

H

B

L

M

M

S

.

PROLOGUE

Innocent Hearts, Untouched by Angels

ACT I

Of Angels and Men  
Gabriel's Proclamation  
The Meek Shall Inherit the Earth

ACT II

To Calm this Restless Discontent  
The Spirits' Waltz  
Fügefeuer  
The Path of Obedience  
Lucifer's Dream  
First Prince in Some Lower Court  
Enter Lucifer

ACT III

Awake the Stars  
Our Bliss Departed  
Den Standert Lucifers

VONDEL'S



LUCIFER

FIRST  
MOVEMENT

Page XX

Page XX

M

M

M

M



n

0

## PROLOGUE

### INNOCENT HEARTS UNTOUCHED BY ANGELS

*As we stroll through Eden on the first morning of Creation,  
The sun casts its celestial eye across our gleaming skin,  
Here we are, the two of us, male and female,  
Once part of the Cosmic Egg, as laid by the Golden bird,  
And then split asunder into two complimentary units,  
We are the primal couple, the parents of humanity,  
Innocent hearts untouched by angels.*

*The Mother and Father who stand naked in the womb of Paradise,  
The Him-Her and the Her-Him, the Anima and the Animus,  
Lovers forged upon the perpetual wheels of Time,*

*Here, in the Garden, we live out our pure and unsullied existence,  
God-wrapped, in a cocoon of limitless ecstasy and joy,*

*Living, breathing effigies, formed in the likeness of the Master of the Universe,  
Our souls reflecting His glory through optical windows of wonder and amazement,  
Both endless and timeless, we are forever immersed in a glow of idyllic perfection,  
Our loneliness vanquished by a deep and sustained love.*

*But there, behind the tree, where the coiled serpent lies waiting,*

*The Master of Temptation quivers with mischief and spits out his deceitful mantras,*

*Tongue flicking like an incarnation of Kaa at the dawn of the world,*

*As Eve, Fair Eve, like Mowgli before her, is seduced by the hypnotic lullaby of Damnation,*

*One small bite for man, one huge consequence for mankind,*

*The forbidden fruit that now enslaves us all for eternity,*

*The burden of sin that now shames us for all time,*

*The skies open and fallen angels come down to ravage the daughters of Eve,*

*Their innocence surrendered to the uncontrollable lust of the Elohim,*

*As, trampled amid the broken stems and scattered petals of this ruined utopia,*

*Our Garden, our lovely Garden, becomes a guilt-ridden shrine for the gloating purveyors of religious hypocrisy,*

*From this moment on, mankind is saddled with shame and humiliation,*

*Branded like cattle with the perpetual stench of heresy,*

*Chained to the rack for the sadistic merriment of the inquisitor and the witchfinder general,*

*Whispering forced confessions into unsympathetic priestly ears,*

*Innocent hearts ... now stained with blood,*

*Stained ... with blood.*



## Act I



Page XX

Page XX



## OF ANGELS AND MEN

Belzebub:

*My Belial hence hath sped on acry wings  
To see where lingers our Apollion  
Whom for such flight most fit Chief Lucifer  
Hath sent to Earth that he might gain from him  
A better sense of Adam's bliss, the state,  
Where placed by Powers Omnipotent he dwells.  
And lo! The time draws nigh that he returns.  
What brings Apollion?*

Apollion:

*I have, Lord Belzebub,  
The low terrene observed with keenest eye.  
And now I offer thee the fruits grown there  
So far below these heights, neath other skies  
And other sun: now judge thou from the fruit  
The land and garden which even God Himself  
Hath blessed and planted for mankind's delight.*

Belzebub:

*The bliss of Angels fades in that of man.*

Apollion:

*Too true, Lord Belzebub,  
Though high our Heaven may seem, 'tis far too low.  
For what I saw with mine own eyes deceives  
Me not. The world's delights, yea, Eden's fields  
Alone, our Paradise excel.*

Belzebub:

*Proceed.  
We'll hear what thou shalt say. We'll hear together*

Apollion:

*I'll pass my journey thither by nor tell  
How downward sweeping through nine spheres I sped,  
That swift as arrows round their centre whirl.  
The wheel of sense revolves within our thoughts  
Not with such speed, as I beneath the moon  
And clouds dropped down. Where then aloft I hung,  
On floating pinions, to survey that shore,  
That Eastern landscape far that marks the face  
Of that great sphere the flowing ocean rounds.*

Wherin so many kinds of monsters swarm.

*Afar I saw a lofty mount emerge.  
From which a waterfall, fount of four streams,  
Dashed with a roar into the vale below.  
Headlong I steered my course oblique, with steep  
Descent, until I gained the mountain's brow.  
Whence, resting, all the nether world I viewed.  
Its happy fields and glowing opulence.*

Belzebub:

*Now picture us that garden and its shape.*

Apollion:

*Round is the garden, as the world itself.  
Above the centre looms the mount from which  
The fountain gushes that divides in four,  
And waters all the land, refreshing trees  
And fields; and flows in unreflective rills  
Of crystal purity. The streams their rich  
Alluvion bring and nourish all the ground.  
Here Onyx gleams and Bdelion doth shine:  
And bright as Heaven glows with glittering stars:  
So here Dame Nature sowed her constellations  
Of stones that pale our stars. Here dazzle veins  
Of gold; for Nature wished to gather all  
Her treasures in one lap.*

Belzebub:

*But what, pray, of the twain thou sawest there?*

Apollion:

*Who would the nature and the attributes  
Of each one know as Adam! For 'twas he  
That gave them, one by one, their various names.  
The mountain-lion wagged his tail and smiled  
Upon his lord. And, at his sovereign's feet,  
The tiger, too, his fierceness laid. The bull  
Bowed low his horns; the elephant, his trunk.  
The bear forgot his rage. The griffin heard  
His call: the eagle and the dragon dread,  
Behemoth and even great Leviathan.  
Nor shall I tell what praise rings in man's ears.*

*Amid those warbling bowers, replete with songs  
In many tongues; while zephyrs rustle through  
The leaves, and brooks purl neath their sylvan banks  
A murmurous harmony that wearies never.  
Had but Apollion his mission then  
Accomplished, sooth, in Adam's Paradise  
He soon had lost all memory of Heaven.*

Belzebub:

*His praise is not in vain for gifts so rare.*

Apollion:

*He rules even like a god whom all must serve.  
The invisible soul consists of spirit and not  
Of matter, and it rules in every limb:  
The brain it makes its seat, and there holds court.  
It is immortal, nor fears aught of rust.  
Or other injury. 'Tis past our sense.  
Knowledge and prudence, virtue and free-will,  
Are its possessions. Dumb all Spirits stand  
Before its majesty. Ere long the world  
Shall teem with men. It waits, from little seed,  
A harvest rich in souls; and therefore God  
Did man to woman join.*

Belzebub:

*Now say me how  
Thou dost regard his rib - his loved spouse?*

Apollion:

*I covered with my wings mine eyes and face  
That I might curb my thoughts and deep delight,  
When erst she filled my gaze, as Adam led her  
Into their arborous bower with gentle hand:  
From time to time he stopped, in contemplation:  
And gazing thus, a holy fire began  
His pure breast to inflame. And then he kissed  
His bride and she her bridegroom: thus on joy  
Their nuptials fed - on feasts of fiery love.  
Better imagined far than told, a bliss  
Divine beyond all Angel ken. How poor  
Our loneliness! For us no union sweet  
Of two-fold sex, of maiden and of man.  
Alas I how much of good we miss: we know  
No mate or happy marriage in a Heaven  
Devoid of woman.*

*That Nature's pencil needs, nor lesser hues  
Than sunbeams. Perfect are both man and wife:  
Of equal beauty they, from head to foot.  
By right doth Adam Eve excel in strength  
Of form and majesty of bearing, as  
One chosen for the sovereignty of Earth:  
But Eve combines all that her bridegroom joys:  
A tenderness of limb and softer skin  
And flesh, a lovelier tint and eyes enchanting.  
A charming, gracious mouth, a sweeter voice,  
Whose power lies in a sound more exquisite:  
Two founts of ivory and what besides  
No tongue should dare to name, lest Spirits should  
Be tempted. And though all the Angels now  
Impress our eyes as beautiful and fair,  
How ill their forms and faces would appear  
If seen within the rosy morning-light  
Of Maidenhood!  
So long their garden fruit doth give, shall this  
Most happy pair live by an apple sweet,  
Grown on the central tree, that nurture finds  
Beside the stream that loves its tender roots.  
This wondrous tree is called the tree of life.  
'Tis incorruptible, and through it man  
Joys life eterne and all immortal things,  
While of his Angel brothers he becomes  
The peer, yea, and shall in the end surpass  
Them all, until his power and sway and realm  
Spread over all. For who can clip his wings?  
No Angel hath the power to multiply  
His being a thousand thousand times, in swarms  
Innumerable. Now do thou calculate  
What shall from this, in time, the outcome be.*

Belzebub:

*Great is man's might that thus even ours outgrows!*

Apollion:

*Soon shall his increase frighten and astound.  
Though now his sway stoops lower than the moon,  
And though 'tis now determinate, he shall  
Yet higher rise and place himself upon  
The highest seat in Heaven. If God prevent  
Not this, how then can we prevent it? For  
God loves man well and for him made all things.*



## THE PROCLAMATION OF GABRIEL

Gabriel

*The Goodness, in the image of himself,  
Formed man, also the Angels that they might  
Together here with Him securely hold  
The Realm eterne - the good ne'er-comprehended,  
Having the while with faithfulness maintained  
His firm prescribed law, He also built  
This wondrous universe, the world below  
Made manifest, and meet for God and man,  
That in this garden man might rule and there  
Might multiply; acknowledge God with all  
His seed; Him ever serve and e'er revere,  
And thus mount up, by the stairway of the world,  
The firmament of beatific light  
Within, into the ne'er-created glow.*

*Though Spirits may seem pre-eminent, above  
All other beings, yet God hath decreed,  
Even from eternity, that man shall high  
Exalted be, even o'er the Angel world;  
Him destined for a glory and a crown  
Of splendor not inferior to his own.  
Ye shall behold the eternal Word above,  
When clad in flesh and bone, anointed Lord  
And Chief and Judge, mete justice to the hosts  
Of Spirits, to Angels and to men alike,  
From His high seat, in His unshadowed Realm.  
There in the centre stands the holy Throne  
Already consecrate, Let all the hosts  
Angelic then have care to worship Him,  
When He shall ride in triumph in, who hath  
The human form exalted o'er our own.  
Then dimly shines the bright translucent flame  
Of Seraphim, beside this light of man,  
This glow and radiance divine. The rays  
Of Mercy shall all Nature's splendors drown.  
'Tis fated thus - and stands irrevocable.*

Strophe

*Who is it on His Throne, high-seated,  
So deep in boundless realms of light,  
Whose measure, space nor time hath meted,  
Nor e'en eternity; whose might,  
Supportless, yet itself maintaineth,  
Floating on pinions of repose:  
Who, in His mightiness ordaineth  
What round and in Him changeless flows  
And what revolves and what is driven  
Around Him, centre of His plan;  
The sun of suns, the spirit-leaven  
Of space; the soul of all we can  
Conceive, and of the unconceived;  
The heart, the life, the fount, the sea,  
And source of all things here perceived,  
That from Him spring, that His decree  
Omnipotent and Mercy flowing  
And Wisdom from naught did evoke,  
Ere this full-crowned palace glowing,  
The Heaven of Heavens, the darkness broke?  
Where o'er our eyes our wings extending  
To veil His dazzling Majesty,  
Mid harmonies to Him ascending,  
We fall before Him tremblingly  
And kneel, confused, in awe together.  
Who is it? Name, or picture then  
His Being with a Seraph's feather,  
Or is't beyond your tongue and ken?*

Antistrophe

*'Tis God: being infinite, eternal,  
Of everything that being has.  
Forgive us, O! Thou Power supernal,  
By all that is and ever was  
Ne'er fully praised, ne'er to be spoken:  
Forgive us, nor incensed depart.  
Since no imagining, tongue nor token  
Can Thee proclaim, Thou wert, Thou art  
Fore'er the same. All Angel praising  
And knowledge is but faint and tame,  
'Tis but foul sacrilege, their phrasing:  
For each bears his peculiar name  
Save Thee. And who can by declaring  
Reveal Thy name? And who make known  
Thine oracles? Who is so daring?  
He who Thou art Thou art alone.  
Save Thee none knows Thy power transcendent,  
Who grasps Thy full divinity?  
Who dares to face Thy Throne resplendent,  
The fierce glow of eternity?  
To whom the light of light revealed?  
What's hid behind Thy sacred veil,  
From us Thy Mercy hath concealed.  
Such bliss transcends the narrow pale  
Of our weak might. Our life is waning;  
But Thine, Lord, shall know endless days,  
Our being in Thine finds its sustaining!  
Exalt the Godhead! Sing His praise!  
Holy! holy! Once more holy!  
Three times holy! Honour God!  
Without Him is nothing holy!  
Holy is His mighty nod!  
Strong in mystery He reigneth!  
His commands our tongues compel  
To proclaim what He ordaineth,  
What the faithful Gabriel  
With his trumpet came expounding,  
Praise of man to God redounding!  
All that pleaseth God is well.*

Page XX

Page XX



H

L

B

## ENTER LUCIFER

Lucifer:

*Ye speedy Spirits, stay our chariot now,  
God's Morning-star in its full zenith stands:  
Its height is reached; and lo! The moment comes  
When Lucifer must set before this star.  
This double star that rises from below  
And seeks the way above, to tarnish Heaven  
With earthly glow. No more should ye adorn  
Proud Lucifer's apparel with glittering crowns,  
Nor gild his forehead with the glorious dawn  
Of morning-star, to which Archangels kneel  
Another splendour sweeps into the light  
Of God, whose radiance drowns our vaunted glory.  
As to the eyes of man, below, the sun,  
By day, puts out the stars. The shades of night  
Bedim the Angels and the suns of Heaven:  
For man hath won the heart of the Most High,  
Within his new-created Paradise.*

*He is the friend of Heaven. Our slavery  
Even now begins. Go hence, rejoice and serve  
And honor this new race like servile slaves.  
For God was man created; we, for him.  
Let then the Angels bend their necks beneath  
His feet. Let each one now upon him wait  
And bear him even unto the highest Thrones  
On hands or wings: for our inheritance  
Shall pass to him, the chosen son of God.  
We, the first-born, shall suffer in this Realm.  
The son, born on that day, the sixth, and made  
In the image of the Father, shall attain  
The crown. And rightly unto him was given  
The mighty sceptre, which shall cause even us,  
The ones first born, to tremble and to shake.  
Here holds no contradiction now: ye heard  
What Gabriel's trump spake at the golden port?*

## ACT II

Belzebub:

*O! Stadtholder of God's superior Powers,  
Alas! We hear too well, amid the praise  
Of choristers, a discord that makes sad  
The feast eterne. The charge of Gabriel  
Is clear. It needs no tongue of Cherubim  
To unfold its sense. Nor was there need to send  
Apollon below, a nearer view  
To gain of Adam's realm beneath the moon.  
The massive gate of Heaven stands ajar  
For Adam's seed. An earth-worm that hath crawled  
Out of the dust - out of a clod of clay  
Defies thy power. Thou shalt yet man behold  
O'er thee exalted, so that thou shalt fall  
Who is their centre and circumference.  
What clearer proof need we to see that God  
Shall glorify mankind, and us degrade?  
For we were born to serve, and man, to rule.*

Lucifer:

*That shall I thwart, if in my power it be.*

Page XX

Page XX



n

0

H

B

L

## FIRST PRINCE IN SOME LOWER COURT

Lucifer

*It is not meet for Dominations grave.  
Powers well-disposed in state, thus to give up  
So loosely their established rights; and since  
The supreme Power is by His laws most bound,  
To change becomes Him least. Let all yield  
Who will, not one foot shall I e'er retreat.  
Nor hardship dire  
Nor yet disaster nor anathemas  
Shall me intimidate, or tame.  
Here is my Fatherland.*

Chorus:

*Am I a son  
Of Light, a ruler of the light, my place  
I shall maintain, to no usurper bow.  
Not even this Arch-usurper.  
To be the first prince in some lower court  
Is better than  
Within the Blessed Light to be the second.  
The second, or even less.*

*To die, or to gain port  
Around this dreadful cape, this is my destiny.  
Doth fate decree that I must fall.  
Of rank and honours shorn  
Then let me fall; but fall with this my crown  
Upon my brow, this sceptre in my grasp.  
With my own retinue of faithful troops.  
And with these many thousands on my side.  
Aye, thus to fall brings honour and shall shed  
Unfading glory on my name.*

Chorus

Page XX

## LUCIFER'S DREAM

Lucifer

*This thus I weigh the stroke, nor harm, nor hindrance fear.  
But here, hardby, comes Heaven's Interpreter  
And Herald vigilant, with God's own book  
Of mysteries, committed to his care.  
Well, most opportune for us his coming hither:  
For I would question him, I shall accost  
Him then, and from my chariot descent.*

*The Spirits once consecrate to service  
In Empyrean palaces shall serve an Earth-Worm  
That from out the dust hath crawled and grown  
And on his bidding wait - and see him them excel  
In rank and numbers  
Why doth endless Mercy us degrade so soon?  
What Angel hath forgot to render due reverence?  
How could the Deity mingle with base mankind  
And thus pass by the nature of His chosen angels here  
While His own Nature and His Being he pours into a body?  
Shall now eternity's bright quenchless sun set in the  
Gathering darkness of the world?  
Shall we, the Stadtholder of God, thus kneel before this shadow power?*

Page XX



0



## THE PATH OF OBEDIENCE

Gabriel  
Lord Stadtholder, how? Whither bound?

Lucifer  
To thee, O! Herald and Interpreter of Heaven!

Gabriel  
Methinks I read thy purpose on thy brow.

Lucifer  
Thou who canst fathom and who canst reveal,  
Through the deep-searching light of thy mind's eye,  
The shadowy mysteries of God, relieve  
Me with thy coming.

Lucifer  
The late decision of the ruling Powers,  
The new decree made by the Godhead  
who esteems celestial joys as of less worth  
Than earthly elements, oppresses Heaven,  
Even from the low abyss the Earth exalts  
Above the stars, set man high in the seat  
Of the Angels, whom, shorn of primordial powers  
He then commands for human happiness  
To sweat and slave.  
We Spirits are yet too gross to comprehend  
This mystery. Thou, who the key dost guard  
Of God's rich treasure-house of mysteries,  
Unlock, if so thou mayest, this secret dark  
From out thy sealed book: unfold to us  
The Will of Heaven.

Gabriel  
As much as it is to us  
Permitted to unfold out of God's book:

Indeed may damage bring. The Sovran Power  
Revealeth only what He does seem most fit.  
The inner light blinds even Seraphim  
The spotless wisdom, in part, her will  
Conceal, in part would it disclose. Himself  
E'er to submit and to conform unto  
A well-established law, this best becomes  
The subject, who unto his master's will  
And charge stands bound.  
The reason why the Lord  
(which secret we shall know, when first shall pass  
A lineage of Earth-born generation)  
Who, in the course of time, both God and man  
Become, shall reign - shall sceptre sway, and rule  
Afar and wide, the stars, the sea, the Earth  
And all that live, the Heavens conceal from thee:  
Time shall divulge the cause. God's trumpet  
Heed:  
His will now thou hast heard.

Lucifer  
Shall then on high  
A worm an alien, wield the greatest power?  
Must they who native are to Heaven thus yield  
To foreign rule? Shall man then found a throne  
Even o'er the Throne of God?

Gabriel  
Content thee with  
Thy lot, the rank and state and worthiness  
Once granted thee by God. For thee he made  
The head of all the Hierarchies, though  
Not to envy others' glory or renown  
Rebellion flattens both her crown and head  
When'er she rears her crest 'gainst God's commands  
Thy splendor owes it's lustre to God's power  
Alone

Lucifer  
Till now my crown hath bowed to none but God

Gabriel  
Then also bow before this last  
Decree of God, who leadeth all that have  
Their beings from naught, yea, all that e'er shall  
Live.  
Unto their end and certain destiny  
Though we may fail to comprehend His plan

Thou art, indeed,  
Most zealous for the glory of God's name:  
Though true without weighing well that God,  
The point wherein His majesty doth lie,  
Far better knows than we. Cease therefore now  
This inquisition. For when God as man  
Shall have become, He shall this book of His  
Own mysteries, now sealed with seven seals,  
Himself unseal. To taste the kern within  
Is not for thee; thou seest the shell alone.  
Then of this long concealment we shall learn  
The cause and hidden reason all the while  
Deep-gazing in the unveiled Holy of Holies

It now behooves us ever to obey  
And to revere this rising dawn, to use  
Our light with thankfulness untill the time  
When knowledge in her power shall drive all doubt  
Away, even as the sun the night. Now learn  
We gradually, with modest reverence,  
God's Wisdom to approach. And this to us  
Reveals, by slow degrees, the light of truth  
And knowledge, and requires that, on his watch,  
Each shall submit himself to reason's rule.  
Lord Stadtholder, be calm. Be foremost, thou,  
Now to maintain the law: God sends me hence.  
I must away.

Lucifer  
I do beseech  
Thee, Gabriel, if now thy trumpet's voice,  
The new-made law given by the High Command,  
I do resist, or seemingly oppose.  
We strive for God's own honor, yea, to give  
To God His Right, should I become thus daring  
And wander far beyond the narrow path  
Of my obedience.



## FÜGEFEDER

Belzebub

*The Stadtholder now hears the meaning of  
This proclamation grave so proudly blown  
By Gabriel's trumpet bold: How well he showed  
Thee God's design! Whose purpose thou mayst scent:  
Thus shall he clip the wings of thy great power.*

Lucifer

*But not so easily! Ah! Nay, forsooth:  
I shall have care this purpose to prevent.  
Let not a power inferior thus dream  
To rule the Powers above.*

*Now swear I by my crown, upon his chance  
To venture all, to raise my seat amid  
The firmament, the spheres, the splendor of  
The stars above. The Heaven of Heavens shall then  
My palace be, the rainbow be my throne.  
The starry east, my court, while, down beneath  
The Earth shall be my footstool and support.  
I shall, then swiftly drawn through air and light,  
High-seated on a chariot of cloud,  
With lightning stroke and thunder grind to dust  
What'er above, around, below, doth us  
Oppose, were it God's Marshal grand himself.  
Yea, e'er we yield, these empyrean vaults,  
Proud in their towering masonry, shall burst  
With all their arches and dissolve  
Before our eyes: this huge and joint-racked Earth,  
Like a misshapen monster, lifeless lie:  
This wondrous universe to chaos fall,  
And to its primal desolation change.  
Who dares, who dares defy great Lucifer?*

Apollion

*O Stadtholder of God's unbounded Realm,  
And Oracle within the Council of  
The Gods subordinate, I offer thee  
My service and await thy new commands.  
What now the word - what of thy subject would  
Thy Majesty?*

Lucifer

*It pleaseth us to hear  
Thy sense and thy opinion of a grave  
And weighty plan that cannot fail to win.  
'Tis our intent to pluck the proudest plume  
From Michael's wings, that our attempt upon  
His mightiness shall not rebound as vain.  
With his own arm as many oracles  
He founds, as ever God Himself hath heen  
From deathless diamond with His hand.  
Behold now man exalted to the Heaven of Heavens,  
Through all the circles of the spheres, then see*

*The Spirit world, so deep, so far below,  
Even 'neath his footcloth there, like feeble worms  
Already crawling in the dust. I joy  
To storm this throne with violence, and thus  
To hazard by one strong, opposing stroke  
The glory of my state and star and crown*

Apollion

*Thou know'st what Michael, God's Fieldmarshal may:  
Neath his command are all God's legions placed.  
He bears the key of the armoury here on high.  
To him the watch is trusted, and he keeps  
A faithful, sleepless eye on all the camps:  
So that of all the galaxies of Heaven  
Not even one star, it's celestial march,  
Dare move itself the least, nor stir without  
Its ranks. 'Tis easy to commence; but in  
Such warfare to engage exceeds our might  
And drags trains of hardships in its wake  
What ordinance and what martial enginery  
Could e'er avail his legions proud to quell?  
The valiant Michael, bears with no less fire  
And pride: God's wondrous name amid the field  
Of this great banner, with the sun above.*

Lucifer

*What boots a name?  
Heroic deeds, as this, are ne'er achieved  
With titles, nor with pomp; but by valor, spirit,  
And subtle strokes in skill and cunning bred.  
Thou art a master-wit with craftiness  
The Spirits to seduce, them to ensnare,  
To lead and to incite howe'er thou wilt.  
Thou canst attain even those among the watch  
Of most integrity, and teach even those  
To water, who had thought to waver never.  
Begin, we see God's legions in two camps  
Divided, lords, and vassals roused to strife  
And mutiny. The greatest part even now  
Are blind and deaf, save to their own demands:  
And one amid all cry loudly for a chief.  
If thou for us a fourth part canst allure,  
We'll crown thy craft and dexterous management  
With place and honor. Go, this plot consider  
With Belial, for it must be dark indeed.  
Where he shall lose his way. His countenance,  
Smooth-varnished with dissimulation's hue,  
No master in such deep concealment owns.  
My car I now ascend; think ye this over.  
The council hath convened, and now awaits  
Our own attendance. We shall call you both  
Within us so on as ye shall come. And thou,  
Chief Lord, guard with thy trusty followers  
This mighty gate that to the palace leads.*

## THE SPIRITS' WALTZ

Belial

*God's Stadtholder doth serve himself  
with us on high.  
And both aimed are  
Even at one mark, though perilous to reach.  
Let crack what will, the matter must proceed.  
The weapons favour us: we first must gain the guard.  
Through something specious, 'neath some seeming 'guised.  
Our Angel Realm must be maintained, its state,  
Its honor, and its privilege, so choose  
A chief, on whom each can reliance place.*

Apollion

*Thou comprehendest well: no better cause  
I wish as seed for mutiny, to set  
The court against its subjects, throng 'gainst throng.  
For each among us is inclined to guard  
That honor, rank, and lawful privilege  
Unto him given by the Omnipotent  
Ere He created man, an after-thought.  
The celestial palace is our heritage.  
To the Spirits, who above float on their wings,  
Who, incorporeal, therefore, ne'er can sink,  
This place is more adapt than to the race  
Of Earth, too sluggish far to choose against  
Their nature these clear bows. Here shines the day  
Too bright, too strong.*

Belial

*For all eternity,  
Mankind to lock without the gate of Heaven.*

Apollion

*That tinkles well in the Angelic ear.  
That flashes like a flame from choir to choir  
Through Orders nine and all the Hierarchies.  
And then it were  
Most opportune that Belzebub, a chief  
Of power and eminence, should tender them  
His seal, to force their vested Rights and gain  
Redress of grievances.  
Then let the Stadtholder himself approach,  
And in support of such a proud resolve  
Offer his mighty arm.  
Upon the head depends the whole affair.  
Whate'er thy promises, without a chief  
They'll ne'er commence so hazardous a cause.*

Apollion

*We fly together from his bow like speeding arrows.  
Ere long the Heavens shall crack 'neath our attempt.  
How then this cause to best advantage grasp?  
The chieftains first, and with them  
The bravest troops must then succeed in winning.  
Name thou this thing. Come, say what thou shalt call it.*

Apollion

*Their eyes cannot endure  
That splendid light, upon whose glow we gaze.  
Then let man keep in his native element.  
As other creatures do. Let him suffice  
The bounds of his terrestrial Paradise.  
Where the rising and the setting of the sun  
And moon divide the months and form the year.  
Let him observe, in their wide-circling round,  
The crystal spheres. Let Eden's pleasant fruits  
Content him, and its flowers that breathe perfume.  
To range from East to West, from North to South:  
Let this his pastime be. What needs he more?  
We'll ne'er bring homage to an earthly lord.  
Thus I resolve. Canst thou more briefly yet  
This meaning state?*

Apollion

*That tinkles well in the Angelic ear.  
That flashes like a flame from choir to choir  
Through Orders nine and all the Hierarchies.*

*Not all at once,  
But gradually, as if by by-paths won.*

*We soon shall hear,  
When in the Council, his opinion  
And his intent: then let him for a while  
His thoughts dissemble and, at last, spur on  
The maddened throng, embarrassed for a head.*

*What hath been won, no need to win again!  
Who most hath lost in glory and in state,  
Him doth it most concern. Let him precede,  
And beat the measure for a myriad feat.*



## TO CALM THIS RESTLESS DISCONTENT

Strophe:

How glares the noble front of Heaven!  
Why streams the holy light so red  
Upon our face, o'erspread  
With mournful mists from darkness driven?  
What sad cloud hath profaned  
That pure and never-stained  
Clear sapphire, wondrous bright,  
The fire the flame, the light  
Of the resplendent Power,  
Omnipotence? Why doth that glow  
Of God as black as blood thus grow  
That in our aery bower  
So pleased our eyes? O Angels, say  
The cause of this deep gloom now dimming  
Your radiance? O'er Adam's sway  
On choral raptures ye were swimming,  
On Spirit breath, amid a glow  
That vault and choir and court below  
And towers and battlements o'erflooded  
With showers of gold, while joys unclouded  
Smiled from the brows of all that live:  
Who is it can the reason give?

Antistrophe:

When Gabriel's trumpet, richly sounding,  
Inflamed our souls till a new song  
Of praise burst forth among  
Those dales, with roses fair abounding,  
Mid the celestial bowers  
Of Paradise, whose flowers  
Did ope, joyed by such dew  
Of praise, then upwards through  
The vast seemed Envy stealing,  
A countless host of Spirits dumb,  
And wan and pale and sad and grim,  
In crowds, dire woe revealing,  
Crept slowly past with drooping eye,  
And forehead smooth now frowning rimple.  
The doves of Heaven here on high,  
Once innocent and pure and simple,  
Began to sigh, and seemed to grieve  
As if e'en Heaven they did believe  
Too small since Adam was created,  
And man for such a crown was fated,  
This stain offends the Eye of Light:  
It flames the face of the Infinite.

In love we would yet mingle in their ranks:  
Again to calm this restless discontent.



Page XX

Page XX



H

L

B

## OUR BLISS DEPARTED

Luciferians

How oft belief proves but delusive hope!  
Alas! how things have changed. We deemed no rank  
Than ours more happy in this rising Realm,  
Yea, thought our state even like unto God's own,  
More blessed than Earth and e'er unchangeable.  
Till Gabriel met us with his trumpet bold,  
And from the golden port the hosts astounded  
With this new-made decree, that shall deprive  
The Angels of the good, the highest good.  
First from the Godhead's breast to the outpoured.  
How is our glory dimmed! O unexpected blow  
And change of lot! Ah! comrades in one grief.

Ah! come and gather round in groups and sigh  
And weep with us together here. 'Tis time  
To rend this shining raiment, meet for feasts  
To voice our plaints: for none can this forbid.  
Our gladness fades and our first sorrow dawns.  
Alas! alas! ye choristers of Heaven,  
O brothers, tear those garlands from your brows  
And change the blithesome livery of joy  
For sorrow's gruesome garb. Oh! droop your eyes.  
Seek shadows even as we: for sorrow shuns The light.  
Let each one raise his voice to ours  
And utter fearful plaints. Drown in your grief:  
Sink down in mournful thought. To voice your woe.  
The burdened heart relieves. Now joy to groan:  
For groaning heals the smart. Now shout aloud.  
As with one voice, and follow these our woes:  
Alas! alas! where is our bliss departed?

Chorus of Angels

What plaint arises here, unpleasant sound?  
The Heavens shrink back in fright. This air on high  
Hath not been wont to hear the wail of woe  
On sad notes sobbing through these joyful vaults.  
Nay, wreaths and palms and loud triumphal song  
And tuneful harps are far more meet for us.  
What can this be? Who crouches here with head  
Down-hanging, sad, forlorn, and needlessly

Oppressed? Who gave them food for grief? Who can  
The reason guess? O fellow choristers,  
Come then, 'tis needful that we ask the cause  
Of their lament and this dark cloud of woe.  
That robs our splendour of its radiance  
And dims and dulls the bright translucent glory  
Of the eternal feast. Heaven is a court  
Where joy and peace and all delights abound.  
Grief never nestled 'neath these lucid eaves.  
Nor woeful pain. Ah! fellow choristers,  
Oh! come, console them in their heaviness.

Luciferians

Alas! alas! where is our bliss departed?

Chorus: Companions dear in our high happiness,  
Oh! brothers, why? Oh! sons of the glad Light,  
Why thus depressed at heart? Who gave you cause  
Thus to complain and thus to mourn? Ye had  
Begun to lift your heads aloft to Heaven,  
To bloom amid the day, whose lustre streams  
From God's deep glow. The Heavens brought you forth  
To mount in rapid flight from firmament  
To firmament beyond, from court to court;  
To flit amid the shadeless light content,  
In one delightful life, and endless feast.

Luciferians

O brothers, can ye ask with earnestness  
Why we thus grieve? Did ye also not hear  
What Gabriel's trump revealed: how we through this  
New-given command, down from our state are thrust  
Into a slavery of Earth and of  
As many souls as from a little blood  
And seed may haply spring? What have we done  
Amiss? how erred, that God a water-bubble,  
Blown full of vapid air, exalts, His sons,  
The Angels, to abuse? - a bastardy  
Exalts, formed out of clay and dust?



# ACT III

Page XX

Page XX



n

0



## AWAKE THE STARS

Chorus of Angels

*What murmur this? Dost hear a strife of  
tongues?*

*"O brothers, what doth cause this sad lament?  
Why miserable? The cause?"*

*They make complaint of man's approaching state  
And triumph, as proclaimed by Gabriel's trumpet;  
That he outranks the Angels.  
This briefly states their sorrow's cause.*

*"How thus can Justice unjust verdicts speak?"*

*Correct God's verdicts. Write thou His laws!*

Chorus

*While one He setteth on a throne. He casts  
Another down: the one least worthy must  
Unto the son more favored then submit.*

*One power rules all, cease now this murmur  
The proudest tower he can make the humblest  
Base. The element of Earth he shall change to air  
Water, fire, as he wishes.*

*Whate'er doth breathe  
May rightly the Creator praises bring,  
Who each his being gave and unto each  
Gave his degree.*

*The Godhead can the state of Angels miss; nor  
aided is by others' service; for the glorious Realm  
Eterne nor music needs, nor incense, nor  
These odors swung, nor harmonies of praise.  
Ungrateful Spirits, be still: your base tongues  
Curb. Ye know not God's design. Be yet content  
With your establishment, and unto God and  
Gabriel's decree yourselves submit.*

*'Is then the high state of the ruling Spirits  
So changeable? They stand on slippery ground.  
How pitiable their lot! How miserable!*

*Because a lesser in this Realm shall reign?  
We shall remain as now: how are we wronged?*

*"They are the highest God, their refuge sure  
And Father: they upon His breast have lain:  
Now lies a lesser one more close than they."*

*For one to grieve o'er others' bliss shows lack  
Of love, and scents of envy and pride.  
Let not this stain upon the purity  
And brightness of the Angels thus remain.*

Chorus

*To strive in concord, love, and faithfulness,  
The one against the other here, doth please  
The Father, who all things in ranks ordained*

*"So they maintain the rank the Heavens them  
gave; but hardly can endure man's slave to be."*

*That's disobedience, and from their rank  
They thus shall fall away. Thou seest how, too  
The hosts of Heaven, in golden armor clad  
And in appointed ranks arrayed, keep watch,  
Each in his turn; how this star sets and that  
Ascends; and how not one of all on high  
The lustre dulls of others there more clear,  
Nor yet of those more dim: The Voice of Him  
Who ruleth all this measured cadence leads,  
That listens and Him faithfully obeys.*

*"The firmament remains, as God decreed.  
Had it not pleased Him thus to disarrange  
The state of Angels, they would not, as now,  
Awake the stars from their harmonious peace,  
Nor thus disturb with plaints these quiet courts."*

*Beware lest thou this discontent shouldst flame.*

Chorus



Page XX

Page XX



0



## DEN STANDERT LUCIFERS

Luciferians

*Alas! Alas! Where is our bliss departed?*

Belzebub:

*All goeth well : we gain increase. In grief  
The Angels now assemble, and in woe  
Their heads they droop together. What doth move  
You, Angel hosts, with sighs and groans to mourn?  
Can, then, the bloom of happiness thus fade?  
In peace all to possess that Spirit can with  
From God, the Giver - doth even this content  
You not ? Ye therefore stand in your own light,  
And cherish mournfulness, whose cause I can  
Nor fathom nor discern. Come, cease your groans,  
Nor longer tear your standards and your robes  
Without a cause : but clear your clouded face  
And darkened forehead with new radiance.  
Of sorrow through the highest arches rolls,  
From sphere to sphere.*

Luciferians

*Chief Lord, whose potent word unnumbered bands  
Would call to arms, thou comest most opportune  
To soothe our misery and to prevent  
By thy great power this threatened injury  
And undesired disgrace.*

*Shall Gabriel The sacred crown of the holy Angels place  
On Adam's head : through Adam's son and heir  
Crush God's first-born ? 'Twere better far had we  
Not been made ere the splendor-dazzling sun  
His chariot mounted and in Heaven shone.  
The Godhead chose in vain the Spirits as guards  
Of these immobile courts, if thus He shall,  
Against their vested Rights, Himself oppose :  
Who guiltless to resistance are provoked  
By dire impatience and necessity.*

Belzebub

*Methinks that thou art wrong. O King of Lords,  
'Twere better to avert this. Give no cause  
For mutiny or discord : give no cause  
Whereby Rebellion grows. What remedy?  
How reconcile you with the Majesty supreme?*

Luciferians

*We were rejoicing here, enraptured with  
The praise to God outpoured, were bowing low  
In deep humility, and worshipping  
'Mid burning censers with devotion flamed : -  
All quivering with the rippling notes, the Heavens,  
From choir to choir, unto the sound gave ear -  
Yea, melted slowly in delicious joy,  
With song and hard enchanted - when the trump  
Of Gabriel 'mid the rising harmony  
Blew that decree, and midst the glory fell  
This sudden thunderbolt of night.  
The youngest son was given the crown,  
The sceptre, and the blessing,  
While the eldest-born marked as a slave  
Remains. That is the part obedience,  
Devotion, love, and faithfulness receive  
From God's rich treasury, that mourning brings:  
That wrath enkindles, and thoughts of revenge,  
Grown out of righteous hate.*

*Chief Lord, thou canst prevent our fall, and by  
Our charter yet preserve our Rights : protect  
Us by thy power. We are prepared even now  
To follow 'neath thy standard and command,  
To be thy troops. Lead on. This glorious  
To battle for one's honor, crown, and Right.*

Chorus:

*Be still! be still! thou art by Michael spied.*

Page XX

## CREDITS

Composed and produced by Michiel Spapé

Written by Joost van den Vondel (1654)

Translated by Leonard C. van Noppen (1898)

Edited by Michiel Spapé & Miklós Hoffer (2005)

## THE HERR ENSEMBLE

Michiel Spapé : guitar, melodica and all music unless noted otherwise

Oskar van Dijk : cello

Cornelius Waldner : flute on "The Meek Shall Inherit the Earth"

Reinier Jansen : (live) percussion

Miklós Hoffer : Lucifer, Luciferians

Troy Southgate : Apollon, Preface, Luciferians

Michiel Spapé : Belzebub

Oskar van Dijk : Belial

Maria Southgate : Chorus of Angels

Holger F. : Gabriel

Dev : Chorus of Angels on XII

Richard Leviathan : Chorus of Angels on XII

Design by Michiel Spapé

Composed, produced and recorded in Europe  
2004 - 2006

Thanks to : John Aart (original drawings of Van Noppen's translation), Wendy Hoogeveen (support)  
Justin Mitchell (propaganda) and Marcel P. (recording Cornelius' flute), and several deceased sculptors

Contact : <http://herr.tegendemuur.nl>

Page XX