

HEAVEN AND EARTH

(conjectural reconstruction)



Mount Ararat (Heaven and Earth, I, 3 and 148; II, 90. Photo by S.Hambartzumyan.)

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, Urakabameel, 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 reprov'd 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 Azazel, 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

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 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

10: BLJ IX 119. This is the letter in which he describes *HaE* as “very pious ... chiefly lyrical” (BLJ IX 118).

11: Marchand, *Byron A Biography*, II p.515, quoting H.B.Stowe *History of the Byron Controversy* p.302, quoting H.C.Robinson, quoted LJ 262 n2.

12: Medwin's *Conversations of Lord Byron*, ed.Ernest J.Lovell jr., (Princeton 1966), p.155.

13: BLJ IX 58-9.

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.¹⁵

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*.¹⁶ 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*.¹⁷]¹⁸

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.¹⁹

15: Medwin, op.cit., pp.155-6.

16: BLJ X 134-6.

17: See Reiman, *Manuscripts of the Younger Romantics*, Byron XIII (Garland 1995), pp.vii-viii.

18: From now on, passages in square brackets remained undelivered by me in Yerevan, with a view to keeping the paper shorter.

19: Malcolm Elwin, *Lord Byron's Wife*, (Macdonald 1962), p.263.

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”.²⁰ 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 conceded 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”.²¹ *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.²²

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:

But thee and me he never can destroy;
Change us he may, but not o’erwhelm; we are 120
Of as eternal essence, and must war
With him if he will war with us ...²³

Of Aholibamah, Samuel Chew says, “Her defiance of God is no weak murmur, but worthy of Satan”.²⁴ 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”.²⁵ 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

²⁰: Ibid., p.271.

²¹: *Revue des Deux Mondes*, December 1839, 312.

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.

²⁴: Samuel Claggart Chew, *Lord Byron’s Dramas* (New York 1915), p.142.

²⁵: *Manfred* I i 12.

Restore the beauty of her birth, 200
 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, 205
 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* III 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 *DefTra* 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.³⁸

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?³⁹ 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?⁴⁰ 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.⁴¹

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").⁴² 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.⁴³

[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.⁴⁴ 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,

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) recalls 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

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):

Has not God made a barrier between Earth
 And heaven, and limited each, kind to kind?⁴⁷

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 Azazel 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:

I love our God less since his angel loved me:
 This cannot be of good ...⁴⁹

It is an idea echoed in that most Byronic of novels, *Jane Eyre*:

I could not, in those days, see God for His creature: of whom I had made an idol.⁵⁰

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,
Blasphe^me 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

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”)⁵³ 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”.⁵⁴ He knew that to portray what happened when Samaiza and Azazel 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 any 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 indiscipline 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 irrationally 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:

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,

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;
 If men below and Gods above,
 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.⁵⁵

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. 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 840
 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 845
 Thee and thy race, for which we are betrayed!⁵⁶

... 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,

55: Southey, *The Curse of Kehama*, X 265-96, ed. Daniel Sanjiv Roberts, in *Robert Southey Poetical Works 1793-1810*, ed. Lynda Pratt, Pickering and Chatto 2004, Vol. 4 pp.86-7.

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 – 250
 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 255
 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, 260
 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 265
 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 – 270
 ’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, 275
 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. 280

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 285
 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 oeuvre, *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.
*Irak.*⁵⁹
Women. ANAH⁶⁰
AHOLIBAMAH.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 AHOLIBAMAH.

<i>Anah.</i>	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!	
<i>Aho.</i>	Let us proceed upon Our invocation.	
<i>Anah.</i>	But the Stars are hidden.	5
	<i>I tremble.</i>	
<i>Aho.</i>	So do I, but not with fear Of aught save their delay.	
<i>Anah.</i>	My sister, though I love Azazel more than – oh, too much! What was I going to say? my heart grows impious.	
<i>Aho.</i>	And where is the impiety of loving Celestial natures?	10
<i>Anah.</i>	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.	
<i>Aho.</i>	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!	15

57: Genesis 6:2.

58: Coleridge, *Kubla Khan*, 15-16.

59: For Irak, 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
 Azazel not less were he mortal; yet
 I am glad he is not. I can not outlive him. 20
 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; 25
 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.* 30

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. 35
 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,"⁶² 40
 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, 45
 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; 50
 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 55
 The face of him who made thee great,
 As he hath made me of the least
 Of those⁶³ cast out from Eden's gate:
 Yet, Seraph dear!
 Oh hear! 60
 For thou hast loved me, and I would not die
 Until I know what I must die in knowing,

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 65
 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, 70
 For sorrow is our element;
 Delight
 An Eden kept afar from sight,
 Though sometimes with our visions blent. 75
 The hour is near
 Which tells me we are not abandoned quite. –
 Appear! Appear!
 Seraph!
 My own Azazel! be but here,
 And leave the Stars to their own light. 80
Aho. Samiasa!
 Wheresoe'er
 Thou rulest in the upper Air –
 Or warring with the Spirits who may dare
 Dispute with him 85
 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, 90
 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, 95
 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, 100
 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. 105
 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 – 110
 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 115
 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 founts of bliss and woe.
 But thee and me he never can destroy;
 Change us he may, but not o'erwhelm; we are 120
 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? 125
 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 130
 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 135
 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 140
 An hour too soon.
Anah. They come! *he* comes! – Azazel!
Aho. Haste
 To meet them! Oh! for wings to bear
 My Spirit, while they hover there,
 To Samiasa's breast! 145
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, 150
 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, 155
 Subsides soon after he again hath dashed
 Down, down, to where the Ocean's fountains sleep.⁶⁵
Aho. They have touched Earth! Samiasa!
Anah. My Azazel!

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter IRAD and JAPHET.

Irada. 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.

Japh. But they soothe me – now
 Perhaps she looks upon them as I look. 5
 Methinks a being that is beautiful
 Becometh more so as it looks on beauty,
 The eternal beauty of undying things.
 Oh, Anah!

Irad. But she loves thee not.

Japh. Alas!

Irad. And proud Aholibamah spurns me also. 10
Japh. I feel for thee too.

Irad. Let her keep her pride,
 Mine hath enabled me to bear her scorn;
 It may be, time too will avenge it.

Japh. Canst thou
 Find joy in such a thought?

Irad. Nor joy, nor sorrow. 15
 I loved her well; I would have loved her better,
 Had love been met with love: as 'tis, I leave her
 To brighter destinies, if so she deems them.

Japh. What destinies?

Irad. I have some cause to think
 She loves another.

Japh. Anah!

Irad. No; her sister.

Japh. What other?

Irad. That I know not; but her air, 20
 If not her words, tells me she loves another.

Japh. Ay, but not Anah: she but loves her God.

Irad. Whate'er she loveth, so she loves thee not,
 What can it profit thee?

Japh. True, nothing; but
 I love.

Irad. And so did I.

Japh. And now thou lov'st not, 25
 Or think'st thou lov'st not, art thou happier?

Irad. Yes.

Japh. I pity thee.

Irad. Me! why?

Japh. For being happy,
 Deprived of that which makes my misery.

Irad. I take thy taunt as part of thy distemper, 30
 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 Cain⁶⁶ –
 The yellow dust they try to barter with us,
 As if such useless and discoloured trash,
 The refuse of the Earth, could be received 35
 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

⁶⁶: See Genesis 4:22, where *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? 40
Japh. No, Irad; I will to the Cavern, whose
 Mouth they say opens from the internal⁶⁷ world
 To let the inner Spirits of the Earth
 Forth when they walk its surface.
Irad. Wherefore so?
 What wouldst thou there?
Japh. Soothe further my sad Spirit 45
 With gloom as sad: it is a hopeless spot,
 And I am hopeless.
Irad. But 'tis dangerous;
 Strange sounds and sights have peopled it with terrors.
 I must go with thee.
Japh. Irad, no; believe me 50
 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, 55
 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 60
 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, 65
 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,⁶⁸ how mightest thou 70
 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 75
 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 80
 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, 85
 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. 90

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, 95
 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; 100
 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? 105

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 5
 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, 10
 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, 20
 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, 25
 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, 30
 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 things⁶⁹ reserved
 By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May 35
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 40
 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 45
 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. 50
 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 55
 Of the Most High, what art thou?
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

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 60
 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 70
 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! 75
 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 80
 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! 85
 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, 90
 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! 95
 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 100
 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, 105
 And Sea and Sky
 Look vast and lifeless in the eternal eye.
 Upon the foam
 Who shall erect a home?

Japh (coming forward). My sire! 110
 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 115
 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, 120
 And drive your sullen race
 Forth, to be rolled upon the tossing winds
 In restless wretchedness along all Space!

Spirit. Son of the saved!
 When thou and thine have braved 125
 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 130
 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 135
 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 140
 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? 145
 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 150
 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 155
 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!	160
	No more the human voice Shall vex our joys in middle Air With prayer;	
	No more Shall they adore;	165
	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, ⁷² as though he were his brother;	170
	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 –	175
	<i>Japh (interrupting them).</i> The eternal will Shall deign to expound this dream Of good and evil; and redeem Unto himself all times, ⁷³ 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!	180
	<i>Spirits.</i> And when shall take effect this wond'rous spell? <i>Japh.</i> When the Redeemer cometh; first in pain, And then in glory.	185
	<i>Spirit.</i> Meantime still struggle in the mortal chain,	190
		195
		200
		205

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 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 mortal⁷⁴ storms 215
 Shall oversweep the future, as the Waves
 In a few hours the glorious Giants' graves.⁷⁵
Chorus of Spirits Brethren, rejoice!
 Mortal, farewell!
 Hark! hark! already we can hear the voice 220
 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 225
 View, unacknowledged, each tremendous token
 Still, as they were from the beginning, blind.
 We hear the sound they cannot hear,⁷⁶
 The mustering thunders of the threatening Sphere;
 Yet a few hours their coming is delayed; 230
 Their flashing banners, folded still on high,
 Yet undisplayed,
 Save to the Spirits' all-pervading eye.
 How! how! oh Earth!
 Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth: 235
 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 240
 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 – 245
 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, 250
 Save the slight remnant of Seth's seed⁷⁷ –
 The seed of Seth,
 Exempt for future Sorrow's sake from death.
 But of the sons of Cain
 None shall remain; 255
 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 260
 Beings even in death so fair.
 It is decreed,
 All die!
 And to the universal human cry
 The universal silence shall succeed! 265
 Fly, brethren, fly!
 But still rejoice!
 We fell!
 They fall!
 So perish all 270
 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 Enoch⁷⁸ prophesied it long 275
 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, 280
 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 285
 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 290
 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 – 295
 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, 300
 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 305
 A void: without man, Time, as made for man,

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? 310
 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 315
 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! 320
 Anah! oh, God! and with her –

Enter SAMIASA, AZAZIEL, ANAH, and AHOLIBAMAH.

Anah. Japhet!
Sam. Lo!
 A son of Adam!
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 325
 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! 330
 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. 335
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 340
 Upright before his God, whate'er thy griefs,
 And thy words seem of sorrow, mixed with wrath,
 How have Azazel, 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, 345
 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 350
 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 355
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 360
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 365
Of thine eternity should know a pang.

Japh. It is for *him*, then! for the Seraph thou
Hast⁷⁹ left me! That is nothing, if thou hast not
Left thy God too! for unions like to these,
Between a mortal and immortal, cannot 370
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 375
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 380
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, 385
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 390
In Paradise⁸⁰ – 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 always⁸¹ dwelt apart from thine
 From the beginning, and shall do so ever. 395

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, 400
 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 405
 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!* – 410
 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 415
 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, 420
 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! 425

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 430
 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 – 435
 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: 440

⁸¹: If B. did write "always", 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 445
 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, 450
 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 455
 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. 460
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? 465
 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, 470
 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 475
 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 480
 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 485
 Unto a perishable and perishing,
 Even on the very *eve* of *perishing*, world,
 Cannot be good.

Aza. What! though it were to save?
Noah. Not ye in all your glory⁸² can redeem
 What he who made you glorious hath condemned. 490
 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 495
 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, 500
 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
 Almightyness. And lo! his mildest and
 Least to be tempted Messenger appears! 505

*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 510
 When Earth must be alone?
 Return!
 Adore and burn
 In glorious homage with the elected "Seven."⁸⁴
 Your place is Heaven. 515

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 520
 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 – 525
 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.

And as the latest birth of his great word,
 Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord.
 Why is thy brow severe?
 And wherefore speak'st thou of destruction near? 530
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, 535
 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; 540
 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 545
 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 550
 To us until this moment hidden,
 Dost thou not err as we
 In being here?
Mich. I came to call ye back to your fit Sphere,
 In the great name and at the word of God! 555
 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, 560
 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. 565
 Our brother Sathan fell –⁸⁶ 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! 570
 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 575
 To be created, and to acknowledge him
 Who midst the Cherubim

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 dependant 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 585
 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, 590
 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, 595
 But they
 Shall pass away,
 While ye shall fill with shrieks the upper sky
 For perishable clay,
 Whose memory in your immortality 600
 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, 605
 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! 610
 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 615
 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, 620
 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, 625
 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. recalls, 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. 630
 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, 635
 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, 640
 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. 645
 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? 650
 And must I lose thee too,
 Azaziel?
 Oh, my heart! my heart!
 Thy prophecies were true,
 And yet thou wert so happy too! 655
 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 660
 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 665
 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 – 670
 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 675
 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 680
 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 685
 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. 690
 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. 695
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 700
 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! 705
 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,
 Were graves permitted to the seed of Cain. 710
Noah. Silence, vain boy! each word of thine's a crime!
 Angel! Forgive this stripling's fond despair.
Mich. Seraphs! these mortals speak in passion: Ye!
 Who are, or should be, passionless and pure, 715
 May now return with me.
Sam. It may not be:
 We have chosen, and will endure.
Mich. Say'st thou?
Aza. He hath said it, and I say, Amen!
Mich. Again!
 Then from this hour, 720
 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, 725
 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:
 Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.
Noah. Hark, Hark! the Sea-birds cry! 730
 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. 735
 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 740
 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. 745

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 750
 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. 755

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 760
 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; 765
 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 770
 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, 775
 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, 780
 Who shall dry up my tears?

Aza. Thy Spirit-lord.
 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,⁸⁹ 785
 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? 790
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! 795
 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. 800
 Yet, yet, Jehovah! yet Withdraw thy rod
 Of wrath,⁹⁰ and Pity thine own world's despair!
 Hear not Man only but all Nature plead!
Mich. Farewell, thou Earth! ye wretched sons of clay,
 I cannot, must not aid you. 'Tis decreed! 805

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.⁹¹
 No azure more shall robe the firmament,
 Nor spangled Stars be glorious: Death hath risen: 810
 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,
 To turn it into what it was: beneath 815
 The shelter of these Wings thou shalt be safe,
 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 820
 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, 825
 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, 830
 Thou sit'st within thy guarded Ark?
A Mother (offering her infant to JAPHET). Oh Let this child embark!

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 840
 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 845
 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, 850
 When the swoln clouds unto the mountains bend
 And burst,
 And gushing Oceans every barrier rend,
 Until the very desarts know no thirst?
 Accurst 855
 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, 860
 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! 865
 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,) 870
 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, 875
 And shut out God from our beseeching eyes.
 Fly, son of Noah, fly, and Take thine ease⁹²
 In thine allotted Ocean-tent;
 And view, all floating o'er the Element,
 The corpses of the world of thy young days: 880
 Then to Jehovah raise
 Thy song of praise!
A Mortal. Blessed are the dead
 Who die in the Lord!⁹³

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, 885
 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, 890
 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: 895
 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, 900
 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? 905
 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. 910

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 915
 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, 920
 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, 925
 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. Any thing 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 Azazel 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 endeavouring 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?"

Medwin's *Conversations of Lord Byron*, ed. Ernest J. Lovell jr., (Princeton 1966), pp.155-8.

Heaven and Earth. *Written Ravenna 9th October-end of October 1821; first published in The Liberal No 2 1st January 1823, 6000 copies* (1821) (proof; no copy extant) Paris 1823 (anon) London 1824 (anon) 1825, (c. 1825). First published in *Liberal* no 2 1823. [MSS: final stage direction only, New York Pforzheimer. The rest is lost.]

Reviewed. Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (January 1823) by John Wilson; Edinburgh Magazine (January 1823) by Francis Jeffrey; Eclectic Review (March 1823); Edinburgh Review (February 1823) conjecturally by Francis Jeffrey and William Hazlitt; Examiner (December 29th 1822) probably by Albany Fonblanque; Gentleman's Magazine (January 1823); Lady's Magazine (January 1823) by Thomas Noon Talfourd; Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review (January 4th 1823); Literary Gazette (January 4th 1823); Literary Museum (January 4th 1823); Literary Register (January 4th 1823); Monthly Censor (April 1823); Monthly Magazine (February 1823); New Monthly Magazine (1823) by "Y. J."

Translations. **Danish** as Himmelen og Jorden by P. F. Wulff, Copenhagen 1827; **Dutch** by J.J. Abbink, Amsterdam 1837; **French** by Amédée Pichot, Paris 1824; **German** by C. Richard, Zwickau 1825; (with The Two Foscari and Cain) by J.V. Adrian, Frankfurt 1831; (with Manfred, Cain, and Sardanapalus) by W. Grüzmacher, Hildburghausen 1870; (with Sardanapalus) by Gustav Pfizer, Stuttgart 1887; **Greek** by G. S. Karadzas, Athens 1892; by Ioanna Driva, Athens 1974; **Hungarian** by Inka Dubovszky, Budapest no date (c.20); **Italian** by Andrea Maffei, Milan 1853; **Russian** by I. V. Gergel, place and date not specified; by P. Veinberg (extract) in *Otechstvennye Zapiski* (vol 3) 1875

Criticism. Mayn, George. Über Lord Byrons Heaven and Earth. Breslau 1887. Zuch, J. Thomas Moores The loves of the angels und Lord Byrons Heaven and Earth: eine Parallele. Vienna 1905; Watkins, Daniel P. Politics and Religion in Byron's Heaven and Earth, 11 (1983) pp 30-9; LaCerva, Patricia. Byron and the Pseudepigraphia: A Re-examination of the Mystery Plays, BJ 14 (1986) pp 44-51; Barsky, Robert. Byron and Catastrophism: A Reading of Heaven and Earth, Social Discourse I 1988; Ray Stevens, Scripture and the Literary Imagination: Biblical Allusions in Byron's Heaven and Earth in Hirst, Wolf Z., ed. Byron, The Bible, and Religion, Essays from the Twelfth International Byron Seminar, Newark, DE: University of Delaware Press 1991; England, Antony B. Byron and the Emergence of Japhet in Heaven and Earth, English Studies in Canada 21 (1995) pp 432-55 (441-3); Royston, Murray and McGann, Jerome. Orthodoxy and Unorthodoxy in Heaven and Earth; Richardson, Allan. On the Borders of Heaven and Earth (both these last in *The Plays of Lord Byron*, ed. Beatty and Gleckner, 1997); Spence, Gordon. Byron, Enoch, Calvin and the Deluge, BJ 1999 pp 66-75; Cochran, Peter. Heaven and Earth in the Context of Byron's Religious Thought; NBSR [2001] p 73

Productions. The world premiere of Heaven and Earth was at Yerevan State University, Armenia, on May 30th 2000. It was directed by Seda Vardanian.