THE MASQUE OF THE GODS

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The Masque of the Gods by Bayard Taylor

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BAYARD TAYLOR

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BY

BAYARD TAYLOR.



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A VOICE FROM SPACE.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

ELOHIM.

IMMANUEL.

JOVE.

APOLLO.

BRAHMA.

ORMUZD.

AHRIMAN.

ODIN.

BAAL.

PERUN.

MANITO.

MAN.

THE SEA.

THE MOUNTAINS.

THE RIVERS.

THE TREES.

THE SERPENTS.

THE WOLVES.

THE CAVERNS.

THE ROCKS.

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THE MASQUE OF THE GODS.

SCENE I.

The high table-land of Pamere. Midnight. The distant snowpeaks of the Himalayas, the Hindoo-Koosh, and the Küen-Lün shining in the moonlight. At first, silence; then, slowly and indistinctly,

THE ROCKS.

We scarcely change, though wind and rain and thunder

Blow, beat, and fall, for many a thousand years;

And yet we miss the dread, the ignorant wonder,

The dark, stern being, born of human fears.

The stains of blood, upon our bases sprinkled,

Are washed away; the fires no longer flame:

The stars behold our foreheads still unwrinkled;

We were, and are, but Man is not the same.

THE MASQUE OF THE GODS.

THE CAVERNS.

With murmurs, vibrations,

With rustlings and whispers,

And voices of darkness,

We breathe as of old.

Through the roots of the mountains,

Under beds of the rivers,

We wander and deepen

In silence and cold.

But the language of terror,
Foreboding, or promise,
The mystical secrets
That made us sublime,
Have died in our keeping:
Our speech is confusion:
We mark but the empty
Rotations of Time.