

The Jewish Year
No I שבת בראשית
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by Isaac Aguirre

The Spake, th' Almighty, Spake, & Earth & Heav'n
Started from Chaos nice again to sleep,
Earth yet was void, no beauteous form was giv'n,
And darkness lay upon the mighty deep.

The Spake - Let there be Light! and there was light;
E'en as He spake, the rushing torrent came,
And darkness fled before th' effulgence bright,
The sun & moon were not, 'twas Heav'n's own light.

Again He spake, & then a wide expanse
Stretch'd forth between the waters; azure shyn
Soft, lovely, meet to bless th' admiring glance
That was to gaze, tho' yet it was not night.

And yet again, that Voice, and yet again,
Six times it spake - and Earth in richness clad,
Seem'd with new life, that knew nor death nor pain,
And in the presence of its God, was glad.