

**NIGHT AND THE  
SOUL: A  
DRAMATIC POEM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649657926

Night and the Soul: A Dramatic Poem by J. Stanyan Bigg

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**J. STANYAN BIGG**

**NIGHT AND THE  
SOUL: A  
DRAMATIC POEM**



**NIGHT AND THE SOUL**

⊙

# NIGHT AND THE SOUL.

A Dramatic Poem.

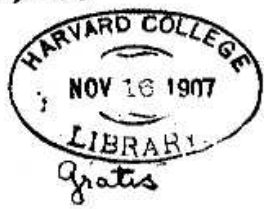
BY

J. STANYAN BIGG.

LONDON:  
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS.

1864.

~~23436.12~~  
23497.15,825



23436

TO  
MY BROTHER JAMES,

*This Volume*

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.





## NIGHT AND THE SOUL.

---

SCENE I.—*A Wood. Night.*

*ALEXIS and FERDINAND.*

*Alexis.* [How deep the silence of these hoary woods,  
Unbroken by the flutter of a wing,  
Ungloom'd by not a throb of life; but left  
In primal peace, and purity, and bliss,—  
The sad, wild bliss of silence, and the hush  
Of prostrate awe, of deep expectancy. — *the hush is death-like*  
Night has thrown wide her palace to her lord;  
One might expect to see a great swart king,  
Begirt in unwrought gold and blazing gems,  
Stride to his ebon throne among the stars,  
And use the clouds for cushions, while the earth  
Trembled up towards him like a sinning child!  
How solemnly this graceful brotherhood  
Of giant trees stand in thick serried lines!  
Like a vast army after victory,  
Waiting the final orders of their king.  
Lo! their huge arms hang listless at their sides,

As if the mighty host were slumbering,  
 Save when the wind glides through them, like a dream,  
 Letting in slips of moonlight, and a glimpse  
 Of the blue heavens and their starry orbs.

[ Ah! there is something holy in this hush—  
 This lake-like, still, submergency of sound,  
 On whose unbroken quietudes our voices  
 Are as a desecration; and our steps  
 Fall on the throbbing silence, as a wail  
 Amidst the harmonious choruses of heaven—  
 As a tooth-grinding jar among the harps  
 Of angels and of hierarchies.

[A pause.

Away!

What do we here? Our very heart's pulsations,  
 Though they be low and muffled, like death-tolls,  
 Are out of tune with this most musical silence,  
 For they have something human in them—speak  
 Of petty purposes, and all the broils  
 That rack the bosom of mortality:  
 But Night is God and Nature's. 'Tis the house,  
 Black-pillared and sky-roofed, where They two hold  
 Their grand, unutterable intercourse!  
 It is the hour when Earth, our mother, claims  
 Companionship and sisterhood with stars;  
 When, throwing off the trammelage of day,  
 She leaps into the Infinite, and sings  
 With all the galaxies, the ancient songs  
 Of all the ages and of all the suns;