

Outworn in dust along the roads of
space,
Blown by the breath of chaos. When
this plan,
This present firmament, vision and
light,
Princes of heaven, dominions, powers,
are past,
I shall remain about the eternal throne
Veiling the thoughts of God. Leave
him with me,
Ye younger spirits ; such silence is too
old
For your bright souls to bear. Leave
me my dead.

*(The angels of Light and Dreams take flight.
The angel of Darkness covers Moses with
his wings.)*

The dead are mine. Swift they come
down to me.
The little life they suffer, their frail
dream
Is past. Here is no memory, here no
hope,
No reason, no despair nor happiness.
Only the dust and I. It is His will.
Voices of Israel—Who now shall stand be-
tween us and our God?