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for England and one thousand copies  
for the United States, of which this  
is No. 201 of the English issue.*

*Harry Clark*

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DEAREST AND BEST, WITH MY WHOLE HEART I LOVE THEE  
[See p. 178]

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# Faust

by Goethe

from the German  
by John Hunter

Illustrated by  
Harry Clarke

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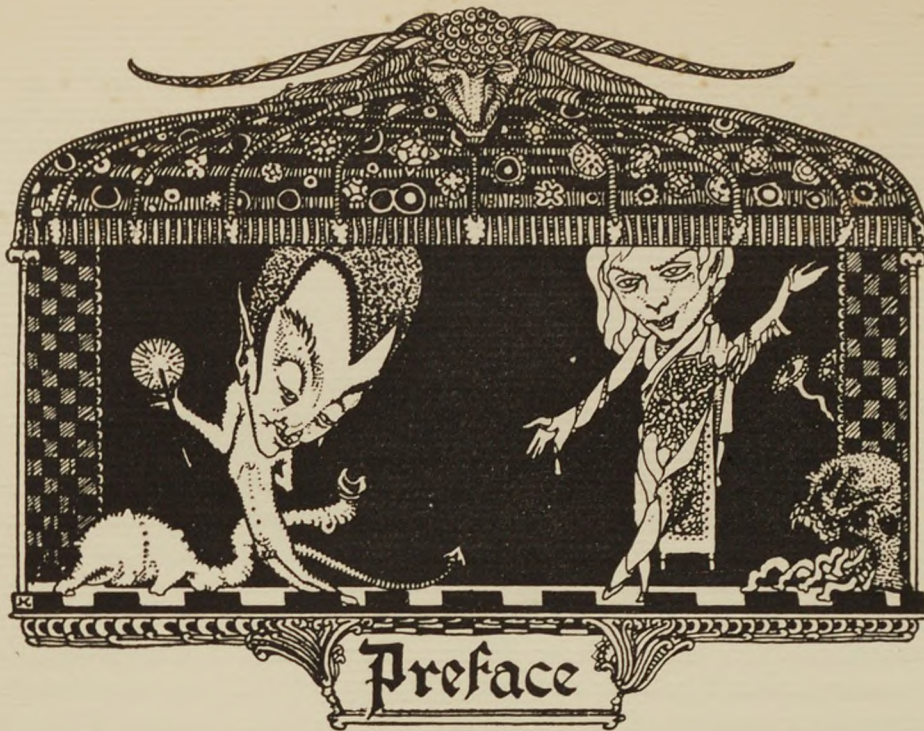




TO  
JAMES THOMAS O'BRIEN, D.D.

THIS VOLUME  
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED  
BY  
JOHN ANSTER





LARGE extracts from this translation were printed many years ago in "Blackwood's Magazine." Their publication in the magazine was probably the first detailed notice which the English public had of the poem. In England we had our popular stories of Faustus; his "Tragical Life and Death" formed the subject of ballads and dramas. "The Devil and Dr Faustus" figured everywhere in puppet-play exhibition. "The story," says Warton, writing at the close of the last century—and who was himself fond of witnessing all such exhibitions—"frightens children at puppet-shows in the country towns." When I first ventured on a translation of Goethe's poem it was natural that I should have called the hero not 'Faust,' but 'Faustus'—the name by which alone he was known in England. The legend is of course German; but our Marlowe seems, as is acknowledged by Lessing—who was himself engaged with the subject—to have been the first who felt its dramatic capabilities. To have written the name 'Faust,' not 'Faustus,' could scarcely have been done when my extracts from the poem were first published. There would be some inconvenience in now continuing this designation, and perhaps some impropriety in calling Goethe's poem by any other name than that which he gave it. It may, however, be mentioned that in the Second Part the hero is now and then called 'Faustus,' and it was Goethe's habit in conversation so to name him.

*A few passages—very few—of this book have the character of paraphrase; and these, perhaps, I might be disposed to alter, if it were not that when a reader of the original who is led to look at the translation complains of this I incline to think that he does not sufficiently consider the position of those readers of whom chiefly, if not alone, a translator should think. “Translations,” says Johnson, “are for people who cannot read the original.” What such a critic as I have imagined complains of as paraphrase may in some cases be absolutely necessary to render intelligible the full thought of the German words; may at times be necessary for the purpose of preserving some peculiar form of expression—metaphorical or even literal—which the translator thinks could not be omitted without injury, but which could not be preserved on any other conditions than those involved in what is called paraphrase.*

*An inconvenience of more moment may seem to arise from the use of paraphrase in the translation of a poem so popular in Germany that many lines have passed into proverbs, and are familiarly introduced in writing and conversation in a variety of applications. These, it may be said, should be given literally. Could it be imagined as possible under any circumstances that by any form of translation this effect could be produced in another country, there might be some meaning in what I feel to be a plausible objection; but a little consideration will show that where there is in the original an epigrammatic condensation of thought it may be necessary, even when the translator has preserved or sought to preserve the epigrammatic form, for him to add a line or two expanding the compressed expression of his author, for the purpose of rendering it at once intelligible. I feel that thus only could many parts of the poem be even readable in English. However, I am saying too much on a subject that does not affect as many as half a dozen pages in the volume. I allowed myself no liberties except those implied in the fact that I was translating a poem, and was writing in the hope that the translation itself—at however humble a distance from Goethe’s great work—might be recognized as a poem. I have claimed no privileges which the exigencies of the tasks they had undertaken did not compel such masters of the full powers of our language as Dryden and Coleridge to avail themselves of—and without the free exercise of which to translate any poem faithfully would, I believe, be impossible.*

*After such an interval as has elapsed since the first publication of this translation, it is impossible that it should not now and then have occurred to me to wish to make some changes. This will happen to one even in the republication of an original work—how much more in reprinting a translation, particularly where the work translated has been the subject of so much criticism, and where many eminent writers have sought to show this and the other passage in some new light. Perhaps the feeling that some changes might be here and there*

necessary, or might be expected, has been one of the causes of my hesitating to reprint the volume; but in truth, though I have looked over many of the books about "Faust" which day after day appear in Germany and France, I have met with little that would lead me to any useful change; and I feel that any great changes of a printed poem are on the whole undesirable. I almost agree with Goethe in what he says in a letter which I find in the last book published in England of the "Goethe-litteratur," Slater's translation of "Goethe's Letters to Leipzig Friends": "A printed book is like a dried fresco painting; it admits of no alteration." A few passages, however, have been altered. The changes are for the most part unimportant.

There are a few passages in blank verse where Goethe has written in rhyme. As to the occasional use of blank verse by the translator, the example of its use has been given by Goethe in the poem, which shows that in his view it was not inconsistent with the character of the work; and in a continuation of "Faust" by Rosenkranz—an intelligent student of Goethe's poetry—the same form is freely adopted. I have no distinct recollection of what may have influenced me in writing any particular passage—perhaps often mere accident; but it appears to me that our dramatic blank verse, which I have occasionally written in, by its trochaic endings, enables a translator to preserve the character of Goethe's versification, which would have been lost had I ventured by the use of pure iambic lines essentially to vary his forms. To have lost the trochaic endings of the lines would have been to alter the character of Goethe's verse essentially. To have, wherever such lines occur in my translation, sought to wed them to rhyme would not do in a language where, as hitherto written in England, such rhyme, in serious poetry, only appears as an accidental variety. In the translations of Dante by the writer known under the name of "Philalethes," and in that by Longfellow, the wish to preserve something of the effect of the Italian versification has led both of these eminent men to prefer the use of lines with trochaic endings to the pure iambic, even at the sacrifice of rhyme. The preservation of the metre itself was felt by them of more moment, even in Dante—where the perpetual recurrence of the same sounds is forced upon the ear and mind—than the rhyme, which, after all, is chiefly of value as marking and timing the metre. But I must not continue this topic. To comment in the way of apology or of defence on what I have done or omitted cannot be pleasant to me. And perhaps I ought to add that there are cases in which, could I reproduce the forms of the original, I should be tempted to think of the general effect, and rather to rely on forms with which our literature is familiar than interrupt the effect of a powerful passage by imitating some unimportant peculiarity—perhaps accidental—of expression or of metre.

I would not willingly be regarded as insensible to the effect with which some

scenes of the first "Faust" have been brought before the public in music, in painting, and in engraving; but I feel that on the whole they have seldom been true to the spirit of the poem. The figure of Margaret is brought out with more prominence than was quite the poet's purpose; and in dramatic exhibition the object of the poet has been altogether disregarded and defeated by representing—for the sake of a show-scene—the fate of Faustus, as given in Marlowe and the old story-books. Even were the First Part to be regarded as a fragment, this would be a misrepresentation of the fragment, involving a misinterpretation of every scene. In our day it is not improbable that the First and Second Parts will long be regarded as distinct poems, each interesting to a different body of readers; but I have no doubt that the time will come, as Goethe anticipated, when both will be felt to be in entire harmony with each other, and that the criticism will be forgotten which tells us this part was written at Rome—this at Weimar—this at one period—that at another; that it will be felt, not as the poem of his youth, or of his old age, but of his life. We are often told that at one time in Italy nothing of Dante but the "Inferno," and of it only this or that favourite passage, was generally read. Those who enjoy Dante now think as often of the "Purgatory" and the "Paradise"—canticas at one time comparatively disregarded. In the same way we find the "Faust" dealt with; but it cannot long be so. Each day in Germany, in France, and in England new comments or new translations appear; and in some of the universities and educational establishments of Germany lectureships have been founded for the explanation and illustration of a poem in which the nation sees not the story of Faust alone and man's aspirations, as in the old puppet-plays and the modern versions of the legend, but who find in it everywhere a record of the poet's own life—of his own aspirings—of his fortunes—and of his friends.

*The Complaint pursues with tears  
The wanderer through life's labyrinthine waste;  
And names the Good, already past away,  
Cheated, alas! of half life's little day.*

The poem was the work of his life—it was as far as he could, too, the secret of his life. I had thought of transcribing some sentences from Carus, the eminent physiologist and botanist—but I prefer referring to his publications of the last two or three years on the subject of his intercourse with Goethe, to making the attempt of abridging what he says. A sentence from Marmier must conclude this preface, already too long:

*C'était l'œuvre choisie de Goethe, c'était l'enfant bien-aimé pour lequel il se plaisait à amasser les richesses de la science, et les fruits précieux de l'inspiration. C'était la riante pensée, l'amie de sa jeunesse, la compagne de son âge mûr, qui avait pris l'habitude de le*

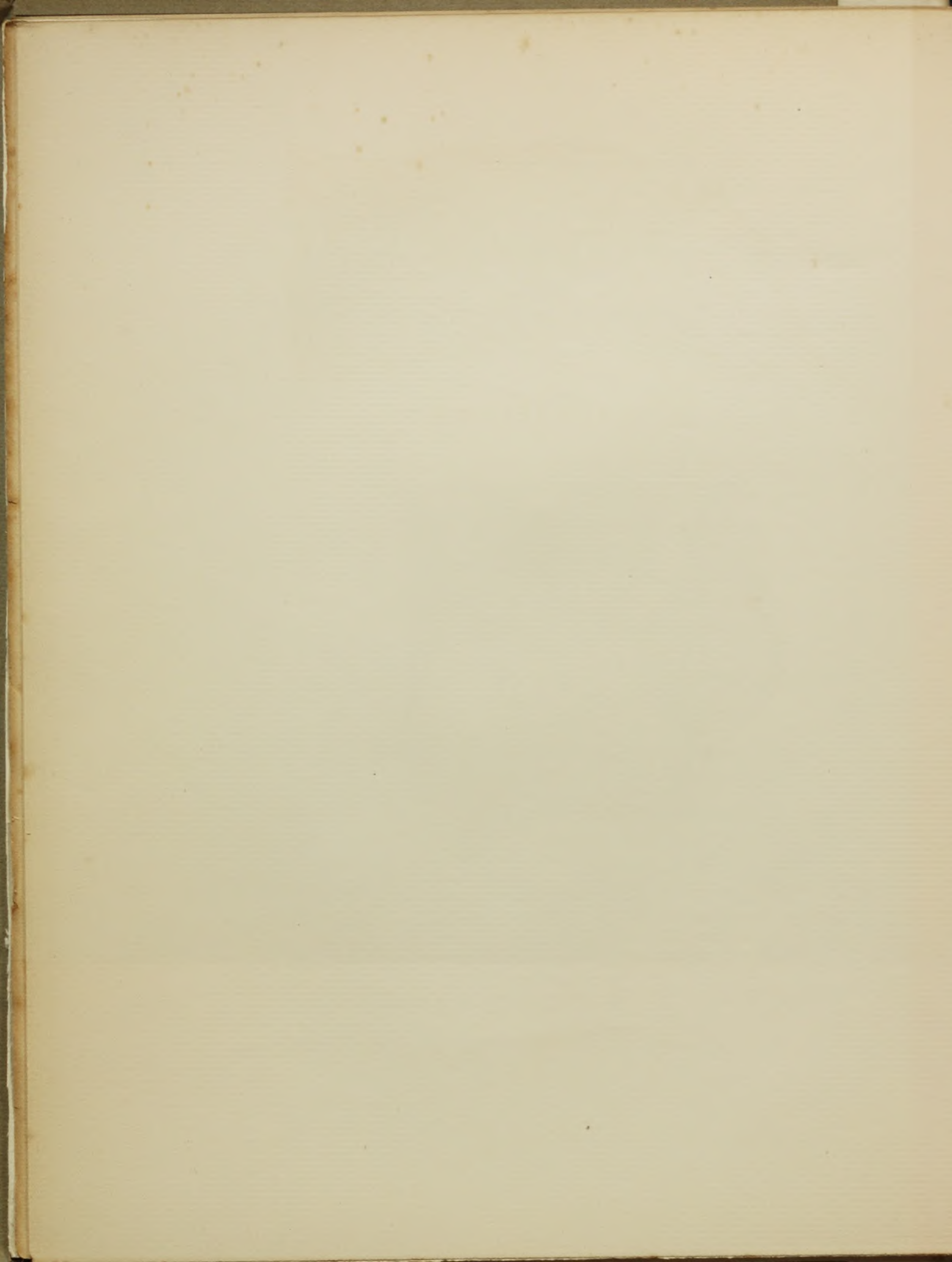
## FAUST

*suivre dans ses veilles, de le visiter dans ses rêves, de vivre avec lui dans la solitude et dans le monde. Il la portait doucement, mystérieusement au fond du cœur, comme un amant porte le secret de son premier amour. Il n'en révélait pas les progrès, il n'en disait ni le nom, ni les caprices, ni les beautés; heureux de s'être créé ainsi sa Galatée, il se plaisait à la faire mouvoir devant lui, à la réchauffer sur sa poitrine, à lui donner chaque jour une nouvelle vie avec sa parole d'artiste. Mais elle était pour lui, pour lui seul, et si d'autres regards venaient l'épier, il tirait le rideau sur son chef-d'œuvre. Une fois il était sombre, pensif au milieu du monde, et il songeait à son "Faust." Une autre fois un roi venait le voir et il quittait ce roi avec plaisir pour retourner encore à "Faust."<sup>1</sup>*

J. A.

<sup>1</sup> *Études sur Goethe*, p. 166.









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## Dedication

AGAIN, in deepening beauty, ye float near,  
Forms, dimly imaged in the days gone by—  
Is that old fancy to the heart still dear?  
To that old spell will ye again reply?  
Ye throng before my view, divinely clear,  
Like sunbeams conquering a cloudy sky!  
Then have me at your will! My bosom burns.  
Magic is breathing—youth and joy returns!

Pictures you bring with you of happy years,  
Loved shades of other days are rising fast.  
First love with early Friendship reappears  
Like half-remembered legends of the past.  
Wounds bleed anew;—the *Plaint* pursues with tears  
The wanderer through life's labyrinthine waste;  
And names the Good, already past away,  
Cheated, alas! of half life's little day.

❧ FAUST ❧

*But, ah! they cannot bear my closing song,  
Those hearts, for whom its earlier notes were tried;  
Departed is, alas! the friendly throng,  
And dumb the echoes all, that first replied.  
If some still live this stranger world among,  
Fortune hath scattered them at distance wide;  
To men unknown my griefs I now impart,  
Whose very praises leave me sick at heart.*

*Again it comes! a long unwonted feeling—  
A wish for that calm solemn spirit-land;  
My wavering song lisps faint, like murmurs, stealing  
O'er Æol's harp by varying breezes fanned.  
Tears follow tears, my weaknesses revealing,  
And silent shudders show a heart unmanned;  
WHAT IS, in the far distance seems to be,  
The PAST, the PAST alone is true to me.*





## Dramatis Personae

### *Characters in the Prelude at the Theatre*

THE MANAGER  
THE DRAMATIC POET  
MR MERRYMAN

### *Characters in the Prologue in Heaven*

THE LORD  
RAPHAEL }  
GABRIEL } *The Heavenly Host*  
MICHAEL }  
MEPHISTOPHELES

### *Characters in the Tragedy*

FAUST  
MEPHISTOPHELES  
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MARGARET  
MARTHA, *Margaret's neighbour*  
VALENTINE, *Margaret's brother*  
OLD PEASANT  
A STUDENT  
ELIZABETH, *an acquaintance of Margaret's*

## FAUST

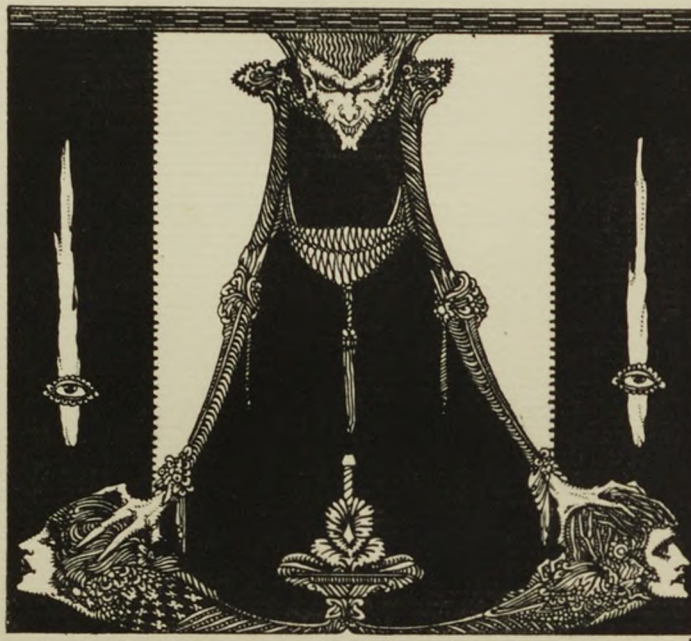
### *Characters in the Tragedy—continued*

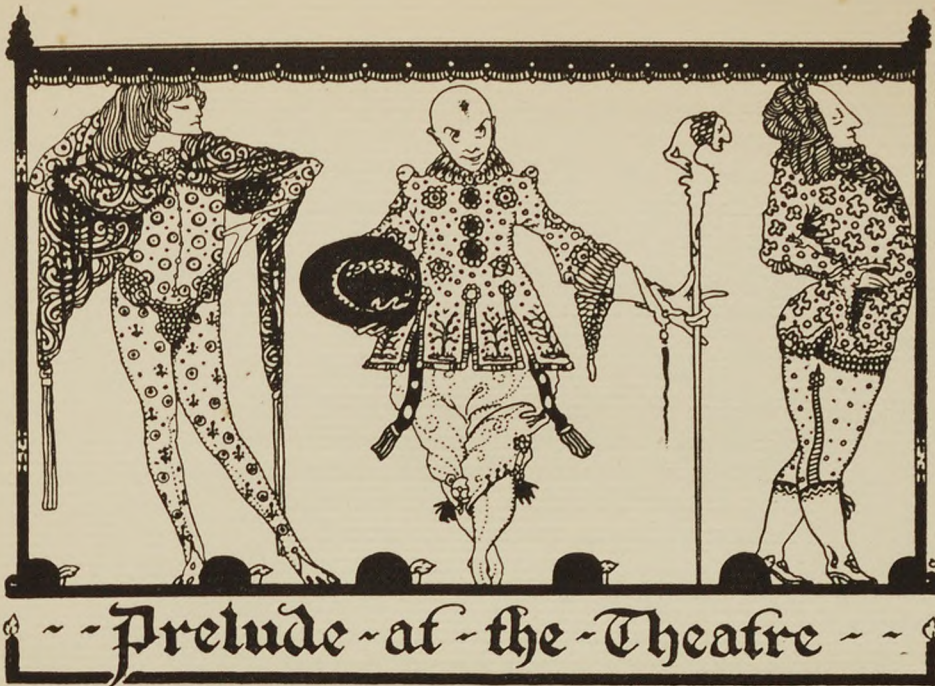
FROSCH	}	<i>Guests in Auerbach's cellar</i>
BRANDER		
SIEBEL		
ALTMAYER		

Witches, *old and young*; Wizards, Will-o'-the-Wisps, Proctophantasmist, Servibilis, Monkeys, Spirits, Country-folk, Citizens, Beggar, Old Fortune-teller, Soldier, Students, *etc.*

### *In the Intermezzo*

OBERON,	ARIEL,
TITANIA,	PUCK, <i>etc.</i>





MANAGER, DRAMATIC POET, MR MERRYMAN

MANAGER

MY two good friends, on whom I have depended,  
 At all times to assist me and advise,  
 Aid your old friend once more—to-night he tries,  
 (And greatly fears the fate that may attend it)  
 For German lands a novel enterprise.  
 To please the public I am most desirous;  
 "Live and let live," has ever been their maxim,  
 Gladly they pay the trifle that we tax 'em,  
 And gratitude should with new zeal inspire us.  
 Our temporary theatre's erected,  
 Planks laid, posts raised, and something is expected.  
 Already have the audience ta'en their station,  
 With eyebrows lifted up in expectation;  
 Thoughtful and tranquil all—with hopes excited,  
 Disposed to be amused—amazed—delighted!  
 I know the people's taste—their whims—caprices,  
 Could always get up popular new pieces;

FAUST

But never have I been before so harassed  
As now—so thoroughly perplexed, embarrassed!  
Every one reads so much of everything:  
The books they read are not the best, 'tis true:  
But then they are for ever reading—reading!  
This being so, how can we hope to bring  
Anything out, that shall be good and new?  
What chance of now as formerly succeeding?

How I delight to see the people striving  
To force their way into our crowded booth,  
Pouring along, and fighting, nail and tooth,  
Digging with elbows, through the passage driving,  
As if it were St Peter's gate, and leading  
To something more desirable than Eden;  
Long before FOUR, while daylight's strong as ever,  
All hurrying to the box of the receiver,  
Breaking their necks for tickets—thrusting—jamming,  
As at a baker's door in time of famine!

On men so various in their disposition,  
So different in manners—rank—condition;  
How is a miracle like this effected?  
The poet—he alone is the magician.  
On thee, my friend, we call—from thee expect it.

POET

Oh, tell me not of the tumultuous crowd;  
My powers desert me in the noisy throng;  
Hide, hide from me the multitude, whose loud  
And dizzy whirl would hurry me along  
Against my will; and lead me to some lone  
And silent vale—some scene in fairyland,  
There only will the poet's heart expand,  
Surrendered to the impulses of song,  
Lost in delicious visions of its own,  
Where Love and Friendship o'er the heart at rest  
Watch through the flowing hours, and we are blest!  
Thoughts by the soul conceived in silent joy,  
Sounds often muttered by the timid voice,



❧ FAUST ❧

Tried by the nice ear, delicate of choice,  
 Till we at last are pleased, or self-deceived,  
 The whole a rabble's madness may destroy;  
 And this, when, after toil of many years,  
 Touched and retouched, the perfect piece appears  
 To challenge praise, or win unconscious tears,  
 As the vain heart too easily believed;  
 Some sparkling, showy thing, got up in haste,  
 Brilliant and light, will catch the passing taste.  
 The truly great, the genuine, the sublime  
 Wins its slow way in silence; and the bard,  
 Unnoticed long, receives from after-time  
 The imperishable wreath, his best, his sole reward!

MR MERRYMAN

Enough of this cold cant of future ages,  
 And men hereafter doting on your pages;  
 To prattle thus of other times is pleasant,  
 And all the while neglect our own, the PRESENT.  
 Why, what if I too—Mister Merryman—  
 In my vocation acted on your plan?  
 If on the unborn we squander our exertion,  
 Who will supply the living with diversion?  
 And, clamour as you, authors, may about it,  
 They want amusement—will not go without it;  
 Just look at me, a fine young dashing fellow—  
 My very face works wonders, let me tell you;  
 Now my way, for your guidance I may mention—  
 Please but yourself, and feel no apprehension.  
 The crowd will share the feelings of the poet,  
 The praise he seeks they liberally bestow it:  
 The more that come, the better for the writer;  
 Each flash of wit is farther felt—seems brighter,  
 And every little point appreciated,  
 By some one in the circle overrated,  
 All is above its value estimated:  
 Take courage then—come—now for a *chef-d'œuvre*—  
 To make a name—to live, and live for ever—  
 Call FANCY up, with her attendant troop,  
 REASON and JUDGMENT, PASSION, MELANCHOLY,

FAUST

WIT, FEELING, and among the choral group  
Do not forget the little darling FOLLY!

MANAGER

But above all give them enough of action;  
He who gives most will give most satisfaction;  
They come to see a *show*—no work whatever,  
Unless it be a show, can win their favour;  
Then, as they wish it, let them gape and stare;  
Crowd scene on scene—enough and still to spare.  
A show is what they want; they love and pay for it;  
Spite of its serious parts, sit through a play for it;  
And he who gives one is a certain favourite;  
Would you please many, you must give good measure;  
Then each finds something in't to yield him pleasure;  
The more you give, the greater sure your chance is  
To please, by varying scenes, such various fancies.  
The interest of a piece, no doubt, increases  
Divided thus, and broken into pieces.  
We want a dish to hit the common taste;  
Then hash it up and serve it out in haste!  
And, for my part, methinks it little matters:  
Though you may call your work a finished whole,  
The public soon will tear this whole to tatters,  
And but on piecemeal parts their praises dole.

POET

You cannot think how very mean a task,  
How humbling to the genuine artist's mind,  
To furnish such a drama as you ask:  
The poor pretender's bungling tricks, I find,  
Are now established as the rules of trade,—  
Receipts—by which successful plays are made!

MANAGER

Such an objection is of little weight  
Against my reasoning. If a person chooses  
To work effectively, no doubt he uses  
The instrument that's most appropriate.  
Your play may—for your audience—be too good;

FAUST

Coarse, lumpish logs are they of clumsy wood—  
 Blocks—with the hatchet only to be hewed!  
 One comes to drive away *ennui* or spleen;  
 Another, with o'erloaded paunch from table;  
 A third, than all the rest less tolerable,  
 From reading a review or magazine.  
 Hither all haste, anticipate delight,  
 As to a masque, desire each face illuming,  
 And each, some novel character assuming,  
 Place for awhile their own half out of sight.  
 The ladies, too, tricked out in brilliant gear,  
 Themselves ambitious actresses appear,  
 And, though unpaid, are still performers here.  
 What do you dream, in your poetic pride?  
 Think you a full house can be satisfied  
 And every auditor an ardent cheerer?  
 Pray, only look at them a little nearer;  
 One half are cold spectators, inattentive;  
 The other dead to every fine incentive;  
 One fellow's thinking of a game of cards;  
 One on a wild night of intoxication:  
 Why court for such a set the kind regards  
 Of the coy Muse—her highest fascination?  
 I tell thee only, give enough—enough;  
 Still more and more—no matter of what stuff,  
 You cannot go astray; let all your views  
 Be only for the moment to amuse,  
 To keep them in amazement or distraction;  
 Man is incapable of satisfaction.  
 Why, what affects you thus—is't inspiration?  
 A reverie?—oh, can it be vexation?

POET

Go, and elsewhere some fitter servant find;  
 What! shall the poet squander then away,  
 For thy poor purposes, himself, his mind,  
 Profane the gift which Nature, when she gave  
 To him, to him entrusted for mankind,  
 —Their birthright—thy poor bidding to obey,  
 And sink into an humble trading slave?

☞ FAUST ☞

Whence is his power all human hearts to win,  
 And why can nothing his proud march oppose,  
 As through all elements the conqueror goes?  
 Oh, is it not the harmony within,  
 The music, that hath for its dwelling-place  
 His own rich soul?—the heart that can receive  
 Again into itself, again embrace  
 The world it clothed with beauty and bade live?  
 With unregarding hand when Nature throws  
 Upon the spindle the dull length of thread,  
 That on, still on, in weary sameness flows,  
 When all things that in unison agreeing  
 Should join to form the happy web of Being  
 Are tangled in inextricable strife:  
 Who can awake the blank monotony  
 To measured order? Who upon the dead,  
 Unthinking chaos breathe the charm of life,  
 Restore the dissonant to harmony,  
 And bid the jarring individual be  
 A chord, that, in the general consecration,  
 Bears part with all in musical relation?  
 Who to the tempest's rage can give a voice  
 Like human passion? bid the serious mind  
 Glow with the colouring of the sunset hours?  
 Who in the dear path scatter spring's first flowers,  
 When wanders forth the lady of his choice?  
 Who of the valueless green leaves can bind  
 A wreath—the artist's proudest ornament—  
 Or, round the conquering hero's brow entwined  
 The best reward his country can present?  
*Whose* voice is fame? who gives us to inherit  
 Olympus, and the loved Elysian field?  
 The soul of MAN sublimed—man's soaring spirit  
 Seen in the POET, gloriously revealed.

MR MERRYMAN

A poet yet should regulate his fancies,  
 Like that of life should get up his romances;  
 First a chance meeting—then the young folk tarry  
 Together—toy and trifle, sigh and marry,

FAUST

Are link'd for ever, scarcely half intending it,  
Once met—'tis fixed—no changing and no mending it.  
Thus a romance runs: fortune, then reverses;  
Rapture, then coldness; bridal dresses—hearses;  
The lady dying—letters from the lover,  
And, ere you think of it, the thing is over.  
Shift your scenes rapidly; write fast and gaily,  
Give, in your play, the life we witness daily;  
The life which all men live, yet few men notice,  
Yet which will please ('tis very strange, but so 'tis),  
Will please, when forced again on their attention,  
More than the wonders of remote invention;  
Glimmerings of truth—calm sentiment—smart strictures—  
Actors in bustle—clouds of moving pictures—  
The young will crowd to see a work, revealing  
Their own hearts to themselves; in solitude  
Will feast on the remembered visions—stealing  
For frenzied passion its voluptuous food:  
Unbidden smiles and tears unconscious start.  
For oh, the secrets of the poet's art,  
What are they but the dreams of the young heart?  
Oh, 'tis the young enjoy the poet's mood,  
Float with him on imagination's wing,  
Think all his thoughts, are his in everything,  
Are, while they dream not of it, all they see:  
Youth—youth is the true time for sympathy!  
This is the sort of drink to take the town;  
Flavour it to their taste, they gulp it down.  
Your true admirer is the generous spirit,  
Unformed, unspoiled, he feels all kindred merit  
As if of his own being it were part,  
And growing with the growth of his own heart;  
Feels gratitude, because he feels that truth  
Is taught him by the poet—this is Youth;  
Nothing can please your *grown* ones, they're so knowing,  
And no one thanks the poet but the growing.

POET

Give me, oh, give me back the days  
When I—I too—was young—

FAUST

And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour  
 New consciousness of power!  
 Oh, happy, happy time, above all praise!  
 Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung,  
 And found a language in unbidden lays;  
 Unintermitted streams from fountains ever flowing.

Then, as I wander'd free,  
 In every field, for me  
 Its thousand flowers were blowing!  
 A veil through which I did not see,  
 A thin veil o'er the world was thrown,  
 In every bud a mystery;  
 Magic in everything unknown—  
 The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,  
 And all that age has disenchanted.  
 Yes! give me—give me back the days of youth,  
 Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance  
 The inextinguishable love of truth,  
 While life's realities were all romance—  
 Give me, oh, give youth's passions unconfined,  
 The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,  
 Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind;—  
 Give me my youth again!

MR MERRYMAN

Why, my dear friend, for youth thus sigh and prattle,  
 'Twould be a very good thing in a battle;  
 Or on your arm if a fine girl were leaning,  
 Then, I admit, the wish would have some meaning;  
 In running for a bet, to clear the distance,  
 A young man's sinews would be some assistance;  
 Or if, after a dance, a man was thinking  
 Of reeling out the night in glorious drinking;  
 But you have only among chords, well known  
 Of the familiar harp, with graceful finger  
 Freely to stray at large, or fondly linger,  
 Courting some wandering fancies of your own;  
 While, with capricious windings and delays,  
 Loitering, or lost in an enchanted maze  
 Of sweet sounds, the rich melody, at will

FAUST

Gliding, here rests, here indolently strays,  
Is ever free, yet evermore obeys  
The hidden guide, that journeys with it still.  
This is, old gentleman, your occupation,  
Nor think that it makes less our veneration.  
“Age,” says the song, “the faculties bewildering,  
Renders men childish”—no! it finds them children.

MANAGER

Come, come, no more of this absurd inventory  
Of flattering phrases—courteous—complimentary.  
You both lose time in words unnecessary,  
Playing with language thus at fetch and carry;  
Think not of tuning now or preparation,  
Strike up, my boy—no fear—no hesitation,  
Till you commence no chance of inspiration.  
But once assume the poet—then the fire  
From Heaven will come to kindle and inspire.  
Strong drink is what we want to gull the people,  
A hearty, brisk, and animating tippie;  
Come, come, no more delay, no more excuses,  
The stuff we ask you for, at once produce us.  
Lose this day loitering—’twill be the same story  
To-morrow—and the next more dilatory;  
Then indecision brings its own delays,  
And days are lost lamenting o’er lost days.  
Are you in earnest? seize this very minute—  
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it,  
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.  
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—  
Begin it, and the work will be completed!  
You know our German bards, like bold adventurers,  
Bring out whate’er they please, and laugh at censors,  
Then do not think to-day of sparing scenery—  
Command enough of dresses and machinery;  
Use as you please—fire, water, thunder, levin—  
The greater and the lesser lights of Heaven.  
Squander away the stars at your free pleasure,  
And build up rocks and mountains without measure.  
Of birds and beasts we’ve plenty here to lavish.

FAUST

Come, cast away all apprehensions slavish—  
Strut, on our narrow stage, with lofty stature,  
As moving through the circle of wide Nature.  
With swiftest speed, in calm thought weighing well  
Each movement, move from HEAVEN through EARTH  
to HELL.







## PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

DER HERR, THE HEAVENLY HOSTS, *afterwards*  
MEPHISTOPHELES

*The three Archangels come forward.*

RAPHAEL

THE sun, as in the ancient days,  
'Mong sister stars in rival song,  
His destined path observes, obeys,  
And still in thunder rolls along:  
New strength and full beatitude  
The angels gather from his sight,  
Mysterious all—yet all is good,  
All fair as at the birth of light!

GABRIEL

Swift, unimaginably swift,  
Soft spins the earth, and glories bright  
Of midday Eden change and shift  
To shades of deep and spectral night.

FAUST

The vexed sea foams—waves leap and moan,  
And chide the rocks with insult hoarse,  
And wave and rock are hurried on,  
And suns and stars in endless course.

MICHAEL

And winds with winds mad war maintain,  
From sea to land, from land to sea;  
And heave round earth, a living chain  
Of interwoven agency.  
Guides of the bursting thunder-peal,  
Fast lightnings flash with deadly ray,  
While, Lord, with Thee Thy servants feel  
Calm effluence of abiding day.

ALL

New strength and full beatitude  
The angels gather from Thy sight;  
Mysterious all, yet all is good,  
All fair as at the birth of light.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Since Thou, O Lord, dost visit us once more,  
To ask how things are going on, and since  
You have received me kindly heretofore,  
I venture to the levee of my prince.  
Pardon me, if I fail, after the sort  
Of bending courtiers here, to pay my court;  
The company is far too fine for me,  
They smile with scorn such folk in Heaven to see.  
High hymns and solemn words are not my forte.  
Pathos from me would look too like a joke;  
Words, that from others had set angels weeping,  
To laughter would Your very Self provoke,  
If laughter were not wholly out of keeping.  
Nothing of suns or worlds have I to say,  
I only see how men fret on their day;  
The little god of earth is still the same  
Strange thing he was, when first to life he came;

FAUST

That life were somewhat better, if the light  
Of Heaven had not been given to spoil him quite.  
Reason he calls it—see its blessed fruit,  
Than the brute beast man is a beastlier brute;  
He seems to me, if I may venture on  
Such a comparison, to be like one  
Of those long lank-legged grasshoppers, whose song,  
The self-same creak, chirps, as they bound along,  
Monotonous and restless in the grass;  
'Twere well 'twas in grass always; but, alas!  
They thrust their snouts in every filth they pass.

DER HERR

Hast thou no more than this to say,  
Thou, who complainest every day?  
Are all things evil in thy sight?  
Does nothing on the earth move right?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Not anything, my Lord—poor men so fervent  
And foolish are I almost feel compassion.

DER HERR

Dost thou know FAUST?

MEPHISTOPHELES

The doctor?

DER HERR

Yes: My servant.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Truly, he serves in a peculiar fashion;  
Child though he be of human birth,  
His food and drink are not of earth.  
Foolish—even he at times will feel  
The folly in such hopes to deal:  
His fancies hurry him afar;

FAUST

Of Heaven he asks its highest star;  
Self-willed and spoiled, in mad pursuit,  
Of earth demands its fairest fruit;  
And all that both can give supplied,  
Behold him still unsatisfied!

DER HERR

Yes: for he serves in a perplexing scene,  
That oft misleads him. Still, his WILL is right;  
Soon comes the time to lead him into light.  
Now is the first prophetic green,  
The hopes and promises of spring,  
The unformed bud and blossoming;  
And he who reared the tree and knows the clime  
Will seek and find fair fruit in fitting time.

MEPHISTOPHELES

What will You wager You don't lose him yet,  
With all his promise? Had I only freedom  
On my own path with easy lure to lead him,  
I've not a doubt of it I win the bet.

DER HERR

As long as on the earth endures his life,  
To deal with him have full and free permission;  
Man's hour on earth is weakness, error, strife.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Cheerfully I agree to the condition;  
I have no fancy for the dead: Your youth,  
With full, fresh cheeks, tastes daintier to my tooth.  
Should a corpse call, the answer at my house  
Is, "Not at home." My play is cat and mouse.

DER HERR

Be it permitted: from his source divert  
And draw this Spirit captive down with thee;

☞ FAUST ☞

Till baffled and in shame thou dost admit,  
"A good man, clouded though his senses be  
By error, is no willing slave to it."  
His consciousness of good, will it desert  
The good man? Yea, even in his darkest hours  
Still doth he war with Darkness and the Powers  
Of Darkness; for the light he cannot see  
Still round him feels; and, if he be not free,  
Struggles against this strange captivity.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ay! feelings that have no abiding—  
Short struggles— Give him to my guiding—  
I cannot have a doubt about the bet.  
Oh, in what triumph shall I crow at winning!  
Dust he shall eat, and eat with pleasure yet,  
Like that first SNAKE in my poor heraldry,  
Who has been eating it from the beginning.

DER HERR

Here too take your own course—you are quite free  
In the concern—with anything but loathing  
I look on folk like you. My work demands  
Such servants. Of the Spirits of Denial,  
The pleasantest, that figures in Man's Trial,  
Is OLD INIQUITY in his Fool's clothing;  
The Vice is never heavy upon hands;  
Without the Knave the Mystery were nothing.  
For MAN's activity soon tires,  
(A lazy being at the best)  
And sting and spur requires.  
In indolent enjoyment Man would live,  
And this companion, whom I therefore give,  
Goads, urges, drives—is devil and cannot rest.  
But ye, pure sons of God, be yours the sight  
Of Beauty, each hour brighter and more bright!  
The Life, in all around, below, above,  
That ever lives and works—the Infinite  
Enfold you in the happy bonds of love!

FAUST

And all that flows unfixed and undefined  
In glimmering phantasy before the mind,  
Bid Thought's enduring chain for ever bind!

*[Heaven closes. The Archangels disperse.]*

MEPHISTOPHELES *[alone]*

I'm very glad to have it in my power  
To see Him now and then; He is so civil:  
I rather like our good old governor—  
Think only of His speaking to the devil!





TIME: NIGHT

SCENE: *A high-arched, narrow Gothic chamber.*  
FAUST *at his desk—restless.*

FAUST

ALAS! I have explored  
Philosophy, and Law, and Medicine;  
And over deep Divinity have pored,  
Studying with ardent and laborious zeal;  
And here I am at last, a very fool,  
With useless learning curst,  
No wiser than at first!  
Here am I—boast and wonder of the school;  
*Magister, Doctor*, and I lead,  
These ten years past, my pupils' creed;

Winding, by dexterous words, with ease,  
 Their opinions as I please.  
 And now to feel that nothing can be known!  
 This is a thought that burns into my heart.  
 I have been more acute than all these triflers,  
 Doctors and authors, priests, philosophers;  
 Have sounded all the depths of every science.  
 Scruples, or the perplexity of doubt,  
 Torment me not, nor fears of Hell or devil.  
 But I have lost all peace of mind:  
 Whate'er I knew, or thought I knew,  
 Seems now unmeaning or untrue.  
 The fancy too has died away,  
 The hope that I might, in my day,  
 Instruct, and elevate mankind.  
 Thus robbed of learning's only pleasure,  
 Without dominion, rank, or treasure,  
 Without one joy that earth can give,  
 Could dog—were I a dog—so live?  
 Therefore to magic, with severe  
 And patient toil, have I applied,  
 Despairing of all other guide,  
 That from some Spirit I might hear  
 Deep truths, to others unrevealed,  
 And mysteries from mankind sealed;  
 And nevermore, with shame of heart,  
 Teach things of which I know no part.  
 Oh, for a glance into the earth!  
 To see below its dark foundations,  
 Life's embryo seeds before their birth  
 And Nature's silent operations.  
 Thus end at once this vexing fever  
 Of words—mere words—repeated ever.  
 Beautiful Moon! Ah! would that now,  
 For the last time, thy lovely beams  
 Shone on my troubled brow!  
 Oft by this desk, at middle night,  
 I have sat gazing for thy light,  
 Wearied with search, through volumes endless,  
 I sate 'mong papers—crowded books,



☞ F A U S T ☞

Alone—when thou, friend of the friendless,  
Camest smiling in, with soothing looks.  
Oh, that upon some headland height  
I now were wandering in thy light!  
Floating with Spirits, like a shadow,  
Round mountain-cave, o'er twilight meadow,  
And from the toil of thought relieved,  
No longer sickened and deceived,  
In thy soft dew could bathe, and find  
Tranquillity and health of mind.

Alas! and am I in the gloom  
Still of this cursed dungeon room?  
Where even Heaven's light, so beautiful,  
Through the stained glass comes thick and dull;  
'Mong volumes heaped from floor to ceiling,  
Scrolls with bookworms through them stealing;  
Dreary walls, where dusty paper  
Bears deep stains of smoky vapour;  
Glasses, instruments, all lumber  
Of this kind the place encumber;  
All a man of learning gathers,  
All bequeathed me by my fathers,  
Crucibles from years undated,  
Chairs of structure antiquated,  
Are in strange confusion hurled!  
Here, Faustus, is thy world—a world!  
Still dost thou ask, why in thy breast  
The sick heart flutters ill at rest?  
Why a dull sense of suffering  
Deadens life's current at the spring?  
From living nature thou hast fled  
To dwell 'mong fragments of the dead;  
And for the lovely scenes which Heaven  
Hath made man for, to man hath given,  
Hast chosen to pore o'er mouldering bones  
Of brute and human skeletons!

Away—away and far away!  
This book, where secret spells are scanned,

FAUST

Traced by NOSTRADAM'S own hand,  
 Will be thy strength and stay:  
 The courses of the stars to thee  
 No longer are a mystery;  
 The thoughts of Nature thou canst seek,  
 As Spirits with their brothers speak.  
 It is, it is the planet hour  
 Of thy own being; light, and power,  
 And fervour to the soul are given,  
 As proudly it ascends its Heaven.  
 To ponder here, o'er spells and signs,  
 Symbolic letters, circles, lines,  
 And from their actual use refrain,  
 Were time and labour lost in vain:  
 Then ye, whom I feel floating near me,  
 Spirits, answer, ye who hear me!

*[He opens the book, and lights upon the  
 sign of MACROCOSMUS.]*

Ha! what new life divine, intense,  
 Floods in a moment every sense!  
 I feel the dawn of youth again,  
 Visiting each glowing vein!  
 Was it a god—a god who wrote these signs?  
 The tumults of my soul are stilled,  
 My withered heart with rapture filled:  
 In virtue of the magic lines,  
 The secret powers that nature mould,  
 Their essence and their acts unfold—  
 Am I a god? Can mortal sight  
 Enjoy, endure, this burst of light?  
 How clear these silent characters!  
 All Nature present to my view,  
 And each creative act of hers—  
 And is the glorious vision true?  
 The wise man's words at length are plain,  
 Whose sense so long I sought in vain:  
 "The Worlde of Spirits no Clouds conceale:  
 "Man's Eye is dim, it cannot see.  
 "Man's Heart is dead, it cannot feele.  
 "Thou, who wouldst knowe the Things that be,

☞ FAUST ☞

“The Heart of Earth in the Sunrise red,  
“Bathe, till its Stains of Earth are fled.”

*[He looks over the sign attentively.]*

Oh, how the spell before my sight  
Brings Nature's hidden ways to light!  
See! all things with each other blending—  
Each to all its being lending—  
All on each in turn depending—  
Heavenly ministers descending—  
And again to Heaven up-tending—  
Floating, mingling, interweaving—  
Rising, sinking, and receiving  
Each from each, while each is giving  
On to each, and each relieving  
Each, the pails of gold, the living  
Current through the air is heaving;  
Breathing blessings, see them bending,  
Balanced worlds from change defending,  
While everywhere diffused is harmony unending!

Oh, what a vision—but a vision only!  
Can heart of man embrace  
Illimitable Nature?  
Fountain of life, forth-welling;  
The same in every place;  
That dost support and cheer  
Wide Heaven, and teeming earth, and every creature  
That hath therein its dwelling,  
Oh, could the blighted soul but feel thee near!  
To thee still turns the withered heart,  
To thee the spirit, seared and lonely,  
Childlike, would seek the sweet restorative;  
On thy maternal bosom feed and live.  
I ask a solace thou dost not impart;  
The food I hunger for thou dost not give!

*[He turns over the leaves of the book impatiently, till  
his eye rests on the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.]*

How differently this sign affects my frame!  
Spirit of Earth! my nature is the same,

Or near akin to thine!  
 How fearlessly I read this sign!  
 And feel even now new powers are mine;  
 While my brain burns, as though with wine;  
 Give me the agitated strife,  
 The madness of the world of life;  
 I feel within my soul the birth  
 Of strength, enabling me to bear,  
 And thoughts, impelling me to share  
 The fortunes, good or evil, of the Earth;  
 To battle with the Tempest's breath,  
 Or plunge where Shipwreck grinds his teeth.

All around grows cold and cloudy,  
 The moon withdraws her ray;  
 The lamp's loose flame is shivering,  
 It fades, it dies away.  
 Ha! round my brow what sparkles ruddy  
 In trembling light are quivering?  
 And, to and fro,  
 Stream sheets of flame, in fearful play,  
 Rolled and unrolled,  
 In crimson fold,  
 They float and flow!  
 From the vaulted space above,  
 A shuddering horror seems to move  
 Down—down upon me creeps and seizes  
 The life's blood, in its grasp that freezes;  
 'Tis thou—I feel thee, Spirit, near,  
 Thou hast heard the spell, and thou  
 Art hovering around me now;  
 Spirit, to my sight appear!  
 How my heart is torn in sunder—  
 All my thoughts convulsed with wonder—  
 Every faculty and feeling  
 Strained to welcome thy revealing.  
 Spirit, my heart, my heart is given to thee,  
 Though death may be the price, I cannot choose but see!

*[He grasps the book, and pronounces the sign of the Spirit mysteriously;  
 a red flame is seen playing about, and in the flame the SPIRIT.]*

FAUST

SPIRIT

Who calls me?

FAUST [*averting his face*]

Form of horror, hence!

SPIRIT

Hither from my distant sphere  
Thou hast compelled me to appear;  
Hast sucked me down, and dragged me thence,  
With importuning violence;  
And now——

FAUST

I shudder, overpowered with fear.

SPIRIT

Panting, praying to look on me,  
My voice to listen, my face to see,  
Thy soul's strong mandate bends me down to thee.  
Here am I—here and now—what fear  
Seizes thee?—thee—the more than Man?  
Where the strong soul that could dare  
Summon Us, Spirits? Where  
The soul, that could conceive, and plan,  
Yea, and create its world; whose pride  
The bounds which limit Man defied,  
Heaved with high sense of inborn powers,  
Nor feared to mete its strength with ours?  
Where art thou, Faust? and were the accents thine  
That rang to me? the soul that pressed itself to mine?  
Art thou the same whose senses thus are shattered,  
Whose very being in my breath is scattered  
Shuddering thro' all life's depths—poor writhing worm?

FAUST

Creature of Flame, shall I grow pale before thee?  
I am he, I called thee, I am Faust, thy Equal!

FAUST

SPIRIT

In the currents of life, in the tempests of motion,  
In the fervour of act, in the fire, in the storm,  
Hither and thither,  
Over and under,  
Wend I and wander.  
Birth and the grave  
Limitless ocean,  
Where the restless wave  
Undulates ever,  
Under and over  
Their seething strife,  
Heaving and weaving  
The changes of life.  
At the whirring loom of Time unawed,  
I work the living mantle of God.

FAUST

Swift Spirit, that ever round the wide world heavest!  
How near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT

Man, thou art as the Spirit whom thou conceivest,  
Not ME.

[*Vanishes.*]

FAUST [*overpowered with confusion*]

Not thee!

Whom then? I! image of the Deity!  
And not even such as thee!

[*A knock.*]

'S death, 'tis this pupil lad of mine—  
He comes my airy guests to banish.  
This elevating converse dread,  
These visions, dazzlingly outspread  
Before my senses, all will vanish  
At the formal fellow's tread!

☞ FAUST ☞

*Enter WAGNER in his dressing-gown and nightcap—a lamp in his hand. FAUST turns round, displeased.*

WAGNER

Forgive me, but I thought you were declaiming.  
Been reciting some Greek tragedy, no doubt;  
I wish to improve myself in this same art;  
'Tis a most useful one. I've heard it said  
An actor might give lessons to a priest.

FAUST

Yes! when your priest's an actor, as may happen.

WAGNER

Oh, if a man shuts himself up for ever  
In his dull study; if one sees the world  
Never, unless on some chance holyday  
Looks at it from a distance, through a telescope,  
How can we learn to sway the minds of men  
By eloquence, to rule them, or persuade?

FAUST

If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive;  
If from the soul the language does not come,  
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts  
Of hearers, with communicated power,  
In vain you strive—in vain you study earnestly.  
Toil on for ever; piece together fragments;  
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,  
And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,  
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes;  
Startle the schoolboys with your metaphors;  
And, if such food may suit your appetite,  
Win the vain wonder of applauding children!  
But never hope to stir the hearts of men,  
And mould the souls of many into one,  
By words which come not native from the heart!

FAUST

WAGNER

EXPRESSION, graceful utterance, is the first  
And best acquirement of the orator.  
This do I feel, and feel my want of it!

FAUST

Be honest, if you would be eloquent;  
Be not a chiming fool with cap and bells;  
Reason and genuine feeling want no arts  
Of utterance—ask no toil of elocution;  
And when you are in earnest, do you need  
A search for words? Oh, these fine holyday phrases  
In which you robe your worn-out commonplaces,  
These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl,  
And twist into a thousand idle shapes—  
These filigree ornaments are good for nothing,  
Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one;  
Are unrefreshing as the wind that whistles,  
In autumn, 'mong the dry and wrinkled leaves!

WAGNER

The search of knowledge is a weary one,  
And life how short! *Ars longa, vita brevis!*  
How often have the heart and brain, o'ertasked,  
Shrunk back despairing from inquiries vain!  
Oh, with what difficulty are the means  
Acquired that lead us to the springs of knowledge!  
And when the path is found, ere we have trod  
Half the long way—poor wretches, we must die!

FAUST

Are mouldy records, then, the holy springs,  
Whose healing waters still the thirst within?  
Oh, never yet hath mortal drunk  
A draught restorative  
That welled not from the depths of his own soul!

WAGNER

Pardon me—but you will at least confess  
That 'tis delightful to transfuse yourself



FAUST

Into the spirit of the ages past;  
To see how wise men thought in olden time,  
And how far we outstep their march in knowledge.

FAUST

Oh, yes, as far as from the earth to Heaven!  
To us, my friend, the times that are gone by  
Are a mysterious book, sealed with seven seals:  
That which you call the spirit of ages past  
Is but, in truth, the spirit of some few authors  
In which those ages are beheld reflected,  
With what distortion strange Heaven only knows.  
Oh, often what a toilsome thing it is  
This study of thine! At the first glance we fly it!  
A mass of things confusedly heaped together;  
A lumber-room of dusty documents,  
Furnished with all approved court-precedents,  
And old traditional maxims! History!  
Facts dramatized, say, rather—action—plot—  
Sentiment, everything the writer's own,  
As it best fits the web-work of his story,  
With here and there a solitary fact  
Of consequence, by those grave chroniclers,  
Pointed with many a moral apophthegm,  
And wise old saws, learned at the puppet-shows.

WAGNER

But then the world, man's heart and mind, are things  
Of which 'twere well that each man had some knowledge.

FAUST

Why, yes!—they call it *knowledge*. Who may dare  
To name things by their real names? The few  
Who did know something, and were weak enough  
To expose their hearts unguarded—to expose  
Their views and feelings to the eyes of men—  
They have been nailed to crosses—thrown to flames.  
Pardon me; but 'tis very late, my friend;  
Too late to hold this conversation longer.

FAUST

WAGNER

How willingly would I sit up for ever,  
Thus to converse with you so learnedly!  
To-morrow, as a boon on Easter day,  
You must permit me a few questions more:  
I have been diligent in all my studies;  
Given my whole heart and time to the pursuit;  
And I know much, but would know everything.

[Exit.]

FAUST [alone]

How hope abandons not the humblest mind!  
Poor lad! he clings to learning's poorest forms,  
Delves eagerly for fancied gold to find  
Worms—dust; is happy among dust and worms!

Man's voice, and such a man's, and did it dare  
Breathe round me here, where Spirits thronged the air?  
And yet, poor humble creature that thou art,  
How do I thank thee from my very heart!  
When my senses sank beneath  
Despair, and sought relief in death,  
When life within me dying shivered,  
Thy presence from the trance delivered.  
Oh, while I stood before that giant stature,  
How dwarfed I felt beneath its nobler nature!

Image of God! I thought that I had been  
Sublimed from earth, no more a child of clay,  
That, shining gloriously with Heaven's own day,  
I had beheld Truth's countenance serene.  
High above cherubs—above all that serve,  
Raised up immeasurably—every nerve  
Of Nature's life seemed animate with mine;  
Her very veins with blood from my veins filled—  
Her spirit moving as my spirit willed;  
Then did I in creations of my own  
(Oh, is not man in everything divine!)  
Build worlds—or bidding them no longer be—  
Exert, enjoy a sense of deity—

☞ FAUST ☞

Doomed for such dreams presumptuous to atone;  
All by one word of thunder overthrown!

Spirit, I may not mete myself with thee!  
True, I compelled thee to appear,  
But had no power to hold thee here.  
Oh, in that rapturous moment how I felt—  
How little and how great! and thus to be  
With savage scorn fiercely flung back upon  
The lot to mortals dealt.  
And its uncertainties! again the prey  
Of deep disquietude! with none  
To guide me on my way,  
Or show me what to shun!  
That impulse goads me on—shall I obey?  
Alas! 'tis not our sufferings alone,  
But even our acts obstruct us and delay  
Our life's free flow.

To what man's spirit conceives  
Of purest, best, some foreign growth still cleaves,  
We seize what this world gives of good, and deem  
All Better a deception and a dream.  
High feelings, that in us to life gave birth,  
Are numbed and wither in the coil of earth.

How boldly, in the days of youthful Hope,  
Imagination spreads her wing unchecked,  
Deeming all things within her ample scope,  
To the ETERNAL! and how small a space  
Suffices her when Fortune flees apace,  
And all we loved in life's strange whirl is wrecked!  
Deep in the breast Care builds her nest,  
Rocks restlessly and scares away all rest.  
Some secret sorrow still the envious one  
Keeps stirring at till peace and joy are gone.  
Each day she masks her in some new disguise,  
Each day with some new trick the temper tries,  
Is House and Homestead, Child and Wife,  
Fire, Water, Poison, Dagger-knife.

Evils that never come disquiet thee  
Evermore mourning losses not to be!

I am not like the gods. No! no! I tremble,  
Feeling impressed upon my mind the thought,  
Of the mean worm whose nature I resemble.  
'Tis dust, and lives in dust, and the chance tread  
Crushes the wretched reptile into nought.

Is this not dust in which I live?  
This prison-place, what can it give  
Of life or comfort? wheresoe'er  
The sick eye turns, it sees one tier—  
Along the blank, high wall—of shelves  
And gloomy volumes, which themselves  
Are dust and lumber; and the scrolls  
That crowd the hundred pigeonholes  
And crevices of that old case—  
That darkens and confines the space  
Already but too small—'mong these  
What can life be but a disease?  
Here housed in dust, with grub and moth,  
I sicken—mind and body both.  
Shall I find here the cure I ask,  
Resume the edifying task  
Of reading, in a thousand pages,  
That careworn man has, in all ages,  
Sowed Vanity to reap Despair?  
That one, mayhap, has here and there  
Been less unhappy?

Hollow Skull,

I almost fancy I divine  
A meaning in thy spectral smile.  
Saith it not that thy brain, like mine,  
Still loved, and sought the Beautiful;  
Loved Truth for Truth's own sake; and sought,  
Regardless of aught else the while,  
Like mine, the light of cloudless day—  
And, in unsatisfying thought  
By twilight glimmers led astray,  
Like mine at length sank overwrought?

FAUST

Everything fails me—everything—  
These instruments, do they not all  
Mock me? lathe, cylinder, and ring,  
And cog and wheel—in vain I call  
On you for aid, ye keys of Science,  
I stand before the guarded door  
Of Nature; but it bids defiance  
To latch or ward: in vain I prove  
Your powers—the strong bolts will not  
move.

Mysterious, in the blaze of day,  
Nature pursues her tranquil way:  
The veil she wears, if hand profane  
Should seek to raise, it seeks in vain,  
Though from her spirit thine receives,  
When hushed it listens and believes,  
Secrets—revealed, else vainly sought,  
Her free gift when man questions not;  
Think not with levers or with screws  
To wring them out if she refuse.

Old Furniture—cumbrous and mean!  
It is not, has not ever been,  
Of use to me—why here? because  
My father's furniture it was!  
Old Roll; and here it still remains,  
And soiled with smoke, its very stains  
Might count how many a year the light  
Hath, from this desk, through the dead night,  
Burn'd in its sad lamp, nothing bright!  
'Twere better did I dissipate,  
Long since, my little means, than be  
Crushed down and cumbered with its weight:  
All that thy fathers leave to thee,  
At once ENJOY it—thus alone  
Can man make anything his own;  
A hindrance all that we employ not—  
A burden all that we enjoy not.  
HE knows, who rightly estimates,  
That what the moment can employ,

What it requires and can enjoy,  
The MOMENT for itself creates.

What can it be, that thither draws  
The eye, and holds it there, as though  
The flask a very magnet were?  
And whence, oh, whence this lavish glow,  
This lustre of enchanted light,  
Pour'd down at once, and everywhere—  
Birth of the moment—like the flood  
Of splendour round us, when at night  
Breathes moonlight over a wide wood?

Oh phial!—happy phial!—here  
Hope is—I greet thee—I revere  
Thee as Art's best result—in Thee  
Science and Mind triumphant see—  
Essence of all sweet slumber-dews!  
Spirit of all most delicate  
Yet deadliest powers!—be thou my friend—  
A true friend—thou wilt not refuse  
Thine own old master this!—I gaze  
On thee—the pain subsides—the weight  
That pressed me down less heavy weighs.

I grasp thee—faithful friend art thou:—  
Already do I feel the strife  
That preyed upon my powers of life  
Calmed into peace; and now—and now  
The swell, that troubled the clear spring  
Of my vexed spirit, ebbs away;  
Outspread, like ocean, Life and Day  
Shine with a glow of welcoming;  
Calm at my feet the glorious mirror lies,  
And tempts to far-off shores, with smiles from  
other skies!

And, lo! a car of fire to me  
Glides softly hither; from within  
Come winged impulses, to bear  
The child of earth to freer air:  
Already do I seem to win

FAUST

My happy course, from bondage free,  
On paths unknown, to climes unknown,  
Glad spheres of pure activity!  
Powers yet unfelt—worlds yet untrod—  
And life, poured everywhere abroad,  
And rapture worthy of a God!  
Worm that thou art, and can it be  
Such joy is thine, is given to thee?  
Determine only—'tis thy own;  
Say thy firm farewell to the sun,  
The kindly sun—its smiling earth—  
One moment, one—and all is done—  
One pang—then comes the second birth!  
Find life where others fear to die;  
Take measure of thy strength, and burst—  
Burst wide the gate of liberty;  
Show, by man's acts man's spirit durst  
Meet God's own eye, and wax not dim;  
Stand fearless, face to face with Him!

Shudder not now at that blank cave  
Where, in self-torturing disease,  
Pale Fancy hears sad Spirits rave,  
And is herself the Hell she sees.  
Press through the strait, where stands Despair  
Guarding it, and the fiery wave  
Boils up—and know no terror there!  
Determine—be of happy cheer  
In this high hour—be thy advance  
The proud step of a triumph-day;  
Be firm, and cast away all fear;  
And freely—if such be the chance—  
Flow into nothingness away!

And thou, clear crystal goblet, welcome thou!  
Old friend and faithful, from thy antique case  
Come forth with gay smile now,  
As gently I displace  
The time-stain'd velvet; years unnumbered  
Forgotten hast thou slumbered;  
Once bright at many a festival,

FAUST

When, in the old man's hall,  
 Old friends were gathered all,  
 And thou with mirth didst light grave features up,  
 On days of high festivity,  
 And family solemnity,  
 As each to each passed on the happy cup;  
 Its massy pride, the figures rich and old,  
 Of curious carving, and the merry task  
 Of each (thus did our pleasant customs ask)  
 Who drank the quaint old symbols to unfold  
 In rhymes made at the moment; then the mask  
 Of serious seeming, as at one long draught  
 Each guest the full deep goblet duly quaffed;  
 The old cup, the old customs, the old rhymes,  
 All now are with me: all that of old times  
 Can speak are speaking to my heart; the nights  
 Of boyhood, and their manifold delights;  
 Oh, never more to gay friend sitting next  
 Shall my hand reach thee; never more from me  
 Shall merry rhyme illustrate the old text,  
 And into meaning read each mystery;  
 This is a draught that, if the brain still think,  
 Will set it thinking in another mood;  
 Old cup, now fill thee with the dark brown flood;  
 It is my choice; I mixed it, and will drink:  
 My last draught this on earth I dedicate,  
 (And with it be my heart and spirit borne!)  
 A festal offering to the rising morn.

*[He places the goblet to his mouth.]*

*Bells heard, and voices in chorus.*

EASTER HYMN

*Chorus of Angels*

*Christ is from the grave arisen,  
 Joy is His. For Him the weary  
 Earth hath ceased its thralldom dreary,  
 And the cares that prey on mortals:  
 He hath burst the grave's stern portals;  
 The grave is no prison:  
 The Lord hath arisen!*



FAUST

FAUST

Oh, those deep sounds, those voices rich and heavenly!  
How powerfully they sway the soul, and force  
The cup uplifted from the eager lips!  
Proud bells, and do your peals already ring,  
To greet the joyous dawn of Easter morn?  
And ye, rejoicing choristers, already  
Flows forth your solemn song of consolation?  
That song, which once from angel lips resounding  
Around the midnight of the grave was heard,  
The pledge and proof of a new covenant!

HYMN *continued*

*Chorus of Women*

*We laid Him for burial  
'Mong aloes and myrrh;  
His children and friends  
Laid their dead Master here!  
All wrapt in His grave-dress,  
We left Him in fear—  
Ah! where shall we seek Him?  
The Lord is not here!*

*Chorus of Angels*

*The Lord hath arisen,  
Sorrow no longer;  
Temptation hath tried Him,  
But He was the stronger.  
Happy, happy victory!  
Love, submission, self-denial  
Marked the strengthening agony,  
Marked the purifying trial;  
The grave is no prison:  
The Lord hath arisen.*

FAUST

Soft sounds, that breathe of Heaven, most mild, most  
powerful,  
What seek ye here? Why will ye come to me

❧ FAUST ❧

In dusty gloom immersed? Oh, rather speak  
 To hearts of soft and penetrable mould!  
 I hear your message, but I have not faith—  
 And Miracle is fond Faith's favourite child!  
 I cannot force myself into the spheres,  
 Where these good tidings of great joy are heard;  
 And yet, from youth familiar with the sounds,  
 Even now they call me back again to life;  
 Oh, once, in boyhood's happy time, Heaven's love  
 Showered down upon me, with mysterious kiss  
 Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath day!  
 Feelings resistless, incommunicable,  
 Yearnings for something that I knew not of,  
 Deep meanings in the full tones of the bells  
 Mingled—a prayer was burning ecstasy—  
 Drove me, a wanderer through lone fields and woods;  
 Then tears rushed hot and fast—then was the birth  
 Of a new life and a new world for me;  
 These bells announced the merry sports of youth,  
 This music welcomed in the happy spring;  
 And now am I once more a little child,  
 And old Remembrance, twining round my heart,  
 Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps—  
 Then sing ye on—sweet songs that are of Heaven!  
 Tears come, and EARTH hath won her child again.

HYMN *continued*

*Chorus of Disciples*

*He who was buried  
 Hath burst from the grave!  
 From death reassuming  
 The life that He gave,  
 Is risen in glory,  
 Is mighty to save!*

*And onward—still onward  
 Arising, ascending,  
 To the right hand of Power  
 And Joy never-ending.*

FAUST

*Enthroned in brightness,  
His labours are over;  
On earth His disciples  
Still struggle and suffer!*

*His children deserted  
Disconsolate languish—  
Thou art gone, and to glory—  
Hast left us in anguish!*

*Chorus of Angels  
Christ is arisen,  
The Lord hath ascended;  
The dominion of death  
And corruption is ended.*

*Your work of obedience  
Haste to begin;  
Break from the bondage  
Of Satan and Sin.*

In your lives HIS laws obey,  
Let love your governed bosoms sway—  
Blessings to the poor convey,  
To GOD with humble spirit pray,  
To MAN His benefits display:  
Act thus, and He, your MASTER dear,  
Though unseen, is ever near!





BEFORE THE GATE

*Persons of all descriptions strolling out.*

A PARTY OF TRADESMEN

What are you going for in that direction?

SECOND PARTY

We are going to the Jägerhaus.

FIRST PARTY

Are strolling down to the Mill.

And we

A TRADESMAN

I would advise you  
Rather to take a walk to the Wasserhof.

A SECOND

The road to it is not a pleasant one.

SECOND PARTY

What are you for?

FAUST

A THIRD

I go with the other party.

A FOURTH

Take my advice, and let us come to Burgdorf:  
There, anyway, we shall be sure of finding  
The prettiest girls, and the brownest beer,  
And lots of rows in the primest style.

A FIFTH

What, boy,  
Art at it still? Two drubbings, one would think,  
Might satisfy a reasonable man.  
I won't go there with you—I hate the place!

SERVANT-MAID

No! no!—not I—I'll go back to the town.

ANOTHER

We'll find him surely waiting at the poplars.

THE FIRST

Great good is that to me—he'll give his arm  
To you—and dance with you—and why should I go  
For nothing in the world but your amusement?

THE SECOND

To-day he'll certainly not be alone,  
His curly-headed friend will be with him.

STUDENT

Look there—look there—how well those girls step out.  
Come, brother, come let's keep them company.  
Stiff beer, biting tobacco, and a girl  
In her smart dress are the best things I know.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER

Only look there—what pretty fellows these are!  
'Tis quite a shame, when they might have the best

FAUST

Of company, to see them running after  
A pair of vulgar minxes—servant-girls.

SECOND STUDENT [*to the FIRST*]

Stay, easy—here are two fine girls behind us,  
Showily dressed. I know one of them well—  
And, I may say, am half in love with her.  
Innocent things! with what a modest gait  
And shy step they affect to pace; and yet,  
For all their bashfulness, they'll take us with them.

FIRST STUDENT

Join them, yourself—not I—I hate restraint.  
Let us not lose time with them, or the game escapes.  
Give me the girl that gives a man no trouble,  
That on the weekdays does her weekday work,  
And, the day after, work that she loves better.

CITIZEN

Well, I do not like this new burgomaster.  
Not a day passes but he grows more insolent,  
Forsooth! presuming on his dignity.  
And what good is he to us after all?  
The town is growing worse from day to day,  
They are more strict upon us now than ever,  
And raise continually the rates and taxes.

BEGGAR [*sings*]

*Masters good, and ladies bright,  
Rosy-cheeked, and richly dressed,  
Look upon a wretched sight,  
And relieve the poor distressed:  
Let me not in vain implore!  
Pity me!—with chime and voice  
Would I cheer you—let the poor  
When all else are glad, rejoice!  
I must beg, for I must live.  
Help me! blessed they who give!  
When all other men are gay  
Is the beggar's harvest day.*

FAUST

SECOND CITIZEN

Well! give me, on a saint's day, or a Sunday,  
When we have time for it, a tale of war  
And warlike doings far away in Turkey—  
How they are busy killing one another.  
'Tis pleasant to stand gazing from the window,  
Draining your glass at times, and looking on  
The painted barges calmly gliding down  
The easy river. Then the homeward walk  
In the cool evening hour; this makes the heart  
Glad, and at peace with all things and itself.  
Yes! give me peace at home, and peaceful times!

THIRD CITIZEN

Ay, so say I—break every head abroad—  
Turn all things topsy-turvy, so they leave us  
Quiet at home.

OLD WOMAN [*to the* CITIZEN'S DAUGHTERS]

Ha! but you are nicely dressed,  
And very pretty creatures—you'll win hearts  
To-day—ay, that you will—only don't look  
So very proud—yes! that is something better—  
I know what my young pets are wishing for,  
And thinking of, and they shall have it, too!

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER

Come, Agatha, come on—I'd not be seen  
With the old witch in public; yet she showed me,  
On last St Andrew's night, in flesh and blood,  
My future lover.

THE OTHER

In the glass she showed  
Me mine. The figure was a soldier's, and  
With him a band of gay, bold fellows. Since  
I have been looking round, and seeking for him,  
But all in vain—'tis folly—he won't come.

FAUST

SOLDIER

*Towns with turrets, walls, and fences,  
Maidens with their haughty glances,  
These the soldier seeks with ardour,  
Say to conquer which is harder?  
Death and danger he despises,  
When he looks upon the prizes.  
Danger is the soldier's duty,  
And his prize is fame and beauty.*

*Rush we, at the trumpet's measure,  
With blithe hearts to death and pleasure;  
How the soldier's blood is warming  
When we think of cities storming!  
Fortress strong, and maiden tender,  
Must alike to us surrender.  
Danger is the soldier's duty,  
But his prize is fame and beauty.*

FAUST

River and rivulet are freed from ice  
In Spring's affectionate inspiring smile—  
Green are the fields with promise—far away  
To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn  
Strengthless—but still at intervals will send  
Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white  
Mocking a little while the coming bloom—  
Still soils with showers of sharp and bitter sleet,  
In anger impotent, the earth's green robe;  
But the sun suffers not the lingering snow—  
Everywhere life—everywhere vegetation—  
All nature animate with glowing hues—  
Or, if one spot be touched not by the spirit  
Of the sweet season, there, in colours rich  
As trees or flowers, are sparkling human dresses!  
Turn round, and from this height look back upon  
The town: from its black dungeon-gate forth pours,  
In thousand parties, the gay multitude,  
All happy, all indulging in the sunshine!



FAUST

All celebrating the Lord's resurrection,  
 And in themselves exhibiting as 'twere  
 A resurrection too—so changed are they,  
 So raised above themselves. From chambers damp  
 Of poor, mean houses—from consuming toil  
 Laborious—from the work-yard and the shop—  
 From the imprisonment of walls and roofs,  
 And the oppression of confining streets,  
 And from the solemn twilight of dim churches—  
 All are abroad—all happy in the sun.  
 Look, only look, with gaiety how active,  
 Through fields and gardens they disperse themselves!  
 How the wide water, far as we can see,  
 Is joyous with innumerable boats!  
 See, there, one almost sinking with its load  
 Parts from the shore; yonder the hill-top paths  
 Are sparkling in the distance with gay dresses!  
 And, hark! the sounds of joy from the far village!  
 This is the people's very Heaven on earth!  
 The high, the low, in pleasure all uniting—  
 Here may I feel that I too am a man!

WAGNER

Doctor, to steal about with you, 'tis plain  
 Is creditable, brings its own great gain.  
 But otherwise, I'd never throw away  
 My time in such a place. I so detest  
 Everything vulgar—hear them! how they play  
 Their creaking fiddles—hark the kettledrums;  
 And their damned screaming to the ear that comes  
 Worse, if 'twere possible, than all the rest.  
 They rave like very devils let loose on earth—  
 This they call singing!—this, they say, is mirth!

PEASANTS [*dancing and singing*]

*The shepherd for the dance is drest  
 In ribands, wreath, and flashy vest;  
 Round and round like mad they spin  
 To the fiddle's lively din.*

❧ FAUST ❧

*All are dancing full of glee,  
All beneath the linden tree!*

*'Tis merry and merry—heigh-bo, heigh-bo,  
Blithe goes the fiddle-bow!*

*Soon he runs to join the rest,  
Up to a pretty girl he prest;  
With elbow raised and pointed toe,  
Bent to her with his best bow,  
Pressed her hand: with feigned surprise,  
Up she raised her timid eyes!  
" 'Tis strange that you should use me so,  
So, so—heigh-bo—  
'Tis rude of you to use me so."*

*All into the set advance,  
Right they dance, and left they dance—  
Gowns and ribands bow they fling,  
Flying with the flying ring;  
They grew red, and faint, and warm,  
And rested, sinking, arm in arm.*

*Slow, slow, heigh-bo,  
Tired in elbow, foot, and toe!*

*"And do not make so free," she said;  
"I fear that you may never wed;  
Men are cruel"—and he prest  
The maiden to his beating breast.  
Hark, again, the sounds of glee  
Swelling from the linden tree.*

*'Tis merry, 'tis merry—heigh-bo, heigh-bo,  
Blithe goes the fiddle-bow!*

OLD PEASANT

This, doctor, is so kind of you,  
A man of rank and learning too;  
Who but yourself would condescend  
Thus with the poor, the poor man's friend,

FAUST

To join our sports? In this brown cheer  
Accept the pledge we tender here,  
A draught of life may it become  
And years on years, oh, may you reach,  
As cheerful as these beads of foam,  
As countless too, a year for each!

FAUST

Blest be the draught restorative!  
I pledge you—happy may you live!

*[The people collect in a circle  
round him.]*

OLD PEASANT

Yes! witness thou the poor man's glee,  
And share in his festivity:  
In this hath fortune fairly dealt  
With him who, in the evil day  
Of the black sickness, with us dwelt,  
When Plague was numbering his prey—  
In strength and health how many gather  
To this day's pastimes, whom thy father  
Rescued from death in that last stage,  
When the disease, tired out at length,  
Is followed by the fever's rage,  
And prostrate sinks the vital strength;  
And you too in that time of dread  
And death, a young man, visited  
Each house of sickness: evermore,  
Day after day, the black hearse bore  
Corse after corse—still, day by day,  
The good man held his fearless way  
Unscathed; for God a blessing gave,  
And saved the man who sought to save.

ALL

For thee, tried friend, our prayers we raise,  
And, when we wish thee length of days,  
'Tis for himself that each man prays.

FAUST

FAUST

In thanks to the Great Father bend;  
We are but servants to extend  
Blessings that flow from man's one Friend.

*[Goes on with WAGNER.]*

WAGNER

With what a sense of pure delight,  
Master, must thou enjoy the sight  
Of this vast crowd, and the unchecked  
Expression of their deep respect!  
Oh, happy he who thus to Heaven  
Can render back the talents given!  
The pious father points thee out  
To his young folk—they gaze, and ask,  
And gaze again—and crowd about.  
The blithe musician in his task  
Pauses—the dancers turn to thee,  
And gather into rows to see  
The man they honour passing by—  
And then the gratulating shout—  
And then the caps flung up on high:  
They almost worship thee—almost  
Would bend the knee as to the Host.

FAUST

To yonder rock is but a few steps on—  
After our long walk we may rest us there.

Here oft I've sate to muse; here all alone  
By vigil, fast, and agonies of prayer—  
In Hope then rich, in Faith unwavering,  
With tears and sighs—here was I wont to pray,  
And supplicating hands, as though to wring  
From Him in Heaven that He the plague would stay.  
To me the praise I hear is mockery.  
Oh, that you could into my bosom gaze,  
Read written there how little worthy we,  
Father or son, of these poor people's praise!

FAUST

My father, a reserved and moody man  
On Nature's holy circles still would pore,  
With honest ardour, after some strange plan  
That pleased his fancy, toiling evermore.  
And he would shut himself in secret cell,  
One or two adepts always at his side,  
Quaint recipes with fire and crucible,  
In this dark kitchen evermore he tried,  
Watching for the great moment's birth that might  
Antagonistic elements unite.  
There in the gentle bath a Lion Red—  
Bold wooer he—was to the Lily wed;  
And both were, while the furnace-fire raged bright,  
Hurried in torture on from bed to bed.  
If in the glass was given us to behold  
The Young Queen rise in colours manifold,  
Here was the medicine—the patients died.  
None asked "Who took it and remained alive?"  
Thus in these mountains, in these valleys wide,  
Our cure was than the plague a plague more fierce.  
To thousands have I given the poison—they  
Have withered—they are dead—and I survive  
To hear praise lavished on their murderers.

WAGNER

How can this be so painful? What can men  
Do more than in their practice still obey  
The precepts of the science of their day?  
What you have from your father heard was then  
Heard in the docile spirit of belief.  
You in your day extend the limit-line  
Of science; in due time your son will take  
His place—and for himself discoveries make  
Greater than thine, perhaps—yet but for thine  
Impossible. If so then, why this grief?

FAUST

Happy who still hath hope to rise above  
This sea of error! Strange that we in vain

FAUST

Seek knowledge each day needs: the knowledge of  
What never can avail us we attain.  
But with such musings let us sadden not  
This sweet hour! See where, in the sunset, gleam  
The village huts with green trees smiling round  
Each cottage in its own small garden plot.  
But the Sun sinks—day dies, and it would seem  
With day the Sun. But still doth he survive,  
Still speeds he on with life-diffusing beam—  
Oh, that no wing uplifts me from the ground,  
Nearer and nearer after him to strive!  
Then should I the reposing world behold  
Still in this everlasting evening glow.  
The hill-tops kindling all—the vales at rest—  
The silver brooklet in its silent flow  
To where the yellow splendour of the west  
On the far river lies in trembling gold.  
In vain the rugged mountain rears his breast,  
With darkening cliff and cave to bar my way,  
Onward in Heaven, still onward is my flight,  
And now wide ocean, with each fervid bay,  
In sudden brightness breaks upon my sight,  
Till sinking seems at last the god of day.  
Then the new instinct wakens, and I breathe  
Heaven still—still drink of his undying light.  
Before me day—behind me is the night—  
Above me Heaven—and the wide wave beneath.  
A glorious dream—illusion brief and bright—  
For while I yet am dreaming he is gone.  
Alas! from its captivity of earth  
The body hath no wing whereon to rise,  
And with the winged spirit voyage on:  
And yet will every one of human birth  
The feeling in our nature recognize  
That for a moment with a sense of wings  
Uplifts us, bears us onward and away,  
When high above, in blue space lost, his lay  
Thrilling the skylark sings.  
When over piny headlands, savage steeps,  
Outspread the eagle sweeps.

FAUST

And over moorlands, over main,  
Homeward, homeward strives the crane.

WAGNER

I too of reverie oft have had my moods,  
But impulse such as this they never bring.  
The eye soon has enough of fields and woods;  
I never had a wish for a bird's wing—  
Far other are the thinking man's delights,  
From book to book, from leaf to leaf they lead,  
And bright and cheerful are his winter nights.  
Life, happy life, warms every limb. Unroll,  
At such charmed hour, some precious parchment scroll;  
All Heaven descends upon you as you read.

FAUST

You feel but the one impulse now—oh learn  
Never to know the other! in my breast,  
Alas! two souls dwell—all there is unrest;  
Each with the other strives for mastery,  
Each from the other struggles to be free.  
One to the fleshly joys the coarse earth yields,  
With clumsy tendrils clings, and one would rise  
In native power and vindicate the fields,  
Its own by birthright—its ancestral skies.  
Oh, if indeed Spirits be in the air,  
Moving 'twixt Heaven and earth with lordly wings,  
Come from your golden "incense-breathing" sphere,  
Waft me to new and varied life away!  
Oh, had I but a magic cloak to bear  
At will to far-off lands the wanderer,  
How little would I prize the rich array  
Of princes, and the purple pomp of kings!

WAGNER

Call not the well-known army. Of dusk air,  
A living stream, the middle space they fill,  
And danger manifold for man prepare,  
For ever active in the work of ill.

FAUST

From all sides pour they on us—from the north,  
With piercing fangs, with arrow-pointed tongues,  
And from the sunrise region speed they forth,  
In the dry wind to feast upon the lungs.  
If from the desolate parched wilderness  
The midday send them out with fervid glow,  
To heap fresh fire upon the burning brain,  
A cloudy vapour from the west they flow,  
Descend in what would seem refreshing rain,  
Then in fierce torrents down on thee they press,  
And deluge garden, meadow-field, and plain.  
Ready for evil with delight they hear,  
They lurk and listen—gladly they obey  
Man's invitation—gladly they betray  
Such summoner—in mischief they rejoice,  
Ambassadors from Heaven itself appear,  
And utter falsehoods with an angel's voice.  
But let's away—the air grows chill—the dew  
Is falling—and the dusk of night has come.  
Towards night we first have the true feel of home.  
What keeps you standing there? Why that intent  
Stare—why that look of such astonishment?  
What do you see that fastens thus on you?

FAUST

Do you see that black dog, where through the green blades  
Of the soft springing corn, and the old stubble,  
He runs, just glancing by them for a moment?

WAGNER

I've seen him this while past, but thought not of him  
As any way strange.

FAUST

Look at him carefully,  
What do you take the brute to be?

WAGNER

Why, nothing  
But a poor fool of a poodle, puzzling out  
His master's track whom I suppose he has lost.





METHINKS HE DRAWS LIGHT MAGIC THREADS AROUND US



FAUST

FAUST

Do you observe how in wide serpent circles  
He courses round us? nearer and yet nearer  
Each turn—and if my eyes do not deceive me  
Sparkles of fire whirl where his foot hath touched.

WAGNER

I can see nothing more than a black dog;  
It may be some deception of your eyes.

FAUST

Methinks he draws light magic threads around us,  
Hereafter to entangle and ensnare!

WAGNER

In doubt and fear the poodle's leaping round us,  
Seeing two strangers in his master's stead.

FAUST

The circle, see, how much more narrow 'tis—  
He's very near us!

WAGNER

'Tis a dog, you see,  
And not a spirit; see, he snarls at strangers,  
Shies, lies upon his belly, wags his tail,  
As all dogs do.

FAUST

We'll bring him home with us.  
Come, pretty fellow!

WAGNER

He's a merry dog—  
If you stand, he stands up and waits for you—  
Speak to him, and he straight leaps up upon you—  
Leave something after you, no doubt he'll bring it,  
Or plunge into the water for your stick.

FAUST

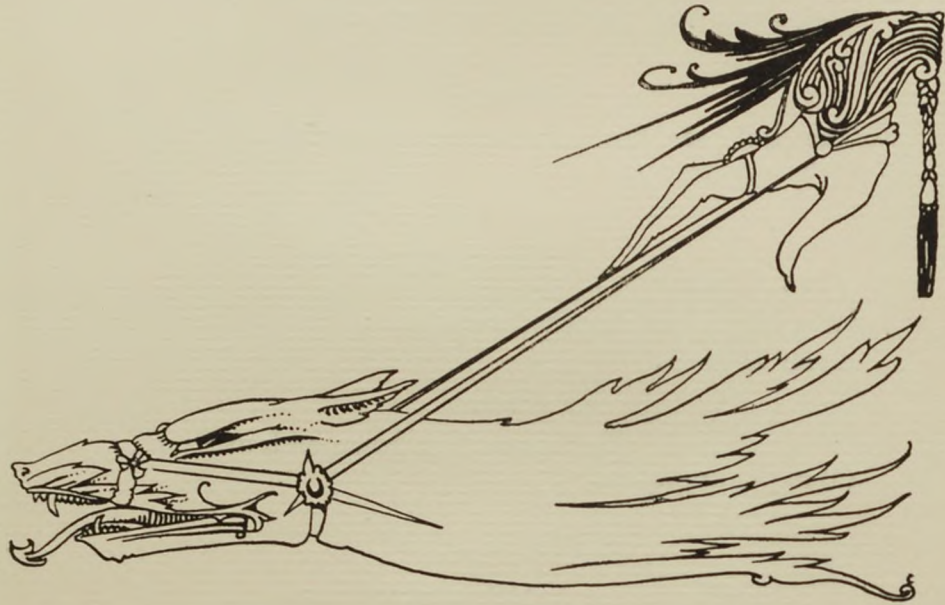
FAUST

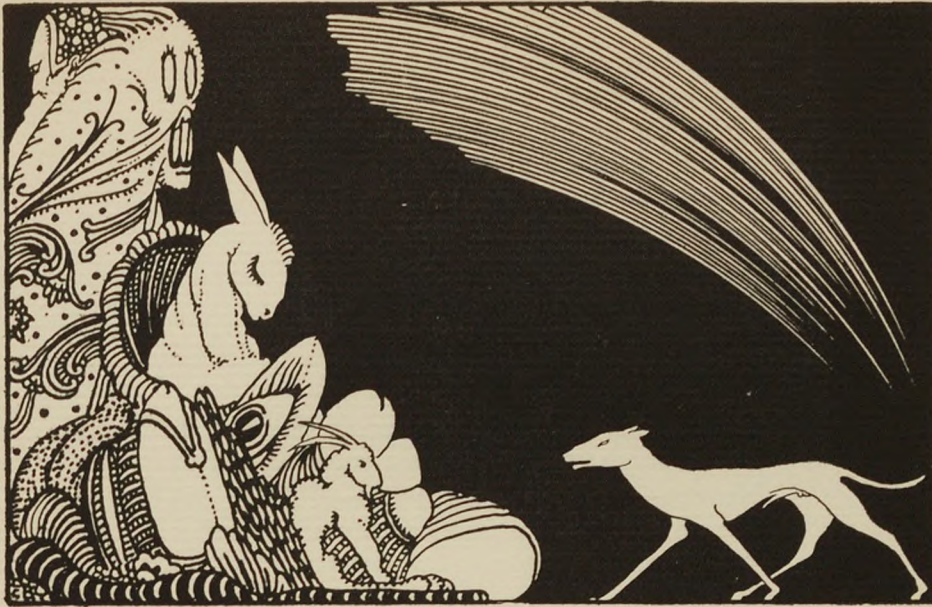
You're right. I see no traces of the Spirit  
In him.

WAGNER

A dog, well tutored, learns the art  
To win upon a good man's heart;  
Wise men grow fond of them—and see,  
Our friend already follows thee—  
Soon shall we see the happy creature,  
Prime favourite, round the doctor skip:  
With every student for his teacher,  
How can we doubt his scholarship?

*[They enter the town gate.]*





## FAUST'S STUDY

*Enter FAUST, with the dog.*

FAUST

The fields we roamed through with delight,  
Are hidden now in the deep night;  
Within us felt the thrilling hour,  
Awakes man's better soul to power:  
Hushed the desires of the wild will,  
And action's stormy breath is still—  
LOVE stirs around us and abroad,  
The love of MAN, the love of GOD.

Rest, poodle, rest—lie down in quiet!  
Why runs he up and down the floor?  
What can it be he looks so shy at,  
Smelling and snuffling at the door?  
Pleasant wert thou in our mountain ramble,  
Didst make us merry with trick and gambol;  
Go to sleep on the cushion—a soft, snug nest—  
Take thy ease, in thine inn, like a welcome guest.

FAUST

When in our narrow cell each night,  
 The lone lamp sheds its friendly light,  
 Then from the bosom doubt and fear  
 Pass off like clouds, and leave it clear—  
 Then reason reassumes her reign,  
 And hope begins to bloom again,  
 And in the hush of outward strife,  
 We seem to hear the streams of life,  
 And seek, alas!—in vain essay—  
 Its hidden fountain far away.

Cease, dog, to growl! the beastly howl of the hound  
 But ill accords with the pure breathing of  
 Heaven—with the holy tones—all peace and love—  
 That to the heart unbidden way have found.  
 With men 'tis common to contemn,  
 Whatever is too good, too fair,  
 Too high to be conceived by them;  
 And is't that like those wretches carles,  
 This dog at what he understands not snarls?

These withering thoughts, do what I will,  
 They come—the fountain of the heart is chill.  
 How oft have I experienced change like this!  
 Yet is it not unblest in the event;  
 For, seeking to supply the natural dearth,  
 We learn to prize things loftier than the earth,  
 And the heart seeks support and light from Heaven.  
 And such support and light—oh, is it given  
 Anywhere but in the New Testament?  
 Strong impulse sways me now to look to the text  
 On which all rests, and honestly translate  
 The holy original into mine own  
 Dear native tongue.

*[He opens a volume and prepares to write.]*

"Tis written—"IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD."  
 Already at a stand—and how proceed?  
 Who helps me? Is the WORD to have such value?  
 Impossible—if by the spirit guided.  
 Once more—"IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE THOUGHT."

❧ FAUST ❧

Consider the first line attentively,  
Lest hurrying on the pen outrun the meaning.  
Is it *Thought* that works in all, and that makes all?  
—It should stand rather thus—“IN THE BEGINNING  
WAS THE POWER.”—yet even as I am writing this  
A something warns me we cannot rest there.  
The Spirit aids me—all is clear—and boldly  
I write, “IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE ACT.”

Cease, teasing dog, this angry howl,  
These moans dissatisfied and dull—  
Down, dog, or I must be rougher,  
Noise like this I cannot suffer—  
One of us must leave the closet, if  
You still keep growling—that is positive;  
To use a guest so is not pleasant,  
But none could bear this whine incessant!  
But can what I see be real,  
Or is all some trick ideal?  
'Tis surely something more than nature—  
Form is changed, and size, and stature,  
Larger, loftier, erecter,  
This seeming dog must be a spectre—  
With fiery eyes, jaws grinding thus,  
Like an hippopotamus,  
And here to bring this whelp of hell;  
Oh, at last, I know thee well,  
For such half-devilish, hellish spawn,  
Nought's like the key of SOLOMON.

SPIRITS [*without*]

One is in prison:  
Listen to reason:  
Venture not on:  
Where he hath gone  
Follow him none:  
Watch we all! watch we well!  
The old lynx of hell  
Has fallen in the snare,  
Is trapped unaware,

🌿 FAUST 🌿

Like a fox in the gin;  
He is in: he is in:  
Stay we without,  
Sweep we about,  
Backward and forward,  
Southward and norward,  
Our colleague assisting,  
His fetters untwisting,  
Lightening their pressure  
By mystical measure;  
At our motions and voices,  
Our brother rejoices,  
For us hath he offered,  
His safety, and suffered;  
We are his debtors,  
Let's loosen his fetters.

FAUST

To conquer him must I rehearse  
First that deep, mysterious verse  
Which each elemental spirit,  
Of the orders four, who hears it,  
Trembling, will confess and fear it.

Scorching SALAMANDER, burn,  
NYMPH of WATER, twist and turn,  
Vanish, SYLPH, to thy far home,  
Labour vex thee, drudging GNOME

He is but a sorry scholar,  
To whom each elemental ruler,  
Their acts and attributes essential,  
And their influence potential,  
And their sympathies auxiliar,  
Are not matters quite familiar;  
Little knows he, little merits  
A dominion over Spirits.

Fiery SALAMANDER, wither  
In the red flame's fiery glow!



FAUST

Rushing, as waves rush together,  
WATER-NYMPH, in water flow!  
Gleamy SYLPH OF AIR, glance, fleeter  
And more bright, than midnight meteor!  
Slave of homely drudgery,  
Lubber INCUBUS, flee, flee  
To the task that waits for thee!  
Spirit, that within the beast  
Art imprisoned, be releast!  
Kingly sway hath SOLOMON  
Over subject spirits won;  
Forth!—obey the spell and seal  
Elemental natures feel!

By Spirits of a different kind,  
Is the brute possessed, I find;  
Grinning he lies, and mocks the charm  
That has no power to work him harm.  
Spectre! by a stronger spell  
Thy obedience I compel.

If thou be a serf of Satan,  
A follower of the fallen great one,  
Deserter from hell,  
I conjure and charm thee,  
By the sign and the spell,  
To which bows the black army.

See how he swells—how the hair bristles there!

Outcast creature, see the sign  
Of the Human and Divine.  
Bow before the Uncreated,  
Whom the world has seen and hated:  
Canst thou read Him? Canst thou see?  
Dread to hear me name His name;  
Through all Heaven diffused is He,  
Died on earth a death of shame.

Ha! with terror undissembled,  
Methinks the brute at last has trembled;

FAUST

As behind the stove he lies,  
See him swell and see him pant;  
And his bristles how they rise  
As he rouses—and his size  
Large as is the elephant—  
Larger yet the room he crowds—  
He will vanish in the clouds.  
Spare the roof in thy retreat,  
Lie down at the master's feet.  
Thou shalt feel the scorching glow  
(Mine is not an idle threat)  
Of the heat divine—shalt know  
Pangs of fiercer torment yet.  
Still resisting? Tarry not  
For the three-times glowing light,  
Blaze beyond endurance bright—  
Reluctantly must I at length  
Speak the spell of greatest strength.

*MEPHISTOPHELES comes forward, as the mist sinks, in the dress of a travelling scholar, from behind the stove.*

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why all this uproar? Is there anything  
In my poor power to serve you?

FAUST

This then was  
The poodle's kernel—travelling scholar—pscha!  
A most strange case of the kind—I cannot but  
Laugh when I think of it.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Most learned master,  
Your humble servant—you've been broiling me  
After a pretty fashion—sweated me  
To the very vengeance. I'm in a fine stew.

FAUST

Your name?



IS THERE ANYTHING  
IN MY POOR POWER TO SERVE YOU?



FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

A frivolous inquiry this from you—  
From one who rates the word so low!  
Who, disregarding outward show,  
Would look into the essence of the being——

FAUST

With you oftentimes the name  
And essence is, I trow, the same,  
The name and nature of the being  
All one—in nothing disagreeing.  
Thus, one is called the god of flies—  
One the SEDUCER—one the LIAR.  
Now, good my friend, may I inquire  
Your name?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Part of the power that would  
Still do evil—still does good.

FAUST

What may this riddle mean?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I am the Spirit that evermore denies,  
And rightly so—for all that doth arise  
Deserves to perish—this, distinctly seeing,  
No! say I, No! to everything that tries  
To bubble into being.  
My proper element is what you name  
Sin, Dissolution—in a word, the Bad.

FAUST

You call yourself  
A part, yet stand before me whole.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I speak  
The truth—the modest truth—though Man may call—

FAUST

Poor fool-world Man—in his aspirings high,  
Himself a Whole—the Whole—I am not—I  
Am part of a part which part at the first was All,  
Part of the Darkness that gave birth to Light;  
Proud Light that now would from her rank displace  
Maternal Night—and wars with her for space,  
Yet is no gainer—for, strive as it will,  
Light clings—imprisoned slave—to Bodies still.  
It streams from Bodies—it makes Bodies bright—  
A body intercepts it in its course;  
This gives the hope that Light may too perforce,  
When Bodies perish be extinguished quite.

FAUST

A creditable line of business this;  
Your Nothing nothing has unmade, I wis  
The great projector sees his projects fail,  
And would do business on a smaller scale.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And even in this way little do I gain,  
Against this Nothing the coarse Somewhat will  
Obtrude. The rude World contradicts me still.  
The clumsy lump of filth in proud resistance  
Asserting undeniable existence,  
I have been pounding at it all in vain.  
I have tried deluge, tempest, thunder, and  
Lightnings—at rest you see it still remain  
Inviolate—the selfsame sea and land.  
On the damned stuff—rank spawn of man and beast,  
I can make no impression—not the least.  
What crowds on crowds I've buried—little good—  
It but sets circulating fresh young blood.  
On they go—on, replenishing, renewing—  
It drives me mad to see the work that's doing.  
From water, air, earth, germs of life unfold,  
Thousands in dry and damp, in warm and cold—  
Flame still is mine—I've kept that—Flame alone,  
Else were there nothing specially my own.

FAUST

FAUST

Is it thou?—thou standing there?—thou to resist  
The healthful energy, the animation,  
The force that moves and moulds, and is creation—  
In vain spite clenching that cold devil's fist?  
Strange son of Chaos this may well move laughter.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well—this point we may talk about hereafter—  
But now, with your permission, I would go.

FAUST

That you can, whether I permit or no,  
Why ask me? Now that you have found your way,  
I hope to see you often here. Good day!  
This is the window—that the door—and yonder  
The chimney. Why thus stare about and ponder?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I am not free: a little obstacle,  
I did not see, confines me to your cell—  
The druid foot upon the threshold traced.

FAUST

The pentagram?—is it not to your taste?  
But, son of hell, if this indeed be so,  
How came you in, I should be glad to know—  
How was it that the charm no earlier wrought?

MEPHISTOPHELES

The lines were not as perfect as they ought:  
The outer angle's incomplete.

FAUST

Well—'twas a pleasant evening's feat—  
A most unlooked-for accident—  
Strange prize, and yet more strangely sent.

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

The dog, without perceiving it,  
Leaped in—the devil has somehow  
Seen it—is in the house—and now  
Can find no way of leaving it.

FAUST

Why not the window?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why?—because

It is enacted in the laws  
Which bind us devils and phantoms, “that  
Whatever point we enter at,  
We at the same return”; thus we  
In our first choice are ever free—  
Choose, and the right of choice is o’er;  
We, who were free, are free no more.

FAUST

Hell has its codes of law then—well,  
I will think better now of Hell.  
If laws be binding and obeyed,  
Then compacts with you may be made.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Made and fulfilled, too—nowhere better—  
We keep our compacts to the letter;  
But points of law like this require  
Some time and thought—are apt to tire,  
And I am hurried—we may treat  
On them at leisure when we meet  
Again—but now I ask permission  
To go.

FAUST

One moment—I am wishing  
To question further one who brings  
Good news, and tells such pleasant things.



FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

Let me go now—I come again,  
You may ask any question then.

FAUST

Ay, old fox, ay, come, catch me there—  
I laid no net—I set no snare,  
And if you walked into the trap—  
'Twas your own act, and my good hap;  
Luck like this can hardly last—  
Catch the devil and keep him fast—  
Part with a prize, on which none could have reckoned!  
The first chance gone, pray who will give a second?

MEPHISTOPHELES

If you insist on it—I stay;  
And just to while the hours away,  
I would amuse you, as I may;  
For I have pleasant arts and power,  
With shows to while the passing hour.

FAUST

If it be pleasant, try your art—  
As audience I will play my part.

MEPHISTOPHELES

In one hour shall more intense  
Pleasure flow on every sense,  
Than the weary year could give,  
In such life as here you live—  
The songs soft spirits sing to thee,  
The images they bring to thee,  
Are no empty exhibition  
Of the skill of a magician;  
Pictures fair and music's tone,  
Speak to eye and ear alone;  
But odours sweet around thee sporting,  
Lingering tastes thy palate courting,  
Feelings gratified, enraptured,  
All thy senses shall be captured.

FAUST

Preparation need not we—  
Spirits, begin your melody.

SPIRITS [*sing*]

*Vanish, dark arches,  
That over us bend,  
Let the blue sky in beauty  
Look in like a friend.  
Oh, that the black clouds  
Asunder were riven,  
That the small stars were brightening  
All through the wide Heaven!  
And look at them smiling  
And sparkling in splendour,  
Suns, but with glory  
More placid and tender;  
Children of Heaven,  
In spiritual beauty,  
Descending, and bending  
With billowy motion,  
Downward are thronging,  
Willing devotion  
Flowing to meet them,  
Loving hearts longing,  
Sighing to greet them.  
O'er field and o'er flower,  
On banks and in bower,  
The folds of their bright robes  
In breezy air streaming,  
Where loving ones living  
In love's thoughtful dreaming,  
Their fond hearts are giving  
For ever away.*

*Bower on bower,  
Tendril and flower;  
Clustering grapes,  
The vine's purple treasure,  
Have fallen in the wine-vat,  
And bleed in its pressure—*

☞ FAUST ☞

*Foaming and steaming, the new wine is streaming,  
 Over agate and amethyst,  
 Rolls from its fountain,  
 Leaving behind it  
 Meadow and mountain,  
 And the hill-slopes smile greener, far down where it breaks  
 Into billowy streamlets, or lingers in lakes.  
 And the winged throng, drinking deep of delight  
 From the rivers of joy, are pursuing their flight.  
 Onward and onward,  
 Wings steering sunward,  
 Where the bright islands, with magical motion,  
 Stir with the waves of the stirring ocean.  
 Where we hear 'em shout in chorus,  
 Or see 'em dance on lawns before us,  
 As over land or over waters  
 Chance the idle parties scatters.  
 Some upon the far hills gleaming,  
 Some along the bright lakes streaming,  
 Some their forms in air suspending,  
 Float in circles never-ending.  
 The one spirit of enjoyment,  
 Aim, and impulse, and employment;  
 All would breathe in the far distance,  
 Life, free life of full existence  
 With the gracious stars above them,  
 Smiling down to say they love them.*

MEPHISTOPHELES

He sleeps—thanks to my little favourites.  
 Why, ye have fairly sung away his wits,  
 And so he thought the devil to catch and keep!  
 Well, well, I am a concert in your debt—  
 Still cloud with dreams his unsuspecting sleep,  
 Antic and wild!—still in illusion steep  
 His fancy!—hover round and round him yet,  
 Haply dreaming that I am  
 Prisoner of the pentagram!  
 Tooth of rat . . . gets rid of that . . .  
 Gnawing, sawing, bit by bit,

FAUST

Till there be no trace of it;  
Little need of conjuring,  
Rats to such a place to bring;  
One is rustling in the wall,  
He will hear my whispered call—

The master of the Mice and Rats,  
Flies and Frogs, and Bugs and Bats,  
Sends his summons to appear—  
Forth! and gnaw the threshold here—  
He hath spilt the fragrant oil,  
Till it vanish tooth must toil—  
Sir Rat hath heard me—see him run  
To the task that soon is done;  
Yonder angle 'tis confines  
Your master—gnaw the meeting-lines—  
Now the corner, near the door,  
All is done in one bite more.

The prisoner and the pentagram are gone,  
Dream, FAUST, until we meet again, dream on!

[Exit.]

FAUST [awaking]

Am I again deceived?—and must I deem  
These gorgeous images, but phantoms shaped  
In the delusion of a lying dream?  
And so there was no devil at all, 'twould seem—  
And it was but a poodle that escaped!





## FAUST'S STUDY

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES

FAUST

A knock!—Come in—who now comes to torment me?

MEPHISTOPHELES

'Tis I.

FAUST

Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You must command me thrice.

FAUST

Come in, then.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That will do—I'm satisfied—  
We soon shall be the best friends in the world.

*[Enters.]*

FAUST

From your mind to scatter wholly  
The mists of peevish melancholy,  
Hither come I now, and bear  
Of a young lord the noble air,  
And mask me in his character;  
My dress is splendid, you behold,  
Blazing with the ruddy gold,  
With my stiff silken mantle's pride,  
And the long sword hanging by my side,  
And o'er my cap the cock's proud feather—  
I'm a fine fellow altogether.  
And now, my friend, without delay,  
Equip yourself in like array,  
That, light and free, you thus may see  
Life's many pleasures what they be!

FAUST

In every dress alike I can but feel  
Life the same torture, earth the selfsame prison;  
For your light pleasures I am all too old,  
Too young to have the sting of passion dead;  
The world—what can it give? “Refrain, refrain!”  
This is the everlasting song—the chime  
Perpetually jingling in all ears,  
And with hoarse accents every hour repeats it.  
Each morn, with a dull sense of something dreadful  
I wake, and from my bitter heart could weep  
To see another day, which, in its course,  
Will not fulfil one wish of mine—not one!  
The teasing crowd of small anxieties,  
That each day brings, have frittered into dust  
All joy, until the very hope of joy  
Is something that the heart has ceased to feel;  
And life's poor masquerade—vapid and wayward,  
And worthless as it is—breaks in upon,  
And dissipates, the world, which for itself  
The lonely man's imagination builds;  
And, when the night is come, with heavy heart  
Must I lie down upon my bed, where rest  
Is never granted me, where wild dreams come,

☞ FAUST ☞

Hideous and scaring. The indwelling spirit,  
Whose temple is my heart, who rules its powers,  
Can stir the bosom to its lowest depths,  
But has no power to move external nature;  
And therefore is existence burdensome,  
And death desirable, and life detested.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yet Death's a guest not altogether welcome.

FAUST

Oh, happy he for whom, in victory's hour  
Of splendour, Death around his temples binds  
The laurel dyed with blood, and happy he,  
Whom, after the fast whirl of the mad dance,  
Death in his true love's arms reposing finds!  
Would that I too had, in such rapturous trance,  
My individual being lost in his,  
Dissolved before that lofty Spirit's might,  
Past, soul and sense absorbed, away for ever!

MEPHISTOPHELES

And yet that night I've seen a certain man  
Forbear to taste a certain dark brown liquid!

FAUST

A spy, too—peering—prying—is it not so?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I know not ALL, but many things I know.

FAUST

And if from harrowing thoughts the rich old chaunt  
Did win me; and the old remembered words,  
And the old music, like a spell recalling  
Faded remembrances; if in the trance  
All that remained of my boy's heart was captive

To the charmed echo of more happy days—  
 Know I not—feel I not it was illusion?  
 We are but what the senses make of us,  
 And this and all illusion do I curse,  
 All that beguiles us, man or boy—that winds  
 Over the heart its nets and chains us here  
 In thralldom down or voluntary trance,  
 This magic jugglery that fools the soul—  
 These obscure powers that cloud and flatter it!  
 Oh, cursed first of all be the high thoughts  
 That man conceives of his own attributes!  
 And cursed be the shadowy appearances,  
 The false delusive images of things  
 That slave and mock the senses! cursed be  
 The hypocrite dreams that soothe us when we think  
 Of fame—of deathless and enduring names!  
 Cursed be all that, in self-flattery,  
 We call our own—wife, child, and slave, and plough;  
 Curse upon Mammon, when with luring gold  
 He stirs our souls to hardy deeds, or when  
 He smoothes the couch of indolent repose;  
 A curse upon the sweet grape's balmy juice,  
 And the passionate joys of love, man's highest joys—  
 And cursed be all hope and all belief;  
 And cursed, more than all, man's tame endurance!

SONG OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS

*Woe, woe! thou hast destroyed it!  
 This beautiful world:  
 Mighty his hand, who dealt  
 The blow through Nature felt.  
 Earth withers:  
 A demigod cursed it—  
 A shock from the Spirit that shaped and enjoyed it;  
 A blight from the bosom that nursed it;  
 The fragments we sweep down Night's desolate steep,  
 The fading glitter we mourn and we weep!*

*Proud and powerful  
 Son of earth,*



FAUST

*To second birth,  
Call again the pageant splendid—  
Oh, restore what thou hast rended—  
Be no more the wreck thou art—  
Recommence, with clearer sense,  
And build within thy secret heart;  
Re-create, with better fate,  
Another world on firmer ground,  
And far and near, and all around,  
With songs of joy and triumphing,  
Heaven and the happy earth shall ring.*

MEPHISTOPHELES

Listen to the witching lay!  
Wise and wily ones be they;  
Little ones of mine, and good  
Children are they—sly and shrewd:  
Childlike are their voices—age  
Never uttered words more sage;  
Active life—the joys of sense  
Counsels all experience:  
And my little ones do well,  
Courting thee 'mong men to dwell,  
Far from this monastic cell;  
Where passions and young blood together  
In solitude grow dry and wither.  
Oh, listen, and let charms like these  
Thy feelings and thy fancy seize!  
Cease to indulge this misanthropic humour,  
Which like a vulture preys upon thy life;  
The worst society will make thee feel  
That thou too art a man, and among men—  
Not that I mean to mix you with the rabble.  
I'm not myself one of the higher orders;  
But if you will in company with me  
See life, I will contrive to manage matters,  
And make arrangements to convenience you,  
Cheerfully—from this moment am your comrade;  
Or, if you like me, am your servant—nay,  
Your slave.

FAUST

FAUST

And what must I give in return?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh, time enough to think of that hereafter.

FAUST

No, no! the devil is selfish—very selfish—  
Does nothing for God's sake or from good nature:  
Come, out with your conditions, and speak plainly—  
There's little luck, I trow, with such a servant.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I bind myself to be thy servant *here*,  
To run and rest not at thy beck and bidding;  
And when we meet again in yonder place,  
*There*, in like manner, thou shalt be my servant.

FAUST

THAT YONDER PLACE gives me but small concern;  
When thou hast first shattered this world to atoms,  
There may be others then, for aught I care.  
All joys, that I can feel, from this earth flow,  
And this sun shines upon my miseries!  
And were I once divorced from them I care not  
What may hereafter happen—of these things  
I'll hear no more—I do not seek to know  
If man, in future life, still hates and loves;  
If in those spheres there be, as well as here,  
Like differences of suffering and enjoyment,  
Debasement and superiority.

MEPHISTOPHELES

With feelings such as these you well may venture.  
Make only the engagement, and at once  
All will be pleasure—I have rare devices,  
And of my craft will show thee many marvels,

FAUST

Right strange and merry scenes will conjure up:  
Sights shalt thou see that man hath never seen.

FAUST

Thou—what hast thou—poor devil? The mind of man,  
Man's seeking—struggling spirit—hopes—aspirings  
Infinite—are they things to be conceived  
By natures such as thou art? Yet hast thou,  
Poor devil, in thy degree a wherewithal  
To wile and win us; delicates uncloying  
Are—are they not?—among those lures of thine?  
Yea! hast thou the red gold that restlessly  
Like quicksilver slides from the hand—a game  
At which none wins, yet is it play? A girl  
That with her lavish arms around my breast,  
With willing eyes ogles and woos another.  
And splendour hast thou? Rank—wilt give me these?  
The starlight meteors of ambition's Heav'n?  
Aye! let me see this pleasant fruit of thine  
That rots before we gather it—the trees  
That each day bud and bloom anew.<sup>1</sup>

MEPHISTOPHELES

Fine things to fancy!—to be sure you shall  
Have this or anything you wish to ask for—  
Something less spiritual were something better;  
But by and by we'll find the doctor's taste  
Improving—we'll have our own pleasant places,  
And our titbits—and our snug little parties,  
And—what will keep the doctor's spirit quiet—  
I promise you, you'll feel what comfort is.

FAUST

Comfort and quiet!—no, no! none of these  
For me—I ask them not—I seek them not.  
If ever I upon the bed of sloth

<sup>1</sup> The worlde that neweth every daie.  
GOWER, *Confessio Amantis*

FAUST

Lie down and rest, then be the hour, in which  
I so lie down and rest, my last of life.  
Canst thou by falsehood or by flattery  
Delude me into self-complacent smiles,  
Cheat me into tranquillity? come, then,  
And welcome life's last day—be this our wager.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Done.

FAUST

Done, say I—clench we at once the bargain.  
If ever time should flow so calmly on,  
Soothing my spirits into such oblivion,  
That in the pleasant trance I would arrest,  
And hail the happy moment in its course,  
Bidding it linger with me—“Oh, how fair  
Art thou, delicious moment!”—“Happy days,  
Why will ye flee?”—“Fair visions! yet a little  
Abide with me, and bless me—fly not yet,”  
Or words like these—then throw me into fetters—  
Then willingly do I consent to perish;  
Then may the death-bell peal its heavy sounds;  
Then is thy service at an end—and then  
The clock may cease to strike—the hand to move—  
For me be time then passed away for ever!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Think well upon it—we will not forget.

FAUST

Remember, or forget it, as you please;  
I have resolved—and that not rashly: *here*,  
While I remain, I needs must be a slave—  
What matter, therefore, whether thine, or whose?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'll then, belike, at the DOCTORS' Feast to-day  
Attend, your humble friend and servitor.

FAUST

Just one thing more—as life and death's uncertain,  
I'd wish to have a line or two in writing.

FAUST

And dost thou ask a writing too, poor pedant?  
Know you not Man? Man's nature? or Man's word?  
Is it not enough that I have spoken it?  
My very life—all that I have and am,  
What is it but an echo of my word,  
Pledge of the will that gives it utterance?  
If words be nothing, what is writing more?  
Is the world's course one sea of stormy madness,  
Its thousand streams, in conflict everlasting,  
Raving regardlessly? roll they not on?  
Must they not roll?—and can it be that I,  
In this perpetual movement, shall not move—  
Held back, the slave and prisoner of a promise?  
Yet in this fancy all believe alike:  
If a delusion, all men are deluded—  
And is there one that would be undeceived?  
Truth and the feeling of integrity  
Are of the heart's own essence—should they call  
For sufferings, none repents the sacrifice.  
Oh, happy he, whom Truth accompanies  
In all his walks—from outward cumbrance free—  
Pure of all soil—dwelling within the heart,  
Light to his steps and guidance: oracle  
To lead or to mislead, none doth he seek;  
Consults no casuist, but an honest conscience;  
Of sacrifices recks not, and repents not.  
But a stamped parchment and a formal deed,  
With seal and signature, all shrink from this  
As something that offends and wounds our nature;  
It robs, methinks, the words of all their life,  
The letter, and that only binds us now;  
Such virtue, and no other can it have,  
As seal and stamp, as wax and parchment give—  
But why?—why argue for it or against it?—  
Is writing more than the unwritten word?  
What, evil one, what is it you require?

FAUST

Brass? marble? parchment? paper?—do you wish  
Graver or chisel? or plain pen and ink?—  
Have which you please—any or all of them.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why this excitement? why this waste of oratory?  
These frantic gestures?—any scrap will do—  
Just scratch your name, there, in a drop of blood.

FAUST

A silly farce—but if it gratifies you—

MEPHISTOPHELES

Blood it must be—blood has peculiar virtues.

FAUST

Fear not that I will break this covenant:  
The only impulse now that sways my powers,  
My sole desire in life, is what I've promised!  
I've been puffed up with fancies too aspiring,  
My rank is not more high than thine; I am  
Degraded and despised by the Great Spirit;  
Nature is sealed from me; the web of thought  
Is shattered; burst into a thousand threads;  
I loathe, and sicken at the name of knowledge.  
Now in the depths of sensuality  
To still these burning passions; to be wrapped  
In the impenetrable cloak of magic,  
With things miraculous to feast the senses!  
Let's fling ourselves into the stream of time,  
Into the tumbling waves of accident,  
Let pain and pleasure, loathing and enjoyment,  
Mingle and alternate, as it may be;  
Restlessness is man's best activity.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Nothing whatever is there to restrain you—  
If your desires be as you say, to taste

☞ F A U S T ☞

Of every sweet—sip all things—settle nowhere—  
Catching each moment while upon the wing  
In random motion all that meets the eye,  
Rifling from every flower its bloom and fragrance,  
If anything will do that is amusing—  
I wish you joy of this new life—come on—  
Set to at once—come—come, no bashful loitering.

F A U S T

Hearken. I have not said one word of bliss—  
Henceforth do I devote and yield myself,  
Heart, soul, and life, to rapturous excitement—  
Such dizzy, such intoxicating joy,  
As, when we stand upon a precipice,  
Makes reel the giddy sense and the brain whirl!  
From this day forward am I dedicate  
To the indulgence of tempestuous passion—  
Love agonizing—idolizing hatred—  
Cheering vexation—all that animates  
And is our nature; and the heart, serenely  
And separated from the toil of knowledge,  
Cured of the fever that so long oppressed it,  
Shall cease to shut itself against the wounds  
Of pain: whate'er is portioned 'mong mankind  
In my own intimate self shall I enjoy,  
With my soul grasp all thoughts most high or deep,  
Heap on my heart all human joys and woes,  
Expand myself until mankind become  
A part, as 'twere, of my identity,  
And they and I at last together perish.

M E P H I S T O P H E L E S

A pretty passion for a man to cherish!  
Believe me, who have for some thousand years,  
Day after day, been champing this hard food,  
Bitter bad diet is the same old leaven.  
Take a friend's word for it who ought to know,  
Never hath man from cradle to the bier  
Succeeded in digesting the tough dough;

☞ FAUST ☞

To man the Universal is not given.  
The Whole is only for a God—in light  
He lives—eternal light—Us hath he driven  
Into the Darkness—yours is Day and Night.

FAUST

This daunts not me!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Said boldly and said well!  
To me there seems to be one obstacle;  
*Ars longa, vita brevis*—the old story—  
Take a few lessons more—and then determine.  
Call to your aid some builder up of verses,  
Let his mind wander in the fields of thought,  
Imagining high attributes to heap  
On you—the lion's magnanimity—  
The fleetness of the stag—the fiery blood  
That dances in the hearts of Italy—  
The constancy and firmness of the North—  
Let his invention gift you with the secret,  
With lofty thoughts low cunning to combine—  
To love with all a young heart's ardent impulses,  
Yet following closely some cold plan of reason—  
And thus to reconcile each contrariety.  
A pleasant person this Herr Microcosmos;  
I think I've met him somewhere in society.

FAUST

What am I then, if here too all in vain  
The passions and the senses pant and strain,  
If this, the crown of our humanity  
Is placed on heights I never can attain?

MEPHISTOPHELES

You are just what you are—nay—never doubt it,  
Heap lying curls in millions on your head;  
On socks—a cubit high—plant your proud tread;  
You are just what you are—that's all about it.



FAUST

FAUST

Alas! in vain poor I together scraped  
All that man's science till this day hath shown;  
And all that his imagination shaped,  
I in ambition's dreams have made my own.  
A weary task it was—a sullen strife,  
And now I sit me down, helpless, alone,  
No new power comes—no strength—no spring of life.  
Not by a hair's breadth higher is my height,  
Far—far as ever from the Infinite.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Aye! this is Man's presumptuous view—  
Mine, less ambitious, is more true—  
Why to these moody fancies give  
The rein? while living, why not live?  
Why, what the mischief! you have got  
Your head—hands—haunch—paunch—and—what not—  
But all that I employ—enjoy—  
Is it less mine? When to my car  
My money yokes six spankers, are  
Their limbs not my limbs? Is't not I  
On the proud race-course that dash by?  
Yes, I it is that sweep along,  
Swift in their speed—in their strength, strong—  
Mine all the forces I combine—  
The four-and-twenty legs are mine—  
Up! up! throw off this cloud of gloom!  
Come! come!—into the world—come! come!—  
Away with dreams—your theorist  
Is—let me tell you—like a beast  
On a dry heath, whom a bad Spirit  
In one dull circle round and round  
Keeps whirling, while on all sides near it  
The bright green pastures everywhere abound.

FAUST

But how begin?

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

First, must we fly from hence—  
What place of martyrdom is this? what life  
Is this to lead? or can you call it life,  
Wearying yourself and pupils thus for ever?  
Better leave such work to your neighbour Paunchman;  
Why stay to plague yourself with threshing straw?  
Afraid, even in a hint, to intimate  
Your best acquirements to the boys who crowd  
Your lecture-room; even now upon the passage  
I hear the foot of one.

FAUST

Impossible; I cannot see him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES

The poor lad has been waiting a long while;  
We should not let him go without some notice;  
A quarter of an hour will do for him—  
Come, doctor, help me on with your cap and gown,  
Trust to my wits—I rather like the whim—  
This masquerade dress becomes me charmingly,  
Meanwhile, you may be getting into trim  
Fit for this fashionable trip of ours.

[FAUST *exit*.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*in FAUST'S long gown*]

Ay, thus continue to contemn  
Reason and knowledge, man's best powers,  
And every hope he can inherit!  
Still speak despisingly of them,  
Heart-hardened by an evil spirit;  
Soul and senses in confusion,  
Mocked by magical delusion;  
Still indulge derision vain.  
Mine thou art, and must remain!

His is an eager, restless mind,  
That presses forward unconfined  
And, in the anticipation  
Of a brisk imagination,

FAUST

Ever active, still outmeasures  
The slow steps of earthly pleasures:  
Him, through the world's wild vanity,  
Its wearisome inanity,  
Will I hurry forward, thus  
Breaking his impetuous  
And fiery temper—he will sprawl,  
And start, and stand—then stick and fall—  
Meats and wines unsatisfying  
Shall before his lips be flying—  
The withered spirit seeks in vain  
Health and refreshment to obtain—  
What need of seal and signature  
In blood, such spirit to secure?

STUDENT *enters.*

STUDENT

I am but just arrived—your name  
My chief attraction; and I came  
At once; forgive my strong desire  
To see and speak to him, whose fame  
Has spread so far—whom all admire.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Fame has been most obliging, then:  
You see a man like other men—  
Did you seek farther, you might meet  
Ablert instructors.

STUDENT

I entreat

Your care and counsel—with a guide  
Where could I better be supplied?  
I come with heart and spirits free,  
And youth—and the professor's fee.  
My mother scarce would let me come;  
But I love learning more than home—  
Have for improvement travelled far—

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

And in the best place for it are.

STUDENT

And yet, if I the truth may say,  
I would I were again away:  
Walls like these, and halls like these,  
Will, I fear, in no wise please!  
The narrow gloom of this cold room,  
Where nothing green is ever seen;  
No lawn—no tree—no floweret's bloom—  
'Mong benches, books, my heart is sinking,  
And my wasted senses shrinking—  
I mourn the hour that I came hither;  
Ear and eye, and heart will die,  
Thought, and the power of thought, will wither.

MEPHISTOPHELES

This is all custom: as at first  
Unwillingly the young child sips  
The breast; but soon, with eager thirst,  
And pressure of delighted lips,  
Clings to the mother's heart, that gives  
The living food on which he lives;  
Thus thou, each day more deeply blest,  
Wilt drink from Wisdom's nursing breast.

STUDENT

Oh, to my heart shall she be strained  
With love!—but how is she obtained?

MEPHISTOPHELES

First, let me beg, that you will mention  
What line of life is your intention?

STUDENT

Oh, I long ardently to know  
Whatever man may learn below,

☞ FAUST ☞

All that we contemplate on earth,  
And all that in the Heaven hath birth,  
To roam through learning's wondrous maze,  
And comprehend all Nature's ways.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Right; but by prudence still be guided,  
Guard most, that thought and mind be not  
Much dissipated and divided.

STUDENT

With soul and strength will I apply,  
But now and then could seize with pleasure  
A few short hours of idle leisure,  
A little thoughtless liberty;  
A pleasant summer holyday,  
When skies are bright, and fields are gay.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Make good use of your time, for fast  
Time flies, and is for ever past;  
To make time for yourself begin  
By order—method—discipline;  
For this I counsel my young friend  
A course of logic to attend;  
Thus will your mind, well-trained, and high,  
In Spanish boots stalk pompously!  
With solemn look, and crippled pace,  
The beaten road of thought will trace:  
Nor here and there, through paths oblique,  
In devious wanderings idly strike;  
For days and days you then are taught,  
That, in what hitherto had gone,  
Like eating, and like drinking, on,  
One, Two, and Three, the guide must be  
In this which seemed till now so free.  
But, as the weaver's work is wrought,  
Even so is formed the web of thought;

One movement leads a thousand threads,  
 Unseen they move, as now above  
 The shuttle darts, now darts below;  
 One beat combines a thousand twines,  
 And not unlike would seem the flow  
 Of mind, when Nature thinks in us.  
 But now in steps *Philosophus*,  
 To prove it could not but be thus.  
 "The first was so—the second so—  
 Then must the third and fourth be so—  
 And if the premises be hollow,  
 That the conclusion will not follow."  
 The language this of all the schools,  
 The *Art of Weaving taught by rules*  
 That men profound and boys believe!  
 Do they teach anyone to weave?  
 Here he, who seeks to learn, or gives  
 Descriptions of a thing that lives,  
 Begins with "murdering, to dissect,"  
 The lifeless parts he may inspect—  
 The limbs are there beneath his knife,  
 And all—but that which gave them life!  
 Alas! the spirit hath withdrawn,  
 That which informed the mass is gone—  
 They scrutinize it, when it ceases  
 To be itself, and count its pieces—  
 Finger and feel them, and call this  
 Experiment—analysis.  
 Is what we handle then the whole?  
 Is there no animating soul?  
 In Nature is there nothing meant?  
 No law, no language of intent?  
 Oh! could your chemist, in whose hand  
 The fragments are, but understand  
 The terms he uses! "*Encheiresis*  
*Naturæ*"—for the phrase expresses  
 With scorn, that it seems strange should be  
 In words thus accidentally,  
 How less than nothing can avail  
 These tricks of dabbling and detail.

FAUST

STUDENT

I cannot wholly comprehend your meaning.

MEPHISTOPHELES

No matter—next time you'll get better on—  
When you have learned to arrange, and classify,  
And body all you hear in syllogisms.

STUDENT

My brain is stupefied—I feel  
As if, within my head, a wheel  
Was whirling round with ceaseless reel.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Next—most important thing of all—  
With zeal to metaphysics fall.  
There, see—or think that you see—plain,  
What—does not pass within the brain.  
Our faculties are too confined  
To guide us here—the human mind  
Fails—and we are and must be blind.  
Thoughts are or are not in the head,  
Use serviceable words instead;  
But first be sure the next half-year  
At every lecture to appear—  
Five hours each day for lecturing—  
Be there the moment the bells ring.  
Be sure beforehand to prepare,  
Have read the syllabus with care;  
Have every paragraph well conned,  
Watch, lest the teacher go beyond  
The matter written in his book;  
Then as you write his dictates, look  
That you take down *verbatim* all  
And every sentence he lets fall,  
As if each sentence scripture were,  
That comes from the professor's chair.

FAUST

STUDENT

This, sir, you need not tell me twice—  
I feel how useful the advice;  
What one has thus in black and white,  
He can take home with him at night.

MEPHISTOPHELES

But what profession is your choice?

STUDENT

Law shall not ever have my voice.

MEPHISTOPHELES

In this, I own, you show discerning:  
I know, and do not love, this learning.  
Laws everywhere are like the taint  
Of an inherited complaint,  
The curse of an infected race:  
Their downward progress you may trace,  
From land to land, through blighted nations,  
Afflicting distant generations—  
Reason made nonsense, good intent,  
In lapse of time warped from its true sense,  
Things for the common welfare meant,  
Becoming thus a common nuisance.  
Unhappy, that it was thy fate  
To have been born an age too late.  
The laws for thy great grandsire made  
Are laws to thee—must be obeyed—  
Must be obeyed, and why? Because,  
Bad though they be, they are the laws;  
But of the rights by Nature taught,  
And born with man, they take no thought.

STUDENT

You deepen my abhorrence for  
That which I did before abhor—  
I wish to learn Theology.



FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

I fear to lead you wrong—and I  
Speak here with more of hesitation.  
It is a dangerous vocation,  
This same Theology: its ways  
Are such a tangled serpent maze—  
Such poison everywhere disguised—  
And everywhere as medicine prized—  
That which is which, or why 'tis so,  
Few can conjecture—none can know.  
The best thing that the case affords  
Is—stick to some one doctor's words:  
Maintain his doctrines out and out,  
Admit no qualifying doubt;  
But stick to words at any rate,  
Their magic bids the temple gate  
Of Certainty fly safely ope—  
Words, words alone, are your best hope.

STUDENT

But in each word must be a thought—

MEPHISTOPHELES

There is, or we may so assume—  
Not always found, nor always sought,  
While words—mere words, supply its room.  
Words answer well, when men enlist 'em,  
In building up a favourite system;  
With words men dogmatize, deceive;  
With words dispute, on words believe;  
And be the meaning much or little,  
The Word can lose nor jot nor tittle.

STUDENT

Pardon—I feel my questions tease you.  
Just for a moment more—one word  
On Medicine, so please you.  
With but three years for it, it were absurd

FAUST

For one like me, without a guide,  
To enter on a course so wide;  
And your experience may suggest,  
In such a field, what path is best.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*aside*]

I'm sick of this pedantic tone,  
Too long assumed. Now for my own!  
[*Aloud*] The trade of medicine's easiest of all:  
'Tis but to study all things—everywhere—  
Nature and man—the great world and the small—  
Then leave them at haphazard still to fare.  
It is, you see, plainly impossible  
That one man should be skilled in every science—  
Who learns the little that he can, does well:  
The secret of the art is self-reliance.  
A man can learn but what he can;  
Who hits the moment is the man.  
You are well made—have common sense,  
And do not want for impudence.  
Be fearless—others will confide no less,  
When you are confident of your success—  
The only obstacle is indecision;  
But, above all, win to yourself the women—  
They have their thousand weaknesses and aches,  
And the one cure for them is the Physician.  
A due consideration for the sex  
Will teach the value of decorous seeming:  
Let but appearances be unsuspecting,  
And they are everything their doctor wishes.  
The title 'Doctor' is essential,  
Our university credential,  
That, as in one approved and tried,  
They may undoubtedly confide.  
Then in the very earliest stage  
Of new acquaintanceship you lead them,  
Enjoying every privilege  
Of *tête-à-tête* familiar freedom;  
Although the young physician's eyes  
Exhibit half, and half disguise,



SOMETHING LIKE REASON IN ALL THIS—  
WINNING THE HOUSEHOLD THROUGH THE WIFE



FIG. 1. [Illegible text]

FAUST

Something like tenderness, the while  
Mingling with the habitual guile  
Of the sly, acquiescent smile:  
Then may you feel the taper wrist,  
Nor will there one of them resist  
The hand professionally prest—  
Permitted boldness—on her breast,  
Or round her waist the free arm thrown,  
To feel how much too tight her zone.

STUDENT

This seems more feasible—one sees  
Something like reason in all this—  
Winning the household through the wife.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Theory, friend, is old and grey,  
And green the golden tree of life!

STUDENT

Is this reality?—so like a dream  
All seems! May I, upon some future day,  
Resume my visit?—learn the grounds and root  
Of these your doctrines?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come when it may suit.

STUDENT

One favour more—deem not your guest  
Intrusive—grant me this request—  
Just in my album write a line.

MEPHISTOPHELES

With pleasure.

[Writes, and returns the book.]

STUDENT [reads]

*Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.*

[Shuts it respectfully, and exit.]

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

If the wily proverb guide thee, and my cousin the sly snake,  
A weary man thy likeness to the gods will of thee make!

FAUST [*enters*]

Where go we now?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh, wheresoe'er you please!  
See all that's to be seen in common life,  
And then, so please you, visit the gay world,  
Dancing and revelling scot-free, and careless  
Who pays the piper.

FAUST

What, with my long beard?  
How shall I trim it into decent shape?  
And I want ease of manners, and the knowledge  
Of life—why, the experiment must fail!  
I cannot—never could at any time—  
Be what society requires: I am  
Abashed in company—shall every moment  
Be at a loss!

MEPHISTOPHELES

My good friend, have no fear  
On this score—be but self-possessed—that is  
The only art of life.

FAUST

How do you mean  
To travel?—where are servants? horses? carriage?

MEPHISTOPHELES

We only spread this mantle out, and it  
Wafts us through air in this our daring journey.  
Bring out with you no loads of heavy baggage:

FAUST

A little gas, which I will soon have ready,  
Will lift us high above the earth—light laden,  
We will move fast, and soon be far away!  
Welcome, my friend, to the new life before you—  
A pleasant change. I wish you joy of it!





AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG

SET OF MERRY COMPANIONS

FROSC H

Is no one laughing?—no one drinking?  
Come, come, a truce to sober thinking!  
Hang these long faces—come, be sprightly!  
What, you that used to blaze so brightly!  
All dull and damp—smoking together  
Like dunghill straw in rainy weather?

BRANDER

'Tis your fault that we are not jolly—  
Have you no beastliness, no folly  
To treat us to to-night?

FROSC H [*throws a glass of wine over BRANDER'S head*]

Have both.

BRANDER

Brute that you are! Were I not loth—



FAUST

FROSCHE

You got but what you asked me for.

SIEBEL

Come, come, we'll have no civil war—  
We'll have no difference of opinion  
In this our absolute dominion.  
Whoever quarrels, kick him out—  
Now raise the chorus round about—  
Lift every voice, and swill, and shout—  
With holla—holla—ho!

ALTMAYER

Help! help! I am lost—bring me cotton! the cheers  
Will split open my skull, and play hell with my ears.

SIEBEL

When the arches ring again,  
We feel the bass in full power then.

FROSCHE

Right, right, say I, with all my heart;  
If anyone in evil part  
Takes anything that here is done,  
Why, kick him out, the bitch's son.

ALTMAYER

A tara—lara—da.

FROSCHE

All throats are tuned.

[Sings]

*The holy Romish empire now,  
How does it hold together?*

BRANDER

A nasty song—psha!—a political song,  
A most offensive song. Thank God each day,

FAUST

Rising from bed, that you have nought to say  
With governing this Romish empire; I  
Greatly rejoice and bless my stars, therefore,  
I am not Emperor or Chancellor;  
Still I see no sufficient reason why  
We should not have a ruler—I propose  
That we elect a Pope—what qualification  
Should mark a candidate for consecration,  
All of ye know.

FROSCHE [sings]

*Greet her, Lady Nightingale,  
Greet my love ten thousand times.*

SIEBEL

Love-meetings and greetings—let us not hear of them.

FROSCHE

Love-greetings and meetings—who can keep clear of them?

[Sings]

*Undo the door in stilly night—  
Open latch—thy love keeps watch;  
For thy sake—is he awake,  
Shut-to the door at morning's light.*

SIEBEL

Yes! sing, sing on—a little while sing on!  
Sing her sweet praises!—I will laugh anon.  
Me she deceived, and thee she is deceiving,  
Devil that she is—whom there is no believing—  
Has played the same tricks with each man that sought her—  
I wish some goblin of the forest caught her  
On a crossroad—or that, from the witch-dances  
On Blocksberg, trotting home, an old buck-goat,  
With his long-bearded chin and meg-a-geg throat,  
Made up to her—'tis some such brute she fancies—  
A young fellow of proper flesh and blood,  
To be thus thrown away were far too good;

FAUST

From me no serenading should she gain,  
Other than dashing in each windowpane.

BRANDER [*striking on the table*]

Silence there—silence—all attend to me—  
Gentlemen, I know life, and how to live;  
And, as some of us seem in love to be,  
A song for lovesick people will I give.  
Your merry singer is the best physician  
For a poor devil in such sad condition.  
Here all of you attend—come, cease your chattering—  
And listen to a song of the first pattern—  
And all join in the chorus.

[*Sings*]

*Once in a cellar lived a rat,  
Whose paunch each day grew smoother;  
He dined on butter, supped on fat,  
And looked like Doctor Luther.  
The cook put poison in his way,  
And when our poor rat tasted it,  
He felt a cramping in his heart,  
As fierce as if Love wasted it.  
As fierce as if Love wasted it.*

*And he ran round, and out he ran,  
And looking for a cure, he  
Drank at each puddle, gnawed, and scratched,  
And raved in perfect fury.  
In pain he fell—in pain he sprang;  
The cook with pleasure gazed at it;  
Poor creature felt at heart a pang,  
As fierce as if Love wasted it.  
As fierce as if Love wasted it.*

*And torture drove him at noontide  
To run into the kitchen;  
He fell down on the hearth, and lay  
Convulsing there and screeching.*

FAUST

*Loud laughed the cook to see him sprawl  
In death, and feel she basted it:  
Ha! ha! quoth she, your heart is gone,  
As sure as if Love wasted it.  
As sure as if Love wasted it.*

SIEBEL

How the heavy logs enjoy it,  
As if a rat had nothing good,  
And 'twere a virtue to destroy it.

BRANDER

The rats, it seems, are special favourites;  
Creatures of generous, gentle blood,  
And hold high place in your good graces.

ALTMAYER

Old baldpate, with the paunch there—how his wits  
Are gone!—to him the rat's case his own case is—  
With food too good for it the belly swollen,  
Then the poor thing in death convulsions rolling—  
No wonder it should jar and strike  
Upon his nerves—it is too like.

MEPHISTOPHELES *and* FAUST *enter.*

MEPHISTOPHELES [*in conversation with* FAUST]

And first I feel anxiety,  
To show you our "society  
Of merry fellows"—free and gay,  
Regular rioters are they,  
And their whole life is holyday;  
The requisites for happiness  
Are few, are—what these men possess:  
With lively spirits—self-conceit—  
And little, very little wit—  
'Tis the same life, the whole year round,  
The selfsame set together found;

FAUST

Each night their songs—their drink—their game—  
Their mirth—their very jests the same;  
And as its tail diverts a kitten,  
So they with their own jokes are smitten:  
They ask no more than thus to sup—  
Without a headache to get up—  
And while the host will credit give  
Are satisfied—and thus they live!

BRANDER

They're travellers off a journey, you may see it  
In their odd manners—are not here an hour.

FROSCH

You're right, quite right! Leipzig, say I, for ever!  
Leipzig's a little Paris in itself:  
You'd know our Leipzig people anywhere.  
Their manners are so finished.

SIEBEL

But these strangers,  
What, think you, are they?

FROSCH

Only wait a moment—  
In the twinkle of a bumper I will tell you—  
I'll worm it out of them as easily  
As draw an infant's tooth: let me alone  
For managing them: I guess that they belong  
To the nobility, they look so haughty,  
So distant—you would almost say displeased.

BRANDER

They are mountebanks, I'll lay you any wager.

ALTMAYER

Probably.

FAUST

FROSCHE

See if I don't screw it out.

MEPHISTOPHELES [to FAUST]

Always the same, they never scent the devil,  
Even when he has them by the nape of the neck.

FAUST

Your servant, gentlemen.

SIEBEL

Thanks, sir, and yours.  
[Looking at MEPHISTOPHELES, in a low tone] The fellow limps  
a little on one foot.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Will you permit us to sit down with you,  
And for good wine, which cannot be had here,  
Give us the pleasure of good company?

ALTMAYER

You seem a most fastidious gentleman.

FROSCHE

You are lately come from Rippach, are you not, sirs?  
Have been at supper with old Hans to-night?

MEPHISTOPHELES

To-day we did not stop; last time we spoke to him  
He told us some good stories of his cousins—  
And sent his compliments to each of you.

ALTMAYER

A home-thrust that—the fellow's not to be done.

SIEBEL

He knows the world, and how to make out life.

FAUST

FROSCHE

Wait, wait, until—— I'll have him before long.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Was I deceived, for just as we came in  
We heard, or thought we heard, a merry chorus  
Of practised voices?—what a rich effect  
Music must have along this vaulted roof.

FROSCHE

You are a virtuoso then——

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh, no!  
My skill is next to none—but I love music.

ALTMAYER

Give us a song.

MEPHISTOPHELES

A hundred, if you please.

SIEBEL

Something original——something brand-new.

MEPHISTOPHELES

We're just returned from Spain, romantic Spain,  
The land of wine and song.

[Sings]

*Once on a time, there was a king,  
A lovely queen had he—  
But dearer far than queen or son,  
He loved a big black flea!*

FROSCHE

A flea! is it possible I heard him right?  
A flea! oh, what a guest to grace a palace!

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

*Once on a time, there was a king,  
A lovely queen had he—  
But dearer far than queen or son,  
He loved a big black flea!  
He called the royal tailor,  
Who measures him, and stitches  
A coat for the young favourite,  
And a little pair of breeches.*

BRANDER

Forget not, sire, to charge the tailor strictly  
That they be well and fashionably made—  
And as he sets a value on his head,  
That he shall leave no seam, or plait, or wrinkle!

MEPHISTOPHELES

*Of silk and satin were the clothes  
Our young lord looked so fine in—  
He sported ribands—and a cross  
Upon his breast was shining!  
Soon Minister, he wore a star,  
Lived splendidly and gaily,  
His poor relations all got place,  
And thronged the palace daily.*

*And queen and maid got bites and stings,  
And were afraid to scratch 'em;  
They cursed the flea and all his kin,  
But did not dare to catch 'em!  
But we, if we get sting or bite,  
None hinders us to scratch 'em;  
And if the fleas be troublesome,  
We kill them when we catch 'em.*

CHORUS: *And if, etc.*

FROSCH

Bravo! bravo! that was excellent.



FAUST

SIEBEL

We'll catch and play the devil with the fleas.

BRANDER

With pointed nail and finger, pressed together.

ALTMAYER

Freedom and Wine for ever! Wine and Freedom!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Willingly would I drink long life to Freedom;  
But that your wines are execrably bad.

SIEBEL

You must not venture to say this again!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Only I fear to vex our worthy host,  
I'd give you something better from our cellars.

SIEBEL

Out with it then. I'll take the blame on me.

FROSCH

Pour out a bumper if you wish to please us—  
None of your sample thimblefuls for me—  
When I try wine, I like a deep long draught—  
That is the only way to judge of it.

ALTMAYER [*in a low voice*]

I've strong suspicions they are from the Rhine.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Bring me a gimlet.

BRANDER

What to do with it?  
You cannot have your wine-casks at the door.

FAUST

ALTMAYER

Behind, there, is the landlord's chest of tools.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*taking up the gimlet*]

Now say what wine you wish.

FROSCH

What do you mean?

Have you so many?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Each may choose his favourite.

ALTMAYER [*to FROSCH*]

Ha! you begin to lick your lips already.

FROSCH

Well then, if I may choose, I'll take the Rhenish:  
The best gifts we receive are from our country.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*boring a hole in the edge of the table  
opposite FROSCH'S seat*]

Now get a little wax—and make some stoppers.

ALTMAYER

'Tis plain that they are jugglers.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to BRANDER*]

Sir, your choice?

BRANDER

I'll have Champagne—sparkling Champagne for me!

[*MEPHISTOPHELES bores again. One of the party has in the meantime prepared the wax stoppers and stopped the gimlet holes.*]

FAUST

BRANDER

One cannot always do without the Foreigner—  
But give him to me in the shape of wine.  
A true-born German hates with all his heart  
A Frenchman—but their wines are excellent.

SIEBEL [*as MEPHISTOPHELES approaches his seat*]

I'd have you know I hate all acid wines—  
Give me a glass of genuine sweet!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Tokay

Then let it be.

ALTMAYER

No, gentlemen, this won't do!  
Now look me straight in the face, old mountebank:  
I see you but bamboozle us!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes! yes!

A very likely story—to play tricks  
On noble guests like you! now fast—make ready—  
Out with the word—pray, sir, what wine shall I give you?

ALTMAYER

Any and all! whatever I can get.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*after all the holes are bored  
and stopped; with strange gestures*]

Grapes are of the vine-branch born;  
The buck-goat's is a branch of horn;  
Wine is sap—and grapes are wood,  
The wooden board yields wine as good.  
All is clear to him that seeth—  
Lift the veil and look beneath,  
It is but a deeper glance  
Under Nature's countenance—

FAUST

Now behold—your prophet saith—  
Miracles—if you have faith.  
Every man draw up his stopper,  
And drink such wine as he thinks proper.

ALL [*as they draw the stoppers, and the wine each has chosen  
runs into his glass*]

*Flow on, bright rill—flow on and fill  
Our hearts with joy—flow on at will!*

MEPHISTOPHELES

Drink—but be cautious how you spill:  
There's danger if a drop but falls.

[*They drink repeatedly.*]

ALL [*sing*]

*That we will—that we will!  
Happy as the cannibals:  
Like five hundred swine we swill.*

MEPHISTOPHELES

Look at them, they're the happiest of men.

FAUST

Take me away—I'll not come here again.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Wait till you see them in their glory:  
We'll soon have fun!

SIEBEL [*drinking carelessly, spills some of the wine,  
which turns to flame*]

Help, help! fire, fire! Hell-fire!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Down, friendly Element!—be still, I say—  
This time 'twas but a drop of purgatory!

FAUST

SIEBEL

What means the fellow? Damn him—he shall pay  
Dearly for this: you'd think he did not know us.

FROSCHE [to MEPHISTOPHELES]

Better take care no tricks like this to show us.

ALTMAYER

The sooner we get rid of him the better—  
There's nothing to be had from such a debtor.

SIEBEL

You, sir, are guilty of strange impropriety;  
Playing your mountebank pranks in such society.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Silence, old wine-tub!

SIEBEL

Broomstick! one would think  
He might rest satisfied with these feats of his,  
Without being impudent into the bargain.

BRANDER

Be silent, and thankful that we do not flog you!

ALTMAYER [*draws a stopper out of the table; fire flies out*]  
I'm burnt—I'm burning!

SIEBEL

Kill him—kill the scoundrel!  
He's a magician!—Kill him! he's fair game!

[*They draw their knives and attack MEPHISTOPHELES.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES [*with solemn gestures*]

Wandering voices mock the ear!  
Forms, that phantoms are, appear!  
Be ye far away, and near!  
Be ye there! and be ye here!

[*They stand gazing on each other in amazement.*]

FAUST

ALTMAYER

Where am I?—in what lovely land?

FROSCH

What a show of vineyards near!

SIEBEL

Clustering grapes invite the hand.

BRANDER

See them through the green leaves here—  
Ripe and heavy—look at them;  
Oh, what grapes and such a stem!

*[He seizes SIEBEL by the nose. The others do the same one with the other, and are raising their knives.]*

MEPHISTOPHELES *[as from above]*

Clouds of Error pass away!  
See ye how the Devil can play!  
Let each startled reveller  
See who plays the Devil here.

*[Vanishes with FAUST. The fellows start back from one another.]*

SIEBEL

What's this?

ALTMAYER

How's this?

FROSCH

Is this your nose?

BRANDER *[to SIEBEL]*

And yours, on which my fingers close?

ALTMAYER

I feel the shock through every limb;  
A chair!—I faint!—my eyes grow dim!



CLUSTERING GRAPES INVITE THE HAND





FAUST

FROSCHE

What is the matter with you all?

SIEBEL

Where is he? what's become of him?  
If I can catch him, how I shall——

ALTMAYER

Catch him, indeed! 'tis easy trying  
To deal with such—I saw him flying  
Out of the cellar on a cask—  
You may as well give up the task:  
Heavy as lead these feet of mine  
Are grown. [*Turning toward the table.*] We've lost our  
well of wine.

SIEBEL

All was deception—trick—design!

FROSCHE

Yet, what I drank, I thought was wine!

BRANDER

The ripe grapes too—did they deceive?  
Who after this can but believe?





## WITCH'S KITCHEN

*On a low hearth a large cauldron is on the fire—in the thick smoke are discovered several strange figures. A FEMALE CAT-APE (little long-tailed monkey) is sitting beside the cauldron, to skim it, and take care it does not boil over. The MALE CAT-APE, with the young ones, sits near, warming himself. Fantastic articles of furniture, suitable to the place, seen hanging from the walls, etc.*

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES

FAUST

This senseless witchcraft sickens and disgusts me—  
 And, sayest thou that I shall recruit life's powers,  
 Here, in this loathsome den of filthy madness?  
 Shall I petition an old hag for counsel?  
 And can the nauseous puddle of that pot  
 Make me a younger man by thirty winters?  
 There's little hope if thou hast nothing better—  
 My expectation is already gone!  
 Is there in Nature no restorative  
 But this? Has Spirit never yet devised  
 Means different to restore the spring of life?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now do I recognize my friend's good sense;  
 Yes! there are also natural means, by which

FAUST

Life's bloom and vigour may again be given;  
But in a different book this lesson lies,  
And it forms an odd chapter.

FAUST

I will learn it.

MEPHISTOPHELES

There is a means, and it requires not gold,  
Magic, or medicine—away with you  
Into the fields—begin to hew and delve—  
Confine yourself, and limit every wish  
Within a narrow circle—feed upon  
Meats, simple, undisguised—and live, in short,  
Beast-like, 'mong beasts—deem it no degradation  
Thyself to spread the dung upon the field,  
The growth of which thou art to reap—this is  
Indeed the best way to repair life's powers,  
And wear at eighty a hale countenance.

FAUST

'This cannot be—I am not used to it—  
Nor can I learn to take up now the spade—  
Such narrow life would never do for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES

We must recur then to the witch.

FAUST

Why so?

What's the particular use of an old hag  
In the matter? Can't you cook the draught yourself?

MEPHISTOPHELES

That were a pretty waste of time—why, man,  
A thousand bridges might be built, before  
'Tis done—it asks not skill and science only,  
But patience must brood over it—the spirit

☞ FAUST ☜

In silence must remain for years fermenting;  
Time, and time only, clears and strengthens it,  
All things belonging to it are mysterious—  
Its powers and its ingredients wonderful—  
True—'twas the devil that first invented it,  
But yet the devil can't make it—look—look, yonder—  
What a handsome crew they are—both maid and man.  
[To the APES] It seems the mistress is from home.

THE APES

Gone from home—to the rout,  
Through the chimney she went out;  
Gone to carouse  
On the chimney-stone on the top of the house!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Will she stay  
Long away?

THE APES

'Twi't the time she comes and goes,  
We can scarcely warm our toes.

MEPHISTOPHELES

What think you of these dear young creatures?

FAUST

All makes me sick—voice, form, and features!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, I must own, I greatly relish  
The graces which their style embellish.  
[To the APES] Tell me, execrable baby,  
What the mess you mingle may be—  
And the lumps, my pretty jewel!  
That are floating in the gruel.

THE APES

A beggar's dish—we boil and stew it.

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

And most men, without knowing, chew it.

THE OLD APE [*fawning upon* MEPHISTOPHELES]

Throw the dice—begin, begin—  
I am poor, so let me win—  
Me to win, and you to lose,  
Is the way that I would choose—  
Money's all in all; the witch  
Is made honest, if made rich.  
Give me gold, and by that rule,  
Who will say I am a fool?

MEPHISTOPHELES

As the Ape talks of gold, see his lips growing watery,  
I wish we could get him a share in the Lottery.

THE OLD APE [*while the young CAT-APES are playing  
and rolling round a large bowl*]

Such is the world!  
So is it twirled,  
Now rolling onward,  
Now rolling downward,  
Ceaselessly, restlessly,  
Still does it spin;  
Like glass it is brittle,  
And broken by little,  
Glimmering, shimmering,  
Hollow within—  
Living am I—  
Stop, my dear son,  
Thy sporting have done,  
Think thou must die!  
All is clay,  
And must crumble away!

MEPHISTOPHELES

What's the purpose of the sieve?

FAUST

A P E

If a man comes here to thieve,  
With this eyeglass thus we view him;  
Raise it thus, and thus look through him.

*[Runs to the FEMALE, and makes her look through it  
at MEPHISTOPHELES.]*

Through the sieve look there—look strait—  
Read his features—read his fate.  
Answer, if thou art not deaf—  
Dost thou know him—the old thief?  
Dost thou dread, from fear or shame,  
To name him by his proper name?

MEPHISTOPHELES

And what's the meaning of the pot?

A P E

How silly a sot,  
To ask what's what;  
The fool knows not  
The use of the pot—  
The use of the kettle——

MEPHISTOPHELES

Unmannerly wittol,  
Be quiet a little.

A P E

Be brisk—take the whisk—and sit down on the settle.

*[Forces MEPHISTOPHELES to sit down.]*

FAUST *[who has been all this time before a glass, now approaching,  
and now standing off from it]*

What is this that I see—how heavenly fair  
The form that shines in this enchanted glass!  
Oh! lend me, Love, thy swift and silent wings,



HOW HEAVENLY FAIR  
THE FORM THAT SHINES IN THIS ENCHANTED GLASS !



THE MOUNTAIN RANGE  
OF THE MOUNTAIN RANGE



❧ FAUST ❧

That I may fly away to where she is!  
 Near me she seems, yet hopelessly removed,  
 And living in another atmosphere!  
 Alas! if from this spot I do but stir,  
 If I but venture to approach more near,  
 There seems a dusky cloud to gather o'er her;  
 Image of woman, beyond woman fair,  
 Oh, beautiful transcendently—has Earth  
 Charms such as this—in that reclining form,  
 Say rather that all charms of many Heavens  
 United are. Can this indeed be woman?  
 Can this, indeed, be a created being?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Fine cause of wonderment!—after seven days  
 Of work, if he who made this pretty world,  
 And who admired his workmanship, made something  
 Worth looking at! Ay, gaze on her in rapture—  
 This, by the way, is one of these same treasures  
 That I am pretty safe in promising:  
 Blessed the man who brings the fair bride home!

*[FAUST continues looking into the glass—MEPHISTOPHELES,  
 lolling on the settle, and with the whisk in his hand,  
 continues speaking.]*

Here on my kingly throne I sit me down,  
 With sceptre too—I only want a crown.

THE APES *[who have been playing all kind of fantastic gambols,  
 bring MEPHISTOPHELES a crown with loud acclamations]*

Monarch proud—  
 With sweat and blood  
 Smear it—wear it—

*[They handle the crown awkwardly, and break it in  
 two pieces, with which they go dancing about.]*

'Tis done—'twas to be;  
 We speak and we see—  
 We hearken—we listen—  
 We rime and we reason.

FAUST

FAUST [*still before the glass*]

Alas! I feel my senses leaving me.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And stranger still, even my head's growing giddy!

THE APES

We have words, and we can link  
Syllables that chime and chink;  
Sense unsought—thus is caught;—  
Every jingle is a thought—  
Every word with meaning fraught—  
Language, glib and random, thus  
Does the work of thought for us;  
Let but your own fancy mingle  
With the jargon and the jingle,  
As you listen to the lays;  
Bring the meaning you are gleaning,  
Give the poet all the praise.

FAUST [*as before*]

My heart's on fire—let us depart.

MEPHISTOPHELES

This is the true poetic art—  
And I have never met with prettier poets,  
Could they but keep the secrets of their trade.

*[The cauldron, which the female CAT-APE has forgotten to attend to, begins to boil over—a great blaze arises, and streams up the chimney. The WITCH comes down through the flame with horrid screams.]*

THE WITCH

Ou! Ou! Ou! Ou!  
Damned beast! cursed sow!  
The pot has boiled over—the broth's overturned,  
The liquor is lost, and the Mistress is burned!  
Damned beast—  
And what is this?

*[Seeing FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.]*

FAUST

And who are ye?  
What brings ye here?  
Who sent ye here?  
May fiery pain  
Burn bone and brain!

*[Dips the skimming ladle in the cauldron, and sprinkles the flames at FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and the CAT-APES—the APES whine.]*

MEPHISTOPHELES *[flourishes the fan, and breaks pots and glasses]*

Broken, broken!  
Hell-broth splashing,  
Glasses crashing,  
Payment for the words you've spoken!  
It is all in sport, my honey!  
Nothing but a frolic funny!  
Keeping time, old carrion odious,  
Fitly with thy voice melodious!

*[The WITCH steps back with rage and astonishment.]*

Knowest thou no more than that o' me,  
Thou raw-boned old Anatomy!  
Skeleton! the devil blast her!  
Know you not your Lord and Master?  
Shall I dash the old deceiver's  
Bones into a thousand shivers?  
Smash her, and cats, and crocks together?  
Know ye not my vest's red leather?  
Know ye not the cock-tail feather?  
What mask is there upon my features,  
To hide me thus from my own creatures?  
And am I called upon to mention  
My name, my rank, and my pretension?

THE WITCH

Pardon, my Lord, this rough salute:  
I do not see the cloven foot—  
And where are your two ravens?—Where——?

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

Enough, old fool—for once I spare;  
'Tis long since we have met, and strange  
Has been, in such a time, the change—  
The world's grown wise—in every movement  
Is seen the Spirit of Improvement;  
Reform to everything extended—  
Among the rest the devil is mended;  
For court has left his wildernesses,  
Thrown off his ancient savage dresses;  
The curling tail and talons horrid,  
And horns to guard the wrinkled forehead.  
All gone—the northern phantom's vanished,  
By modern education banished!  
As to the foot—against my will,  
I bear that witness with me still;  
'Twould injure me in the good graces  
Of some who figure in high places;  
So, what I can, I do to hide it,  
And for the purpose, am provided  
With padded calves—and thus am able  
To limp no more than's fashionable—  
Many young men, that I might mention,  
Avail themselves of the invention.

THE WITCH

Satan again—my own old boy,  
Once more with me!—I'll die with joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Woman, that name—I beg to be excused—  
Call me not so again.

THE WITCH

And why? and wherefore? what the mischief ails  
The good old name?

MEPHISTOPHELES

It has been too much used,  
And sounds like something in the fairy-tales;

FAUST

Is so familiar, that men deem it fable;  
Men believe nothing now above the level  
Of everyday experience—they are able  
To disprove all things—don't believe a letter  
That speaks of me—are they for this the better?  
Devils that they are, they don't believe a devil!  
Call me Lord Baron—no one can object  
To that, or some such title of respect.  
I am a cavalier, as good  
As any—am of ancient blood;  
Look at my scutcheon, all who doubt it—  
See here—I never go without it.

*[Struts about with pompous gestures.]*

THE WITCH *[laughing immoderately]*

Ha! ha!—this is so like you—is so clever—  
You're, after all, the same gay rascal ever!

MEPHISTOPHELES *[to FAUST]*

This, every day's experience teaches,  
Is the true way to deal with witches.

THE WITCH

What, gentlemen, would you desire  
To drink?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I thank you—we require  
A bumper—one will be enough—  
Of—you know well the right old stuff.  
Give us the oldest you have here.  
*[To FAUST]* Its strength is doubled every year!

THE WITCH

Most willingly—you need not ask  
A second time—here is a flask,  
I taste myself, now and again—  
You'll not find any smell remain.

FAUST

Here—take a dram—but if I give it  
To him—you know he can't outlive it  
An hour, unless some charm protect  
His life from the assured effect.

MEPHISTOPHELES

He is a friend, 'twill do him good—  
Thrives like yourself on witches' food—  
There's nothing you can give that is  
Too strong for such a stomach as his.  
Come—chalk your circle—chant your charm—  
Fill high the cup, 'twill do no harm.

*[The WITCH, with extraordinary gestures, describes a circle, and places strange things within it. Meantime the glasses begin to chime and ring, the cauldron to sound and make music. Lastly, she brings a great book, and places the CAT-APES within the circle; one is made to serve her for a reading-desk, others hold torches. She signs to FAUST to approach.]*

FAUST *[to MEPHISTOPHELES]*

No, no! I'm sick of the whole scene!  
What good is it? what can it mean?  
These raving gestures? and this rapid  
Torrent of nonsense? filthy—vapid  
And loathsome cheat. I've seen such stuff  
Before; and hated it enough!

MEPHISTOPHELES

'Tis pure professional farce—mere fudge—  
You should not be so hard a judge!  
She is but acting the physician;  
This hocus-pocus exhibition  
Assists the cure—makes the draught operate  
With good effect, and at the proper rate.

*[He makes FAUST enter the circle.]*

THE WITCH *[with a strong emphasis, begins to declaim from the book]*

Understand me let all men!  
Of One make Ten,  
Let Two go then:



METHINKS, A MILLION FOOLS IN CHOIR  
ARE RAVING AND WILL NEVER TIRE





☞ F A U S T ☛

Bid Three  
Now be  
The square of Three:  
Thus the Witch  
Makes you rich;  
Drop Four  
From your score:  
From Five and Six  
You should fix  
To take Seven and Eight away,  
Then all is clear as day.  
And Nine is One,  
And Ten is None,  
This is the Witch's One-times-one.

F A U S T

She seems in earnest, old deceiver!  
How like the ravings of a fever!

M E P H I S T O P H E L E S

There is an endless volume of this stuff—  
I ought to know it—I've lost time enough  
Puzzling it out—for downright contradiction  
Is, to the wise and fools, an equal mystery.  
My friend, in the old almanack of history,  
You'll find such jumbles made of fact and fiction;  
And by the help of this, or some such juggle,  
Errors spread wide; truth suffers in the struggle.  
Doctrines are lisped by infants; taught in schools,  
And are believed: for who contends with fools?  
To customary words men still will link  
Their faith—poor dolts—imagining they think!

T H E W I T C H

The height, the might,  
Of wisdom's light,  
The knowledge from the wide world hidden,  
Cheers humblest minds:  
Who seeks not finds:  
The welcome guest is the unbidden.

FAUST

FAUST

This nonsense, so like meaning, splits  
My skull. I soon would lose my wits:  
Methinks, a million fools in choir  
Are raving and will never tire.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Enough! enough! incomparable sibyl!  
Hand us the drink—fill the cup to the brim—  
No thimblefuls for us—no niggard dribble—  
Fear not—such draught will never injure him,  
He is one of us, and of the highest grade:  
Has drunk deep before now—be not afraid!

[*The WITCH, with many ceremonies, pours the drink into a cup:  
as FAUST raises it to his mouth a light flame rises.*

Off with it fast—why should you fear it?  
Once down, 'twill warm your heart and cheer it.  
How's this? *my* friend, and much the same  
As one of us, afraid of flame?

[*The WITCH dissolves the circle. FAUST steps out.*

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to FAUST*]

Now! out at once! you must not rest!

THE WITCH [*to FAUST*]

Much good may it do! [*Aside*] I hope the best!

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to the WITCH*]

If I can serve you, sure you might  
Command me, on Walpurgis night.

THE WITCH

Here is a song—a pretty glee.  
Hum it a few times—you will see  
Some merit in it, and effect  
More than you would at first expect.

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES [to FAUST]

Come, quick! be for the present guided!  
This draught will do you good, provided  
It gets fair play; but it requires  
Brisk motion till the frame perspires,  
And its full force is felt to dart  
At once through each and every part.  
And then, not sooner, will I teach  
What joys the lazy hand can reach,  
Of indolent voluptuousness.  
The pleasures that our nobles bless;  
Soon in thy cheery heart, I trow,  
Will Cupid rock him to and fro.  
Already the young urchin lurks  
Within, and in the spirit works.

FAUST

Once more!—one other look into the glass!—  
Fair form—too fair more than a form to be!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come! come! no form the beauties can surpass  
That soon in living woman thou shalt see!  
[*Aside*] With this draught in him he will meet  
A Helena in every street!





## THE STREET

FAUST [*to MARGARET passing on*]

Fair lady, may I offer you my arm;  
And will you suffer me to see you home?

MARGARET

I am no lady—and I am not fair.  
I want no guide to show me the way home.

*[Disengages herself, and exit.]*

FAUST

By Heaven, she is a lovely child;  
A fairer never met my eye,  
Modest she seems, and good and mild,  
Though something pert was her reply—  
The red lips bright—the cheek's soft light—  
My youth hath not departed quite!  
She passed, her timid eyes declining,  
Deep in my heart they still are shining—  
And her light spirits' lively play  
Hath stolen me from myself away!



MODEST SHE SEEMS, AND GOOD AND MILD,  
THOUGH SOMETHING PERT WAS HER REPLY



THE STUDY OF THE FUTURE

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

FAUST

Hearken here, sir, get me the girl; and fast.

MEPHISTOPHELES

The girl!—what girl?

FAUST

She that this moment passed.

MEPHISTOPHELES

What—she? she was but now at church  
At her confession—I was there.  
And, hid by the confession chair,  
Was listening to her from my lurch.  
Poor thing—she is all innocence—  
Had nothing in the world to tell!  
With such to meddle is not well.  
Her purity is a defence,  
That leaves the tempter no pretence.  
Upon this child I have no power.

FAUST

She's past fourteen, if she's an hour!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Could Liederlich be worse than this?  
The profligate, whose folly is  
To think each flower of beauty his.  
Calls it a purchasable trifle,  
And every charm he sees would rifle;  
Thinks truth and honour but a name—  
My friend, give up this hopeless game.

FAUST

Sound doctrine this, most reverend,  
I hope your sermon's at an end:

FAUST

Now, once for all, conceited fellow,  
I am determined on't, and tell you,  
She must, this very night, be mine:  
You and I part, if you decline.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Compose yourself—be reasonable—  
If in a fortnight I be able  
To make out opportunities!

FAUST

A fortnight! give me but seven hours!  
I want no devil to help me then,  
And ask no aid from any powers  
But those belonging to all men,  
To fool a child like this with ease,  
And make her anything I please.

MEPHISTOPHELES

How like a Frenchman! I regret  
To see you discontented; yet  
Why thus impatient? the delight  
Is, after all, less exquisite,  
Than when with some delay and doubt,  
And difficulty fenced about,  
You win the treasure guarded long;  
Play with the pretty thing awhile,  
And toy and trifle and beguile,  
And to your will the soft wax mould—  
As witness many a story told,  
Of true love in Italian song.

FAUST

But, fortunately, I require  
No such incentives to desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now, not to take or give offence,  
Believe me, here all violence



☞ FAUST ☞

Is useless—in a little while  
The damsel may be won by guile;  
A stratagem, perhaps, may gain  
The fortress—storming it were vain!

FAUST

Give me, meanwhile, some little thing  
Of hers—a garter or a ring—  
A kerchief from her snowy breast—  
Show me the chamber of her rest!

MEPHISTOPHELES

To prove how sensibly I feel  
Your pangs, and, if I could, to heal,  
I gratify, without delay,  
Your wish, and take you there to-day.

FAUST

And shall I see her? have her?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No!

She to a neighbour's has to go,  
And when I find that she is gone,  
You may indulge yourself alone;  
Breathe in the very room where she  
Hath slept, and dream of joys to be.

FAUST

May we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES

It scarce were pleasant  
So early.

FAUST

Make me out some present.

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

Presents so soon! this promises  
Speedy success—they all love dress!  
Oh, I know many a place of pleasure,  
Where such things are, and many a treasure  
Buried of old, and soon will find  
Some lure to win the young thing's mind.





## EVENING

*A neat little room.*

MARGARET

I would give something now to know  
The gentleman who met me, though;  
He had a proud and princely air,  
Is one of the nobility;  
Look on his brow, you read it there,  
And if he were not, he would stare  
With somewhat more civility.

[Exit.]

MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come in—tread softly—but come in.

FAUST [*after a pause*]

Leave me, now leave me, I entreat.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*prying about*]

The place is tidy and quite clean;  
Not every damsel's is so neat.

[Exit.]

FAUST

FAUST [*looking round*]

How calm! how happy dwells the tender light  
In this still sanctuary reposing here,  
And the sweet spirit of peace pervading all,  
And blessing all. Spirit of peace and love,  
I give myself to thee! Oh, love, whose breath  
Is fed on the delicious dew of hope,  
Be thou henceforth my life!

How round us breathe  
In everything the same prevailing quiet  
And neatness, and the feeling of contentment!  
In low estate what more than riches are,  
And this poor cell how very, very happy!

*[He throws himself on the leathern armchair beside  
the bed.]*

Receive me, thou who hast with open arm,  
Year after year, the generations gone  
Welcomed in joy and grief: how many a swarm  
Of children round this patriarchal throne  
Gathering have clung—perhaps beside this seat  
A happy child—I well can fancy it—  
Even now she scarce is more—on Christmas eve  
My love has bent her at her grandsire's feet;  
'Mong the good children each year to receive  
The gifts that Heaven's dear child comes down to give.  
Kissing the good old man I see her stand,  
Her young round cheeks pressed on his withered hand.

The spirit of contentment, maiden dear,  
Is breathing in thy very atmosphere;  
I feel it sway me while I linger here.  
The sense of neatness, felt in everything,  
Speaks with a mother's voice, and bids thee spread  
The little table with its covering,  
The floor with crisp sand crackling to the tread.  
Everywhere round the hand beloved I trace,  
That makes a paradise of any place.

☞ F A U S T ☞

Here could I linger hours on hours,  
Where dreams and meditative thought,  
And, Nature, thy benignant powers  
Within her virgin bosom wrought,  
As day by day each influence pure,  
Of Heaven and earth her heart mature,  
And fain would welcome forth, and win  
To light, the angel from within.

Here lay the slumbering child, her tender breast  
Filled with the warmth of happy life; and here  
The heavenly image, on the soul imprest,  
Came out, as clouds past off, divinely clear.

And thou? what brings thee hither now?  
In this mad moment what art thou?  
These softenings of the heart! and then  
This rage of wild desire again!  
Poor Faust! has some magic cloud  
Befooled thine eyes? thy reason bowed?  
Else why this burning passion strange?  
And why to love this sudden change?  
Are we the sport of every breath of air?

And, should she now return and meet  
Thee here, how would the boaster shrink  
Into the coward! at her feet  
In what confusion sink!

MEPHISTOPHELES [*entering*]

Away—I see her at the door.

FAUST

I go, and I return no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES

This casket, with its jewels rare,  
I got it—but no matter where  
Or what was to be given instead—  
Some things are better left unsaid;

FAUST

Quick—put it in the press—'twill seize on  
Her fancy—lull asleep her reason;  
Then, guess you, how the dream will end.  
I got them for another friend:  
The casket and the trifles in it  
He thought might buy a happy minute;  
And he was one who knew the fashion  
In which to woo, and woman's passion;  
But child is child, and maid and lover  
Play the same game the wide world over.

FAUST

I know not; ought I?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Can you ask it?

Perhaps you wish to keep the casket;  
If so—and that 'tis avarice—  
I wish you joy of this cheap vice;  
I'm glad the momentary bubble  
Of love has burst—it saves me trouble;  
And easier pastimes you may find  
Than practising upon her mind.  
My poor brain scarcely understands  
What you are at—I rub my hands  
And scratch my head.

*[Places the casket in the press, and closes the lock.]*

Come—come—what do you mean? the object is  
To wind this sweet young child to your wish and will.  
And now—as I live—you're looking starched and chill,  
As if you were going up to your lecture-chair  
With PHYSICS in the body standing there,  
And METAPHYSICA in her grey hair.  
Come! come!

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter MARGARET with a lamp.*

MARGARET

It feels so close, so sultry here,  
Yet out of doors I thought it chill.



DREST THUS, I SEEM A DIFFERENT CREATURE!





FAUST

When will my mother come? A thrill  
Runs through my frame—I am, I fear,  
A foolish, foolish woman.

*[She begins to sing as she undresses herself.]*

*There was a king in Thulé,  
And he loved an humble maid;  
And she who loved him truly,  
When she came to her death-bed,*

*A golden cup she gave him,  
Which none could better prize;  
And ever, as he drank of it,  
Tears dimmed his flowing eyes.*

*And when he came to die,  
To his heirs his wealth he told;  
Left all without a sigh  
But his mistress' cup of gold.*

*As at the royal banquet  
Among his knights sate he,  
In the high hall of his fathers,  
In their fortress o'er the sea,*

*Up stood the gay old monarch;  
For the last time up he stood;  
For the last time drained the blessed cup,  
And threw it in the flood.*

*He saw it falling, filling,  
And sinking in the sea;  
His eyes lost sight of it, and sank,  
And never more drank he.*

*[She opens the press to put in her clothes, and perceives  
the casket.]*

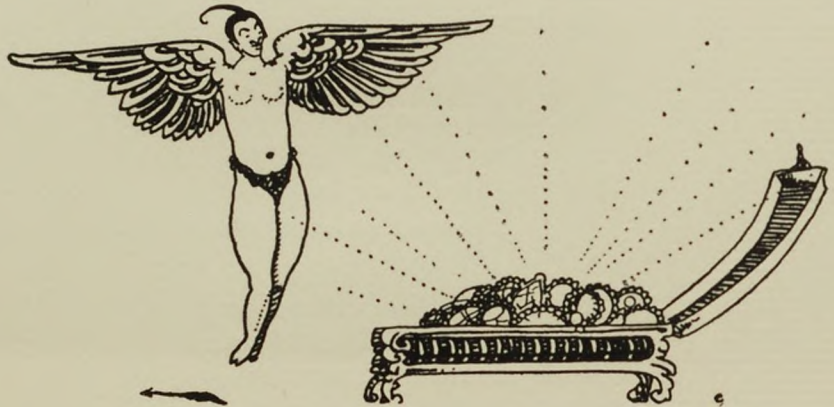
How came this brilliant casket here?  
I locked the press, I'd almost swear.  
The cover's beautiful—I wonder  
What it may be that lies under?

FAUST

Some pledge for money by my mother  
Lent to somebody or other.  
I think I'll open it—and, see,  
Attached to it, and tempting me,  
A riband with a little key!  
How very beautiful it is!  
I've never seen the like of this!  
Jewels and pearls! At mask or ball  
'Twould grace the proudest dame of all  
Who glitter at high festival.  
I wonder how 'twould look on me?  
Whose can the glorious splendour be?

*[She puts them on, and stands before the glass.]*

Oh, if I had these earrings only!  
Drest thus, I seem a different creature!  
What good are charms of form and feature  
Though poor maids are  
Both mild and fair,  
The world for ever leaves them lonely—  
Man may praise,  
Yet half he says  
Seems less like kindness than compassion—  
For gold he strives,  
For gold he wives—  
Alas! the *poor* are not in fashion!





## PROMENADE

*FAUST walking up and down in thought—to him*

MEPHISTOPHELES

By Love, which I contemn, and Hell's  
Essence of fire—things can't be worse:  
Oh, that I could be something else  
Than what I am, that I might curse!

FAUST

What ails thee now? What pinches thee so sore?  
A face like that I never saw before.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'd damn myself to everlasting evil,  
But that I am myself the devil.

FAUST

This frantic scene—what can it mean?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Think, only think, that splendid set  
Of pearls, I got for Margaret,

A priest has made his own of them.  
 Her mother, soon as she detected  
 The treasure, something wrong suspected.  
 The old hag o'er her book of prayer  
 Sits moping, mumbling, grumbling there,  
     Or, for she has a fine sharp nose,  
 Through the house prowling, prying goes,  
 On the scent to ascertain,  
 For the smell decides right well  
 What is holy, what profane,  
 She snuffled at the chain and gem,  
 Found not the smell she likes in them.  
 "My child," she said, "things thus unholy,  
 Or suited not for one so lowly,  
 Will seize and fasten on the heart,  
 And hold it till health, peace, depart.  
 To the Virgin Mary bring  
 These in humble offering;  
 Sinful things of earth we give,  
     And receive from Heaven, instead,  
 Heaven's own food restorative,  
 That our precious souls may live  
     Fed on manna—angels' bread!"  
 At this poor Madge looked far from pleasant,  
 Provoked at having lost the present:  
 Why, thought she, is the gift rejected?  
 Or he, who gave it me, suspected?  
 The giver is a rich man—must  
 Be generous—and therefore just  
 And good—and why should we distrust?  
 The mother straight sends for the priest;  
 He comes, and he enjoys the jest.  
 His features brighten up with rapture,  
 And thus he preaches o'er his capture:  
 "You feel the matter right, dear madam;  
 These pearls—'twere wrong the poor child had 'em:  
 To them who strive is grace accorded,  
 And he who conquers is rewarded.  
 The Church will feel (we cannot question)  
 No difficulty of digestion;

FAUST

Will swallow without fear of surfeit  
The ill-got goods that sin makes forfeit;  
Whole realms, their produce and their profit,  
She eats up, and thinks nothing of it:  
The Church alone, with conscience quiet,  
Can thrive upon this doubtful diet."

FAUST

That this is false each day evinces,  
Or true as well of Jews and princes.

MEPHISTOPHELES

On this, he swept into his pocket  
Earrings and bracelet, chain and locket,  
And made no more of pearls and casket,  
Than if he pocketed a basket  
Of nuts—then treats them with a lecture  
On vanity—states his conjecture  
Upon the uses of affliction,  
And leaves them with his benediction.

FAUST

And Margaret——

MEPHISTOPHELES

Sits in restless mood—  
Does nothing—knows not what she should—  
Thinks night and day on what she lost,  
But dwells on him who gave them most.

FAUST

Poor thing! her grief goes to my heart!  
Bring more gems—come—come—no delay—  
The first, coarse, common things were they.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*in affected vexation*]

Mere trinkets flung in sport away!  
My toil is nothing, nor the value  
Of what I give!

FAUST

FAUST

Be silent—shall you  
Thus mock at me and my affection?  
Act for my ends, by my direction.  
Court thou the widow—tax invention  
For sweet things—draw off her attention—  
Come—come—you're dull as water-gruel—  
Up—up—away for chain and jewel!

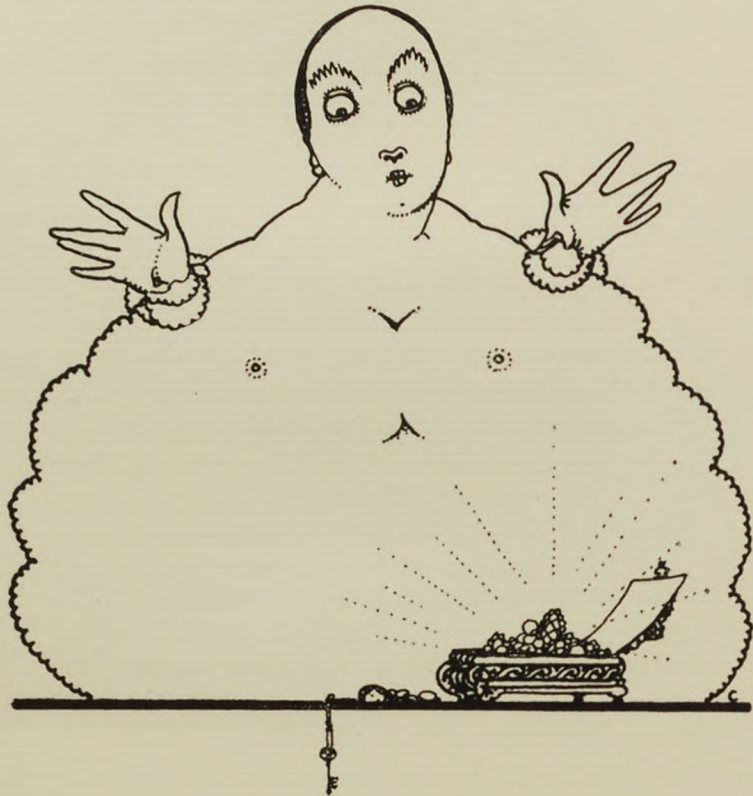
MEPHISTOPHELES

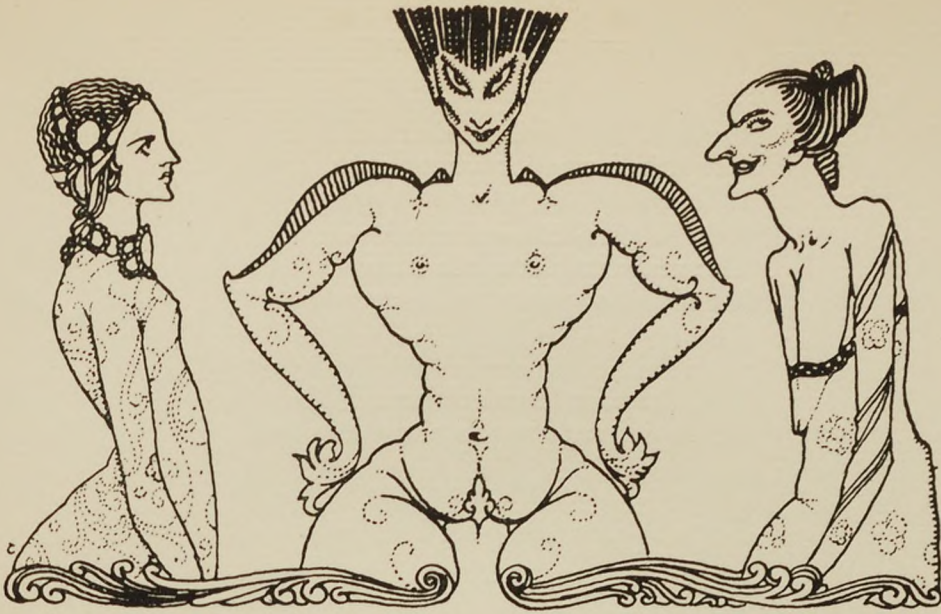
My lord, I cheerfully obey.

[FAUST *exit*.]

How a man fooled with love will fling away  
Sun, stars, earth, Heaven, upon the chosen lady—  
All cheap as presents to a child on May-day!

[*Exit*.]





## THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE

MARTHA [*alone*]

God help and pity me, and pardon  
My poor old man! he treats me badly;  
Thus to go off—'tis very hard on  
A wedded wife—here pining sadly  
Am I upon my lonely straw.  
I loved and doted on him so,  
His very will to me was law;  
And for no reason thus to go  
And die abroad [*weeping*]  
—he must have died—  
Yet 'twould be satisfactory  
If I could have it certified.

*Enter* MARGARET.

MARGARET

Martha.

MARTHA

My little Margery!  
Sweet child, what can the matter be?

FAUST

MARGARET

My knees are sinking under me.  
I've found another casket, one  
Like that so lately had and gone,  
Laid in my press—of ebony—  
The rings and jewels in it are  
More brilliant than the former far.

MARTHA

Your mother must not hear it, though,  
Or straightway to the priest they go.

MARGARET

Look at them, only look at them.

MARTHA

Fortunate girl!

MARGARET

Alas, one gem  
I cannot—can I?—ever dare  
Put on in church or anywhere.

MARTHA

Come here as often as you please,  
And try them on where no one sees:  
Before the glass be whole hours spent  
Adjusting every ornament.  
We will enjoy their full effect,  
With none your secret to suspect;  
Then as occasions come, a ball,  
A dance, a day of festival,  
We let them one by one appear—  
A chain, a pearl-drop in the ear—  
And coin some story or another  
To keep the matter from your mother.

MARGARET

Twice to have had such caskets brought,  
There's something in it more than ought!  
Good God! my mother! I'll be seen.

[A knock.]



FAUST

MARTHA

'Tis a strange gentleman. Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*enters*]

I've come unceremoniously;  
But, ladies, you will pardon me.

[*Retreats respectfully before MARGARET.*]

To Martha Schwerdtlein was my visit:  
I'm told this is her lodging. Is it?

MARTHA

Sir, I'm the person. What's your pleasure?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'll call when you are more at leisure:  
You have a guest of consequence;  
I'll call again in three hours hence.

MARTHA [*to MARGARET*]

The funniest thing I ever knew—  
The gentleman imagined you  
To be some lady of high rank.  
I can't but laugh.

MARGARET

I have to thank  
The gentleman's extreme good nature.  
I am a poor young humble creature:  
These ornaments are not my own.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I did not judge by them alone;  
'Tis something in your mien and glance.  
My visit was a lucky chance.

MARTHA [*aside*]

To know what brings him, I am dying.

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

I wish I had news more gratifying;  
But blame me not, though sad it prove.  
Your husband's dead, and sends his love.

MARTHA

Is dead! the faithful creature dead!  
My husband—would 'twere I instead.

MARGARET

Friend, let thy strong good sense prevail  
O'er grief—

MEPHISTOPHELES

And hear the sad detail.

MARGARET

I fear at all to think of love,  
Such loss my certain death would prove.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Grief waits on joy—joy follows grief.

MARTHA

Tell on; it will be some relief.

MEPHISTOPHELES

In Padua, at St Anthony's,  
In consecrated earth he lies!  
A cool bed under the church floor,  
Where he sleeps soundly.

MARTHA

Nothing more?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh, yes! a death-bed legacy:  
His last commission was to thee,

FAUST

To have three hundred Masses said,  
With requiem service for the dead.  
His last was a religious thought:  
This is the whole of what I brought.

MARTHA

What, not a coin, no trinket token,  
Nothing to soothe his poor heart-broken?  
Why, the most paltry artisan,  
The veriest wretch in form of man,  
Some small memorial still will hoard,  
Some little pledge in secret stored,  
To show his love is not forgot—  
Will starve—will beg—but parts it not!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Madam, I'm sorry for his blindness  
To the true value of your kindness:  
'Tis your mistake, to think he squandered  
His money—as he died, he pondered  
The past—and, as his heart relented,  
His sins and his bad luck repented.

MARGARET

Unhappy men! I weep for them!  
He shall not want my *requiem*!

MEPHISTOPHELES

The sweet child! what a tender touch of  
True feeling! that's the girl for me—  
I take it you deserve to be  
Out of hand married, and made much of.

MARGARET

Time long enough 'twill be till then.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You'll find admirers 'mong the men:  
A husband in due course, no doubt,

FAUST

I'll see to bring it soon about;  
And if not married out and out,  
With a gallant we can mayhap  
Fill up as pleasantly the gap.

MARGARET

'Tis not the custom of the place.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Custom or not, it is the case.

MARTHA

Tell on.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I stood at his bedside;  
The rotting straw on which he died,  
Something less foul than dung, not much,  
Infectious to the smell and touch.  
He died a Christian, and in debt,  
Settled his scores with Heaven; the trifle  
Due at the wine-shop is due yet.  
"Alas," said he, "I used my wife ill.  
Would die at peace, did she forgive."

MARTHA

Poor man! I long ago forgave.

MEPHISTOPHELES

"But 'twas her folly, as I live!"

MARTHA

What! standing on the very grave  
Did he say this? assert this lie?  
And did he tell you it was I,  
I who was wrong?

MEPHISTOPHELES

He did: but out  
The truth has come, and leaves no doubt.

FAUST

He lied: your very countenance  
Decides the matter at a glance!  
"Mine was hard work, you may conjecture,"  
[Thus ran his peevish death-bed lecture]  
"First, all her children to be fed;  
And while I toiled to make them bread,  
Not let to eat my crust in peace."

MARTHA

What, will his slanders never cease?  
Love, Honour, Truth, forgotten quite;  
Our tenderesses day and night.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Not so: he thought of you with great affection.  
"As I," said he, "was late from Malta sailing,  
I found myself in prayer; a sudden rapture,  
Following a burst of tender recollection  
Of wife and children, and the prayer prevailing  
Was heard on high. That day we made a capture;  
A Turkish vessel laden with rich treasure  
For the great sultan: 'twas a gallant fight,  
And valour triumphed, and was well rewarded:  
And when they came the shares of each to measure,  
I got, to say the least of it, my right."

MARTHA

What? how? a prize? think you he buried it?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Who knows where Heaven's four winds have scattered it?  
Bury it?—no, his heart was far from sordid:  
That his death proves, his generous nature hurried it.  
A lady, one of your nice Neapolitans,  
As he was loitering in their pleasant city,  
Looked on his loneliness, kind soul, with pity,  
And saw his vanity—and soothed and flattered it—  
Fastened upon him, led him such a jolly dance,

FAUST

That with his cash, and him, all was soon over.  
Marks of affection, too, she gave her lover,  
Of such a kind, that to the blessed hour  
In which your poor saint died he felt their power.

MARTHA

Scoundrel, to use his wife and children so!  
Ought not the poverty, which his neglect  
Had heaped on us, his shameless course have checked?

MEPHISTOPHELES

It ought; and he is punished for it now:  
But as this will not mend the case,  
I would, if I were in your place,  
Put on my mourning, keep a good eye out,  
And wed again, when the year came about.

MARTHA

Where could I find, in this wide world of men,  
Anything like my own poor man again?  
There could not be a creature kinder, fonder;  
His only fault was, he from home would wander;  
And when I think of him, my eyes are swimming:  
He was so good, without a single vice,  
Except his taste for foreign wines and women,  
And the society they bring—and dice.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well! if on his side he had only made  
Allowances as just and generous,  
Your quarrels had been easily allayed.  
Why, I myself—if you indulge me thus—  
With such good sense—in a few little things—  
Am tempted to propose exchanging rings.

MARTHA

Oh, sir, you are a pleasant gentleman:  
Sure you were speaking but in jest.

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES [*aside*]

I'd best be off: this vile old pest  
Has her brains turned already with the plan  
Of marrying me at once outright!  
My only safety is in flight.  
Damn her! she'll keep the devil to his word.  
[*To MARGARET.*] How goes it with your heart?

MARGARET

What means my lord?

MEPHISTOPHELES [*as if to himself*]

The good, sweet, innocent child!  
[*Aloud*] Ladies, farewell!

MARGARET

Farewell!

MARTHA

Sir! sir! don't leave us till you tell  
One little matter more: I want a witness  
To prove his death and burial—how—when—where—  
Formally proved; and you will see the fitness  
Of having it on record—'twould be pleasant  
To have it in the papers of the week.

MEPHISTOPHELES

*"At the mouth of two witnesses the matter  
Shall be established."* By good luck, at present  
There's one in town, who to the fact can speak;  
A man of character and high condition:  
He'll make the necessary deposition—  
I'll bring him in the evening.

MARTHA

Don't be later.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And this young woman—shall we find her here?  
She will so please him—nay, I do not flatter;

FAUST

A fine young man—has travelled far and near—  
Is so admired—and so admires the sex,  
And has so true a feeling of decorum.

MARGARET

I feel afraid—to meet him would perplex  
And so confuse—I'd blush to death before him.

MEPHISTOPHELES

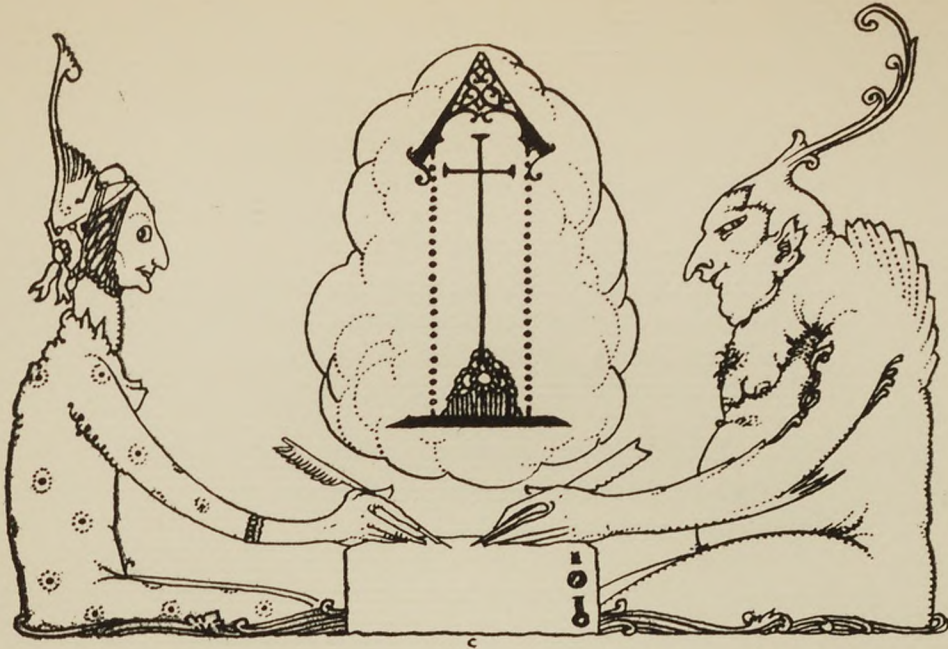
Were he a king—should it be thus?

MARTHA

The garden, then, behind my house.  
We shall expect both gentlemen  
This evening there—farewell till then.







## THE STREET

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES

FAUST

How fare you? goes it swimmingly on and swift?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Hurrah! my friend—I'm glad to see your heart  
On fire—she shall be yours in less than no time:  
This evening, we all meet at Neighbour Martha's.  
Of all the women that I ever saw  
She is the veriest gipsy—is the one  
To mould his Margaret to the doctor's purpose.

FAUST

All promises well so far.

MEPHISTOPHELES

But we are asked  
For something in return.

FAUST

FAUST

That's reasonable—  
As one good turn, they say, deserves another.

MEPHISTOPHELES

We are only asked to make a deposition,  
In proper form, that her dead husband's bones  
Are lying decently interred in Padua,  
Quietly resting there in holy ground.

FAUST

Mighty fine doings! what a pretty jaunt  
You have contrived for us!

MEPHISTOPHELES

*Sancta simplicitas!*

Why should we go? we are asked but to make oath—  
This may be done without the toil of travel,  
Or trouble of any kind.

FAUST

Is this your plan?  
If you have nothing better to propose,  
The scheme is at an end.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh, holy man!

Is it there you are now? Doctor, is this your scruple?  
Is this the first time in your life that you  
Have borne false witness? have you lectured on  
God—and the world—and all that moves therein—  
On Man—and on "how thought originates,"  
And that enigma, man's mysterious nature,  
The intellectual and the moral powers—  
Have you not dealt in formal definitions,  
With forehead unabashed, and heart undaunted?  
Yet, if you did but own the truth, your conscience  
Must tell you—does it not?—you know no more  
Of all these matters than of Schwerdtlein's death.

☞ FAUST ☞

FAUST

Thou art, and wert, and thou wilt ever be  
A liar and sophist.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes; if by appearances  
Only you judge: you, a philosopher,  
Should look a little deeper—you yourself,  
Ere two days pass—will you not?—all in honour,  
As you would call it—fool this poor child's fancy,  
And swear—your casuistry will then be silent—  
How from your soul you love her—love her ever.

FAUST

Yes, and such oath is true——

MEPHISTOPHELES

As any other;  
And then of everlasting faith and love  
Will be the talk—of all-absorbing passion—  
Of the one feeling—felt but once—for one:  
Will this, too, be a language that the heart  
Can recognize as true?

FAUST

Peace, fiend! it will,  
If that I feel, and if for the emotion—  
The frenzy call it, rather—I still seek  
A name and can find none—if through the world  
My fancy ranging seeks analogies  
That are, and ever must remain, imperfect—  
If words that speak of time be insufficient  
Even feebly to express this burning feeling,  
And that, thus forced, I call it endless—deathless—  
Eternal—yes, eternal—say you that  
Language like this is a Satanic lie?

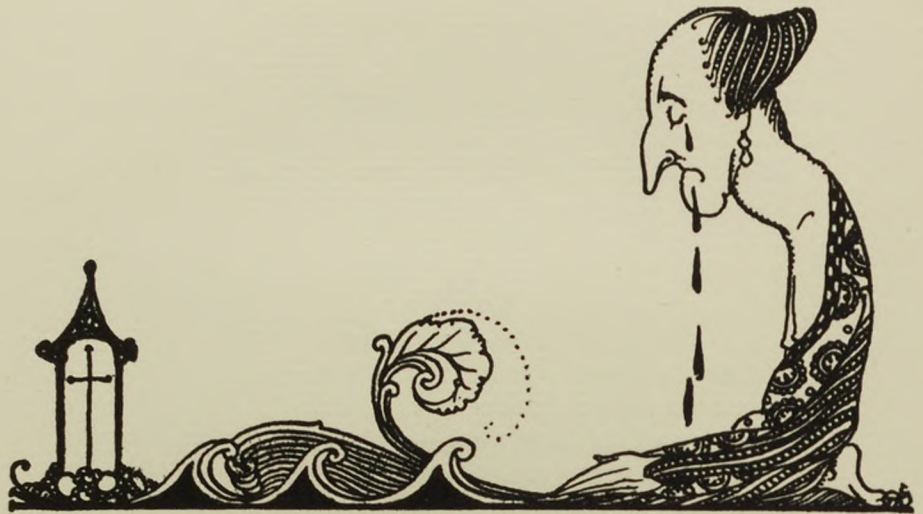
MEPHISTOPHELES

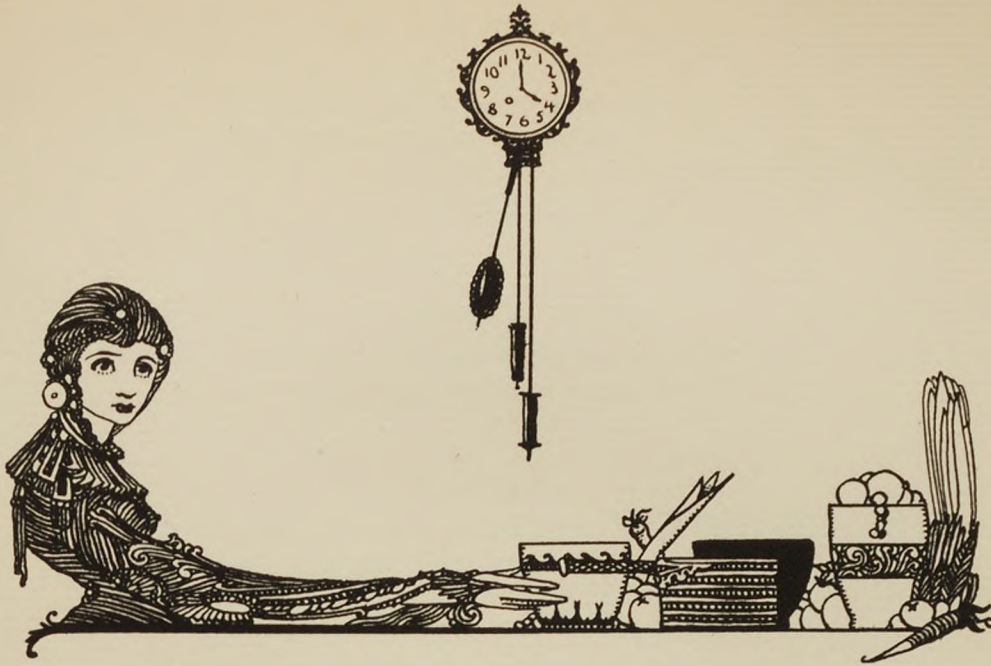
Yet I am right.

FAUST

FAUST

Hark ye—take this with you—  
I'll spare my lungs, and cease to argue further—  
But, as I said, take this with you;—no matter  
What side a man adopts, or of what subject—  
If he has but a tongue, he'll not want reasons  
To prove him in the right: as now, for instance;—  
I'm tired of talk—you then are in the right—  
You must be, sure, I have no help for it.





## THE GARDEN

MARGARET on FAUST'S arm, MARTHA with MEPHISTOPHELES,  
*walking loiteringly up and down.*

MARGARET

You do but play with my simplicity,  
And put me to the blush. A traveller  
Learns such good nature—is so pleased with all things  
And everybody:—my poor talk, I know,  
Has no attraction that could for a moment  
Engage the attention of a man who has  
Seen so much of the world——

FAUST

One glance—one word,  
One little word from thee, I value more  
Than all the wisdom of th' world's wisest ones.

*[Kisses her hand.]*

MARGARET

How could you think of it? How could you kiss it?  
It is so coarse—so hard—is spoiled with all work

FAUST

On every day—how could it but be coarse?  
My mother's habits are too close—my tasks  
Are too severe. [*They pass on.*]

MARTHA

And are you—are you always travelling thus?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Alas! that claims of business and of duty  
Should force me to it. We feel pangs at parting  
From many a spot where yet we may not loiter.

MARTHA

In youth's wild days, it cannot but be pleasant  
This idle roaming round and round the world,  
With wildfire spirits, and heart disengaged:  
But soon comes age and sorrow; and to drag,  
Through the last years of life, down to the grave  
A solitary creature—like the wretch,  
Who moves from prison on to execution—  
This must be bad for body and for soul.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You make me shudder at the dreary prospect.

MARTHA

Be wise—secure yourself in time. [*They pass on.*]

MARGARET

Yes!—out of sight, soon out of mind.  
I feel this courtesy is kind,  
That you, who must have many a friend  
Highly informed, should condescend  
To speak with one in my poor station.  
Of such neglected education,  
In everything so unimproved—

FAUST

Believe me, dearest, best beloved,  
That which the world calls information

FAUST

Is often but the glitter chilling  
Of vanity and want of feeling.

MARGARET

How?

FAUST

Ah! that singleness of heart,  
And absence of all artifice—  
Gifts, as they are, above all price,  
Heaven's holiest blessing—should be thus  
Of their own worth unconscious!  
That meekness, gentleness, the treasure  
Which Nature, who doth still impart  
To all in love, and lavish measure,  
Gives to the child, whom she loves dearest  
Should——

MARGARET

Think of me when you are gone,  
A moment now and then—of you  
I shall have time enough to think.

FAUST

Your time is passed, then, much alone?

MARGARET

Why, yes; and then our house affairs,  
Poor though they be, bring many cares.  
We have no servant-maid, and I  
Must cook, knit, sew, must wash and dry;  
Run far and near—rise ere the light,  
And not lie down till late at night.  
And then my mother's temper's such,  
In everything she asks so much;  
Of saving has so strict a sense,  
And is so fearful of expense;  
So anxious, so particular:  
Not that our circumstances are  
So limited, as not to give  
The means like other folk to live.

FAUST

The property my father had,  
And died possessed of, was not bad:  
A house, and garden here, that yields  
Something worth while, and some town fields  
Just at the gates. My days, somehow,  
Are tolerably quiet now—  
My brother earns a soldier's bread  
Abroad; my little sister's dead.  
Trouble enough I had with her,  
Yet cheerfully would I incur  
Ten times the toil—so dear was she.

FAUST

A very angel, if like thee!

MARGARET

Even from its birth the child I nursed—  
And so it loved me from the first.  
Born to distress—its father torn  
Away by death, ere it was born.  
My mother, worn out with disease—  
We long had given her up for gone—  
Recovering faintly by degrees,  
Came slowly, very slowly on.  
She had no strength—she could not think  
Of nursing it—and so, poor thing,  
I reared it; for its natural drink  
With milk and water tried to bring  
The creature on—and thus my own  
It seemed to be, and mine alone—  
Lay on my arm, and on my breast  
Would play and nestle, and was blest.

FAUST

This must have been the purest joy.

MARGARET

Yet were there hours of great annoy—  
Its cradle was by my bedside:



FAUST

It kept me half the night awake,  
To make it quiet when I tried.  
At times must I get up, to take  
The little urchin into bed;  
This would not do—then must I rise,  
Walk up and down with measured tread,  
And seek with songs to hush its cries.  
Then daylight brought its tasks to me:  
Ere dawn must I at washing be—  
Trudge to the market—light the fire;  
And if I felt the trouble tire  
On one day, 'twas the same the next.  
I felt dispirited, and vexed  
At times; but I was wrong in this;  
For, after all, his labour is  
What gives a poor man's food its zest,  
And makes his bed a bed of rest.

*[They pass on.]*

MARTHA

We women are the sufferers: who can make  
Anything of a dissolute old rake?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yet have I perfect faith in woman's skill;  
You may, for instance, make me what you will.

MARTHA

But tell me plainly, have you never met  
One whom you loved? thought you of marriage yet?

MEPHISTOPHELES

A blessed state—in Proverbs we are told,  
A good wife better is than pearls or gold.

MARTHA

But is there none with preference you would name?

MEPHISTOPHELES

All are polite and everywhere the same.

FAUST

MARTHA

Have you no one in seriousness addressed?

MEPHISTOPHELES

With ladies can you think that I would jest?

MARTHA

You still mistake me.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I regret to find  
How slow I am; but one thing to my mind  
Is clear, that you are very, very kind.

*[They pass on.]*

FAUST

And so thou didst, my angel—didst thou not?—  
The moment that I came into the garden,  
Remember me again, upon the spot?

MARGARET

Did you not see it? I held down my eyes.

FAUST

And thou dost—dost thou not?—the freedom pardon  
Which, as you passed from the Cathedral home,  
I rashly took?

MARGARET

I felt so much surprise,  
And was, I scarce can tell you, so confused,  
And trembled like a guilty thing accused.  
“Into his head could such a thought have come?—  
What must he think of thee?—there must have been  
Something improper in thy walk or mien;  
Something that gave this gentleman to see,  
Here is a girl with whom you may make free.”  
Yet must I own I did not then detect  
How my heart pleaded for thee, nor suspect



WITH LADIES CAN YOU THINK THAT I WOULD JEST?



THE HOUSE OF THE LORD AT THE TEMPLE, 1870

FAUST

I with myself was angry, that, with thee,  
As angry as I ought I could not be.

FAUST

Sweet love!

MARGARET

One moment wait.

*[She plucks a star-flower, and picks off the leaves  
one after another.]*

FAUST

Why pluck the star-flower?  
Do you wish a bunch of flowers?

MARGARET

No, I just fancied  
Trying a little game of chance.

FAUST

What mean you?

MARGARET

You will laugh at me.

*[She plucks off the leaves, and murmurs to herself.]*

FAUST

What are you murmuring?

MARGARET *[half aloud]*

*He loves me—loves me not.*

FAUST

Angelic creature!

MARGARET

*He loves me—not—He loves me—not—*

*[As she plucks off the last leaf with eager delight.]*

*He loves me!*

FAUST

FAUST

Yes, my child, deem this language of the flower  
The answer of an oracle—"He loves thee!"  
Dost thou know all the meaning of "He loves thee"?

*[Holds both her hands.]*

MARGARET

I am all over trembling.

FAUST

Tremble not!  
Oh, let this look, this pressure of the hands,  
Say to thee what no words can say: henceforth  
Be our whole being lost in one another  
In overflowing joy—that lives and lives  
For ever and for ever! could it end  
It were—— But no, it cannot, cannot end!

*[MARGARET presses his hands, disengages herself from him, and runs away. He stands for a moment, thoughtful, and follows her.]*

MARTHA

The night is coming on.

MEPHISTOPHELES

We should be going.

MARTHA

I would invite you to stay longer, but  
We live in a censorious neighbourhood.  
They seem to have nothing to think of or to do  
But watch the doors, and who go in and out:  
Do what you will, your doings will be misconstrued:  
But our young couple—saw you them?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Up yonder walk—gay butterflies. They've flown

FAUST

MARTHA

He seems

Caught.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And she too. 'Tis the way of the world.





## A SUMMER HOUSE

MARGARET *runs in; fixes herself behind the door; holds the tip of her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crevice.*

MARGARET

He comes.

FAUST

Ah, rogue! and do you thus provoke me?  
I've caught you at last.

*[Kisses her.]*

MARGARET *[embracing him and returning the kiss]*  
Dearest and best, with my whole heart I love thee.

*[MEPHISTOPHELES knocks.]*

FAUST *[stamping]*

Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES

A friend.

FAUST

A brute.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Full time to go.



FAUST

MARTHA [*comes up*]

'Tis late, my lord.

FAUST

May I not see you home?

MARGARET

My mother would—— Farewell.

FAUST

Must I then go?

Farewell.

MARTHA

Adieu!

MARGARET

To meet again, and soon.

[*Exeunt* FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.]

MARGARET

How many things a man like this  
Must know; and I had but a "Yes,"  
For everything he said; confused  
By every word; yet he excused  
Each fault of mine. What can it be,  
That thus attaches him to me?





## FOREST AND CAVERN

FAUST [*alone*]

Yes! lofty Spirit, thou hast given me all,  
All that I asked of thee; and not in vain,  
In unconsuming fire revealed, hast thou  
Been with me, manifesting gloriously  
Thy presence—thou hast looked on me with love—  
Hast given me empire o'er majestic Nature;  
Power to enjoy and feel! 'Twas not alone  
The stranger's short permitted privilege  
Of momentary wonder that thou gavest;  
No, thou hast given me into her deep breast  
As into a friend's secret heart to look;  
Hast brought to me the tribes of living things:  
Thus teaching me to recognize and love  
My brothers in still grove, or air, or stream.  
And when in the wide wood the tempest raves,  
And shrieks, and rends the giant pines, uproots,  
Disbranches, and, with maddening grasp uplifting,  
Flings them to earth, and from the hollow hill  
Dull moaning thunders echo their descent;  
Then dost thou lead me to the safe retreat



I WISH YOU HAD SOMETHING ELSE  
TO DO THAN THUS TORTURE ME WHEN I'M QUIET



MISS [Name] [Address] [City] [State] [Year]

FAUST

Of some low cavern, there exhibiting  
To my awed soul its own mysterious nature!  
Of my own heart the depths miraculous,  
Its secret inward being all exposed!  
And when before my eye the pure moon walks  
High overhead, diffusing a soft light,  
Then from the rocks, and over the damp wood,  
The pale bright shadows of the ancient times  
Before me seem to move, and mitigate  
The too severe delight of earnest thought!

Alas! even now I feel MAN's joys must be  
Imperfect ever. The ecstatic bliss,  
Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods;  
This is thy gift; but with it thou hast given,  
Inseparably linked, this vile associate,  
Whom I abominate, but cannot part:  
Cold, insolent, malicious, he contrives  
To make me to myself contemptible;  
And with a breath will scatter into nothing  
All these high gifts; with what officious zeal  
He fans my breast into a raging flame  
Of passion, to possess that perfect form  
Of loveliness! Thus, from desire I pass  
On to enjoyment, and, uneasy still,  
Even in enjoyment languish for desire!

[MEPHISTOPHELES enters.]

MEPHISTOPHELES

Have you not had enough of this before?  
A pretty kind of life to live for ever!  
Well enough for a trial. Come, come, let us  
Seek something new.

FAUST

I wish you had something else  
To do than thus torment me when I'm quiet.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well! well! and if you wish I'll leave you here  
To your delights—never say it again.

FAUST

Great loss to me, indeed, 'twould be to lose  
A petulant, unsocial, crazy creature  
Of a companion—kept the whole day long  
Busy, and never can make any guess  
From my lord's countenance, whether your worship  
Is pleased or is displeased by what I do.

FAUST

Ay, there's the tone—that is so very like him:  
Tires me to death—expects me then to thank him!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Poor child of earth! and couldst thou, then, have borne  
Thy life till now without my aid? 'Twas I  
That saved thee from imaginations idle!  
I guarded thee with long and anxious care;  
And, but for me, even now thou wouldst have been  
Idling in other worlds! Why sittest thou there,  
Lingering in hollow cave, or rifted rock,  
Dull as the moping owl? Why, like the toad,  
Dost thou support a useless life, deriving  
Subsistence from damp moss and dripping stone?  
Sweet pastime this! most charming occupation!  
I fear you've not forgotten your old trade.

FAUST

Couldst thou conceive what added life is given  
In hours like this, passed in the wilderness,  
And couldst thou feel it—still thou wouldst remain  
The devil thou art—still hate and poison it!  
Wouldst grudge the short delight——

MEPHISTOPHELES

Delight indeed!  
Yes, transcendental rapture!—mighty fine!  
In night and dew lying among the hills,  
In ecstasy embracing earth and Heaven—  
To swell up till you are a kind of god—  
To pierce into the marrow of the earth

FAUST

In a fool's fancies—all the six-days' task  
Of the creation in thy breast to feel—  
And in the pride of conscious power enjoy  
I know not what of bliss—to cherish love  
That has no limits, but must overflow  
Till it loves everything that is—till earth  
And man's poor nature, in the trance forgotten,  
Has passed away—and then the glorious hour  
Of intuition ending—how it ends  
I must not say—

FAUST

Fie, fie upon thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes!

“Fie, fie!”—it does not suit your taste, forsooth—  
Fie, fie! this mannerly word sounds very well  
In your mouth now. The modest ears are closed,  
And will not hear of what the modest heart  
Yet cannot go without. Good, good!—a word,  
However, upon what you said—I grudge not  
To you or any man such pleasure, as  
He now and then may feel, in playing tricks  
Of self-deception; pity 'twill not last.  
You are already blown out of your course—  
Are almost what you were when first we met;  
And, if you don't take care, will fret yourself  
Soon into actual madness—frenzy-fever,  
Or melancholy horror. For your own sake  
Have done with this: your love, poor creature! sits  
Within there—you should soothe her! All with her  
Is sad and gloomy—out of her poor mind  
You never are: she loves devotedly,  
Poor thing!—on thee she thinks—thinks evermore.  
First came the flood of thy o'erflowing passion,  
As swells, when the snows melt, a mountain brook  
Above its banks—and thou into her heart  
Hast poured the sudden gush; and now the brook  
Is dry with thee again: methinks 'twere well,

FAUST

Instead of reigning here among the woods  
On an imaginary throne, that you  
Would comfort the young monkey, and requite  
The poor thing for her love—to her the time  
Seems miserably long—she lingers at  
The window, gazes on the clouds that pass  
Slow o'er the old town-walls. "Oh that I were  
A little bird!" she cries. This is her song  
All the day long, and half the heavy night!  
One moment is she mirthful—mostly is  
Sad—then she weeps till she can weep no more;  
Then, as 'twould seem, she is at rest again.  
But mirth or grief, whatever the mood be,  
This all is love—deep, tender, passionate love.

FAUST

Serpent—vile serpent!

MEPHISTOPHELES [*aside*]

Ay, and one that stings.

FAUST

Infamous wretch, begone! name not her name—  
Pollute it not—stir not into desire  
My half-distracted senses.

MEPHISTOPHELES

What is this?  
She deems herself abandoned—and is right.

FAUST

Off, viper!

MEPHISTOPHELES

You are raving—I am laughing:  
What a hard task it is, forsooth—just think,  
And let it cure your spirits—you are going  
Not—as to look at you one might believe—  
Not to the gibbet—but to a fond mistress!



FAUST

FAUST

What were the joys of Heaven, though with them  
blest  
In her embrace? could my disquiet be  
Stilled on her bosom? could it hush to rest  
This drear presentiment of her undoing?  
And am I not the outcast—the accurst—  
The homeless one, whose wanderings never cease—  
The monster of his kind? No rest for me—  
No aim—no object; like the stream, that, nurst  
With swelling rains, foaming from rock to rock,  
Along its course of ruin,  
On to the inevitable precipice—  
Plunges impatient down the blind abyss,  
And violently seeks the desperate shock.  
And—by the side of such mad stream—was she,  
A child with a child's feelings; her low cot  
In the green field upon the mountain-slope,  
And all that she could wish, or love, or hope,  
Her little world, all—all in that poor spot;  
And I—the Heaven-detested!—was it not  
Enough, that the mad torrent grasped and tore  
The rocks, and shivered them to dust, and bore  
All, that opposed me, in my downward course  
On with me?—Her too, her—her peace—her joy—  
These must I undermine?—these too destroy?  
Hell! Hell!—this victim also!—Thy support,  
Devil! and the dreadful interval make short!  
What must be, be it soon! Let the crush fall  
Down on me of her ruin—perish all—  
She—I—and these wild thoughts together!

MEPHISTOPHELES

What! in the fever-fit again?  
How seethes and burns the muddy brain!  
Idiot, go in, and comfort her.

Thus is it ever with the crazy pate,  
When difficulties thwart,  
Or unforeseen calamities occur:

FAUST

Fools, when they cannot see their way,  
At once grow desperate,  
Have no resource—have nothing to propose—  
But fix a dull eye of dismay  
Upon the final close.  
Success to the stout heart, say I,  
That sees its fate, and can defy!  
Yet art thou, though of such soft stuff,  
In most things pretty devil enough;  
Of all insipid things, I least can bear  
That sickening dose—a devil in despair!





## MARGARET'S OWN ROOM

MARGARET, *alone at the spinning-wheel.*

[Sings]

*My peace is gone,  
And my heart is sore;  
I have lost him, and lost him,  
For evermore!*

*The place, where he is not,  
To me is the tomb,  
The world is sadness,  
And sorrow and gloom!*

*My poor sick brain  
Is crazed with pain,  
And my poor sick heart  
Is torn in twain!*

*My peace is gone,  
And my heart is sore,  
For lost is my love  
For evermore!*

☞ FAUST ☞

*From the window for him  
My heavy eyes roam;  
To seek him, all lonely  
I wander from home.*

*His noble form,  
His bearing high,  
The smiles of his lip,  
And the power of his eye,*

*And the magic tone  
Of that voice of his,  
His hands' soft pressure,  
And oh! his kiss!*

*My peace is gone,  
And my heart is sore;  
I have lost him, and lost him,  
For evermore!*

*Far wanders my heart  
To feel him near,  
Oh! could I clasp him,  
And hold him here!*

*Hold him and kiss him,  
Oh! I could die!  
To feed on his kisses,  
How willingly!*





## MARTHA'S GARDEN

MARGARET—FAUST

MARGARET

Promise me, Henry.

FAUST

Be assured, my love.

MARGARET

Now tell me how you are as to religion?  
You are a dear, good man—but I rather fear  
You have not much of it.

FAUST

Forbear, my child,  
You feel I love you, and for those I love  
I would lay down my life. I would not rob  
Anyone of his feeling, or his church—

MARGARET

'Tis well—but more than that—we must believe.

FAUST

FAUST

Must we?

MARGARET

Oh, had I any influence!  
You honour not the holy sacraments?

FAUST

I honour them.

MARGARET

But you do not receive.  
At Mass or shrift 'tis long since you have been.  
Do you believe in God?

FAUST

Forbear, my love;  
Who can say truly, "I believe in God"?  
Ask it of priest or of philosopher,  
And the reply seems but a mockery  
Of him who asks.

MARGARET

Then thou dost not believe!

FAUST

Misunderstand me not, thou best beloved:  
Who can name Him, and, knowing what he says,  
Say, "I believe in Him"? And who can feel,  
And, with self-violence, to conscious wrong  
Hardening his heart, say, "I believe Him not"?  
The All-embracing, All-sustaining One,  
Say, doth He not embrace, sustain, include  
Thee?—Me?—Himself?—Bends not the sky above?  
And earth, on which we are, is it not firm?  
And over us with constant kindly smile,  
The sleepless stars keep everlasting watch!  
Am I not here gazing into thine eyes?

FAUST

And does not All, that is—  
Seen and unseen, mysterious all—  
Around thee, and within,  
Untiring agency,  
Press on thy heart and mind?  
Fill thy whole heart with it—and when thou art  
Lost in the consciousness of happiness—  
Then call it what thou wilt,  
Happiness!—heart!—love!—GOD!  
I have no name for it—Feeling is all;  
Name, sound and smoke,  
Dimming the glow of Heaven!

MARGARET

This is all good and right;  
The priest says pretty much the same,  
But in words somewhat different.

FAUST

Everywhere,  
All hearts beneath the universal Heaven,  
In its own language each doth utter it—  
Then why not I in mine?

MARGARET

Made easy thus  
'Tis plausible—yet must it be unsafe:  
Thou art no Christian.

FAUST

Hush, my child.

MARGARET

I grieve to see the company thou keepest.

FAUST

What do you mean?

FAUST

MARGARET

The man whom thou hast ever at thy side,  
I hate him from the bottom of my soul.  
In my whole life has nothing given my heart  
So deep a wound as that man's alien visage.

FAUST

Beloved, fear him not.

MARGARET

The very sight of him makes my blood thrill!  
To most men I feel kindness—but him  
Do I detest; and with a feeling strong,  
Strong as my love for you—strong as my wishes  
To have you with me—does a secret shudder  
Creep over me when I behold this man.  
He is—I cannot be deceived—he is  
A villain;—God forgive me, if I wrong him!

FAUST

He's a queer fellow—do not mind his oddities.

MARGARET

I would not—could not, live together with him.  
If for a moment he comes to the door,  
He will look in with such an air of mockery,  
And a half scowl, and a face dark with anger  
Kept down—you see he has no interest  
In anything—'tis written on his brow  
He feels no love for any living soul—  
And when I am so happy in thy arms,  
In the sweet confidence of love forgetting—  
Forgetting everything but thee, then—then  
He's sure to come, and my heart shrinks and withers!

FAUST

Foreboding angel, these are weak misgivings!



FAUST

MARGARET

The feeling overmasters me so wholly,  
That if he does but join us, straightway seems it  
As if I ceased to love thee—where he is  
I could not pray. This eats into my heart.  
Henry, it cannot be but that you feel  
In this as I do.

FAUST

This is antipathy.

MARGARET

I must away.

FAUST

Alas! and may I never  
Meet thee where none can come to trouble us?  
One little hour—and must it never be?—  
Heart prest to happy heart, and soul to soul!

MARGARET

Ah, that I slept alone! This very night  
How gladly would I leave the door unbolted!  
But then my mother's sleep is far from sound;  
Did she awake and find you there, I should,  
Methinks, drop dead upon the spot.

FAUST

Dear angel, throw aside such fears; this phial  
Take with you. Three drops of it only, poured  
Into her drink, wrap nature up in sleep,  
Deep, tranquil sleep.

MARGARET

I must do as you bid.  
Could I refuse you? 'Twill not injure her?

FAUST

It will not: otherwise would I advise it?

MARGARET

Dearly beloved, if I but look on you  
I must obey—I cannot hesitate:

FAUST

There is a something not to be resisted,  
Which overpowers me—makes your will my guide  
In everything; and having gone so far  
Already, is choice left me? Having given  
So much, what is there for me to refuse?

[Exit.]

MEPHISTOPHELES [enters.]

The monkey! is it gone?

FAUST

Again—

Spying?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes, and I heard quite plain  
The doctor schooled—the catechumen  
Getting a lesson in his creed  
And catechism, from a young woman,  
Just now—I hope that it agreed  
With you! The girls' anxiety  
For sentimental piety  
Is soon explained. The man, think they,  
Who worships in the good old way,  
When his priest bids him kneels and bows,  
Is likely to obey his spouse:  
This of itself ensures his wife  
A quiet, fair, and easy life.  
The women fancy, and the fact is  
Confirmed, or often so, in practice,  
That their admirers are most found  
Where your religious men abound—  
Love is almost the same emotion:  
The devotee—such is their notion—  
Thus for the sex feels true devotion,  
Courts amorous thoughts and mystic dreaming,  
Is led by priests, and follows women.

FAUST

Oh! what a monster must thou be,  
To see not, or with scoffing see,  
How this poor girl's affections lead

FAUST

The pious creature thus to plead;  
The faith, in which she moves and lives—  
That which alone salvation gives—  
So she believes—may make her fear  
Danger to one whom she holds dear;  
Fear for the issue of a strife  
Where more, she feels, is risked than life!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Most sentimental sensualist—  
Philosopher at once and beast—  
Led by the nose by a young flirt!

FAUST

Abortion—spawn of fire and dirt!

MEPHISTOPHELES [*scornfully*]

On Physiognomy she also lectures  
Profoundly—feels, when I am present,  
Sensations strange and most unpleasant:  
Suppressed malignity my smile betrays;  
I wear a mask, forsooth, I will not raise,  
And what it hides she sapiently conjectures,  
Something mysteriously allied to evil,  
A genius—or, perhaps, the very devil.  
To-night then.

FAUST

What's to-night to thee?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I've my amusements too—we'll see.





AT THE WELL

MARGARET *and* LIZZY, *with* pitchers.

LIZZY

Have you not heard of Hannah's pretty doing?

MARGARET

No, not a word—I've been but little out.

LIZZY

Kate told it me to-day—there's not a doubt  
Of its truth. This comes of airs and impudence:  
I always said her pride would be her ruin.

MARGARET

What mean you?

LIZZY

What I mean all know but you—  
Why, when she eats and drinks she's feeding two.

MARGARET

Poor thing!

FAUST

LIZZY

Poor thing, indeed! great pity for her;  
Why, she was always finding some pretence  
To be in company with this adorer  
Of hers; at every party—every walk—  
How she made out a time for private talk!  
Would hang upon his arm, and still be seen  
For evermore with him, at booth or green.  
She thought herself so fine, none could come near her;  
And then their feastings—cakes and wine must cheer her  
After their rambles: then her vanity  
About her beauty almost like insanity—  
And then her meanness—think of her insisting  
Upon his making handsome presents to her—  
Then came soft words, when there were none to listen,  
Then all a girl can give she gave her wooer!

MARGARET

The poor, poor thing!

LIZZY

And do you pity her?  
When *we* were kept close to our wheels, and when  
Our mothers would not suffer us to stir  
Abroad at night, or loiter with the men,  
Then were they on the seat before the door,  
Or in the dark walk lingering evermore;  
Now for the stool and white sheet of repentance;  
For one, I feel no sorrow at her sentence.

MARGARET

Poor creature! but, no doubt, he'll marry her.

LIZZY

He!—he'll be no such fool—the de'il may carry her,  
For what he cares—they say that he is off;  
He'll find another market soon enough.

FAUST

MARGARET

That is not fair.

LIZZY

'Twill be almost as bad,  
We will so plague her—if she get the lad;  
The wedding garland, should she think to wear it,  
From the mock virgin shall the children tear it;  
And, at her door, what fun we shall have, spreading  
Chopped straw, to greet the promise of their wedding.

[Exit.]

MARGARET [returning home]

How I would rail when some poor girl went wrong!  
How, when it was another's sin and shame,  
Words of reproach would rise up to my tongue!  
It was, it was black—oh, how black!—and I  
Blackened it more and more—no words of blame  
This virtuous scorn of mine could satisfy—  
Others might fall, but I more proud became—  
I blessed myself, and held myself so high,  
And I who thus could feel—am I the same?  
But could I—who could—have resisted here?  
All was so good! all was so very dear!





AND WHO MY WOUND CAN HEAL,  
AND WHO THE PAIN CAN FEEL ?







### ZWINGER: A LITTLE SHRINE

*In a niche of the wall an image of the MATER DOLOROSA, with flowers before it. MARGARET places fresh flowers in the bowls.*

M A R G A R E T

Mother benign,  
Look down on me!  
No grief like thine;  
Thou who dost see  
In his death-agony  
Thy Son divine.

In faith unto the Father dost thou lift up thine eyes;  
In faith unto the Father dost pray with many sighs.  
The sword is piercing thine own soul, and thou in pain  
dost pray,  
That the pangs which torture him, and are thy pangs,  
may pass away.

And who my wound can heal,  
And who the pain can feel,  
That rends asunder brain and bone?  
How my poor heart, within me aching,

FAUST

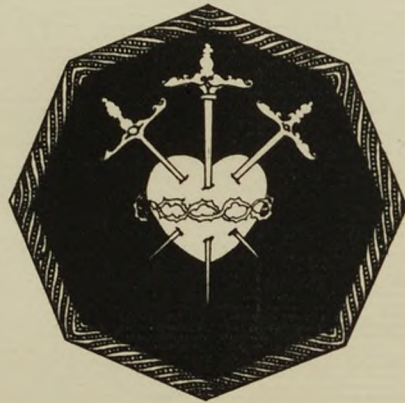
Trembles and yearns, and is forsaken—  
Thou knowest it—thou alone!

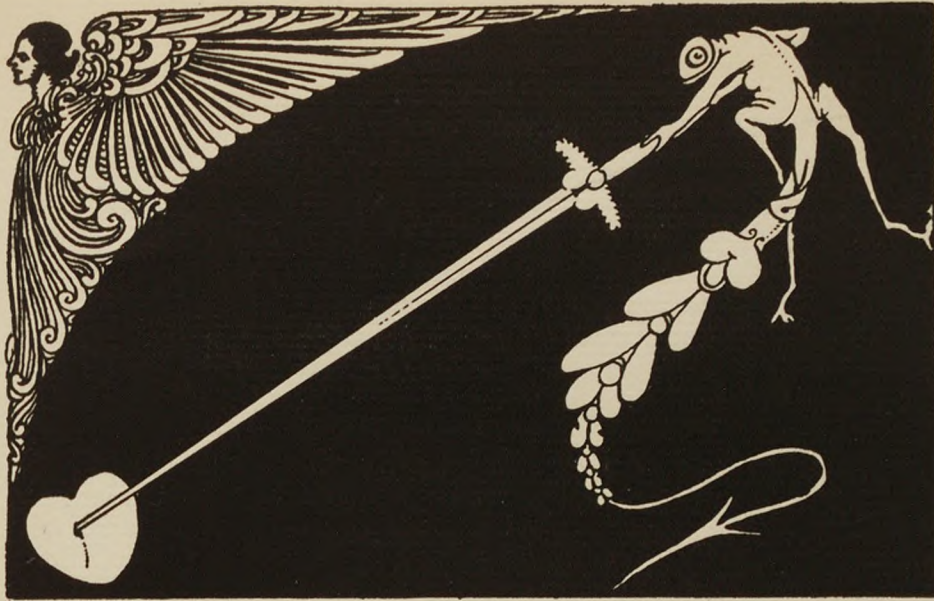
Where can I go? Where can I go?  
Everywhere woe! woe! woe!  
Nothing that does not my own grief betoken;  
And when I am alone,  
I moan, and moan, and moan,  
And am heartbroken.

The flowers upon my windowsill,  
Wet with my tears since dawn they be;  
All else were sleeping, while I was weeping,  
Praying and choosing flowers for thee.

Into my chamber brightly  
Came the early sun's good-morrow;  
On my restless bed, unsightly,  
I sate up in my sorrow.

Oh, in this hour of death, and the near grave,  
Succour me, thou, and save!  
Look on me with that countenance benign.  
Never was grief like thine,  
Look down, look down on mine!





## NIGHT

*Street before MARGARET'S door.*

VALENTINE [*a soldier—MADGE'S brother*]

Till now, as round the canteen hearth,  
My comrades, in their drunken mirth,  
Would of their favourites gaily boast,  
And pledge with soldier's glee the toast;  
How on my elbow I would rest,  
Smile as each swore his own the best,  
And stroke my beard, and raise my glass,  
And when my turn to name the lass  
Came round, would say, "Each to his taste;  
In my own home my heart is placed.  
Where is the maiden, anywhere,  
That with my Margaret can compare?  
Is there than Madge's in the land  
A truer heart or fairer hand?"  
Oh, then, how cups and goblets rang,  
While voices rose with joyous clang:  
"Right, right," in chorus, hundreds cried,  
"First of them all—the country's pride—"

FAUST

His sister is"—and dumb and tame  
The boasters suddenly became.  
And now—oh, I could rend my hair,  
Could dash my brains out in despair;  
Now must I feel my bosom gored  
By daggers in each casual word,  
And every ruffian's sneering eye  
And scornful taunt my patience try;  
Gnawing my wrath must I remain,  
And suffer and suppress my pain,  
Nor dare say any word again;  
As hears the debtor gibe and curse,  
Who meets a claim with empty purse.  
Avenge it—what can vengeance do?  
Must I not feel the taunt is true?

See yonder! sneaking out of sight,  
Two skulking scoundrels. Am I right?  
'Tis he—would Heaven that it were he!  
He scarce shall 'scape me if it be.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES

FAUST

See, in the window of yon sacristy,  
How from its little lamp the constant light  
Streams up—while, at the sides, less and less bright,  
'Tis fading—till it dies in the thick night  
That deepens round—and thus is it with me—  
Darkness on every side around me spreads.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And I am like the thievish cat that treads,  
Prowling along, up ladders and down leads—  
A nibble in the dark—there's no harm in it—  
Or snatching on the roof a stolen love-minute.  
Already do I feel the power,  
The fun and frolic of the hour;

FAUST

The advent of WALPURGIS NIGHT  
Bids every limb thrill with delight:  
Another night—another day,  
And then the glorious FIRST OF MAY;  
Then to the Brocken fare we forth,  
Then learn that life is something worth.

FAUST

Behold yon blue light glimmering!  
Is that the treasure? Lurks it there?  
And will it from the dark earth spring?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Be patient—you shall shortly bring  
The casket into open air:  
I peeped into the secret hoard,  
And saw the lion-dollars stored.

FAUST

What! merely money? who would think it?  
What good is this? no ring—no trinket?  
No ornament for the dear girl?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh yes; there are some beads of pearl.

FAUST

I am glad of it—it is not pleasant  
To go to her without some present.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Is there then no such thing as pleasure,  
But what you may by payment measure?  
I differ there with you—but see,  
The heaven is hushed, and full of stars:  
Now for a moment favour me  
With silence—while I sing some bars  
Of an old song—a sweet old air,



ALREADY IS THE CRY  
OF MURDER RAISED

☞ FAUST ☞

VALENTINE

Parry that.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Child's play!

Easily done.

VALENTINE

And that.

MEPHISTOPHELES

As easy quite.

VALENTINE

The devil assists him in the fight—  
My hand is wounded.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now thrust home.

VALENTINE

Oh, torture!

MEPHISTOPHELES

The clown's done for—come,  
We'd best be off—have not a minute  
To lose—already is the cry  
Of murder raised—and although I  
Know the police, and have friends in it,  
This is a very ugly scrape.  
To manage it in any shape  
Perplexes me.

[*Exeunt.*]

MARTHA [*at the window*]

Up! up!

MARGARET [*at her window*]

A light!

MARTHA

Railing and scuffling—how they fight!

☞ FAUST ☜

PEOPLE [*in the street*]

One of them is already dead.

MARTHA

Seize on the murderers—are they fled?

MARGARET [*coming out*]

Who is it?—who?

PEOPLE

Thy mother's son.

MARGARET

Oh, God!

VALENTINE

I die—said soon—soon done!  
Women, why stand you wailing, crying?  
Will you not listen? I am dying.  
Margaret, take counsel, you are still  
Young, and conduct your business ill;  
I speak in confidence—you are  
A strumpet—throw away pretence—  
Be one in earnest—there were sense  
In this—be one thing or the other.

MARGARET

My God! what can you mean, my brother?

VALENTINE

Best let the name of God alone!  
That which is done, alas! is done.  
The past is past; the wretched game  
You play is everywhere the same,  
Begins in folly—ends in shame.  
First one man visits—then, less private,  
Another; soon the coy beginner  
Will welcome all, till she arrive at  
The streets, and is a common sinner.



❁ FAUST ❁

When SHAME is born, she shrinks from sight,  
Draws over her the veil of night,  
Trembles at every stir, and tries  
Of hood and cloak the mean disguise.  
Yea—unfamiliar yet with sin—  
Would hush the warning voice within.  
On moves she unobserved, unknown;  
But bigger soon, and bolder grown,  
Walks, hand in hand, the broad highway,  
With SLANDER, in the eye of day,  
And as her features, marred and coarse,  
From hour to hour look worse and worse,  
While men behold her with affright,  
She stalks affronting the daylight.

Already do I see the day,  
When all, with loathing, turn away  
From thee, as from a plague-struck corse,  
I see the gnawings of remorse:  
Abandoned outcast of the street,  
How wilt thou bear their eyes to meet?  
Never, as once, the golden chain  
To wear in pride—never again!  
Never again, that fairest face,  
To shine at church, in the high place,  
And never more the dance to grace;  
No more in modest pride to deck  
With frills of snowy lace thy neck;  
But in some filthy nook to lie,  
'Mong strumpets live—'mong beggars die;  
And find, for thee, heart-broken one,  
Though God has mercy, Man has none.

MARTHA

Pray, dying man, for mercy; dread  
To heap God's curses on thy head!

VALENTINE

Fiend, could I tear thy leprous skin!  
Procuress! sordid slave of sin!

FAUST

Then might I rest, my conscience freed  
From every weight by that one deed.

MARGARET

My brother—oh, what agony—  
Brother, forgive—I grieve for thee.

VALENTINE

Cease weeping thus for me: thy fall—  
That was the sharpest wound of all.  
Fearless I go—as fits the brave—  
To God and to a soldier's grave.





## CATHEDRAL

*Service, organ and anthem.*

MARGARET *among a number of people.* EVIL SPIRIT *behind*  
MARGARET.

### EVIL SPIRIT

How changed is everything  
With thee, poor Margaret,  
Since when, still full of innocence,  
Thou to this very altar  
Didst come, and from the little old thumbed  
prayer-book  
Didst lisp the murmured prayers;  
Half with the children out at play,  
In a child's happy fancies, thy young heart,  
And half with God in Heaven.  
And dost thou, canst thou think . . . ?  
Thy brain, where wanders it . . . ?  
In thy heart oh what a weight  
Of guilt, of evil done!  
Prayest thou for thy mother's soul—

FAUST

She who through thee did sleep and  
sleep away  
Into undying agonies?  
And on thy door-stead whose the blood?  
And in thy bosom is there not  
A stirring, that is torture,  
And with foreboding fears  
Makes felt the present woe?

MARGARET

Woe, woe!  
Oh, that I could escape  
These dark thoughts flitting over and  
athwart me,  
And all accusing me!

CHOIR

*Dies Iræ, dies illa  
Solvat sæclum in favilla.*

EVIL SPIRIT

The judgment arrests thee—  
The trumpet is sounding—  
The graves are astir—  
And thy heart,  
From the sleep of its ashes,  
For fiery torture  
Created again,  
Awakes up and trembles.

MARGARET

That I were out of this—  
I feel as if the organ  
Stifled my breathing.  
And that the anthem was  
Breaking my heart.

CHOIR

*Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet adparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit.*

FAUST

MARGARET

I feel so tightened here,  
The pillars of the wall  
Are grasping me;  
The arch above  
Weighs on me.—Air!

EVIL SPIRIT

Hide thyself—sin and shame  
Will find thee out—  
Oh, never were they hidden—  
Air—light—exposure—  
Woe's thee!

CHOIR

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Cum vix justus sit securus.*

EVIL SPIRIT

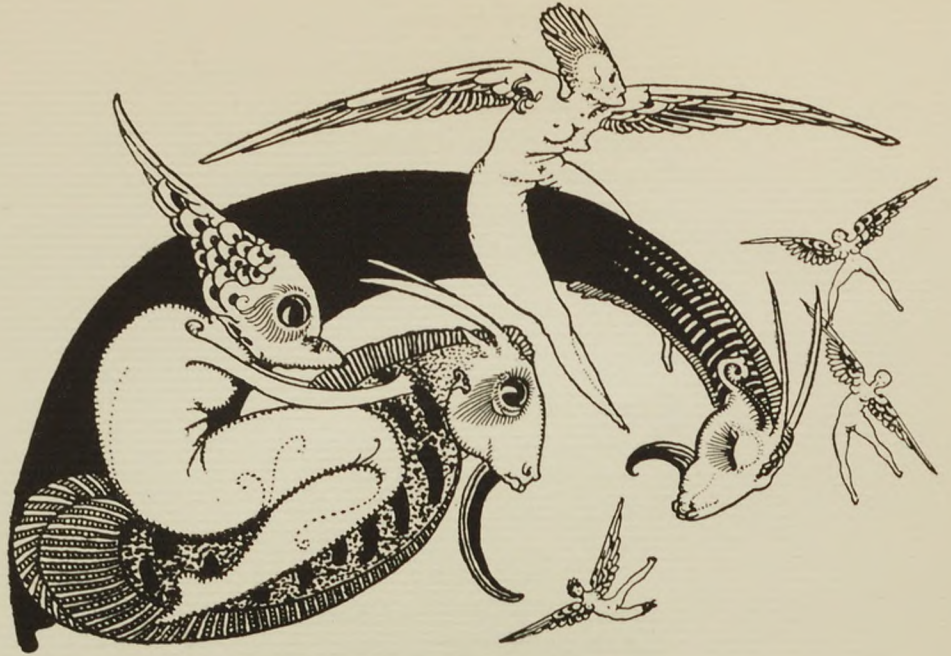
From thee their countenances  
The sons of light all turn.  
To reach to thee their hands  
Makes the pure shudder—  
Woe!

CHOIR

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus.*

MARGARET [*fainting, to the girl next her*]  
Your flasket, friend.





## WALPURGIS NIGHT

*The Hariz Mountains. Shirke and Elend.*

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES

MEPHISTOPHELES

Would not a broomstick be a good thing here  
For a tired man to ride? I wish I had got  
A buck-goat, rough and tough—neck thick, trot quick:  
The road is long, and we are loitering,  
The time just come—the place still far away.

FAUST

While I feel firm upon my limbs, the road  
Thus wild and intricate but pleases me;  
And this knobbed staff affords support enough.  
Why should we wish the way more short? To steal  
Silently through the deep vale's labyrinth,  
And issuing thence to climb these rocks, from which  
The bubbling water gushes up for ever,  
And streams a white precipitous cataract—  
'Tis this—'tis this that makes such paths delightful.

☞ FAUST ☞

The stirring breath of spring hath waked the birch,  
And the slow pine already feels her power—  
Shall we alone of all that live and breathe  
Remain uninfluenced by her cheering spirit?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I can feel nothing of it—all within  
With me is winter—give me the bleak snow,  
And the cold ice upon my desolate path.  
With what a red and melancholy light  
The waning moon's imperfect orb is moving,  
Casting faint, cold, unserviceable beams,  
And making each step dangerous—lest the foot  
Dash 'gainst some straggling tree or jutting rock  
I'll call a wildfire Will-o'-the-Wisp to light us.  
See, there is one burns bright and merrily.  
The freakish spark, look, how he flings away  
On the regardless night his spendthrift splendour.  
Holla! my friend, come join our company;  
Come, come, instead of wasting idly there,  
Come be the pilot of our perilous way,  
Move on, and light us through the desert moors.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP

Yours most respectfully—I'll strive to serve you;  
But it is struggling against nature—devious  
And zigzag is our customary course.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ha, ha!—ha, ha! he thinks to mimic man;  
Go straight—for once—in the devil's name, go straight—  
On, saucy spark, on—or I'll blow thee out,  
Poor gleam of marsh-light life.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP

'Tis plain to see

That the master of the house is here—my lord,  
I will be all I can be, to oblige you—

But, think, the hill to-day is mad with magic;  
 And, if we should not go the straightest road,  
 Remember that your guide is but a meteor.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, METEOR [*alternately*]

*Song*

*Into the magic world, the centre  
 Of fancies strange and dreamy science,  
 By a meteor led, we enter,  
 His wild light our best reliance.  
 Then, Meteor, guide us on in haste,  
 Through regions lonely, wide, and waste.*

*Woods—how swift they vanish by us!  
 Trees on trees—how fast they fly us!  
 And the cliffs, with antic greeting,  
 Bending forward and retreating,  
 How they mock the midnight meeting;  
 Ghastly rocks grin glaring on us,  
 Panting, blowing, as they shun us!*

*Trickling on, through sward and stone,  
 Rill and rivulet run down—  
 Murmuring and rustling near,  
 Voices meet and mock the ear;  
 Sweet sounds greet us from above:  
 Are they—are they words of love?  
 Tender tones, that from the wild wood  
 Whisper back the days of childhood?  
 All that was, when we were young,  
 Eden to the heart, now meets it;  
 And the rock, with airy tongue,  
 Recalls, restores, the enchanted song,  
 And lingering in love repeats it.  
 How the song of echo chimes  
 Like the voice of other times!*

*Tu-who!—Tu-who!—the owl's in view—  
 Nearer, clearer, comes his hooting—*



❧ FAUST ❧

*Through the dusk air see him shooting—  
 The long-horned owl, with pinions grey,  
 The blind bat borne in circles dizzy,  
 The crow—the lapwing—and the jay,  
 Are wakeful all—all out and busy—  
 See lizards in the green twigs tender,  
 With heavy paunch and long legs slender—  
 Everywhere strange sights we see—  
 Are they what they seem to be?—  
 Here's many a twining plant that flings  
 Round rock and root its serpent strings,  
 And seeks to dart, in eager watch  
 The heedless journeyer's foot to catch,  
 From close-compacted living masses  
 Its angry fangs on each who passes;  
 Everywhere around us playing,  
 Many-coloured mice are straying,  
 Numberless, 'mong moss and heather;  
 And the fireflies crowd together,  
 With buzzing motion, swarming, crushing,  
 Round our meteor leader rushing!*

*We be strangers here who stray,  
 Natives of the hills are they,  
 Gleesome creatures bright and gay,  
 Merry guides! hurrah! hurrah!  
 Wild the escort—wild the way!*

*Tell me, tell me, where we are—  
 We have wandered fast and far—  
 Is our wizard journey ended?  
 Is the Brocken yet ascended?  
 Round us everything seems wheeling,  
 Trees are whirling, rocks are reeling—  
 All in rapid circles spinning,  
 With motion dizzying and dinning,  
 Everything that round us races  
 Makes grotesque and fiendish faces;  
 Swelling, puffing, multiplying,  
 On all sides wildfire lights are flying.*

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come, be alive—so far, so well;  
We're at the half-way pinnacle.  
The worst is over now—catch fast  
My mantle, while we turn and cast  
A glance beneath us on the mines  
Where MAMMON in the mountains shines!

FAUST

What a strange glimmer stains the ground,  
Like the dull heavy clouds around  
The east, ere yet the sun ascends:  
Far down the dusky hue extends,  
For leagues below earth's surface spread,  
A gloomy—thick—discoloured red,  
Tinging the dreary sides of this  
Desperate, hope-deadening precipice—  
Here rises smoke, there vaporous whiteness,  
But yonder what a blaze of brightness  
On every object round is gleaming!  
Now in a narrow thread 'tis streaming,  
And now the illuminating current  
Bursts sparkling like a winter torrent,  
Here, round the vale, you see it wind,  
In long veins delicate and slender,  
And there in bondage strict confined,  
It brightens into burning splendour!  
A thousand sparks, like gold-dust, sprinkling  
The waste air, are before us twinkling,  
And see the tall rock kindling, brightening,  
Glow with intensity of lightning—  
Turret—'twould seem—and fence and spire  
Lit up at once with festal fire.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, is not Mammon's princely hall  
Lit gaily for our festival!  
I'm glad you've seen it—the wild night  
Bodes storm, that soon will hide it quite—  
Already is it swept from sight—



FIRMLY SEIZE  
THE OLD PROJECTIONS OF THE RIBBED ROCK



FAUST

Wild work is on the winds—I see already  
Omens that say the boisterous guests are coming.

FAUST

The angry gale blows insolently upon us!  
How keen and cold upon my neck it falls,  
Like strokes of some sharp weapon.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Firmly seize

The old projections of the ribbed rock—  
Else it will blow you down into the chasm  
Yawning below us like a sepulchre.

Clouds frown heavily, and hearken  
How the wood groans as they darken,  
And the owls, in fear and fright  
At the stormy face of night,  
Beat the air in homeward flight;  
The halls of evergreen are shaking,  
And their thousand pillars breaking,  
Hearken how the tempest wrenches  
Groaning trunks and crashing branches,  
And the earth beneath is rifted,  
And the shrieking trees uplifted—  
Bole, and bough, and blossom cheerful,  
Fair trees fall in ruin fearful;  
How the haughty forest brothers  
Bend and tremble! how they fall!  
How they cling on one another's  
Arms! each crushes each and smothers,  
Till, tangled, strangled, down come all;  
And the wild Winds through the ruin  
Are howling, hissing, and hallooing!  
Down the valleys how they sweep,  
Round and round, above and under,  
Rend the giant cliffs asunder,  
And, with shout and scream appalling,  
Catch the mighty fragments falling!  
How they laugh, and how they leap,

FAUST

As they hurry off their plunder!  
Headlong steep, and gorges deep,  
Gulf, and glen, and rock, in wonder,  
Echo back the stormy thunder!  
List!—I thought I heard a ringing  
In my ear of voices singing—  
Above—around us—faint, now clearer,  
Distant now—now warbling nearer—  
Now, all the haunted hill along,  
Streams the maddening magic song!

WITCHES IN CHORUS

*On to the Brocken the witches are flocking—  
Merry meet—merry part—how they gallop  
and drive!  
Yellow stubble and stalk are rocking,  
And young green corn is merry alive,  
With the shapes and shadows swimming by,  
To the highest heights they fly,  
Where Sir Urian sits on high—  
Throughout and about,  
With clamour and shout,  
Drives the maddening rout,  
Over stock, over stone;  
Shriek, laughter, and moan,  
Before them are blown.*

A VOICE

Before the rest—beyond the best—  
Who to lead the group is fitter?  
In savage pride see Baubo ride  
On her sow about to litter.

CHORUS

Baubo—honour to whom honour—  
Benediction be upon her—  
Forward, Mother!—as we speed us,  
Who so fit as thou to lead us!  
Forward—clear the way before us!  
Then follow we in screaming chorus!



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ON TO THE BROCKEN THE WITCHES ARE FLOCKING







FAUST

A VOICE

Whence came you?

A VOICE

Over Ilsenstein—

As I past I peeped into a nest,  
And the night-owl, scared from her stupid rest,  
Fixed her frightened eyes on mine!

A VOICE

Oh, go to the devil—why drive you so fast?

A VOICE

She grazed my side as she hurried past,  
And the skin is sore and the blast is chill:  
Look there—see where—'tis bleeding still.

CHORUS OF WITCHES

*The way is long, and weary, and wide—  
And the madman throng crowds on every side—  
The pitchforks scratch, and the broomsticks scrape,  
Will the child within escape,  
When the mother, crushed to death,  
Suffocating pants for breath?*

WIZARDS AND WARLOCKS

*Semichorus I*

*Like the lazy snail, we linger and trail:  
Our womankind, as fleet as the wind,  
Have left us far and far behind—  
On a road like this men droop and drivel,  
While woman goes fearless and fast to the devil.*

WIZARDS AND WARLOCKS

*Semichorus II*

*Swift they go, and swift they go,  
And gain a thousand steps or so,  
But slow is swift, and swift is slow.*

☞ FAUST ☞

*Woman will bustle, and woman will justle,  
But yet at the end will lose the day,  
For hurry and hurry as best she may,  
Man at one long bound clears the way.*

VOICES FROM ABOVE

*Come with us—come with us from Felsensee,  
From the lake of rocks to the eagle height  
Of the hills—come with us—to-night—to-night!*

VOICES FROM BELOW

*To wander above, is the thing we love.  
Oh for one hour of this one night!  
For one mad dance on the Brocken height!  
When shall we join in the wild delight?  
We have washed, and washed, and washed us white  
Again and again—we are barren quite—  
But our hearts are aglow, our cheeks are bright—  
We have watched a-left—we have watched a-right,  
And we hear the sound of the far-off flight  
As they hurry away, and are swept from sight.*

THE TWO CHORUSES

*That wind that scattered the clouds is dead,  
And they thicken soon o'er the wandering moon:  
She hides her head—and the stars are fled;  
With a whispering, whistling, drizzling sound,  
And a fall of meteor fires around—  
Onward, onward, hurry, skurry,  
The hell-driven rout of wizards hurry.*

VOICE FROM BELOW

Stop—stop—stop.

VOICE FROM ABOVE

What voice is this  
Calls to us from the abyss?  
Seems it that the words just spoken  
From the crannied rock have broken?



ON A ROAD LIKE THIS MEN DROOP AND DRIVEL,  
WHILE WOMAN GOES FEARLESS AND FAST TO THE DEVIL.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
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☞ FAUST ☞

VOICE FROM BELOW

Stop—stop—stop—for me—for me—  
 Guarded and bound with slant rocks round—  
 Stop—stop—stop—and make me free—  
 Three hundred years moiling, three hundred years toiling,  
 Hurry work—weary work—step after step;  
 I grasp and I grope, and in time I have hope  
 To climb to the top—sisters, stop—sisters, stop—  
 I anoint every joint, and I pray my own prayer,  
 In the May-sabbath night, to the Prince of the air.  
 Are you not my kindred?—and why am I hind' red  
 From mixing among you, and meeting him there?

BOTH CHORUSES

*Brooms fly fast when warlocks ride 'em  
 Rams, with those who know to guide 'em;  
 Broken branches gallop lightly;  
 Pitchforks, too, make coursers sprightly.  
 A buck-goat or boar is as good as the best of them,  
 Each man for himself, and who cares for the rest of them?  
 Many an eggshell air-balloon  
 To-night will land at our saloon;  
 He who fails in his endeavour  
 To join us now, is gone for ever.*

HALF-WITCH FROM BELOW

Far away I hear their laughter,  
 Hopelessly I stumble after;  
 Cannot rest at home in quiet—  
 Here I cannot join the riot.

WITCHES IN CHORUS

*Strength is given us by this ointment—  
 We will keep to-night's appointment—  
 We can speed on sea, no matter  
 Were the sail a cobweb tatter;  
 And a plank as weak and thin as  
 Snail's abandoned shell our pinnace.  
 He who cannot fly to-night,  
 Will never soar a wizard's flight.*

FAUST

BOTH CHORUSES

*And when we've reached the topmost bound,  
Like swallows skim the haunted ground;  
Far and wide upon the heath,  
Spread your circling guard beneath;  
Watch and ward 'gainst treachery,  
With all the hosts of witchery.*

MEPHISTOPHELES

The air is heavy and oppressive,  
And the whirling din excessive;  
Rattling with the ceaseless babble,  
Of the tumultuous Hell-driven rabble;  
Sultry, vaporous, and sickening;  
To a denser substance thickening,  
Burning noisomely, and glittering  
With fiery sparks for ever frittering,  
Poisoning everything it reaches,  
Atmosphere for fiends and witches.  
But cling more close to me, or we will lose  
Each other soon—where art thou?

FAUST [*from a great distance*]

Here I am!

MEPHISTOPHELES

What, lost already—torn away so far—  
Then must I show that I am master here!  
Make way, good people, for my young friend yonder:  
Room for young VOLAND—room, sweet people, room.  
Here, doctor, cling to me, and with one spring  
We'll rid ourselves of the whole set at once.  
They are too bad—this raving is too much  
Even for me. Look yonder at the blaze  
Of brightness—a distinct and steady flame:  
How different from all the brimstone torches  
And wildfire lights that madden round the hill—  
It tempts me to explore that distant cove—  
Come let us steal away from this wild crowd.



☞ FAUST ☞

FAUST

Spirit of Contradiction—well, lead on!  
I cannot but admire the bright idea  
Of wandering to the Brocken in May night,  
To enjoy, forsooth, the charms of solitude.

MEPHISTOPHELES

See, see the lights! how cheerily they burn!  
There seems to be a merry set assembled,  
A little party met of choice gay spirits.

FAUST

Yet would I rather be above—see! see!  
Where through the whirls of smoke bursts the red  
light,  
And glows and triumphs—in what hurrying waves  
Numbers on numbers evermore increasing,  
The thickening throng streams onward—still—still  
onward—  
All under the resistless fascination—  
All to the worship of the evil One—  
The clue to many a puzzling mystery  
May be found here—to-night will be unravelled  
Many a strange riddle.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And strange riddles, too,  
May be proposed to-night, and not unravelled—  
But leave we the great world and its distractions,  
While we enjoy our quiet corner here.  
'Tis quite established that, in all large parties,  
The guests divide in small and scattered circles—  
See the young witches all are naked there,  
And all the old ones with coy bashfulness,  
Veiling their timid charms—come, come, look  
pleasant,  
If it were only to oblige a friend—  
'Tis not much trouble, and we'll have rare sport.  
I hear the music—curse upon their scraping!—

FAUST

But 'twill sound better when we're used to it.  
 Come, come, I must insist upon your coming—  
 Come—I must introduce my honoured friend.  
 Well now, what think you? Is not this a long  
 And splendid room? You scarce can see the end!  
 A line of fires—at least a hundred—shine  
 Brilliantly: what a scene of gaiety  
 Of all kinds—chatting, dancing, drinking here—  
 Cooking, and making love—can anything  
 In the world be pleasanter?

FAUST

In what character  
 Are we to know you—devil or conjurer?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I travel, usually, *incognito*;  
 But upon gala days the great display  
 Their stars and orders. I've no need to sport  
 A garter—for the horse's foot is here  
 In high repute. See you that sliding snail?  
 Eye—smell—touch—all gathered up into one?  
 Hither she creeps—her trembling feelers out—  
 Instinctively she knows that I am here,  
 And touching, smelling, eyeing, on prowls she,  
 Crowding herself together—wide awake—  
 Out of her frozen sleep suddenly roused.  
 Even if I wished disguise, it here would be  
 A thing impossible—come, come with me.  
 Forward from fire we saunter on to fire:  
 Play you the lover where I introduce you.

*[As they pass on MEPHISTOPHELES addresses a party  
 sitting round a few dying embers.]*

Old gentlemen, pray, how do you get on  
 In the corner here? Why—sure you ought to be  
 Alive, and flirting in some merry circle!  
 See, where the gay young girls are giggling, yonder—  
 If you are thus dull, you might have stayed at home!

FAUST

GENERAL

Who may trust a people's favour,  
Though he fight for them for ever?  
To nations, as to girls ungrateful,  
The young are dear, the old are hateful.

EX-MINISTER

Little now to prize or praise;  
Give me back the good old days,  
When kings and courts obeyed our call,  
And ourselves were all in all.

PARVENU

I was one of Fortune's pupils,  
Disregarded doubts and scruples;  
Thus her golden gifts I found;  
Then, alas! the wheel turned round.

AUTHOR

How public taste declines!—they never  
Read works that once were counted clever;  
And then the critics—all invidious—  
Pert, prating, ignorant, fastidious!

MEPHISTOPHELES [*who has suddenly assumed the  
appearance of extreme old age*]

I feel the world is waning into age;  
All things are ripening fast for the last day.  
With feeble, tottering feet, for the last time,  
I've climbed the witches' hill—the wine of life  
Is low with me—and therefore 'tis that I,  
An old man, think the world is on the lees.

HUCKSTER-WITCH

Who'll buy? who'll buy?—great bargains going!  
Rare things here to tempt the knowing!  
Stop and see them!—my collection  
Well deserves minute inspection.

Such variety, in vain  
 Would you hope to meet again,  
 Of the curious articles,  
 Which your own old woman sells:  
 Rare and precious! every one  
 Hath on earth its business done.  
 Will you have the dagger knife,  
 That hath drained a brother's life?  
 Or the cup that held a draft,  
 Which was death to him that quaffed?  
 This was from a royal feast,  
 And a queen had drugged the bowl:  
 This a chalice, and the priest—  
 On him a confiding soul  
 Looked for comfort—poured in it  
 Venom of the aconite:  
 Here are trinkets—chain and gem—  
 Young man, you should purchase them—  
 Pearls, with which the wealthy donor  
 Won vain woman to dishonour.  
 Poor things! poor things!—the best and kindest  
 Fall soonest, for their heart is blindest,  
 And feels, and loves, and does not reason—  
 And they are lost—poor things! poor things!  
 Here are swords, the gift of kings,  
 That have done the work of treason;  
 Or pierced, some coward hand directing,  
 The sleeping or the unsuspecting.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Old lady, you mistake the times we live in—  
 Every one's heart to novelty is given:  
 Throw out your box of relics—such antiques  
 As these no creature fancies now or seeks.  
 The past is dead and gone—the present passion  
 Is novelty—this trash is out of fashion.

FAUST

Scarce know I who I am or where—  
 They crowd and rush as at a fair.

☞ FAUST ☞

MEPHISTOPHELES

Forward the whirling crowd is striving,  
All driven along the stream and driving,  
All rushing on in one direction,  
And each enjoying the reflection  
That he to-night is his own sovereign,  
That his own thoughts his movements govern,  
Unconscious that the same broad river  
Bears down its wave each self-deceiver.

FAUST

Who's that?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Her features closely scan—  
'Tis the first wife of the first man.

FAUST

Who, say you?

MEPHISTOPHELES

ADAM'S first wife, LILITH.

Beware—beware of her bright hair,  
And the strange dress that glitters there:  
Many a young man she beguileth,  
Smiles winningly on youthful faces,  
But woe to him whom she embraces!

FAUST [*looking at another group*]

The old grey witch—how she squats down—poor devil!  
Panting for breath—half-dead—fainting and floundering—  
And the young vixen with her finds the revel  
Rather too much for her—she too is foundering.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Nonsense, the fun will ne'er be over.  
Advance, my friend, and play the lover.  
Look, man, the girl's well worth the winning—  
Come, join the dances just beginning.

[FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES take partners.]

FAUST

FAUST [*dancing with the young witch*]

'Twas my fortune once to see  
In a dream an apple-tree;  
Rosy apples—one, two, three—  
With a glad smile tempted me;  
And to-night again I seem,  
In the trance of that sweet dream,  
Lovely is the tree I wis,  
And the apple pleasant is.

HIS PARTNER

Dear little apples—ay! their price  
Was more than gold in paradise—  
And pleasant to the sight and touch  
I come from gardens rich in such.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*with the old witch*]

I had a troubled dream, and it  
Was haggard as a nightmare fit.  
I saw an old tree torn and split,  
And yet it pleased me, I admit.

HIS PARTNER

With lowest courtesy I salute  
The gay knight of the Horse's Foot:  
The tree of knowledge, trunk and root,  
Is his—and his must be the fruit.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST

Cursed devils—how they murder  
All attempts at keeping order:  
All in vain it is to prove  
To Spirits by what laws they move:  
Mocking at all regulation,  
Ridiculing demonstration,  
See them onward still advancing,  
Ghosts! like men and women dancing.

FAUST

FAUST'S PARTNER

Who's this presumes to interfere?  
What means the forward fellow here?

FAUST

What—he?—why he is everywhere—  
He never dances—but he guides  
Opinion—disapproves—decides—  
On carriage and the true division  
Of time, gives laws with calm precision.  
While others *dance* he *criticizes*,  
And all is perfect that he prizes;  
And what he does not prate about  
Is but of small account, no doubt:  
Nay, such his wondrous powers of seeing,  
What he beholds not has no being:  
Our careless grouping must perplex him,  
But dancing forward's sure to vex him.  
The only figures he approves  
Are where the set in circles moves,  
Still turning his own humdrum round  
Within the same contracted bound,  
Holding, at times, grave consultation,  
Listening to him with veneration,  
As he with magisterial rigour  
Commands a change of tune and figure.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST

Still here! defying me! this rabble  
Of rude ghosts! 'tis intolerable!  
What! restlessly still thronging hither?  
Vanish from my sight—fade—wither—  
How can men say that spectres haunt 'em?  
The mind, does it not make the phantom?  
Who and what are they?—mere relations  
That we may see or not at pleasure—  
And here they come and—grant me patience—  
Mix in the dance—converse at leisure.

FAUST

I thought, that, by my labours brightened,  
The world for this was too enlightened.  
These devils—they rise, and in derision  
Of all I say, still cross my vision.  
What—beings, that have no existence,  
To mock each law of time and distance!  
Why, after this, the TEGEL ghost  
May grin again at his old post.  
I thought I'd swept away these fancies  
Of plays, and poems, and romances!  
Still here! with all the noise of Babel,  
These dreams of a forgotten fable!

FAUST'S PARTNER

Silence, silence, old intruder!

PROCTOPHANTASMIST

What! the ghosts are growing ruder—  
How they beard me, in defiance  
Of every inference of science!  
Fiends, I tell you to your faces,  
I will make you know your places!  
What! in public thus to fool us!  
A mob of ghosts, forsooth, to rule us!

[*The dancing goes on.*]

To-night—why this is Goblin-hall,  
Spirits and spectres all in all.  
My comments—what are they?—the cavils,  
Of a sour cynic on his travels,  
A passing stranger's jealous spite.  
But Time will set the matter right,  
Good sense assert its proper power,  
Dethrone the tyrant of the hour,  
And take revenge on my tormentors,  
*Goblins, and ghosts, and ghost-inventors!*

MEPHISTOPHELES

He'll throw himself into a puddle:  
There will he, stupefying, muddle,



FAUST

Till leeches, clinging to his body,  
Are weary of their banquet bloody:  
For spirits sinking—spirits rising  
The one cure is phlebotomizing;  
Delusions vanish soon—the leech  
Diseases of the head can reach  
And cure them—biting on the breech.  
Blue devils fade fast, and, disappearing,  
Smile on the sage with aspect cheering.  
The brain will thus correct and clear its  
Vague whims, and vexing thoughts of spirits.  
Why have you quitted thus already  
Your sweet and captivating lady,  
Who sang so lovingly and well,  
And danced so——?

FAUST

Why, I fear to tell;  
But from her mouth, while she was singing,  
I saw a little red mouse springing.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why start at trifles, my good fellow?  
'Tis well it was not grey or yellow.  
What can these dull suspicions profit?  
The mouse—why make a mountain of it?  
A pretty sort of reason this is  
To fly a loving lady's kisses.

FAUST

And then I saw——

MEPHISTOPHELES

What?

FAUST

Look, Mephisto, there,  
See you far off, and shadow-like, a fair,  
Pale form—a lovely girl—almost a child—  
Standing alone—with sweet eyes, sad and mild?

FAUST

She looks on us—she moves—she leaves the place—  
Her feet are bound—she slides with mournful pace.  
I cannot from my heart dispel the wild,  
Strange thought, that hers is my own Margaret's face.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Repel that thought; 'tis but an idle trick  
Of heated fancy, and the form you see  
Is nothing but a magic mockery.  
To gaze on it most dangerous may be.  
Charmed by its marble stare, the blood grows thick  
And hardens into marble; but ere now  
You must have heard of pale MEDUSA's brow.

FAUST

Ah, no! a corpse's eyes are those  
Whose lids no loving fingers close.  
'Tis she—that form—that face—that breast  
So often to my bosom prest.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Fool! 'tis delusion! every lover  
Would there his charmer's looks discover.

FAUST

What mirth is here—and, oh! what grief—my glance  
Still—still returns to that pale countenance;  
And see around her neck a slender chain,  
That stripes the snowy skin with crimson stain:  
Scarce broader than a knife's thin edge it gleams—  
A strangely chosen ornament it seems.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes, you are right; for I can see it too,  
But think no more of it than others do.  
Be not surprised, if you should see her carry  
Her head under her arm—'twere like enough;  
For since the day that PERSEUS cut it off,  
Such things are not at all extraordinary.

FAUST

But see, all others here are pleasant;  
Cease moping, and enjoy the present:  
All round the hill is merriment—  
Try thou the same experiment.  
Never did crowded capital  
A gayer throng together call;  
And if my senses do not err,  
Yonder's an open theatre.  
Well, what's your business?

SERVIBILIS

We are just beginning—  
'Tis a new piece—the last of seven—seven is  
The customary number here—'twas written  
By a young amateur of fancy—the actors  
Are *dilettanti* all—your pardon, gentlemen,  
But I must vanish—I'm an amateur  
Myself—and for this one night draw the curtain.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Blocksberg for ever!—not a player  
On earth but merits to be there!





WALPURGIS NIGHT'S DREAM  
OR  
THE GOLDEN BRIDAL OF OBERON AND TITANIA  
AN INTERLUDE

MANAGER

To-day our trouble is but small,  
No need of nice machinery;  
A valley moist and hill are all  
The necessary scenery.

HERALD

'Mong mortals with the fiftieth year  
Of wedlock comes the Golden Feast—  
A happier feast of gold is here  
Commemorating discord ceast.

OBERON

Subject spirits, crowd the scene,  
Celebrate, with exultation,  
The union of your king and queen,  
This happy reconciliation.

FAUST

PUCK

Here comes Puck—you'll always find me  
Circling in the merry dance,  
And a hundred more behind me  
Twinkling joyous feet advance.

ARIEL

Sweet, heavenly sweet, is Ariel's song.  
What a crowd of hideous features  
The music wins, and what a throng  
Follows me of lovely creatures!

OBERON

Men and wives who would agree,  
We invite your imitation;  
The only certain recipe  
For dying love is separation.

TITANIA

If wife be cross, and husband fuming,  
To make them know each other's worth,  
To the South Pole take the woman,  
And her husband to the North.

THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA

Insect swarms, in murmuring flight,  
Our musicians of the night,  
Fly, and gnat, and bee, and beetle,  
Ply mouth, nose, and winglet little,  
Crickets, chirping, 'mong the bushes,  
And hoarse frogs croaking from the rushes.

SOLO

Hear the drowsy bagpipe groan,  
The bag's a soap-blown bubble airy,  
And grumbling through the winding drone  
Come sullen sounds extraordinary.

☞ FAUST ☞

EMBRYO SPIRIT

Spider's foot and lizard's belly,  
And winglets for the embryo!  
The animated lump of jelly  
Writes verses of the smoothest flow.

PARTNERS DANCING

Little steps, light, springy leaps,  
Through honey-dew and field-flowers fragrant;  
How pleasant, but that something keeps  
From fields of air the willing vagrant!

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER

A thousand figures here burlesque  
A masquerade's wild gaiety,  
And mingling with the groups grotesque,  
See Oberon the little deity.

ORTHODOX DIVINE

What! without claws—without a tail!  
Yet all whose thoughts are sober on  
Such serious subjects know too well  
The 'GODS OF GREECE' and OBERON.

ARTIST FROM THE NORTH

As yet my works are sketches merely,  
Though you'll admit done prettily,  
But I've made my arrangements nearly  
For travelling in Italy.

FORMALIST

What sinful, riotous excesses!  
Fool that I was to join the crowd here—  
Such shockingly indecent dresses!  
And but a witch in two wears powder!



I'LL FLY FROM THIS PLACE, WITH ONE BOUND,  
TO HELL, OR ANYWHERE, TO LEAVE 'EM





FAUST

YOUNG WITCH

Keep powder, patch, and petticoat  
For grey-haired hags—skins smeared and sooty—  
While I sit fearless on my goat  
In the free pride of naked beauty.

MATRON

For scolding we've too much politeness—  
Sneers like this are best forgotten.  
Rosy cheek, and soft neck's whiteness,  
May they soon be coarse and rotten!

LEADER OF THE BAND

Insect-harpers, as you wander  
Round the hall in many a ringlet,  
Spare the naked beauty yonder  
Wound of sting or touch of winglet.  
Grasshoppers from the green bushes,  
Brown frogs croaking from the rushes,  
Brave musicians for the night,  
Watch that the tune and time go right.

WEATHERCOCK [*pointing in one direction*]

Well, what a brilliant company!  
The girls how fair and unaffected!  
And not a man but seems to be  
For beauty from mankind selected!

WEATHERCOCK [*pointing in the opposite direction*]

What devils all! unless the ground  
Should cleave asunder to receive them,  
I'll fly from this place, with one bound,  
To Hell, or anywhere, to leave 'em.

XENIEN

Small as insects, here we bring  
Our little shears; the crops we gather  
Will be a grateful offering  
To Satan, our liege lord and father!

☞ FAUST ☞

HENNINGS

What merry groups are crowding there!  
Up to every frolic started;  
And when they're gone—I won't say where—  
We call them foolish, but good-hearted.

MUSAGET

Oh happy, happy bard! whom chance  
To such a circle introduces,  
With these I'd rather lead the dance  
Than be Apollo with the Muses.

GENIUS OF THE OLD TIMES

Come, follow me through smooth and rough:  
Cling close—there's little need of ceremony.  
On Blocksberg we'll find room enough,  
The wide Parnassus 'tis of Germany.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER

What's yonder pompous fellow's name?  
With long and solemn strides he's pacing,  
And, like a dog that snuffs the game,  
The Jesuits, methinks, he's tracing.

CRANE

I seek my prey in waters clear,  
I seek it in the troubled rivers;  
This scene is my delight, for here  
Are devils mixed with true believers.

WORLDLING

For true believers everything  
Works good in ways all unexpected;  
With hymns the Blocksberg rocks shall ring  
From many a convent here erected.

FAUST

DANCER

Is this another company,  
With trumpets sounding—banners glittering?  
No; 'tis the Boreal lights I see:  
From marshes hear the booming bittern.

DANCING-MASTER

Devils—how they fling and jump—  
Through the figure flounce and scuffle!  
Spite of wooden leg and hump,  
How they caper, cut, and shuffle!

FIDDLER

Hatred in every heart! the tone  
Of Orpheus' lyre, with charm celestial,  
Soothed brutes; to-night the bagpipe's drone  
Tames into peace the blind and bestial!

DOGMATIST

Well, I'll maintain it—spite of sneer,  
Or argument, or gibe uncivil—  
I see a thousand devils here,  
Which proves the being of a devil.

IDEALIST

Imagination's power to-night  
For my sensorium too intense is;  
If I be all that meets my sight,  
Then surely I have lost my senses.

REALIST

Reality... is torturing me;  
I'm wearied with this scene of wonder;  
The ground—it seems the ground to be—  
Gives way my tottering feet from under.

FAUST

SUPERNATURALIST

Here, for my system, as I rove,  
Delighted I derive assistance;  
If there be devils, it must prove  
Of angels also the existence.

SCEPTIC

Misled they follow fairy rays,  
That promise gold with gay delusion:  
DEVIL and DOUBT, the proverb says,  
And both increase to-night's confusion.

LEADER OF THE BAND

Grasshopper among the bushes,  
Brown frog croaking from the rushes,  
Hell and all its devils haunt ye,  
Good-for-nothing *dilettanti*—  
Pretty sort of harmony,  
Nose of gnat and snout of fly.

SHREWD FELLOWS

Call us *Sans-souci*—for you know  
That each of us, a gay philosopher,  
If on his feet he cannot go,  
Walks on his head, nor fears a toss over.

AWKWARD, CLUMSY CREATURES

Oh, once, Heaven help us! we could dance:  
How pompously we then did swagger!  
Now shoes outworn, and sore feet torn,  
Along the course we faintly stagger.

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS

From the sink and slough we come,  
From the hole of steaming nitre;  
And yet, in all this dazzling room,  
Shine there sparks more gay or brighter?

FAUST

FALLING STAR

Rapidly I shot from high,  
With fiery course in brightness starry;  
Here broken on the grass I lie,  
With none to help me, none to carry.

HEAVY BODIES

Places—places—round go we—  
Where we dance how bare the sod is;  
Spirits move, and all may see  
Spirits have substantial bodies.

PUCK

Like awkward elephants they thump  
The ground with clumsy hoofs and heavy;  
Strange shadows! Puck alone is plump,  
The sleekest spirit at the levee.

ARIEL

If wings be yours—boon Nature's gift—  
And if the spirit so disposes,  
Then follow Ariel—follow swift—  
Your guide to yonder hill of roses.

ORCHESTRA [*pianissimo*]

Daylight!—the cloud-built stage—the wreaths  
Of vapour—where are they?  
On reed and rush the free air breathes,  
And sweeps the dream away.





## A GLOOMY DAY—A PLAIN

FAUST

In misery—in despair—long wandering in wretchedness over the wide world; and now taken up—shut up in the prison as a malefactor—this gentle, unhappy creature—for horrid tortures. To this—and has it come to this? Treacherous, worthless Spirit! and this hast thou been concealing from me! Stand, there, stand! Ay! roll the devil eyes furiously round in thy head—ay! stand and defy me with thy unsupportable presence. Taken up—in distress irretrievable—given over to evil spirits—abandoned to—man—man that passes judgment, and is devoid of feeling; and all this, while you have been lulling and rocking me and deluding me among loathsome dissipations, and hiding from me her continually increasing wretchedness, and have left her to perish without help!

MEPHISTOPHELES

She is not the first!

FAUST

Dog! abhorred monster! turn him, oh, thou infinite Spirit, turn the reptile again into his dog's shape, in which it was often his pleasure to scamper before me by night, to roll before the feet of the unthinking passer-by, and as he fell to fasten on his shoulders. Turn him again



AY! ROLL THE DEVIL EYES FURIOUSLY ROUND IN THY HEAD!





FAUST

into his darling shape, that he may crouch upon his belly before me in the sand, and that I may trample upon him with my foot—the outcast! Not the first! Misery—misery—by no human soul is it to be fathomed how more than one creature should have sunk into the depths of this distress—that the first should not have suffered enough in her agonizing tortures to secure the atonement of all the rest before the eyes of the All-merciful! I feel marrow and life harrowed up by the misery of this one—only this one! Thou art grinning calmly over the fate of thousands!

MEPHISTOPHELES

At our wits' end we are again, it would seem, already—just where you mortals find the overstrained faculties snap. Why seek our society, if you cannot go through with it? Think of flying, and yet art not proof against dizziness! Did we force ourselves upon thee? or thou thyself upon us?

FAUST

Show not thy thirsty teeth thus defyingly—I loathe thee. Great, glorious Spirit! thou who didst deign to appear to me, thou who knowest my very heart and soul, why hast thou chained me with this companion who feeds on mischief, and battens on destruction?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Are you done?

FAUST

Save her, or woe to thee! The most horrible curse on thee for thousands of years.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I cannot loosen the avenger's fetters—I cannot open his bolts. Save her! Who was it that threw her into ruin—I or thou?

[FAUST looks wildly around.]

Art thou grasping for the thunder? Well that it has not been given to you wretched mortals! To dash to pieces one who stands in your way, however innocent—that is just the tyrant's way of rescuing himself in every perplexity.

FAUST

Take me thither—she shall be free!

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

The danger to which you expose yourself—have you thought of that? The guilt of blood shed by your hand still lies on the town. Over the place where the murder was committed avenging spirits are hovering and watching for the returning murderer.

FAUST

That, too, and from thee? Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Take me thither, I say, and set her at liberty.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I will—and all I can do I will. What that all is, listen till I tell you. Have *I* all power in Heaven and on earth? I will cloud the gaoler's senses. Do you possess yourself of the keys, and carry her off with human hand. Meanwhile I watch; the magic horses are ready, and I take you away. This much I can do.

FAUST

Up and away!







FORWARD! FORWARD!—FASTER! FASTER!



## NIGHT—OPEN PLAIN

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES *rushing along on black horses.*

FAUST

What are the figures near the gibbet doing?  
Weaving, 'twould seem!

MEPHISTOPHELES

No—rather boiling, brewing  
Some filthy broth—mumbling some incantation.

FAUST

East they move, and west they move—now kneel,  
now bend down in prostration.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Witches worshipping their master.

FAUST

They scatter something on the earth, and now seem  
pouring a libation—  
They sprinkle something in the air.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Forward! forward!—faster! faster!



## PRISON

FAUST [*with a bunch of keys and a lamp,  
before an iron wicket*]

'Tis many a day since I have trembled thus.  
Misery on misery heaped—a heavy burden,  
More than man can endure, has weighed me down.  
And here within these damp walls doth she live,  
And is to die because she was deluded—  
To die for that her brain was wild and frenzied.  
And thou dost hesitate to go to her!  
Dost fear to look upon that face again!  
Onward, irresolute!—this wavering  
Delays not death.

[*He takes hold of the lock. Singing from within.*]

*Song*

*My mother! my mother!  
The wanton woman—my mother hath slain me.  
My father, inhuman, for supper hath ta'en me—  
My little sister hath, one by one,  
Laid together each small white bone,*

FAUST

*'Mong almond blossoms to sleep in the cool;  
And I woke me a wood-bird beautiful.  
Fly away, fly away, all the long summer day,  
Little bird of the woods, fly away! fly away!*

FAUST [*opening the wicket*]

She feels not that her love is listening—  
Hear the chains, as they clank, and the straw rustling.

[*He enters.*]

MARGARET [*hiding her face in the straw of her bed*]

Woe! woe! they come! they come!—death, bitter death!

FAUST [*in a low voice*]

Hush! hush! 'tis I who come to rescue thee!

MARGARET [*rolling herself at his feet*]

Art thou a man? Have pity upon me.

FAUST

Hush! hush! these screams and shrieks will wake the keepers.

[*He takes hold of the chains to unlock them.*]

MARGARET [*throwing herself on her knees to him*]

Savage, who gave this cruel power to thee?  
It is not more than midnight now—have mercy!  
Is it too long a time to wait till morn?

[*She stands up.*]

And I am still so young—so very young!  
And must I die so soon?—and I was fair—  
And I was fair, and that was my undoing.  
Oh, if my love were here—but he is gone—  
Torn is my garland—scattered all its flowers—  
Oh, do not grasp me with such violence—  
Ah, spare me! sure I have not injured thee:  
Let me not weep and pray to thee in vain!  
Spare me—I never saw thy face before.

FAUST

I must—I must endure this misery!

FAUST

MARGARET

I know that I am wholly in thy power—  
Only permit me first to give my breast  
To this poor child of mine: all the long night  
I hugged it to my heart; they took it from me;  
They took away my child to torture me,  
And now they say that I have murdered it,  
And never, never more shall I be happy:  
And they sing songs about me—'twas *ill done*;  
*It was ill done*—so the old ballad runs.  
Who told them I was meant in it?

FAUST [*throws himself down*]

A lover, Margaret, lies at thy feet;  
He comes to undo these bonds—unloose these fetters.

MARGARET [*throws herself beside him*]

Let us kneel down, and call upon the saints.  
See! see! beneath us Hell boils up—the devil  
Is raving there below in hideous din!

FAUST [*aloud*]

Margaret—Margaret.

MARGARET [*with eager attention*]

That is my love's voice.

[*Springs up—her irons fall off*]

Where is he?—Where?—I heard my own love's voice!  
Now am I free, none, none shall keep me from him.  
I'll clasp his neck, will lean upon his bosom;  
I heard him call—he's standing on the threshold—  
I heard him call the name of Margaret;  
Amid the noises and the howls of Hell,  
And threats, and taunts, and laughs of devilish scorn,  
I heard my own love's voice—his loving voice!

FAUST

'Tis I.



FAUST

MARGARET

'Tis thou! oh, tell me so once more!

*[Presses him to her bosom.]*

'Tis he, 'tis he—my pangs, where are they now?  
Dungeon, and chains, and scaffold, where are they?  
'Tis thou, and thou hast come to rescue me.  
I am already free: look—there's the street  
Where we first met—where first I saw my love—  
And yonder is the cheerful garden, smiling,  
Where I and Martha waited to receive thee.

FAUST *[striving to take her away]*

Come, come with me.

MARGARET

Oh, stay a little while—  
Some moments more—I love to stay with thee!

*[Caressing him.]*

FAUST

Haste—haste—a moment lost we dearly rue it.

MARGARET

So short a time away from me, my love,  
Already hast forgotten how to kiss!  
Why do I feel so sad upon your neck?  
Time was all Heaven was pressing down upon me  
In all thy words,—in every look of thine,  
Yes, very Heaven—and then, then you did kiss me  
As if you would smother me with your kisses!  
Kiss me—now kiss me, love—or I kiss thee!

*[She embraces him.]*

Ah me! your lips are cold—are dumb—are dead—  
Where are my kisses, where? with whom have you left them?  
Where is my love? who robbed me of your love?

*[Turns from him.]*

FAUST

Come, come—take courage, follow me, my love.  
I love thee with unutterable love;  
But follow me—this one—this one request.

FAUST

MARGARET [*turning to him*]

And is it thou, and is it thou indeed?

FAUST

Yes, yes! But come!

MARGARET

And do you break my chains!  
And do you take me to your heart again!  
How is it you do not shudder at my sight?  
And knowest thou whom thou art delivering?

FAUST

Come! the deep night is fading fast away.

MARGARET

My mother, I have murdered her—my child,  
I drowned my child. Oh, was it not a gift  
To thee and me?—yes, thee! yes, thine! and thou art  
here,  
I scarcely can believe it is thyself.  
Give me thy hand—it is not then a dream;  
Thine own dear hand. Oh, God! his hand is moist—  
Wipe, wipe it off! methought it felt like blood!  
What hast thou done? Put up the bloody sword;  
I pray thee do.

FAUST

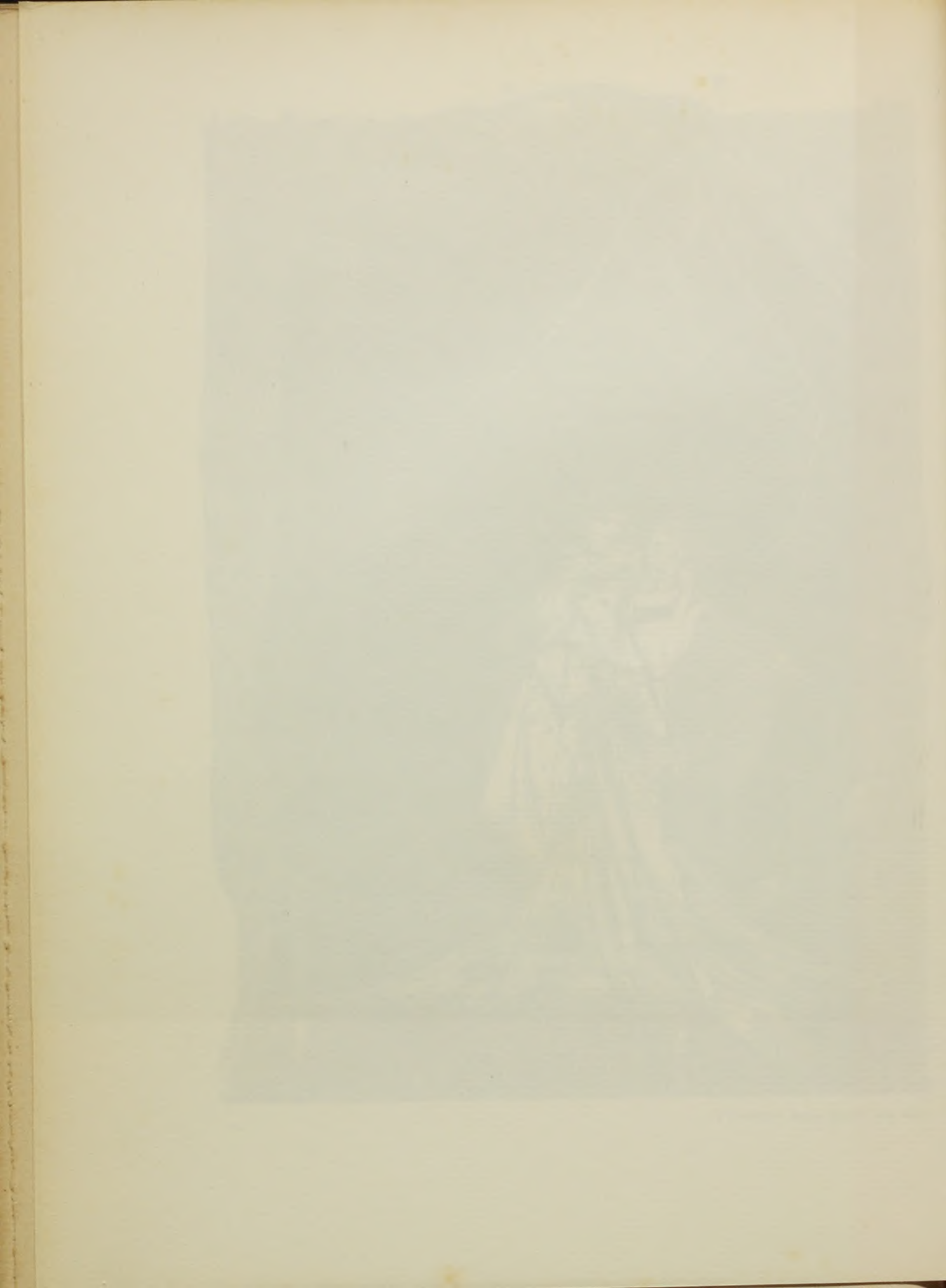
Oh, think not of the past;  
That which is done, is done. You are killing me.

MARGARET

No, you must live. No, you have to remain,  
I will describe to you the graves which you  
To-morrow must see made; the best place give  
To my poor mother—near her lay my brother—  
And by their side, a little space away,  
But not too far from them must be my place—  
And lay the little one on my right breast;



DOES NOT DEATH LURK WITHOUT ?



FAUST

No other will lie with me in that bed!  
To nestle down in quiet side by side  
To thee—oh what a happy thing it was—  
A happy thing that never more can be.  
I feel as if I forced myself on thee,  
And that thou wert repelling my embrace;  
And yet thou art the same—and yet thy looks  
Are good and kind, as they have ever been.

FAUST

Oh, if thou feelest that 'tis I, come, come.

MARGARET

What? out there?

FAUST

Yes! out into the free air.

MARGARET

Ay, to the grave—does not death lurk without?  
Come to the bed of everlasting rest—  
Yes, yes—that's all—that's all—not a step farther—  
Are you going, Henry? may I go with you?

FAUST

Come, come; the gates are open, only come.

MARGARET

I dare not go; there is no help for me.  
What good is it to fly? My steps are watched.  
It is a hard thing to be forced to beg,  
And harder harassed by an evil conscience.  
'Tis hard to wander in a foreign land,  
And then, whate'er I do, at last they'll seize me.

FAUST

I will be with thee.

FAUST

MARGARET [*wildly*]

Fly, fly,  
Save thy poor child;  
Away to the road,  
By the side of the stream,  
And across the path  
That leads to the wood;  
Then turn to the left,  
And over the plank,  
It lies in the pond.  
Loiter not, linger not.  
Still does it stir  
With the motion of life.  
The little hands struggle  
More faintly and faintly.  
Rescue! Oh, rescue!

FAUST

Recall thy wandering mind—be calm! be calm!  
One step, and you are free.

MARGARET

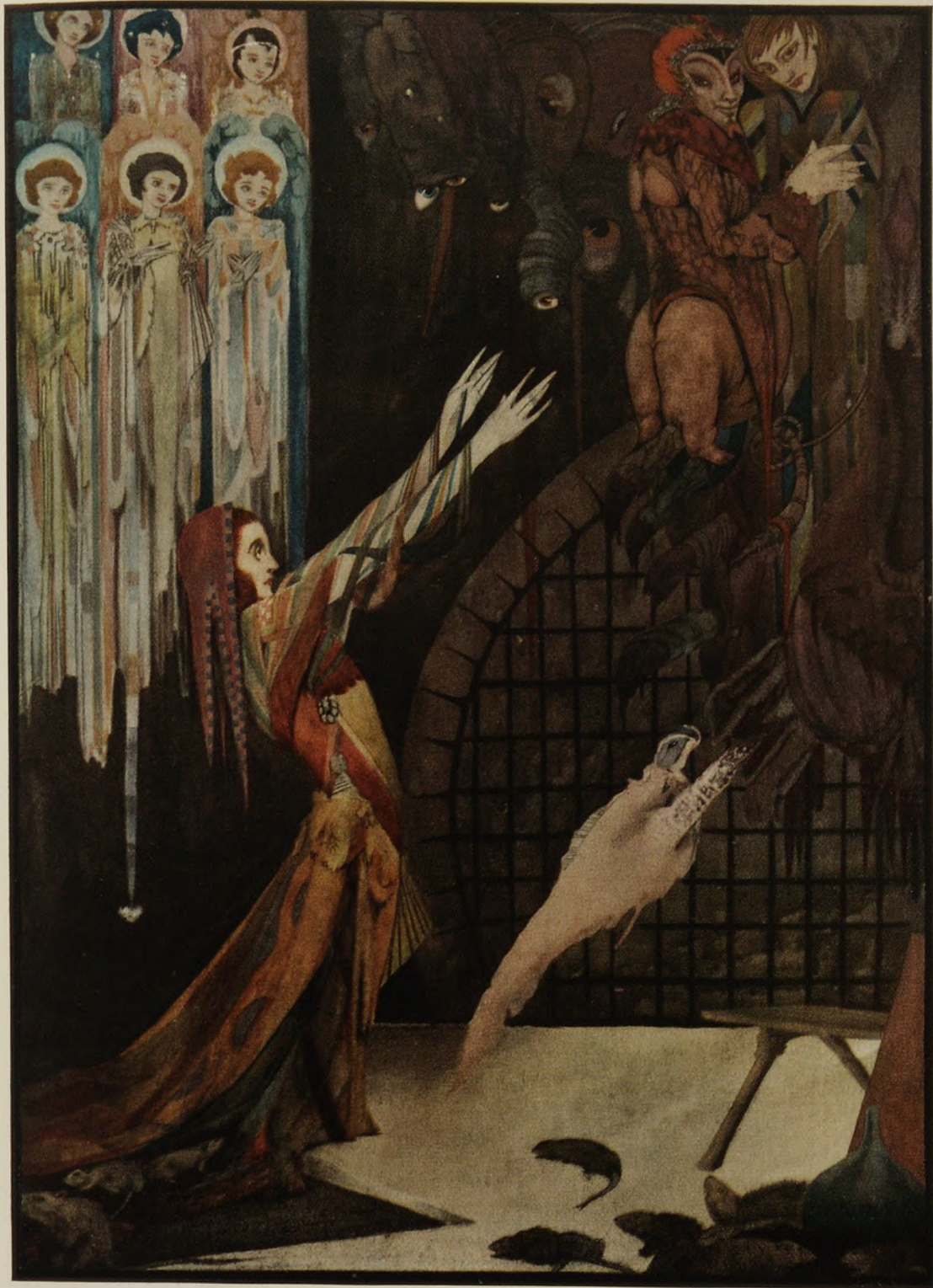
Oh, that we had but left that hill behind!  
See there, my mother sitting on a stone—  
Icy-cold comes a dead hand on my temples.  
My mother there is sitting on a stone,  
And her grey head is trembling, and her eyes  
Close, and she now has ceased to nod; her head  
Looks heavy, and she sleeps too long—too long—  
Oh, when she sank to sleep how blest we were!  
It was a happy time!

FAUST

She listens not;  
Words have no weight with her, There is no way,  
But forcibly to bear thee hence.

MARGARET

Touch me not; no, I will not suffer violence:  
Seize me not with that murderer's grasp; whate'er



COME—SHE IS JUDGED!





FAUST

I did was done for thee, my love. I did  
Everything my love asked me, willingly.

FAUST

Day dawns—oh, hasten hence, my love! my love!

MARGARET

Day! yes, 'tis day, the last, the judgment-day;  
My bridal-day it should have been; tell none  
That thou hast been with poor weak Margaret.  
Alas! my garland is already withered;  
We'll meet again, but not at dances, love:  
The crowd is gathering tumultuously,  
The square and street are thronged with crushing  
    thousands;  
The bell hath sounded; the death-wand is broken;  
They bind and blindfold me, and force me on:  
On to the scaffold they have hurried me;  
Down in the chair of blood they fasten me:  
And now, through every neck of all that multitude  
Is felt the bitter wound that severs mine.  
The world is now as silent as the grave!

FAUST

Oh, that I never had been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES [*appears at the door*]

Away, or you are lost;  
This trembling, and delay, and idle chattering,  
Will be your ruin; hence, or you are lost;  
My horses shiver in the chilling breeze  
Of the grey morning.

MARGARET

What shape is that which rises from the earth?  
'Tis he, 'tis he, oh, send him from this place;  
What wants he here? Oh, what can bring him here?  
Why does he tread on consecrated ground?  
He comes for me.

FAUST

FAUST

Oh, thou shalt live, my love.

MARGARET

Upon the judgment-throne of God, I call;  
On God I call in humble supplication.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to FAUST*]

Come, or I leave thee here to share her fate.

MARGARET

Father of Heaven, have mercy on thy child.  
Ye angels, holy hosts, keep watch around me.  
Henry—I am afraid to look at thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come—she is judged!

VOICE [*from above*]

Is saved.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to FAUST*]

Hither to me!

[*Disappears with FAUST.*]

VOICE [*from within, dying away*]

Henry! Henry!









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