Nor aught nor naught existed; yon bright sky was not, nor heaven's broad woof outstretched above. What covered all? what sheltered? what concealed? Was it the water's fathomless abyss?

There was not death — hence was there naught immortal, There was no confine betwixt day and night; The only One breathed breathless in itself, Other than it there nothing since has been.

Darkness there was, and all at first was veiled in gloom profound, — an ocean without light. — The germ that still lay covered in the husk burst forth, one nature, from the fervent heat.

Then first came Love upon it, the new spring of mind — yea, poets in their hearts discerned, pondering, this bond between created things and uncreated.

Comes this spark from earth, piercing and all-pervading, or from heaven? Then seeds were sown, and mighty power arose — nature below, and Power and Will above.

Who knows the secret? who proclaimed it here, whence, whence this manifold creation sprang? — The gods themselves came later into being. — Who knows from whence this great creation sprang? -

He from whom all this great creation came. Whether his will created or was mute, the Most High seer that is in highest heaven, he knows it, — or perchance e'en He knows not.