this bosom, folded from
The elements; this bosom, which in vain
Hath beat for thee, and then will beat more vainly,
While thine – Oh, God! at least remit to her
Thy wrath! for she is pure amidst the failing
As a Star in the clouds, which cannot quench,
Although they obscure it for an hour. My Anah!
How would I have adored thee, but thou wouldst not;
And still would I redeem thee – see thee live

67: Barry Weller (CPW VI 685) suggests that this word may have been “infernal” in Ms.
68: See I 157n.
When Ocean is Earth’s grave, and, unopposed
By rock or shallow, the leviathan,
Lord of the shoreless Sea and watery world,
Shall wonder at his boundlessness of realm.

Exit JAPHET.

Enter NOAH and SHEM.

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

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

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

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

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

Exeunt NOAH and SHEM.

SCENE III.

The mountains. – A Cavern, and the rocks of Caucasus.

Japh (solus). Ye Wilds, that look eternal; and thou Cave,
Which seem’st unfathomable; and ye mountains,
So varied and so terrible in beauty;
Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks
And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone
In perpendicular places, where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach them – yes,
Ye look eternal! Yet, in a few days,
Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurled
Before the mass of waters; and yon Cave,
Which seems to lead into a lower world,
Shall have its depths searched by the sweeping wave,
And Dolphins gambol in the Lion’s den!
And man – Oh, men! my fellow-beings! Who shall weep above your universal grave, 15
Save I? Who shall be left to weep? My kinsmen, Alas! what am I better than ye are,
That I must live beyond ye? Where shall be The pleasant places where I thought of Anah
While I had hope? or the more savage haunts, Scarce less beloved, where I despaired for her?
And can it be! – Shall yon exulting peak, Whose glittering top is like a distant Star, Lie low beneath the boiling of the Deep?
No more to have the morning Sun break forth, And scatter back the mists in floating folds From its tremendous brow? no more to have Day’s broad Orb drop behind its head at even, Leaving it with a crown of many hues?
No more to be the beacon of the world, For Angels to alight on, as the spot nearest the Stars? And can those words “no more” Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us, And the predestined creeping things reserved By my sire to Jehovah’s bidding? May He preserve them, and I not have the power To snatch the loveliest of Earth’s daughters from A doom which even some Serpent, with his mate, Shall ’scape to save his kind to be prolonged, To hiss and sting through some emerging world, Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose ooze Shall slumber o’er the wreck of this until The salt morass subside into a Sphere Beneath the Sun, and be the monument, The sole and undistinguished sepulchre, Of yet quick myriads of all life? How much Breath will be stilled at once! All beauteous world! So young, so marked out for destruction, I With a cleft heart look on thee day by day, And night by night, thy numbered days and nights. I cannot save thee, cannot save even her Whose love had made me love thee more; but as A portion of thy dust, I cannot think Upon thy coming doom without a feeling Such as – Oh God! and canst thou –

He pauses.
A rushing sound from the Cavern is heard and shouts of laughter – afterwards a Spirit passes.

_Japh._ In the name Of the Most High, what art thou? 55
_Spirit (laughs)._ Ha! Ha! Ha! 70
_Japh._ By all that Earth holds holiest, Speak!
_Spirit (laughs)._ Ha! Ha!
_Japh._ By the approaching deluge! by the Earth

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69: Genesis 6:20: … of every creeping thing of the earth after his kind …
70: The Spirit’s laughter completes Japhet’s pentameter.
Which will be strangled by the Ocean! by
The deep which will lay open all her fountains! 71
The Heaven which will convert her clouds to Seas,
And the Omnipotent who makes and crushes!
Thou unknown, terrible, and indistinct,
Yet awful Thing of Shadows, Speak to me!
Why dost thou laugh that horrid laugh?

Spirit  Why weep’st thou? 65

Japh. For Earth and all her children.
Spirit  Ha! Ha! Ha!

(Spirit vanishes.)

Japh. How the fiend mocks the tortures of a world,
The coming desolation of an Orb,
On which the Sun shall rise and warm no life!
How the Earth sleeps! and all that in it is
Sleep too upon the very eve of death!
Why should they wake to meet it? What is here,
Which look like death in life, and speak like things
Born ere this dying world? They come like Clouds!

(Various Spirits pass from the Cavern.)

Spirit  Rejoice!

The abhorred race
Which could not keep in Eden their high place,
But listened to the voice
Of knowledge without power,
Are nigh the hour
Of death!
Not slow, not single, not by sword, nor sorrow,
Nor years, nor heart-break, nor time’s sapping motion,
Shall they drop off. Behold their last to-morrow!
Earth shall be Ocean!
And no breath,
Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave!
Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot:
Not even a rock from out the liquid grave
Shall lift its point to save,
Or show the place where strong Despair hath died,
After long looking o’er the Ocean wide
For the expected ebb which cometh not:
All shall be void,
Destroyed!
Another element shall be the lord
Of life, and the abhorred
Children of dust be quenched; and of each hue
Of Earth nought left but the unbroken blue;
And of the variegated mountain
Shall nought remain
Unchanged, or of the level plain;
Cedar and pine shall lift their tops in vain:

71: Compare I 157 and III 60.
All merged within the universal fountain,
Man, Earth, and fire, shall die,
And Sea and Sky
Look vast and lifeless in the eternal eye.
Upon the foam
Who shall erect a home?

\textit{Japh (coming forward). My sire!}

Earth’s seed shall not expire;
Only the evil shall be put away
From day.
Avaunt! ye exulting demons of the waste!
Who howl your hideous joy
When God destroys whom you dare not destroy;
Hence! haste!
Back to your inner Caves!
Until the waves
Shall search you in your secret place,
And drive your sullen race
Forth, to be rolled upon the tossing winds
In restless wretchedness along all Space!

\textit{Spirit.}

Son of the saved!
When thou and thine have braved
The wide and warring element;
When the great barrier of the Deep is rent,
Shall thou and thine be good or happy? – No!
Thy new world and new race shall be of woe –
Less goodly in their aspect, in their years
Less than the glorious Giants, who
Yet walk the world in pride,
The Sons of Heaven by many a mortal bride.
Thine shall be nothing of the past, save tears.
And art thou not ashamed
Thus to survive,
And eat, and drink, and wive?
With a base heart so far subdued and tamed,
As even to hear this wide destruction named,
Without such grief and courage, as should rather
Bid thee await the world-dissolving Wave,
Than seek a shelter with thy favoured father,
And build thy city o’er the drowned Earth’s grave?
Who would outlive their kind,
Except the base and blind?
Mine
Hateth thine
As of a different order in the Sphere,
But not our own.
There is not one who hath not left a throne
Vacant in Heaven to dwell in darkness here,
Rather than see his mates endure alone.
Go, wretch! and give
A life like thine to other wretches – live!
And when the annihilating Waters roar
Above what they have done,
Envy the Giant Patriarchs then no more,
And scorn thy sire as the surviving one!
Thyself for being his son!

_Chorus of Spirits_  
*(issuing from the Cavern.)*

Rejoice!  
No more the human voice  
Shall vex our joys in middle Air  
With prayer;  
No more  
Shall they adore;  
And we, who ne’er for ages have adored  
The prayer-exacting Lord,  
To whom the omission of a sacrifice  
Is vice;  
We, we shall view the Deep’s salt sources poured  
Until one element shall do the work  
Of all in Chaos; until they,  
The creatures proud of their poor clay,  
Shall perish, and their bleached bones shall lurk  
In Caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains, where  
The Deep shall follow to their latest lair;  
Where even the brutes, in their despair,  
Shall cease to prey on man and on each other,  
And the striped Tiger shall lie down to die  
Beside the Lamb,? as though he were his brother;  
Till all things shall be as they were,  
Silent and uncreated, save the Sky:  
While a brief truce  
Is made with Death, who shall forbear  
The little remnant of the past creation,  
To generate new nations for his use;  
This remnant, floating o’er the undulation  
Of the subsiding deluge, from its slime,  
When the hot Sun hath baked the reeking soil  
Into a world, shall give again to Time  
New beings – years – diseases – sorrow – crime –  
With all companionship of hate and toil,  
Until –

_Japh (interrupting them). _The eternal will  
Shall deign to expound this dream  
Of good and evil; and redeem  
Unto himself all times,? all things;  
And, gathered under his almighty wings,  
Abolish Hell!  
And to the expiated Earth  
Restore the beauty of her birth,  
Her Eden in an endless paradise,  
Where man no more can fall as once he fell,  
And even the very demons shall do well!  

_Spirits._ And when shall take effect this wond’rous spell?  
_Japh._ When the Redeemer cometh; first in pain,  
And then in glory.

_Spirit._ Meantime still struggle in the mortal chain,

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72: Isaiah 11:6: *... the leopard shall lie down with the kid ...*
73: Ephesians 5: 15-16: *See then that ye walk circumspectly ... Redeeming the time.*
Till Earth wax hoary;
War with yourselves, and Hell, and Heaven, in vain,
Until the Clouds look gory
With the blood reeking from each battle plain;
New times, new climes, new arts, new men; but still
The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill,
Shall be amongst your race in different forms;
But the same mortal storms
Shall oversweep the future, as the Waves
In a few hours the glorious Giants’ graves.

Chorus of Spirits
Brethren, rejoice!
Mortal, farewell!

Hark! hark! already we can hear the voice
Of growing Ocean’s gloomy swell;
The Winds, too, plume their piercing wings!
The Clouds have nearly filled their springs;
The fountains of the great Deep shall be broken,
And Heaven set wide her windows; while mankind
View, unacknowledged, each tremendous token
Still, as they were from the beginning, blind.
We hear the sound they cannot hear,
The mustering thunders of the threatening Sphere;
Yet a few hours their coming is delayed;
Their flashing banners, folded still on high,
Yet undisplayed,
Save to the Spirits’ all-pervading eye.
Howl! howl! oh Earth!

Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth:
Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below
The Ocean’s overflow!
The Wave shall break upon your cliffs; and shells,
The little shells, of Ocean’s least things be
Deposed where now the eagle’s offspring dwells
How shall he shriek o’er the remorseless Sea!
And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,
Unanswered, save by the encroaching swell –
While man shall long in vain for his broad wings,
The wings which could not save –
Where could he rest them, while the whole Space brings
Nought to his eye beyond the Deep, his grave?
Brethren, rejoice!
And loudly lift each superhuman voice –
All die,
Save the slight remnant of Seth’s seed
The seed of Seth,
Exempt for future Sorrow’s sake from death.
But of the sons of Cain
None shall remain;
And all his goodly daughters

74: I have accepted the suggestion of Barry Weller (CPW VI 686) that the Ms. probably did not read “moral”, as at The Liberal, p.182.

75: BYRON’S NOTE: “And there were Giants in those days, and after; mighty men, which were old men of renown” – Genesis. A covert reference, too, to the gigantic offspring of women and angels in Enoch; see introduction, above.

76: Isaiah 43:8: Bring forth the blind people that have eyes, and the deaf that have ears.

77: See Genesis 5:3/29 for Noah’s descent from Adam’s son Seth.
Must lie beneath the desolating Waters;
Or, floating upward, with their long hair laid
Along the wave, the cruel Heaven upbraid,
Which would not spare Beings even in death so fair.
It is decreed, All die!
And to the universal human cry
The universal silence shall succeed!
Fly, brethren, fly!
But still rejoice!
We fell!
They fall!
So perish all
These petty foes of Heaven who shrink from Hell!

The Spirits disappear, soaring upwards.

Japh (solus). God hath proclaimed the destiny of Earth;
My father’s Ark of safety hath announced it,
The very Demons shriek it from their Caves;
The Scroll of Enoch\textsuperscript{a} prophesied it long
In silent books, which, in their silence, say
More to the mind than thunder to the ear:
And yet men listened not, nor listen; but
Walk darkling to their doom; which, though so nigh,
Shakes them no more in their dim disbelief,
Than their last cries shall shake the Almighty purpose,
Or deaf obedient Ocean, which fulfils it.
No sign yet hangs its banner in the Air;
The clouds are few, and of their wonted texture;
The sun will rise upon the Earth’s last day
As on the fourth day of creation, when
God said unto him, “Shine!” and he broke forth
Into the dawn, which lighted not the yet Unformed forefather of mankind – but roused
Before the human orison the earlier
Made and far sweeter voices of the Birds,
Which in the open firmament of Heaven
Have wings like Angels, and like them salute Heaven first each day before the Adamites:
Their matins now draw nigh – the East is kindling –
And they will sing! and day will break! Both near,
So near the awful close! For these must drop
Their outworn pinions on the Deep; and Day,
After the bright course of a few brief morrows,
Ay, day will rise; but upon what? A Chaos,
Which was ere day; and which, renewed, makes time
Nothing! for, without life, what are the hours?
No more to dust than is eternity
Unto Jehovah, who created both.
Without him, even Eternity would be
A void: without man, Time, as made for man,

\textsuperscript{78} BYRON’S NOTE: The Book of Enoch, preserved by the Ethiopians, is said by them to be anterior to the Flood.
Dies with man, and is swallowed in that Deep
Which has no fountain; as his race will be
Devoured by that which drowns his infant world.
What have we here? Shapes of both Earth and Air?
No – all of Heaven, they are so beautiful.
I cannot trace their features; but their forms,
How lovelily they move along the side
Of the gray mountain, scattering its mist!
And after the swart savage Spirits, whose
Infernal Immortality poured forth
Their impious hymn of triumph, they shall be
Welcome as Eden. It may be they come
To tell me the reprieve of our young world,
For which I have so often prayed – They come!
Anah! oh, God! and with her –

Enter SAMIASA, AZAZIEL, ANAH, and AHOLIBAMAH.

Anah. Japhet!
Sam. Lo!
Aza. What doth the earth-born here,
While all his race are slumbering?
Japh. Angel! what
Dost thou on Earth when thou should’st be on high?
Aza. Know’st thou not, or forget’st thou, that a part
Of our great function is to guard thine Earth?
Japh. But all good Angels have forsaken Earth,
Which is condemned; nay, even the evil fly
The approaching Chaos. Anah! Anah! my
In vain, and long, and still to be beloved!
Why walk’st thou with this Spirit, in those hours
When no good Spirit longer lights below?
Anah. Japhet, I cannot answer thee; yet, yet
Forgive me –
Japh. May the Heaven, which soon no more
Will pardon, do so! for thou art greatly tempted.
Aho. Back to thy tents, insulting son of Noah!
We know thee not.
Japh. The hour may come when thou
May’st know me better; and thy sister know
Me still the same which I have ever been.
Sam. Son of the Patriarch, who hath ever been
Upright before his God, whate’er thy griefs,
And thy words seem of sorrow, mixed with wrath,
How have Azaziel, or myself, brought on thee
Wrong?
Japh. Wrong! the greatest of all wrongs; but thou
Say’st well, though she be dust, I did not, could not,
Deserve her. Farewell, Anah! I have said
That word so often! but now say it, ne’er
To be repeated. Angel! or whate’er
Thou art, or must be soon, hast thou the power
To save this beautiful – these beautiful
Children of Cain?
Aza. From what?

Japh. And is it so,
   That ye too know not? Angels! Angels! ye
   Have shared man’s sin, and, it may be, now must
   Partake his punishment; or at the least
   My sorrow.

Sam. Sorrow! I ne’er thought till now
   To hear an Adamite speak riddles to me.

Japh. And hath not the Most High expounded them?
   Then ye are lost, as they are lost.

Aho. So be it!
   If they love as they are loved, they will not shrink
   More to be mortal, than I would to dare
   An immortality of agonies
   With Samiasa!

Anah. Sister! sister! speak not
   Thus.

Aza. Fearest thou, my Anah?

Anah. Yes, for thee;
   I would resign the greater remnant of
   This little life of mine, before one hour
   Of thine eternity should know a pang.

Japh. It is for him, then! for the Seraph thou
   Hast left me! That is nothing, if thou hast not
   Left thy God too! for unions like to these,
   Between a mortal and immortal, cannot
   Be happy or be hallowed. We are sent
   Upon the Earth to toil and die; and they
   Are made to minister on high unto
   The Highest; but if he can save thee, soon
   The hour will come in which celestial aid
   Alone can do so.

Anah. Ah! he speaks of death.

Sam. Of death to us! and those who are with us!
   But that the man seems full of sorrow, I
   Could smile.

Japh. I grieve not for myself, nor fear;
   I am safe, not for my own deserts, but those
   Of a well-doing sire, who hath been found
   Righteous enough to save his children. Would
   His power was greater of redemption! or
   That by exchanging my own life for hers,
   Who could alone have made mine happy, she,
   The last and loveliest of Cain’s race, could share
   The Ark which shall receive a remnant of
   The seed of Seth!

Aho. And dost thou think that we,
   With Cain’s, the eldest born of Adam’s, blood
   Warm in our veins – strong Cain! who was begotten
   In Paradise – would mingle with Seth’s children?
   Seth, the last offspring of old Adam’s dotage?

79: “Has” (The Liberal II, p.188).
80: And yet B.’s own Cain says, After the fall too soon was I begotten; / Ere yet my mother’s mind subsided from / The Serpent, and my sire still mourned for Eden (III 506-8).
No, not to save all Earth, were Earth in peril!
Our race hath always dwelt apart from thine
From the beginning, and shall do so ever.

Japh. I did not speak to thee, Aholibamah!
Too much of the forefather, whom thou vauntest,
Has come down in that haughty blood which springs
From him who shed the first, and that a brother’s!
But thou, my Anah! let me call thee mine,
Albeit thou art not; ’tis a word, I cannot
Part with, although I must from thee. My Anah!
Thou who dost rather make me dream that Abel
Had left a daughter, whose pure pious race
Survived in thee, so much unlike thou art
The rest of the stern Cainites, save in beauty,
For all of them are fairest in their favour –

Aho. (interrupting him). And would’st thou have her like our father’s foe
In mind, in Soul? If I partook thy thought,
And dreamed that aught of Abel was in her! –
Get thee hence, son of Noah; thou mak’st strife.

Japh. Offspring of Cain, thy father did so!
Aho. But
He slew not Seth; and what hast thou to do
With other deeds between his God and him?

Japh. Thou speakest well: his God hath judged him, and
I had not named his deed, but that thyself
Didst seem to glory in him, not to shrink
From what he’d done.

Aho. He was our fathers’ father;
The eldest born of man, the strongest, bravest,
And most enduring. Shall I blush for him,
From whom we had our being? Look upon
Our race; Behold their stature and their beauty,
Their courage, strength, and length of days –

Japh. They are numbered. –

Aho. Be it so! but while yet their hours endure,
I glory in my brethren and our fathers!

Japh. My sire and race but glory in their God,
Anah! and thou? –

Anah. Whate’er our God decrees,
The God of Seth as Cain, I must obey,
And will endeavour patiently to obey:
But could I dare to pray in his dread hour
Of universal vengeance (if such should be),
It would not be to live, alone exempt
Of all my house. My sister! Oh, my sister!
What were the world, or other worlds, or all
The brightest future without the sweet past –
Thy love – my father’s – all the life, and all
The things which sprung up with me, like the Stars,
Making my dim existence radiant with
Soft lights which were not mine? Aholibamah!
Oh! if there should be mercy – seek it, find it:

81: If B. did write “alway”, as The Liberal has it (p.188), it is the second time only that he has done so in his poetry: see CHP II, 37, 2.
I abhor death, because that thou must die.

_Aho_. What! hath this dreamer, with his father’s Ark,
The bugbear he hath built to scare the world,
Shaken my sister? Are we not the loved
Of Seraphs? and if we were not, must we
Cling to a son of Noah for our lives?
Rather than thus – but the enthusiast dreams
The worst of dreams, the phantasies engendered
By hopeless love and heated vigils. Who
Shall shake these solid mountains, this firm Earth,
And bid those Clouds and Waters take a shape
Distinct from that which we and all our sires
I have seen them wear on their eternal way?
Who shall do this?

_Japh._ He, whose one word produced them.

_Aho_. Who heard that word?

_Japh._ The Universe, which leaped
To life before it. Ah! smil’st thou still in scorn?
Turn to thy Seraphs; if they attest it not,
They are none.

_Sam._ Aholibamah, own thy God!

_Aho_. I have ever hailed Our Maker, Samiasa,
As thine, and mine: a God of love, not sorrow.

_Japh._ Alas! What else is Love but Sorrow? Even
He who made Earth in love, has soon to grieve
Above its first and best inhabitants.

_Aho_. ’Tis said so.

_Japh._ It is even so.

_Enter NOAH and SHEM._

_Noah_. Japhet! What
Dost thou here with these children of the wicked?
Dread’st thou not to partake their coming doom?

_Japh_. Father, it cannot be a sin to seek
To save an earth-born being; and behold,
These are not of the sinful, since they have
The fellowship of Angels.

_Noah_. These are they then,
Who leave the throne of God, to take them wives
From out the race of Cain; the sons of Heaven,
Who seek Earth’s daughters for their beauty?

_Aza._ Patriarch!
Thou hast said it.

_Noah_. Woe, woe, woe to such communion!
Has not God made a barrier between Earth
And Heaven, and limited each, kind to kind?

_Sam._ Was not man made in high Jehovah’s image?
Did God not love what he had made? And what
Do we but imitate and emulate
His love unto created love?

_Noah_. I am
But man, and was not made to judge mankind,
Far less the sons of God; but as our God
Has deigned to commune with me, and reveal
His judgements, I reply, that the descent
Of Seraphs from their everlasting seat
Unto a perishable and perishing,
Even on the very eve of perishing, world,
Cannot be good.

Azā. What! though it were to save?
Noah. Not ye in all your glory can redeem
What he who made you glorious hath condemned.
Were your immortal mission safety, ’twould
Be general, not for two, though beautiful,
And beautiful they are, but not the less
Condemned.

Japh. Oh father! say it not.
Noah. Son! son!
If that thou would’st avoid their doom, forget
That they exist; they soon shall cease to be,
While thou shalt be the sire of a new world,
And better.

Japh. Let me die with this, and them!
Noah. Thou should’st for such a thought, but shalt not; he
Who can, redeems thee.

Sam. And why him and thee,
More than what he, thy son, prefers to both?
Noah. Ask him who made thee greater than myself
And mine, but not less subject to his own
Almightiness. And lo! his mildest and
Least to be tempted Messenger appears!

Enter MICHAEL the Archangel.83

Mich. Spirits!
Whose seat is near the throne,
What do ye here?
Is thus a Seraph’s duty to be shown
Now that the hour is near
When Earth must be alone?
Return!
Adore and burn
In glorious homage with the elected “Seven.”84
Your place is Heaven.

Sam. MICHAEL!
The first and fairest of the sons of God,
How long hath this been law,
That Earth by Angels must be left untrod?
Earth! which oft saw
Jehovah’s footsteps not disdain her sod!
The world he loved, and made
For love; and oft have we obeyed
His frequent mission with delighted pinions –
Adoring him in his least works displayed –
Watching this youngest Star of his dominions –85

82: Matthew 6:29: Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.
83: B. changed “Michael” to Raphael” to please Gifford (BLJ IX 181). See Introduction, above.
84: See above, I i 40n.
85: See above, I i 40n.
And as the latest birth of his great word,
Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord.

Why is thy brow severe?
And wherefore speakest thou of destruction near?

*Mich.*

Had Samiasa and Azaziel been
In their true place, with the Angelic choir,
Written in fire
They would have seen
Jehovah's late decree,
And not enquired their Maker's breath of me:
But ignorance must ever be
A part of sin;
And even the Spirits' knowledge shall grow less
As they wax proud within;
For Blindness is the first-born of Excess.
When all good Angels left the world, ye staid,
Stung with strange passions, and debased
By mortal feelings for a mortal maid;
But ye are pardoned thus far, and replaced
With your pure equals: Hence! away! away!
Or Stay,
And lose eternity by that delay!

*Aza.* And Thou! if Earth be thus forbidden
In the decree
To us until this moment hidden,
Dost thou not err as we
In being here?

*Mic.* I came to call ye back to your fit Sphere,
In the great name and at the word of God!
Dear, dearest in themselves, and scarce less dear
That which I came to do. Till now we trod
Together the eternal Space, together
Let us still walk the Stars. True, Earth must die!
Her race, returned into her womb, must wither,
And much which she inherits; but oh! Why
Cannot this Earth be made, or be destroyed,
Without involving ever some vast void
In the immortal ranks? immortal still
In their immeasurable forfeiture.
Our brother Sathan fell ... his burning will
Rather than longer worship dared endure!
But ye who still are pure!
Seraphs! less mighty than that mightiest one,
Think how he was undone!
And think if tempting man can compensate
For Heaven desired too late?
Long have I warred,
Long must I war
With him who deemed it hard
To be created, and to acknowledge him
Who midst the Cherubim

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85: *The Liberal* (p.193) has a full stop after “pinions”, a semi-colon after “display’d”, and a colon after “dominions”. I have compromised with dashes.

86: *The Liberal* (p.194) has “fell,”.
Made him as Suns to a dependent Star,
Leaving the Archangels at his right hand dim.

I loved him – beautiful he was: oh Heaven! 580
Save his who made, what beauty and what power
Was ever like to Sathan’s!87 Would the hour
In which he fell could ever be forgiven!
The wish is impious: but oh ye!
Yet undestroyed, be warned! Eternity

With him, or with his God, is in your choice:
He hath not tempted you, he cannot tempt
The Angels, from his further snares exempt;
But man hath listened to his voice,
And ye to woman’s88 – beautiful she is,
The Serpent’s voice less subtle than her kiss,
The Snake but vanquished dust; but she will draw
A second host from Heaven, to break Heaven’s law.

Yet, yet, oh Fly!
Ye cannot die,
But they
Shall pass away,
While ye shall fill with shrieks the upper sky
For perishable clay,
Whose memory in your immortality
Shall long outlast the Sun which gave them day.
Think how your essence differeth from theirs
In all but suffering! Why partake
The agony to which they must be heirs –
Born to be ploughed with years, and sown with cares,
And reaped by Death, lord of the human soil?
Even had their days been left to toil their path
Through time to dust, unshortened by God’s wrath,
Still they are Evil’s prey and Sorrow’s spoil.

Aho. Let them fly!
I hear the voice which says that all must die,
Sooner than our white-bearded Patriarchs died;
And that on high
An Ocean is prepared,
While from below
The deep shall rise to meet Heaven’s overflow.
Few shall be spared,
It seems; and, of that few, the race of Cain
Must lift their eyes to Adam’s God in vain.
Sister! since it is so,
And the eternal Lord
In vain would be implored
For the remission of one hour of woe,
Let us resign even what we have adored,
And meet the wave, as we would meet the sword,
If not unmoved, yet undismayed,
And wailing less for us than those who shall
Survive in mortal or immortal thrall,
And, when the fatal waters are allayed,

87: B. recollects, in a different idiom, the relationship between Michael and Lucifer in TVOJ, sts. 32-6.
88: Raphael, reversing Enoch, implies that the women seduced the angels.
Weep for the myriads who can weep no more.
Fly, Seraphs! to your own eternal shore,
Where winds nor howl nor waters roar.
Our portion is to die,
And yours to live for ever:
But which is best, a dead eternity,
Or living, is but known to the great Giver:
Obey him, as we shall obey;
I would not keep this life of mine in clay
An hour beyond his will;
Nor see ye lose a portion of his grace,
For all the mercy which Seth’s race
Find still.
Fly!

And as your pinions bear ye back to Heaven,
Think that my love still mounts with thee on high.
Samiasa!
And if I look up with a tearless eye,
’Tis that an Angel’s bride disdains to weep
Farewell! Now Rise, inexorable Deep!

Anah.
And must we die?
And must I lose thee too,
Azaziel?
Oh, my heart! my heart!
Thy prophecies were true,
And yet thou wert so happy too!
The blow, though not unlooked for, falls as new;
But yet Depart!
Ah, why?
Yet let me not retain thee – Fly!
My pangs can be but brief; but thine would be
Eternal, if repulsed from Heaven for me.
Too much already hast thou deigned
To one of Adam’s race!
Our doom is sorrow: not to us alone,
But to the Spirits who have not disdained
To love us, cometh anguish with disgrace.
The first who taught us knowledge hath been hurled
From his once archangelic throne
Into some unknown world:
And thou, Azaziel! No –
Thou shalt not suffer woe
For me. Away! nor Weep!
Thou canst not weep; but yet
Mayst suffer more, not weeping: then Forget
Her, whom the surges of the all-strangling Deep
Can bring no pang like this. Fly! Fly!
Being gone, ’twill be less difficult to die.

Japh.
Oh say not so!
Father! and thou, Archangel, thou!
Surely celestial Mercy lurks below
That pure severe serenity of brow:
Let them not meet this Sea without a shore,
Save in our Ark, or let me be no more!

Noah. Peace, child of passion, peace!
If not within thy heart, yet with thy tongue
Do God no wrong!

Live as he wills it – Die, when he ordains,
A righteous death, unlike the seed of Cain’s.

Cease, or be sorrowful in silence; Cease
To weary Heaven’s ear with thy selfish plaint.

Would’st thou have God commit a sin for thee?
Such would it be
To alter his intent

For a mere mortal sorrow. Be a man!
And bear what Adam’s race must bear, and can.

*Japh.* Ay, father! but when they are gone,
And we are all alone,
Floating upon the azure desart, and
The depth beneath us hides our own dear land,
And dearer, silent friends and brethren, all
Buried in its immeasurable breast,

Who, who, our tears, our shrieks, shall then command?
Can we in desolation’s peace have rest?

Oh God! Be thou a God, and Spare
Yet while ’tis time!

Renew not Adam’s fall:
Mankind were then but twain,
But they are numerous now as are the waves
And the tremendous rain,

Whose drops shall be less thick than would their graves,

*Noah.* Silence, vain boy! each word of thine’s a crime!

*Angel.* Forgive this stripling’s fond despair.

*Mich.* Who are, or should be, passionless and pure,
May now return with me.

*Sam.* It may not be:
We have chosen, and will endure.

*Mich.* Say’st thou?

*Aziz.* He hath said it, and I say, Amen!

*Mich.* Again!

Then from this hour,

Shorn as ye are of all celestial power,
And aliens from your God,
Farewell!

*Japh.* Alas! where shall they dwell?

Hark, Hark! Deep sounds, and deeper still,
Are howling from the mountain’s bosom:
There’s not a breath of wind upon the hill,
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom:

*Noah.* Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.

In Clouds they overspread the lurid Sky
And hover round the mountain, where before
Never a white wing, wetted by the Wave,
Yet dared to soar,

Even when the Waters waxed too fierce to brave.

Soon it shall be their only shore,
And then, no more!
Japh. The Sun! the Sun!
He riseth, but his better light is gone;
And a black circle, bound
His glaring disk around,
Proclaims Earth’s last of summer days hath shone!
The Clouds return into the hues of night,
Save where their brazen-coloured edges streak
The verge where brighter morns were wont to break.

Noah. And lo! yon flash of light,
The distant thunder’s harbinger, appears!
It cometh! hence, away,
Leave to the elements their evil prey!
Hence to where our all-hallowed Ark uprears
Its safe and wreckless sides.

Japh. Oh, father, Stay!
Leave not my Anah to the swallowing tides!
Noah. Must we not leave all life to such? Begone!

Japh. Not I.
Noah. Then die
With them!
How dar’st thou look on that prophetic Sky,
And seek to save what all things now condemn,
In overwhelming unison
With just Jehovah’s wrath?

Japh. Can rage and justice join in the same path?
Noah. Blasphemer! dar’st thou murmur even now?

Mich. Patriarch, Be still a father! Smoothe thy brow:
Thy son, despite his folly, shall not sink;
He knows not what he says, yet shall not drink
With sobs the salt foam of the swelling Waters;
But be, when Passion passeth, good as thou,
Nor perish like Heaven’s children with Man’s daughters.

Aho. The Tempest cometh; Heaven and Earth unite
For the annihilation of all life.
Unequal is the strife
Between our strength and the Eternal Might!

Sam. But ours is with thee: we will bear ye far
To some untroubled Star,
Where thou and Anah shalt partake our lot:
And if thou dost not weep for thy lost Earth,
Our forfeit Heaven shall also be forgot.

Anah. Oh! my dear father’s tents, my place of birth!
And mountains, land, and woods, when ye are not,
Who shall dry up my tears?

Fear not, though we are shut from Heaven,
Yet much is ours, whence we can not be driven.

Mich. Rebel! thy words are wicked, as thy deeds
Shall henceforth be but weak: the flaming sword,
Which chased the first-born out of Paradise,
Still flashes in the angelic hands.

Aza. It cannot slay us: threaten dust with death,
And talk of weapons unto that which bleeds!

89: Genesis 3:24: … he placed at the east of the Garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword …
What are thy swords in our immortal eyes?

Mich. The moment cometh to approve thy strength;
And learn at length
How vain to war with what thy God commands:
Thy former force was in thy faith.

Enter Mortals, flying for refuge.

Chorus of mortals. The Heavens and Earth are mingling — God! oh God!

What have we done? Yet Spare!
Hark! even the forest beasts howl forth their prayer!
The Dragon crawls from out his den,
To herd in terror innocent with men;
And the Birds scream their agony through Air.

Yet, yet, Jehovah! yet Withdraw thy rod
Of wrath, and Pity thine own world’s despair!

Mich. Farewell, thou Earth! ye wretched sons of clay,
I cannot, must not aid you. 'Tis decreed!

Exit MICHAEL.

Japh. Some Clouds sweep on as Vultures for their prey,
While others, fixed as rocks, await the word
At which their wrathful vials shall be poured. No azure more shall robe the firmament,
Nor spangled Stars be glorious: Death hath risen:
In the Sun’s place a pale and ghastly glare
Hath wound itself around the dying Air.

Aza. Come, Anah! Quit this Chaos-founded prison,
To which the elements again repair,
As was the Eagle’s nestling once within
Its mother’s. — Let the coming Chaos chafe
With all its elements! Heed not their din!
A brighter world than this, where thou shalt breathe
Ethereal life, will we explore:
These darkened Clouds are not the only Skies.

AZAZIEL and SAMIASA fly off, and disappear with ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.

Japh. They are gone! They have disappeared amidst the roar
Of the forsaken world; and never more,
Whether they live, or die with all Earth’s life,
Now near its last, can aught restore
Anah unto these eyes.

Chorus of Mortals. Oh son of Noah! mercy on thy kind!
What, wilt thou leave us all — all — all behind?
While safe amidst the elemental strife,
Thou sit’st within thy guarded Ark?

A Mother (offering her infant to JAPHET). Oh Let this child embark!

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90: Job 9:34: Let him take his rod away from me ...
91: Revelation 16:1: Go your ways, and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth.
I brought him forth in woe,
But thought it joy
To see him to my bosom clinging so. 835
Why was he born?
What hath he done –
My unweaned son –
To move Jehovah’s wrath or scorn?
What is there in this milk of mine, that Death
Should stir all Heaven and Earth up to destroy
My boy,
And roll the Waters o’er his placid breath!
Save him, thou seed of Seth!
Or cursed Be – with him who made
Thee and thy race, for which we are betrayed!

Japh. Peace! ’tis no hour for curses, but for prayer!
Chorus of Mortals. For prayer!!!
And where
Shall prayer ascend,
When the swoln clouds unto the mountains bend
And burst,
And gushing Oceans every barrier rend,
Until the very desarts know no thirst?
Accurst
Be he, who made thee and thy sire!
We deem our curses vain; we must expire;
But as we know the worst,
Why should our hymn be raised, our knees be bent
Before the implacable Omnipotent,
Since we must fall the same?
If he hath made Earth, let it be his shame,
To make a world for torture – Lo! they come
The loathsome waters in their rage!
And with their roar make wholesome Nature dumb!
The forest’s trees (coeval with the hour
When Paradise upsprung,
Ere Eve gave Adam knowledge for her dower,
Or Adam his first hymn of slavery sung.)
So massy, vast, yet green in their old age,
Are overtopt,
Their summer blossoms by the surges lopt,
Which rise, and rise, and rise.
Vainly we look up to the lowering Skies –
They meet the Seas,
And shut out God from our beseeching eyes.
Fly, son of Noah, fly, and Take thine ease 82
In thine allotted Ocean-tent;
And view, all floating o’er the Element,
The corpses of the world of thy young days:
Then to Jehovah raise
Thy song of praise!

A Mortal. Blessed are the dead
Who die in the Lord! 83

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92: Luke 12:19: And I will say to my soul … take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.
93: Revelation 14:13: Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth …
And though the waters be o’er Earth outspread, 
Yet, as his word, 
Be the decree adored!
He gave me life – he taketh but 
The breath which is his own:
And though these eyes should be for ever shut, 
Nor longer this weak voice before his throne 
Be heard in supplicating tone, 
Still blessed be the Lord, 
For what is past, 
For that which is: 
For all are his, 
From first to last 
Time – Space – Eternity – Life – Death – 
The vast known and immeasurable unknown. 
He made, and can unmake: 
And shall I, for a little gasp of breath, 
Blaspheme and groan? 
No; Let me die, as I have lived, in faith, 
Nor quiver, though the universe may quake!

Chorus of Mortals.  Where shall we fly? 
Not to the mountains high; 
For now their torrents rush with double roar, 
To meet the Ocean, which, advancing still, 
Already grasps each drowning hill, 
Nor leaves an unsearched Cave.  

Enter a Woman.

Woman.  Oh, save me, save! 
Our valley is no more: 
My father and my father’s tent, 
My brethren and my brethren’s herds, 
The pleasant trees that o’er our noonday bent 
And sent forth evening songs from sweetest Birds, 
The little rivulet which freshened all 
Our pastures green, 
No more are to be seen. 
When to the mountain cliff I climbed this morn, 
I turned to bless the spot, 
And not a leaf appeared about to fall – 
And now they are not! – 
Why was I born? 
Japh.  To die! in youth to die; 
And happier in that doom, 
Than to behold the universal tomb 
Which I 
Am thus condemned to weep above in vain. 
Why, when all perish, why must I remain?

The Waters rise: Men fly in every direction; many are overtaken by the waves; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the Mountains; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.

END OF PART FIRST.
APPENDIX: BYRON’S PLANNED CONTINUATION OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

‘‘Heaven and Earth’’ was commenced,” said he, “at Ravenna, on the 9th October last. It occupied about fourteen days. Douglas Kinnaird tells me that he can get no bookseller to publish it. It was offered to Murray; but he is the most timid of God’s booksellers, and starts at the title. He has taken a dislike to that three-syllabled word Mystery, and says, I know not why, that it is another ‘Cain.’ I suppose he does not like my making one of Cain’s daughters talk the same language as her father’s father, and has a prejudice against the family.

I could not make her so unnatural as to speak ill of her grandfather. I was forced to make her aristocratical, proud of her descent from the eldest born. Murray says, that whoever prints it will have it pirated, as ‘Cain’ has been, – that a Court of justice will not sanction it as literary property. On what plea? There is nothing objectionable in it, that I am aware of. You have read it; what do you think? If ‘Cain’ be immoral (which I deny), will not the Chancellor’s refusal to protect, and the cheapness of a piratical edition, give it a wider circulation among the lower classes? Will they not buy and read it for the very reason that it is considered improper, and try to discover an evil tendency where it was least meant? May not impiety be extracted by garbling the Bible? I defy the common people to understand such mysteries as the loves of the Angels, – at least they are mysteries to me. Moore, too, is writing on the same text. Anything that he writes must succeed.”

I told him that the laughter of the fiends in the Cave of Caucasus reminded me of the snoring of the Furies in the ‘Eumenides’ of Æschylus.

“I have never read any of his plays since I left Harrow,” said Lord Byron. “Shelley, when I was in Switzerland, translated the ‘Prometheus’ to me before I wrote my ode; but I never open a Greek book. Shelley tells me that the choruses in ‘Heaven and Earth’ are deficient. He thinks that lyrical poetry should be metrically regular. Surely this is not the case with the Greek choruses that he makes such a fuss about. However, Hunt will be glad of it for his new periodical work. I talked of writing a second part to it; but it was only as Coleridge promised a second part to ‘Christabel.’ I will tell you how I had an idea of finishing it:

‘‘Let me see – where did I leave off? Oh, with Azazael and Samiasa refusing to obey the summons of Michael, and throwing off their allegiance to heaven. They rise into the air with the two sisters, and leave the globe to a fate which, according to Cuvier, it has often undergone, and will undergo again. The appearance of the land strangled by the ocean will serve by way of scenery and decorations. The affectionate tenderness of Adah [sic] for those from whom she is parted, and for ever, and her fears contrasting with the loftier spirit of Aholibamah triumphing in the hopes of a new and greater destiny, will make the dialogue. They in the mean time continue their aerial voyage, every where denied admittance in those floating islands on the sea of space, and driven back by guardian-spirits of the different planets, till they are at length forced to alight on the only peak of the earth uncovered by water. Here a parting takes place between the lovers, which I shall make affecting enough. The fallen Angels are suddenly called, and condemned, – their destination and punishment unknown. The sisters still cling to the rock, the waters mounting higher and higher. Now enter Ark. The scene draws up, and discovers Japhet endeavours to persuade the Patriarch, with very strong arguments of love and pity, to receive the sisters, or at least Adah, on board. Adah joins in his entreaties, and endeavours to cling to the sides of the vessel. The proud and haughty Aholibamah scorns to pray either to God or man, and anticipates the grave by plunging into the waters. Noah is still inexorable. The surviving daughter of Cain is momentarily in danger of perishing before the eyes of the Arkites. Japhet is in despair. The last wave sweeps her from the rock, and her lifeless corpse floats past in all its beauty, whilst a sea-bird screams over it, and seems to be the spirit of her angel lord. I once thought of conveying the lovers to the moon, or one of the planets; but it is not easy for the imagination to make any unknown world more beautiful than this; besides, I did not think they would approve of the moon as a residence.

I remember what Fontenelle said of its having no atmosphere, and the dark spots being caverns where the inhabitants reside. There was another objection: all the human interest would have been destroyed, which I have even endeavoured to give my Angels. It was a very Irish kind
of compliment Jeffrey paid to Moore’s ‘Lalla Rookh,’ when he said the loves were those of Angels; meaning that they were like nothing on earth. What will he say of ‘The Loves of the Angels?’ – that they are like (for he has nothing left) nothing in Heaven?”


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