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FAUST.

A Tragedy.
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BY GOETHE.

TRANSLATED

BY LEWIS FILMORE.

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PREFACE.

Though the controversy as to the comparative merits of prose and metrical translations of a poem in a foreign language has not yet been decided, the metrical form was chosen in the present instance, as the best adapted to give an idea of a drama written, with the exception of a few portions, in rhyme, and containing only one scene in prose. Exact readers who wish to have the ipsissima verba of the author, or rather their English equivalents, will find a prose translation the best suited to their wants; and with the very words, the exact sense will generally (but not always) be conveyed to them. Nor does a fine poetic thought lose so much as may be imagined by being expressed in prose; but readers who wish to have the poet's form and manner, in addition to his sense and matter, will be better pleased with a metrical translation, though to attain it they may have to submit to some sacrifice of literal exactness. In the present version it has been earnestly endeavoured to make that sacrifice as small as possible; the author's meaning has been followed as closely as the translator's knowledge
of both languages, and the necessities of rhyme, permitted him to do.

Those who can read the original will never be satisfied with any translation, either prose or rhyme, and for such no version or interpretation is written. It is from curiosity alone that they will read one, if they read it at all. Those who have access to the fountain and can drink the stream in its freshness, are to be blamed if they rest contented with its waters when turned into a lower channel. But to the thousands who cannot afford the outlay of time and toil necessary to master a foreign language, a translation is the only medium through which they can become acquainted with the original; and it is to these that the present attempt is offered. If they derive from it any knowledge of the author, however slight, the translator will feel amply rewarded for the labour he has bestowed on it.

Some reference to the original story on which the drama is founded appears to be necessary, though it is not intended that the preface should become a commentary.

The Faust of poetry has grown out of the Faust of tradition, and though the creative power of poetry has produced a grander and more powerful being than the old scholar, yet the main elements of the character are the same in both; and, judged even by the imperfect records of his history, the original Faust must have been a remarkable man. Some confusion has been induced by there having been two of the
name. The earliest in point of time was a John Fust, one of the first discoverers or practisers of the art of printing, the superiority of whose Bibles was, by the monkish copyists, ascribed to the assistance of the devil, which the good sense of pious churchmen ought to have seen would have been a very inconsistent proceeding. Be this as it may, it appears certain that his skill brought him neither profit nor peace, but that he drank the bitter cup so often both before and since given by the world to its benefactors. He is supposed to have died of the plague in 1466. He must not be confounded with the "Faust," the Doctor, who appeared on the stage of life at a period some years later, and flourished in the first half of the sixteenth century. The evidence of their having been distinct and separate persons appears conclusive, as Melancthon, Tritheim, and other men of note of the period, are said to have known the Doctor personally. A writer in a late number of Fraser's Magazine, however, contends, in a rather facetious style, for the possibility of their identity; the printer after a period of obscurity reappearing as the Doctor,—nothing of any certainty being known as to the length of the term procured by his pact with the Evil One; but the weight of evidence is against any such conclusion.

Johann Faust, who has become the principal character in a crowd of dramas and poems, was born at Knittlingen, in Suabia, "of parents base of stock," as Marlowe has it, his father being a peasant. He
was sent to study at Wittenberg, and afterwards removed to Ingoldstadt, where he pursued the study of medicine, and eventually became a physician. A considerable inheritance fell to him from an uncle, which he spent, in what manner is not stated. Growing discontented with the insufficiency of human knowledge, he is said to have taken to the study and practice of magic, and to have acquired supernatural powers, and an unlimited possession of earthly enjoyments, by a compact entered into with the devil for four-and-twenty years. He wandered through Europe in the character of a travelling scholar, performing strange feats and acquiring great celebrity; he was attended by a familiar demon, (the Mephistopheles of this and all the dramas on the subject,) and conveyed himself from place to place on a magic mantle. Of the time, place and circumstances of his death, little, if anything, is known with certainty; tradition fixes it as having occurred in 1560, at a village called Rimlich, where he was duly seized and carried away by the fiend as per contract. Another account mentions Breda, a village in Saxony, on the river Elbe, as the scene of this catastrophe; the blood-sprinkled walls of the apartment in which it occurred, being, like the bricks in the chimney cited by Jack Cade's comrade, "alive to this day," to testify to the fact.

The truth of all this seems to be, that his moral character suffered for his intellectual attainments, and that he paid the usual penalty for superiority in an
age of ignorance, by being traduced as a sorcerer. He was probably skilled in natural philosophy and chemistry, and was, in various kinds of knowledge, far in advance of his era; the necessary consequence followed; all that his contemporaries could not account for by their own limited experience they ascribed to magic and unholy arts. It must have been a great advantage to ignorance to have such a weapon at its command; an aspiration for the truth, and a too active desire for knowledge, could not be more effectually checked than by stigmatising the results of that activity as unholy and accursed. There are men, even now, who do not want the disposition to suppress inquiry by the same means.

Amid all the dreams, vagaries, and absurdities of the tale, enough appears mingled with the dross of tradition to justify the characteristics of the creation of poetry. Enough is known to us to prove that the real Faust was a man ambitious of all knowledge, and untiring in his pursuit of it; that he exhausted the learning of his time, and finding, like the Jewish sage, that "in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," fell into a discontent and bitterness of soul. The "much grief" of the sage proceeded from the feeling that he could not make his "much knowledge" more; from a consciousness that however far he reached there was still infinity before him. There is a weariness too in heaping up knowledge, sooner felt than the vanity of heaping up riches, knowing not "who shall gather
them." The human mind gets tired of amassing knowledge that calls into exertion only one class of its faculties. It loses not its desires for more, but its longing is for knowledge of a different kind than it has hitherto acquired; it wishes to penetrate mysteries, and enter into spheres of action wisely forbidden to the human intelligence, till it has "put on immortality." It is the deep and universally-felt wish to enter into a communion with the spirit-world, that has caused the belief in the possibility of such an intercourse; and though the forms this belief has taken are strange and absurd, sometimes filthy and revolting, its foundation is in an intelligible principle. It speaks of a tendency beyond our present state, and a knowledge of the "great gulf" fixed between it and what is beyond us; the dreams of magic with all their sublimities and absurdities, are but the fantastic means that man has fashioned to himself, in the vain hope of passing the abyss without going through "the valley of the shadow of Death."

It is in this struggle between the ambition of our intellect and its narrowed capacity, that poetry has found one of its noblest themes. It has been mingled with other emotions, and wrought by genius into a poem that will possess its interest for ever, for it is the expression of a problem and a mystery, that man will never be able to solve or explain. *Faust* has become the embodiment of this great conflict of our being; in him, perhaps, as its type and impersonation, working to excess, but existing in some degree
in every unit of the myriads whose aggregate makes up that wonderful thing we understand by the term human nature. Faust is also the expression of the working of other elements than these—the conflict of the passions with the intellect, as well as of the war of the intellect with our finite nature,—the working of the forces that drag us down, as well as of the aspirations that impel us to ascend. The superiority of Goethe's work on this subject, above all the others, arises from his having given expression to these emotions, better and more comprehensively than any other writer.

No work can become popular in every civilized nation of the earth, unless it addresses some deeply fixed and general principle. Something of its interest must be felt and understood by all, and remain unaffected by change of form or idiom, a theme with which thousands in all nations and tongues can sympathise, even as they do with the sweet humanity of Shakspeare. And of this kind are the struggles, the unsatisfied desires, the lofty impulses, and the disappointments of Faust's soul; the interest they awaken is of the same kind as that which causes the Book of Ecclesiastes to be one of the parts of Scripture the most frequently read. Solomon was, in soul, the Faustus of antiquity. He had proved all knowledge and found it "vanity;" he had set his heart to "know madness and folly," but the weakness and confusion of man's intellect taught him not what he could not find in its strength and power; he had
speculated on the mysteries of life and death, and the result was uncertainty. He acquiesces with despondence in a dispensation which he felt but too well convinced no efforts could change, and recommends the contentment that can be drawn from or discovered in earthly pleasures, and from the good more easily attainable. As the ruler, as well as the teacher of a nation, he might wish to teach this lesson of contentment; but it may be questioned if he himself found in the "bread and wine and oil" of this life, the satisfaction which he bids others seek from them. He gives up the pursuit, but not because he has secured its object; and remains silent, under a destiny with which he is not satisfied.

The modern breathing forth of this spirit does not stop at this point, but presses forward into regions beyond mortality, desiring not a mere contemplation of, but action in them; an alliance is sought with supernatural powers, but the human nature is thrown back, baffled by its own weakness, and unable and unequal to the attempt. Then breaks forth

"the proud precipitance of soul

'Wilder'd with meteor fires;"

which, disappointed of action in a higher sphere, desires to lose the bitter feeling of humiliation and regret, in unceasing agitation and excitement, to plunge into the whirl of life, and feel within itself all its joys and sorrows,—the ceaseless conflict of all its elements. But the higher aims of the soul cannot
be turned aside with impunity to lower objects—to
sensations which are merely to engross, to occupy
and distract. Passion and sensuality enter in and
dwell, corrupting the energies once devoted to purer,
if more ambitious aspirations; and the soul is dragged
by their influence down the gulf, to the very depth of
degradation.

This is the lesson of the story of Faust; its
capability as a subject for poetry seems to have been
generally perceived. The tragedy of our own Mar-
lowe has been followed up by a vast number of
writers, but they are almost exclusively German.
The subject seems to have had peculiar attractions
for a people whose writers have been eminently dis-
tinguished by their spirit of metaphysical inquiry.
In no other nation but Germany would a scholar, a
doctor, a teacher, have been made a hero of poetic
and dramatic fiction. Like the rod of Aaron, the
drama of Goethe, on this subject, has swallowed all
the rest; but it may be mentioned, that the incidents
of the life of Faust have been taken as the ground-
work of poems and dramas by the following German
writers: Lessing, Müller, Klinger, Bechstein, J. D.
Hoffman, Grabbe, Nicolas Lenau, Lenz, Schreiber,
on Soden, Holtei, Rosenkranz, Pfizer, Harro Harring,
Berkowitz, Schone, Chamisso, Voigt; to which list
may be added several who have written anonymously;
some of the above authors being in England little
better than anonymous also. If the names of the
translators of this story into other languages
were given, together with those of the various commentators on it, the result, as indicating the amount of labour that has been bestowed on it, would be perfectly astounding. Some years ago, the number of works founded on the story of Faust, or relating to it, was estimated by Dr. Sieglitz at one hundred and six; his list was not complete, and the number of such works has since increased. There is nothing then so strange in the phenomenon, that a tale which has found so many original writers in its native language, should find numerous translators, though critics have occasionally appeared puzzled to account for their abundance.

No analysis of Goethe’s drama is necessary here; but should the reader wish to refer to a brief but intelligent summary of it, the most accessible is the article “Faust,” in the *Penny Cyclopædia* (pp. 208, 209, vol. x).

The three principal characters of the piece, Faust, Mephistopheles and Margaret, are so strongly marked, that their qualities can scarcely escape the reader; but a few remarks on them may, nevertheless, assist him in tracing their development.

**Faust** is a character of the highest and brightest intellect, united to passion as strong as his knowledge is deep. His moral qualities (as distinguished from his intellectual) are good, and he is capable of the tenderest feelings. It is the recollection of the sensations of his childhood that saves him from suicide. How these qualities were brought into
conflict with each other, till his nature became a chaos, and a moral wreck, will be gathered from the drama itself.

Mephistopheles, as the Spirit of Evil, has of course an intellect more unbounded than Faust’s; but he has no moral qualities at all, and is perfectly incapable of sympathy or affection; “it is written on his brow that he can love no human soul:”’ passions he possesses, but they are those only of rage and hatred. In speech he is cold, contemptuous and sneering; in action prompt, and skilful in the attainment of his ends; while as a being not subject to restraints, physical, human, or divine, he is totally devoid of scruples, though he sometimes affects to have them, as in the scene where Faust first meets Margaret in the street. He is as different from the principle of evil as embodied in the Lucifer of Milton, as the present state of the world is from the condition of Paradise. He has nothing of the grandeur and sublimity of the fiend who was the tempter of man, when humanity walked with angels and communed with its Creator, and when all that it knew of earth was Eden. But he is the Spirit of Evil adapted to the forms of artificial society, cast into a shape fitted to walk among the crowded resorts of men-thronged cities, a shape that without surprise might be seen haunting the gaming-table, or cheating on the mart, ready to sneer at every impulse that raises his human prey above the brute, and meeting virtue only to mock it and destroy. The object of the
Lucifer of Milton is to tempt man to one grand abstract deed of sin, whose chief enormity is its violation of a principle. But Mephistopheles deals with wickedness in its petty, miserable, contemptible details, and speaks and acts accordingly; he is equally ready to play the usurer or the pandar, as it may suit the passions of his victim: in this drama he fills the part of both. If the dramatic or epic writer requires the operation of the principle of evil, he must give it a human, or at least a corporeal form, and to mingle with the common life of the world, it must be one far different from that of the fallen Spirit—

"whose form had not yet lost
All its original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Archangel ruin'd."

The Spirit upon whose brow

"Deep scars of thunder were intrenched"

could not be made an active agent in a society where all is uniform, common-place, and conventional, and Mephistopheles is therefore cast in a mould more in conformity with the beings surrounding him. His aspect is lowered to suit his degraded function, being no longer the tempter of the whole human race, but of an individual. In short he is made clever rather than great, and has more of the "spleen" of one of the "under fiends" than the sublime energy of their chief; he talks and acts more like a Talleyrand than a Lucifer.
Of Margaret much might be said that would be a pleasure to indulge in. Her character is not one of intellect, but of innocence, simplicity, and affection.—She can appreciate the high mental endowments of her lover, though she can hold no rivalry with him. But she has what Faust has not—a heart young and pure, rich in its simplicity, but wise only in the wisdom of its innocence. Her antipathy to Mephistopheles is instinctive and instantaneous, felt from principle and not derived from reasoning or experience. She is betrayed into the commission of crime by her trustfulness, which "thinketh no evil," rather than tempted to it. Life for her has but one thing worth living for, the love of Faust; yet rather than bear the consciousness of guilt, she resigns both her life and lover, and gives herself as a sacrifice to justice. The art of the poet has so wrought the drama, that we see nothing but the depth of her affection and the agony of her sufferings. It is only incidentally we learn that she has caused the death of her mother, her brother, and her child; she is crushed by the successive coils of a chain, thrown around her by the most unrelenting destiny, while she is herself unconscious of the agency. Guilt, and horror, and death, spring up suddenly, from where she had seen nothing but love, like hideous skeletons starting from the perfumed depth of a bower of roses. Her mother is poisoned by a sleeping draught furnished by Faust, who, if he knew its effects, is really the murderer, unless, as is not unlikely, Mephis-
topheles deceives them both, the better to secure their mutual destruction: the same fatal deposit probably furnished both the casket of gems and the potion. She knows not of her brother's arrival till he has received his mortal wound, in the conflict caused by his rage at the presence of her seducer; and when this complication of death and the desertion of Faust (who is kept in ignorance by the Fiend, and borne away to scenes of unearthly revelry) have deprived her of reason, she destroys her child. Like Cordelia, she sinks amid the strife of the violent or evil natures by which she is surrounded; as little able to resist their influence, as the floating lily can oppose the rushing of the cataract by which it is hurried down the abyss.

The other characters of the Drama, Wagner, Valentine (Margaret’s brother), and Martha the neighbour, are each admirably drawn. Wagner is the very essence of pedantry, and his dry and contracted book-knowledge contrasts finely with the free and fiery thoughts of his instructor. Valentine is as true a portrait of a hot-headed young man, jealous of his sister’s honour, but not without a tinge of selfishness; he seems to value it as giving him a superiority over his comrades, and his rage at her fall is the fiercer, from the feeling of self-degradation he experiences. He feels it as his injury as much as her disgrace. These two characters have but little share in the action of the drama, yet they stand out as distinctly as pieces of sculpture.
A reference to the notes will supply some further explanations of particular scenes, but neither notes nor preface are intended to supply the place of a connected commentary. The best criticisms are those by German writers, but there are some admirably written in our own language, though to consult them requires some trouble, as they are scattered through our different periodicals.

The first part of Faust was one of Goethe's earliest works; towards the end of his long life he completed the second part, which carries on Faust's career till his death. The opinions of its merit have been various, but the general conclusion assigns it the same value with regard to the first part, as the Odyssey as compared with the Iliad, or Paradise Regained to Paradise Lost. It has less human and tragic interest, and, as a whole, is not so perfect in its design as the first part, but it possesses lyric and poetic beauty of the highest order. The first scene, which contains a song and chorus by Ariel and the attendant Spirits, and describes the rising of the sun over a lovely landscape, is, though in a different style, as beautiful if not so sublime as the opening of the "Prologue in Heaven."
DEDICATION.

Dim dream-like Forms! your shadowy train
Around me gathers once again,
The same as in life's morning hour,
    Before my troubled gaze you pass'd;
Oh! this time shall I have the power—
    Shall I essay to hold you fast?
And do I feel my bosom thrill
True to that sweet delusion still?
Still press ye forward? Well then, take
    Dominion o'er me, as you rise
From cloud and mist!—my heart you shake
    With youthful thoughts and sympathies,
That, as by magic, wake beneath
The atmosphere you bid me breathe.

Forms known in happy days, you bring,
And much-loved shades amid you spring;
Like a tradition—half expired—
    Worn out with many a passing year,
First Love comes forth—so oft desired,
    With half-forgotten Friendship, near.
And voiced with sorrow's tone, they bid
    The pangs of parted years renew;
All that life's mazy path has hid,
    Again they call me to pursue.
DEDICATION.

Those dear ones' names I here repeated,
As shades of sorrow round me rise,
Whom Fortune of fair hours has cheated,
All early vanish'd from mine eyes.

They do not hear the following lay,
Who listen'd to my earliest song,
The echoes of my heart were they,
But silent now, and sunk away,
Dispersed is all that friendly throng!
And now my sorrow's inmost voice
Is breathed unto the stranger crowd;
I do not at success rejoice,
I sicken at their praise—though loud;
All whom my song once woke to mirth,
Are dead, or scatter'd o'er the earth!

And now, within my soul, once more
A feeling long unfelt before
Awakes—a yearning, warm and bland,
For that still, pensive, Spirit Land;
In half-form'd tones, my lisping lay,
I feel e'en now, is hovering round;
As soft, as when the zephyrs play,
Breathes the Æolian's waken'd sound.
I tremble—and upon my cheek,
Tear following fast on tear-drop, tells
That the stern heart grows soft and meek,
That it with gentler feeling swells;
The present hour, each present thing,
All that I now around me see,
Into the distance seem to wing,—
But all the past and vanish'd, spring
Back into clear reality!
PRELUDE IN THE THEATRE.

Manager, Theatre-Poet, Merryman.

Man. You two—whom I so oft have found
My friends in former times of need,
What are your hopes, on German ground,
Of making our attempt succeed?
Fain to the public I would pleasure give,
Because while living, it lets others live;
Our posts and boards are up—completed—
And all expect the feast we bring;
There—calm, with brows upraised, they're seated,
And fain would be set wondering.
I know how they are gain'd, amused,
Yet ne'er felt posed as now I feel;
True, to the best they are not used
But they have read a frightful deal!
How shall we act to have all fresh and new,
And yet be pleasing and instructive too?
For much I love to see the crowd, in sooth,
In a dense torrent pressing to our booth,
And with its stirring, pushing, justling mass
Striving our narrow entrance porch to pass,
When ere 'tis four, and yet in open day,
Up to the money-box they fight their way!
When, risking necks amid the press

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PRELUDE IN THE THEATRE.

To get their tickets, in they pour,
As in some famine's sharp distress
The mob throngs round a baker's door!
It is alone the poet's magic art
That with such varied masses, finds the way
To work this wonder,—oh! then, do your part,
And work it for me here, my friend, to-day!
Poet. Name not to me that motley crowd!
Our spirit from before it flies!
The wavering Many from me shroud,
Go! veil it from mine eyes!
Against all efforts of our own
It drags us, in its whirlpool, down.
No! lead to some still, heavenly spot apart,
Where only, for the poet, joy can live,
Where love and friendship join'd can to us give,
With godlike hand, the blessings of the heart!
Ah! what hath there gush'd from us free,
Pour'd, issuing from our inmost breast,
What the lip utter'd, tremblingly,
Timid, scarce to itself confest—
Now failing in its task—and then
Successful when it tries again,
All this will some wild moment's power,
With sudden violence devour,
Though oft it is the work of years
Ere its perfected form appears.
What shines and glitters—has its birth
But for the present hour alone,
The real—the thing of truth and worth
To all posterity goes down!
Mor. Oh! would that I might hear no more,
About this same posterity!
Prelude in the Theatre.

Suppose I always talk'd it o'er,
Who'd make the fun for those we see?
They will at all times have their mirth,
And I should think, the presence here
Of a brave lad, is something worth,
Who pleasantly himself can bear;
Who ne'er lets people's varying mind,
Or popular caprices, wound him,
But wishes a large throng to find
The better to move all around him.
Then courage, man! and let the world all see
That you a model of your craft can be!
Let Fancy and her chorus swell,
Be Sense, Thought, Passion, heard around,
Yet with all these—now mark me well—
Not without Folly let them sound!
Man. But also, most especially,
Let incident enough arise,
For people all come here to see
Their greatest joy, to use their eyes.
Spin plenty off before their face,
If they can gape, with wonder dumb,
Your fame spreads o'er a wider space,
You have a favourite become!
The mass can only by the mass be stirr'd,
Each will choose forth that by himself preferr'd;
He who brings much, something to all imparts,
And each contented from the house departs.
If then to give a piece you need,
Let it in pieces be presented;
With such a hash you must succeed,
Served up as easy as invented!
What use a whole on such a crowd to press,
Who will to pieces pull it ne'ertheless?

    Poet. You do not feel how deep the stain
    Of such a craft—how base the soil!
How little what you wish to gain
    Befits the genuine artist's toil!
Such daubing work as this—with you
I see 's a maxim to pursue!

    Man. Such a reproof I do not mind,
The man who means his work to fit
Must use the best tools he can find:
    Consider! you've soft wood to split!
And just bethink you—what are these
Whom what you write is meant to please!
One comes from very idleness,
    Another dull'd by overfeeding,
And still more to be fear'd is this
    That some have been the papers reading!
Most throng to us from want of thought
    As to a masquerade or ball,
'Tis curiosity has wrought
    The wings that guide the steps of all;
The ladies give themselves and dress,
    To all, their beauty to display,
Serving us well, we must confess,
    They with us act—and not for pay!
What are you dreaming on your poet's height?
    Why from a full house pleasure should you draw?
Examine close your patrons of the night!
    One half are cold—the other half are raw!
The curtain down—one's wishes bend
    On cards or dice before he rest;
Prelude in the Theatre.

Another, a wild night to spend
Upon some harlot's heaving breast!
Why, then, poor fools! so waste your time amiss,
Plaguing the Muses for an end like this?
Give to them more and more! I tell you plain,
And add to this yet more and more again!
So you will never widely miss your mark;
And mystify them! keep them in the dark!
To give content's an end most hard to gain—
But say—what moves you? Is it joy or pain?

Poet. Begone! and seek thyself another slave!
The poet then, for thee must sport away,
The highest right of man, that nature gave?
Through what has he o'er every heart his sway?
By what does he each element control?
Is 't not the music breathing from his soul,
Which, gushing from his heart, with sweetest strain
Draws back the world into his heart again?
When Nature, from her staff, with placid strength,
Draws forth her thread's interminable length;
When all the forms of being, mix'd, confounding,
Tuneless and harsh, are through each other sounding,
Who is it warms with life, and wakes to song,
Disposing so the equal-gliming throng,
That all harmoniously it floats along?
Who is it doth the individual call,
To join the consecration sent for all,
Where it swells forth, an ever-glorious chime?
Who bids the passion-tempest rage sublime?
Who lights the ray of evening's red
That in the pensive spirit glows?
Who on the loved one's path can shed
All beauteous blossoms spring bestows?
Who is it hath the skill to bind
   From worthless leaves, a garland fair,
That, greatness, worth of every kind
   Will, as a wreath of honour, wear?
What is it climbs Olympus' height,
   Makes gods but equals of its own?
'Tis of the soul that power and might,
   As through the Poet it is shown!
Mer. These boasted powers, use you then!
   Your trade poetical pursue,
E'en in the self-same mode, as men
   A love adventure carry through!
By accident drawn nigh—perchance,
   You're struck, and stay, and get involved;
Then something will the joy enhance,
   And now the spell is half dissolved:
Again we feel entranced—and then
Distress and pain break in again—
And thus, almost before 'tis known,
   It quite to a romance has grown!
In this way, then, our play we'll give,
   But paint man's life in fulness there.
All in its torrent move and live,
   But few are of its depths aware,
And take it from what point you will,
   It interests and pleases still;
Though motley images you weave,
   Yet mingle with them something clear;
Mid much that's false, and may deceive,
   Let some small spark of truth appear!
That is the way a drink to brew
That quickens all—enlightens too!
Our choicest youth you then will find
PRELUDE IN THE THEATRE.

Draw round to hear what you reveal.
Then from your work each gentle mind
Its melancholy food will steal;
Now moving this and that, by turns you bid
All see what in their inmost soul is hid.
For 'tis alone the youthful heart,
Where mirth and sorrow yet combine,
Gives honour to the lofty part,
And praise to what may chance to shine!
'Tis vain to try the old and form'd to please,
The young and forming you delight with ease!

Poet. Then give me also back the days,
The time when I myself was young!
When yet a gushing fount of lays
Sprang out all freshily as I sung!
When mists yet veil'd from view my world,
And when my bud—as yet uncurl'd,
Still promised wonders;—when I wove
The flowers I pluck'd in every grove!
The time in which I naught possess'd,
And yet enough to make me bless'd;
The longing for the true—the real,
The pleasure in the bright ideal!
Oh! give me back those joys unnamed,
And each warm impulse never tamed!
That rapture, so intense, it thrill'd
My being with a sense of pain;
That energy of Hate, that fill'd
Uncheck'd, my heart, oh! bring again!
And Love in all its power and truth!
Oh! give me, give me back my youth!

Mer. Ah! my good friend, 'tis youth indeed,
That you sometimes, perchance, may need,
When, in the sudden fight's alarms,  
Your foeman gives your skill a check,  
Or when the loveliest maiden's arms  
Are twined with ardour round your neck!  
Or when the garland of the course,  
Yet distant shining, beckons on,  
And bids you spur the panting horse,  
Towards the goal so hardly won!  
When after dancing's mad delight  
One drinks, carousling, through the night!  
But the familiar lyre to sweep,  
To touch its chords with lively grace,  
To your self-chosen aim to keep  
A happy self-appointed pace;  
That is your task, old friend, to-day,  
We'll for it praise no less your skill,—  
Age makes not childish, as men say,  
It finds us but true children still!  

*Man.* Well! words enough we've long been changing  
But now some deeds I fain would see;  
While you are compliments arranging,  
We might do something usefully.  
Why talk so much of tuning here?  
No hesitation brings it round;  
*Say* that you're poets, and no fear,  
But poetry will soon be found.  
What 'tis we want, I need not say,  
Strong drink, my friend—so brew away!  
Things not begun to-day,—with sorrow  
You'll find will not be done to-morrow!  
A day in dallying none should spend;  
Let resolution, then, arise,  
And seize the possible, my friend,
Prelude in the Theatre.

Quick by the forelock, as it flies;
She never after lets it stray,
But as she must, she works away!
Our German stage, you are aware,

Let's all try what they feel inclined,
So that to-day you need not spare,
Scenes, drops, and wings,—all here you find;
The great and lesser lights of heaven
You've liberty to use from me,
The fullest power is to you given,
The golden stars to squander free;
Fire, rock, and water, fail not here,
No want of birds or beasts we fear!
So, therefore, in this narrow space
Bid all creation's circle swell,
And travel with considerate pace
From heaven, through the world, to hell.
THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

The Lord. The Heavenly Hosts. Mephistopheles behind.

The Three Archangels come forward.

Raphael. In chorus with each kindred-star
The sun sends forth his ancient song,
And on his path, prescribed from far,
In thunder going rolls along;
Though none may fathom them—their sight
Upon the angels power bestows,
Thy glorious works are now as bright
As on creation's day they rose.

Gabriel. Earth's pomp and beauty circle round,
Through light and shadow swiftly sped,
A glory as of Eden's ground
Wheels into darkness deep and dread;
The sea is foaming wild and high,
Around the rocks' eternal base,
And rock and sea revolving fly
For ever in the starry race.

Michael. Storms, in contending fury, break
From Land to Sea, from Sea to Land,
And, as they sweep along, they wake
Around the earth a raging band;
The flash of desolation there
   Precedes the thunder on its way—
But we, thy servants, Lord, revere
   The gentle going of thy day.
_The Three._ Though none may fathom thee—thy sight
   Upon thy angels power bestows;
Thy works sublime are now as bright,
   As on creation’s day they rose.
_Meph._ Since that thou dost, O Lord, approach once more,
   And dost inquire how all things with us go,
And commonly hast seen me here before,—
   ’Tis therefore I am ’midst thy servants now;
Excuse me if I talk not fine,—
   I could not, though all round me scorn;
At pathos, thou wouldst laugh, of mine,
   Hadst thou not laughing long forborne!
Of Suns and Spheres, I cannot speak,
   I nothing have to say of these;
I only mark how all men wreak
   Each on the other, miseries!
The earth’s small god continues yet
   As odd as on creation’s day,
A better lot he would have met
   But for thy gift—that heavenly ray
He Reason calls, and uses so, that he
Grows the most brutish of the brutes to be,
And—by your Grace’s leave—appears to me
   Like to those long-legg’d grasshoppers, that pass
A short-lived flight upon the wing,
   But quickly fall again, and sing
The same old song amid the grass!
Well, were that all! that there the fall would close!
But in each filthy mess they thrust their nose!
The Lord. And hast thou nothing else to say?
Still comest thou here but to complain?
Does not the world, where'er you stray,
Aught that goes well or right contain?
Meph. No, Lord! for all things there below
Are, as of old, in wretched plight;
Men in their days of sorrow now
Some pity, e'en from me, excite;
My very self—I could not curse
Or plague them, the poor wretches, worse.
The Lord. Say, now! is Faustus known to thee?
Meph. The Doctor, Lord?
The Lord. My servant—Hz.
Meph. In very truth, then, I must own
His service is most strangely shown!
The food on which his spirit dwells
Befits not with a child of clay,
The ferment of his soul impels
Him onward to the far-away;
E'en he himself can half discern
The madness that doth in him burn.
Of heaven—he asks each brightest star,
From earth—enjoyment's deepest zest,—
Yet neither can the near nor far
Content his agitated breast.
The Lord. If now he serves in darkness and in doubt,
Thence into light I soon will bring him out;
Whene'er the branches greenly shoot,
And budding to the spring appear,
The gardener knows that bloom and fruit
Will surely bless the coming year.
Meph. What will you wager? I will bet
That you shall still your servant lose,
If your permission will but let
   Me guide him gently as I choose.
   The Lord. While yet his days on earth may be,
So long 'tis not forbidden thee!
For man, until his strife is done,
To error link'd, must struggle on.
   Meph. My thanks for that! I never sped
With any pleasure with the dead;
With fresh, full cheeks I like to roam,
But with a corpse I'm not at home!
In this respect it fares with me
As with the cat and mouse we see!
   The Lord. Cease. 'Tis permitted. Turn aside
This spirit from its first pure source,
And shouldst thou gain him—bear and guide
   Him onward with thee in thy course.
But stand abash'd—a mark for scorn,
   When thou shalt be compell'd to say,
A good man with dark strivings torn,
   Doth yet perceive the better way.
   Meph. True! but not long it lasteth—nor do I
Feel for my wager much anxiety!
And if I should attain my end—then you
   Permit my full-voiced triumph; I will make
Him eat of dust—and with a relish too,
   As once my relative renown'd—the snake!
   The Lord. Then even thou mayst freely here
Before my presence reappear!
Those who, in mind, are kindred unto thee
Have never yet a hatred moved in me;
Know that, of all the spirits that deny,
   The jesting scoffer is the least offending,
Too prone to sleep is man's activity,
To unconditional repose soon bending;
I like to give him then, a mate
Who ever action is pursuing,
Who stirs and works, and, all elate,
Must, though as devil, still be doing.
But ye, true sons of heaven, calm, sublime,
Rejoice in beauty, shed around, above,
The soul that works and lives throughout all time
Embrace you in the happy bonds of love,—
What hovers o'er, in changeful seeming wrought
Do you fix firm with everlasting thought!

[Heaven closes; the Archangels disperse.]

Meph. [solus.] I like, at times, the Ancient One to see,
And guard 'gainst breaking with him—'tis so civil
In one so mighty so polite to be,
So kindly speaking with the very devil!
FAUST.

A Tragedy.

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NIGHT.—A NARROW HIGH-VAULTED GOTHIC CHAMBER.

Faust is seated restlessly at his desk.

Faust. Ah! yes, now by the ardent toil of years,
I'm fully versed in all philosophy,
I know whatever Law or Med'cine bears,
And also—to my grief—Theology;
Yet here I stand, poor fool, with nothing more
Of wisdom's treasures than I had before;
I'm Master styled, and Doctor too,
And here ten years their course have sped,
Since up and down, and to and fro,
My scholars by the nose I've led!
And seeing all too clearly now,
For all our toil, our broken rest,
That we can nothing, nothing know,
Burns up the heart within my breast.
True! I am wiser far than all the tribes
Of solemn trifiers, doctors, priests, and scribes!
Nor doubts nor scruples now my soul assail,
Before no fear of hell or devil I quail;

α 2
But for that reason, I with sorrow see
All joy for ever torn away from me!
Myself no more I flatter with the thought
One thing worth knowing I have gain'd or sought,
No more I think that I can teach or find
Aught that can better or convert mankind!
Then, I have neither goods nor gold,
   To me no honour men will give,
No rank amid the world I hold,
   No dog like this would longer live!
Therefore have I, each day and hour,
   To magic lent myself alone,
To see if by the Spirits' power,
   All mysteries may not be known;
That I no more be forced to prate
   Of things of which I nothing know,
While shame and loathing bring the sweat
   Of bitterness upon my brow;
That I may know what holds the earth
   Together in its inmost sphere,
See whence production has its birth,
   See all the germs of life appear;
My soul is sick and weary grown
   Of trafficking with words alone!

Oh! radiant moonlight! would thy beam
Shed on me now its latest gleam;
For the last time that thou didst see
My loneliness and misery!
Oh! thou, for whose soft, gentle light
I 've sat and watch'd so many a night;
O'er books and papers scatter'd near,
Then, pensive friend, didst thou appear!
Oh that my steps might wander free
   The mountain-tops beneath thy light!
Or with the Spirit-band might flee
   Among the hollows of their height!
Could flit at will o'er all the fields
   That thou dost gladden with thy view;
Freed from the loathing knowledge yields,
   Could bathe, refreshen'd, in thy dew!

Ah! am I in this prison still?
   Yet penn'd between these narrow walls?
This cursed hole, whose vapours chill,
   Where mouldiness around me falls?
In which the very light of heaven
   All mournfully upon me looks,
Dim through the painted panes 'tis given,
   More stinted by this heap of books!
The worm-gnawn beams are thick with dust;
The paper, dark with smoky crust
To the arch'd ceiling reaching high,
   Adds to the vault's obscurity;
Glasses and boxes round me piled,
   With instruments of study cram'd—
Old family lumber, long exiled
   From light and use, among them jamm'd!
This is thy world! alas for thee,
   That such a den thy world must be!

And do I ask myself why still
   So shrinks my heart within my breast?
Why, by a vague and aching chill,
   Each stirring impulse is repress’d?
For nature's rich vitality
Which God has formed us to behold,
Here nought but skeletons I see
Of man and beast, surrounding me,
    Dead bones, mix'd up with smoke and mould!

Up! up! into the boundless land!
    Is not this book of secret lore,
Inscribed by Nostradamus' hand,
    Sufficient guide wherewith to soar?
Thou'lt know the paths on which the planets roll;
    And if its knowledge it from nature seeketh,
There shall a power rise to meet thy soul,
    Even as one spirit to another speaketh;
But vainly may dry thought expound
    These holy signs, and make them clear!
Ye spirits who are hovering round,
    Come! answer me, if now ye hear!

[He opens the volume and sees the sign of the Macrocosm.

Ha! at this sight, what sudden raptures thrill
Throughout my soul, and all my senses fill!
I feel a youthful, holy life again
Glow with enjoyment, through each nerve and vein.
Was it a God whose power imprest
    This sign, whose gentle influence stills
The storm that raged within my breast,
    That my poor heart with gladness fills;
And, with an all-mysterious power, reveals
The secrets Nature 'neath her veil conceals?
Am I a God? All grows so light to me!
Yes! in these pure, clear outlines I can see,
Creative Nature, as she works,
    Open before my soul display'd;
Now first I know what meaning lurks
FAUST.

In what the ancient Sage hath said!
"No bar the spirit-world hath ever borne!
It is thy thought is shut—thy heart is dead:
Up! scholar, bathe, unwearied, and unworn,
Thine earthly breast in morning's beams of red!"

[He remains gazing on the sign.

How all things in a whole, here weave and blend,
One in the other working, moving, living!
Lo! how the heavenly powers rise, descend,
The golden vessels to each other giving!
From their far heaven, through earth beneath
Their all-pervading effluence sinks,
And from their soft vibrations, breathe
The blessings, earth with rapture drinks;
Each atom, by their touch is thrill'd
And waken'd into melody,
Till universal space is fill'd,
With universal harmony!

Glorious to gaze on! Ah, that there
It nothing more than show should be!
Infinite Nature! where, oh where,
May I possess and seize on thee?
Where are thy breasts—the founts of life and birth,
On which hang all in heaven and on earth?
To which the blighted heart itself doth strain,—
They gush, they flow, and must I pine in vain!

[He reluctantly turns over the leaves of the volume, and sees the sign of the Microcosm.

How differently I feel before this sign!
Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art to me nigher,
My faculties I feel already higher,
Already do I glow like new-press'd wine!
Courage I feel amid the world to go,
To prove its pleasures, or to bear its woe,
To brave the storms that may around me dash,
And tremble not amid the shipwreck's crash!
Clouds gather o'er, and dim my sight,
The midnight moon withdraws her light,
My lamp emits a dying ray,
And earth-born vapours rise and stray!

Beams, glowing red,
Shoot round my head!

From the dark vault that o'er me bends,
A chilling, creeping fear descends;
Spirit! compell'd to me by prayer,
I feel that thou art hovering there,

Unveil thyself, thyself reveal!
Ha! what can thus my bosom tear?
With new sensations—do I feel
All my thoughts in tumult reel!
Yes! all my soul surrender'd is to thee,
Thou must, then! though my life the price should be!

[He seizes the book, and repeats the sign of the Spirit; a red flame
shouts up, the Spirit of the Earth appears in the flame.]

Spirit. Who calls!
Faust. Oh! fearful vision!
Spirit. I am here!

Drawn by thy constant seeking at my sphere!
And now—

Faust. Ah, woe! thy sight I cannot bear!

Spirit. To hear my voice, my form to see,
It was thy deeply-breathed demand,
Thy invocation works on me——

At thy command,
I come! but lo! a tremor seizes thee;
Art thou a demigod, and dost thou fear?
Where is the soul that call'd me thus? and where
The breast that in itself a world created?
That swell'd with ecstasy our life to share,
That sought with us—with spirits to be mated?
Where art thou, Faust, whose voice to me hath rung?
Who unto me with all his strength hath clung?
Is 't. Thou, whom thus my breath with fear can fill?
Through all thy depths of life, in tremblings flung,
A timid, writhing reptile still!

Faust. Thou form of flame! and shall I yield to thee?
'Tis I—'tis Faust, thine equal! I am he!

Spirit. In the swelling flood of life,
   In the storm of action going,
   Up and down, in endless strife,
   Here and there for ever flowing,
   Mine is birth and mine the grave,
   An Ocean of unending wave!
   Change on changes I assume
   In life that glows in star and clod,
   So work I at Time's rushing loom
   And weave the living robe of God!

Faust. Spirit! that through all life thy course doth take,
Creative power! how near I feel to thee!

Spirit. Thou'rest equal to the spirit thou canst make
By thine own mind's conception—not to me!

[The Spirit disappears.

Faust. Not thee! not thee! then unto whom?
I, in God's image formed, yet thus,
May not to equal thee presume!

[A knocking heard.

Oh, death! I know—it is my Famulus!
Thus perishes my fairest bliss,
And from my vision I must wake!
Oh, that a groveller like this
    The fulness of my dreams should break!

_Enter Wagner in a dressing-gown and nightcap, with a lamp; Faust turns to him with displeasure._

_Wag._ Excuse me, sir! your voice I heard just now,
Declaiming—doubtless a Greek tragedy!
It is an art that much I wish to know,
’Tis one we may at present profit by.
Men have I often heard declare,
    A priest taught by a player may be!
_Faust._ Yes! if the priest’s himself a player,
As sometimes one may chance to see!
_Wag._ But if so closely in our closets pent,
We scarcely see the world save now and then,
When on it but afar our looks are bent
As through a telescope our gaze were sent,
How, by persuasion, shall we govern men?
_Faust._ If inward power you cannot feel,
No search, no toil will lead you right;
If from your soul it does not steal,
And to your hearers’ hearts appeal,
    Subduing them with new delight—
Sit at your task for ever if you will,
Combine, and join, and tack together still,
Cook up your hash from others’ feast—and blow
Your worthless cinders to a paltry glow—
Children and apes may wonder much
    If to such praise your taste incline,
But other hearts it ne’er will touch,
Unless it flow all fresh from thine!
_Wag._ But ’tis delivery, we find,
That makes the orator’s success:
In this too, that I'm far behind,
    I must with much regret confess.
    Faust. To honest ends thine aim be wrought!
    Play not the tinkling zany's part!
Clear intellect and earnest thought
    Express themselves with little art!
If earnestly on saying something bent,
    Need time on hunting out for words be spent?
Your polish'd speeches that so coldly shine,
    Where Nature cut in shreds you crisp and twine,
Are unrefreshing as the breeze
    That brings the clammy mist along,
That through the leaves the autumn sees
Hang dry and wither'd on the trees,
    Sighs drearily its autumn song!
    Wag. Ah, God! the span of life is brief,
    And art is long and hard to find!
The critic's toil too, I, with grief,
    Feel injures oft both heart and mind!
How hard it is, the means alone to gain
By which the fountain-head one may attain!
And then, before one gets but half so high,
'Tis likely that—poor devil—one may die!
    Faust. Is parchment then, the holy spring,
    Whose draught for ever stills the thirst?
Thou hast not known that cooling thing,
    Unless from thine own soul it burst!
    Wag. Your pardon! 'tis a pleasure to be wrought
As 'twere into the spirit of the past,
To see how a wise man before us thought,
And to what height we have attain'd at last!
    Faust. Oh yes! up to the very stars—but yet,
The past is like a book with seven seals!
The name of "Spirit of the Times" you set,
But that 'tis only your own soul forget
That, mirror-like, the present time reveals!
And truly it is oft a sight to shun,
The first brief glance might make one from it run;
A dirt-tub and a lumber-room 'tis found
At best, a lofty theme by puppets play'd,
With pompous and pragmatic saws, that sound
Well in the mouths of those by whom they're made.

_A. W_ ag. But then the world—man's heart and mind,
All would of these some knowledge find—

_Faust._ Ay! that which men most commonly term knowing,
But who the child by its true name dares call?
The few—for something of its truth but showing
Who guarded not their full hearts' overflowing,
But utter'd what they thought and felt to all!
Those who could not their better feelings hide
Have men, in all times, burnt and crucified!
But, friend! I beg—'tis far into the night—
Here, for the present, let our converse break—

_Wag._ To talk with you, sir, till the morning's light,
I could most willingly have kept awake!
'Tis Easter-morn to-morrow—may I ask
For further question on you, then to call?
With ardent zeal I'm vow'd to study's task—
True, I know much! but I would fain know all!

_EXIT WAGNER._

_Faust._ [solus.] How hope dwells only in the brain
That is to empty trifling bound!
Gropes greedily for costliest gain,
And joyeth when a worm is found!
Dare a mere human voice resound
Where spirit-forms had throng'd around?
Yet thou this once my thanks mayst share,
   Thou poorest of the sons of men!
For thou didst snatch me from despair
   That almost crush'd my senses then;
So giant-like, so great the vision gleam'd,
That I before it should a dwarf have seem'd!
I—image of the Godhead—who, in thought,
Near to the mirror drew of truth divine!
Who joy and rapture to myself had wrought
In light and splendour—heaven's all-glorious shine!
Stripp'd of the clogging vest of earth,
Freed from the taint of mortal birth,
I—more than cherub—I, whose soul
   Free and unfetter'd soar'd away—
Who, glowing, thought, without controul
   Through nature's secret veins to stray;
Whose spirit all its power employ'd
To taste the life by gods enjoy'd!
How must I now for this the penance pay!
One thunder-word has swept me wide away!

I dared not raise my nature unto thine,
And though of power to draw thee from thy sphere,
Neither the knowledge nor the power were mine,
   To hold thee here!
In that blest moment, as it flew
   I felt myself so weak, so great!
Yet me again you fiercely threw
   Back on my mortal, wayward fate!
Where shall I learn?  What shun, or what pursue?
That first strong impulse shall I still obey?
Not only what we suffer—what we do,
Fetters our course of life upon its way.

How something foreign to the mind
   Draws back our thoughts in brightest train!
When this world's good we chance to find,
   We call all better false and vain.
The glorious thoughts that gave us life
Grow torpid in our worldly strife.

If Phantasy, on daring wing,
   And full of hope, presumes to fly—
If quitting space, with bounding spring
   She soars into infinity,
To narrower sphere her course is check'd,
   And sadly shrink those thoughts sublime,
When venture after venture wreck'd
   Is shatter'd in the gulf of time.
In every heart, Care builds her nest,
   And secret tortures breeding there,
She rocks herself with troubled air,
   Joy driving forth, and Peace and Rest;
To aid her in her hateful task,
   She still assumes some changeful mask,
She takes a thousand forms of life
   That mingle fear, with love and joy,
As house and land, as child and wife,
   With steel, fire, poison, to destroy;
For what will ne'er affect the mind
   Thou art with constant fears assail'd,
And what thou always safe wilt find,
   Must ever be with tears bewail'd.
Too deeply does my spirit feel the thought,
Unequal to immortal powers 'tis wrought!
No! I am like the wretched worm,
That drags through dust his loathsome form;
Which, while (the scorn of every eye)
   It eats the soil that gave it birth,
Beneath the feet of passers-by
   Is crush'd and buried in the earth.

Is it not dust—that all around,
   Still narrows in this lofty wall?
Trash in a thousand forms unsound
Am I not, 'mid its mouldering, bound
   Within this world of moths, a thrall?
Is it in such a place—my mind
Will gain what it could never find?
Shall I, perchance, a thousand tomes
   O'er-read, that but at last confess,
Man everywhere creates and dooms
   Himself his own unhappiness?
That here and there there may have been
One happy individual seen?
Thou hollow skull! what meanings lurk
   Beneath that grin? 'tis but to say
Thy brain, like mine, was once at work
   With thoughts that led thee far astray!
Longing for truth—you sought the day's clear light,
But miserably stray'd in gloom and night!
Ye instruments of brass and steel,
   The thousand tools of wisdom's hand,
With cylinder, and cog, and wheel,
   Ye, too, but mock me as ye stand!
I stood without—would treasures seize,
And thought ye were the opening keys,
But all your strangely-twisted wards
Raise not the bolt that Nature guards,
For she, inscrutable in open day,
Alloweth none her veil to rend away,
And what to tell she doth not freely choose,
You cannot wrest from her with wheels and screws!
This ancient lumber—all confused,
Untouch'd by me is only here
Because once by my father used,
And then perchance by him held dear;
Old scroll! the smoke hath thickly crusted o'er thee,
So long this glimmering lamp hath burn'd before thee;
Far better had it been, if I
Had spent the little was mine own,
Than with its weight oppress'd to lie
Beneath it still to sweat and groan.
That which thy sires to thee have handed down,
By thine own labour make again thine own;
Whate'er it is thou dost not use—will be
A heavy burden and a load to thee;
Only what from the present moment springs,
Created in the present,—profit brings.

But why do I on yonder spot
Look with a sudden, glad surprise?
'Tis yonder phial—is it not—
That is the magnet to mine eyes?
Why is it that so suddenly I see
This glorious flood of light surrounding me,
As when the morning beam breaks clear and bright
Upon us in the forest's deepest night?
I hail thee, thou peculiar precious shrine!
With reverence I touch, and make thee mine,
or in thy glassy form contain'd, I scan
and honour there the wit and skill of man!

essence of lulling juices, soft as sleep,
rawn from all strengths, as deadly as refined,
ouchsafe to him who did, as master, keep,
hy power,—some token that shall prove thee kind.
see thee—and the pang is past;
    I grasp thee—and the storms subside,
The flood-stream of my soul—at last
    Ebbs gently to a smoother tide.
I am invited forth to brave
    A deeper and a wider sea,
My feet its glassy waters lave,
    A new day to new shores is calling me!

On airy pinions, lightly pending
A fiery chariot is descending!
I feel myself prepared to trace,
By paths untrod, the fields of space,
To spheres unknown, where soul and mind,
A pure activity will find.

Sublime existence! and art thou
(—Worm as thou art—or wast but now)
Worthy to share it?—Ay! but shun
The beaming of thine earthly sun,
But dare burst ope those gates, which all
    Would willingly sink by,
And prove man's nature doth not fall
    Beneath a god's sublimity!
To quail not when the gulf appears
Where Frenzy makes the dream she fears,
And damns herself to feel the weight
Of pangs she doth herself create;
Though wreathed around with flames of hell
Towards that narrow portal press
With calm resolve, though thought should tell
You risk the fall to nothingness!

Come from thy old retreat, thou goblet clear,
By me forgotten now for many a year!
You glitter’d at my father’s feasts
And fill’d with joy his worthy guests,
When, as thou round to each wert sent,
Each richly-graven ornament,
Upon thee traced,—before he quaff’d
Each must in rhyming verse explain,
Then drain thee empty at a draught—
Thou call’st back many a youthful night again.
No more shall I pass round the cup
Nor wit upon its emblems pour,
Here with a juice I fill it up
Whose strength soon steals the senses o’er!
Its dark brown flood is rising, see!
It filleth all thy cavity!
Now be this last, self-chosen draught,
Which I have mix’d in doubt and scorn,
With all my soul drain’d down, and quaff’d
A festal greeting to the morn!

[He puts the cup to his mouth: the sound of bells and the chant of a chorus are heard from the church.]

Chorus of Angels.
Christ has risen from the earth!
Joy to mortals! joy to man!
Who, heir to evil from his birth,
Corrupt, imperfect, lived his span!

Faust. What clear and deep melodious strain
Draws down the cup I long’d to drain?
FAUST.

Does yonder hollow-sounding bell
The first glad hour of Easter tell!
And doth this chorus breathe the hymn,
   That o'er the darkness of the tomb,
Once pealed from lips of cherubim
   The new-born covenant of mortal doom?

Chorus of Women.

With spices we embalm'd his corse,
   We, his true ones, faithful found;
We laid him here—with cloths and bands
   We carefully had swathed him round!
Yet, ah! we find approaching near,
Our Master is no longer here!

Chorus of Angels.

Christ from the prison
Of the tomb hath risen!
Happy, happy is the Loving One,
Who hath pass'd o'er
The trial, deep and sore,
Who hath the chastening trial undergone.

Faust. Oh, heavenly tones! why with your sound
Seek out a dweller in the dust?
Peal on where weak men may be found,
   Whose hearts can lend the words their trust.
I hear whate'er the message saith,
   I know the tidings it doth tell,
But do not feel the glow of faith;
Faith's favourite child is miracle.
I dare not lift unto those spheres my thought,
From whence the glad intelligence is brought;
Yet, from a child, familiar with the strain,
E'en now it calls me back to life again!
In other and in happier days,
   Amid the Sabbath's solemn calm,
The kiss of heavenly love and praise
Fell on me like a sacred balm;
My youthful heart then often found
A mystic meaning in the sound
Of the full bell,—and I could share
The deep enjoyment of a prayer;
A longing of surpassing sweetness drove
Me forth, through forest, field, and plain to rove,
And there I felt a world within me, spread
Amid the thousand burning tears I shed.
This anthem token'd then to me
The sports of spring festivity,
And with these feelings, memory now
Withholds me from the final blow.
Melodious tones! continue yet!
Sound on, thou sweet and heavenly strain!
The tear hoth flown—mine eye is wet—
And earth possesses me again!

Chorus of Disciples.

Now has the buried One—the blest—
Arisen to his glorious sphere!
Of ever-growing bliss possesst,
He to creative love is near;
But we, alas! on earth's cold breast,
Must still remain in suffering here!
He hath from us, his children, gone,
And we are left to languish on;
In pain and sorrow, and distress
We weep, O Lord! thy happiness!

Chorus of Angels.

The Saviour Christ has risen
From corruption and decay!
The bonds that now your souls imprison,
Go! tear with joy, away!
FAUST.

Go! let your Dresden praises prove,
To all make manifest his love;
Like brethren live, and journey on,
Preaching the truth of Him that's gone!
Make known his promise to the earth,
Bliss unto all of mortal birth;
To you the Master shall be nigh,
For you he has been raised on high!

SCENE.—BEFORE THE GATE.

* People of all descriptions pass out.

Some Mechanics. Why that way?
Others. Why, we mean to go
Up to the Jagerhaus——
The First. But we
Would rather to the mill, I trow!
1 Mech. Nay, I advise you let it be
The Wassenhof!
A Second. Not so! for there
The road is neither good nor fair!
The Others. What shall you do?
A Third. Oh! I indeed
Will go just where the others lead!
A Fourth. Up, then, to Burgdorf—there you'll find
The prettiest of girls—the best of beer—
And rows, too, of the primest kind!
A Fifth. Wild rascal! will you never fear?
Is your skin itching, to a third
Good beating then to be preferr'd?
That path to-day I will not trace,
For I've a horror of the place!
1 Serv. Girl. No! I shall go back to the city—
2 Serv. Girl. Why?
Down by the poplars he is sure to be!
1 Serv. Girl. Well! very little should I gain thereby;
He dances not with any one but thee!
And what, pray, are your pleasures unto me?
2 Serv. Girl. But I am certain that to-day,
Alone he will not for us wait,—
I tell you that I heard him say
With him would come the curly-pate!
1 Schol. How the brave wenches step along!
Come, brother! let's join company!
Stout humming beer—tobacco strong—
And a tight girl are things for me!
1 Cit. Maiden. Who can those fine young men there be?
Look! 'tis a perfect shame to see—
Observe with whom they laugh and talk;
Gentelest company they shun,
They even with the best might walk,
Yet after those maid-servants run!
2 Schol. Stay! here's two ladies close behind,
And neatly they are dress'd I swear,—
One is my neighbour—to my mind,
I really think the girl is fair!
Though walking with that pace demure,
They'll let us join them still, be sure.
1 Schol. No! come along;—I hate to be
Under restraint—quick, quick! or we
Shall lose our game. I say the hand
That through the week the besom yields,
When Sunday comes, is warm and bland,
And aye the best caresses yields!
1 Townsman. The new-made burgomaster—I
Must say does not act properly,
Or to my taste—now in the chair,
He daily seems the more to dare;
The town—what does he for it pray,
Is it not growing worse each day?
Our burdens greater than before,
And day by day we’re paying more!

Beggar (sings).
Kind gentlemen, and ladies fair,
So rosy-cheek’d, and dress’d so rare,
Be pleased to give, while passing by,
Something to aid my poverty.
Look on me with an eye of pity,
That not in vain I sing my ditty;
’Tis he alone who freely gives,
That merrily and gaily lives,
This holiday to all—oh! be
It too a harvest-day to me.

2 Towns. Nothing I know to me has greater charms
Upon a Sunday or a holiday,
Than a snug chat of war and war’s alarms,
While people fight in Turkey far away.
One stands beside the window—takes his glass,
Sees down the stream the painted vessels pass,
Then gladly home returns as evening chimes,
With blessings upon peace and peaceful times.

3 Towns. Yes, neighbour, yes! I little care
How matters may be managed there,
All things they there may overthrow,
And break each other’s heads at will,
Only at home pray let us go
According to old custom still.

Old Woman (to the Citizens’ Daughters). How nicely
dress’d—so young, so fair,
Who would not love your form and air!
Nay, not so proud;—there, that is well—
And, pretty maidens, do not doubt,
That what you wish for, I can tell
How to contrive and bring about.

1 Cit. Maiden. Come, Agatha! I’m very careful how
With such old witches publicly I go,
Though on Saint Andrew’s eve, ’tis true I vow,
She did my future lover to me show.

2 Cit. Maiden. And mine she show’d me in a glass,
All soldier-like, with others too;
Each way I look to see him pass,
But yet his form can never view.

Soldier (sings).

Towns begirt with walls and moats,
Maids of proud and lofty thoughts—
Strong without, and strong within—
These are what I love to win!
Bold is the attempt and hard,
But as noble the reward.

Summon’d by the trumpet’s breath
We go to rapture or to death;
For ’tis amid the battle’s strife
Thrills the rush—the life of life!

Maiden’s heart, and city’s wall,
Were made to yield, were made to fall;
Bold is the attempt and hard,
But as noble the reward;
When we’ve held them each their day,
Soldier-like, we march away!

Enter Faust and Wagner.

Faust. ’Neath the gay, quickening glance of Spring,
Freed from their ice the streamlets flow,
Those joys of hope the sunbeams bring
Are budding in the vale below;
Old Winter past, and worn and weak,  
Is flying to his mountains bleak,  
But still as on his way he wends,  

O'er the green meadows, in his flight,  
His useless showers of hail he sends,  

For now the sun endures no white;  
O'er all the earth he spreads his hues,  
And life and growth themselves diffuse;  
As yet few flowers may meet the eye,  
But gay-dress'd groups their place supply.  
Now turn, and from this hillock's crown,  
Look back again upon the town;  
See! from each portal’s gloomy shroud,  
There presses forth a motley crowd,—  
Each one with joyful heart and gay,  
Comes forth to sun himself to-day;  
The rising of the Lord they keep,  

For they themselves have gladly broke  
From the dark cells where poor men sleep,  
From trade and occupation's yoke.  
From roof and gable-scanted room,  
From narrow street, and stifling way,  
From the Cathedral's holy gloom,  
They issue to the light of day.  
But see! how quick the mass is spreading,  
And through the fields and gardens threading!  
See how the river, long and broad,  
Bears many a bark upon its breast,  
The last one, with a heavy load,  
Putting from shore to join the rest!  
E'en from the farthest mountain's height,  
Gay-colour'd dresses meet our sight.  
I hear the tumult rise around—
Yes! here! the people’s heaven is found;  
While all thus shout so joyously,  
Here I ’m a man—here man dare be.  

_Wagner._ Ah, Doctor! thus to walk with you  
Is honour and a profit too;  
Yet, like I not these paths alone to wind,  
For coarseness I dislike of every kind;  
These sounds—I thoroughly detest them—  
This skittle-playing, fiddling throng,  
They scream as if the devil possess’d them,  
And call it laughter, call it song.

_Dance and Song._—_Peasants under the Linden Tree._

The shepherd deck’d him for the dance,  
With colour’d vest, and garland gay,  
And ribbon shining to the glance;  
Full smart did he himself array;  
The ring beneath the linden tree  
Was full—and all danced wild with glee.  
_Huzza, huzza,_  
_Tira, lira,_  
The fiddle went all merrily.

Amid the throng he quickly press’d,  
And with his elbow push’d a maid;  
The buxom wench, so sly caress’d,  
_Upon him turn’d, and thus she said:_  
"Young man, I really now must say,  
You very clumsy seem to-day—  
_Huzza, huzza,_  
_Tira, lira,_  
Don’t be so rude again, I pray."

Yet nimbly, nimbly sped the round,  
And right and left, all merrily,  
They danced; and as they gaily bound,  
The maiden’s robes float wide and free.  
Then grew they red, then grew they warm,  
And rested panting, arm in arm—
Hurra, hurra,
Tira, lira,
Or clasping pretty waists—what harm?

"Have done, have done," the maiden cries,
"Don't be so rude—how many men,
Their love betrothed, by fondest lies
Deceive, betray, and leave them then!"
But he the maiden coax'd aside,
While sounds the fiddle gaily plied—
Hurra, hurra,
Tira, lira,
And shouts of laughter, far and wide,
From that old linden tree beside.

*Old Peas.* Ah! Doctor, this is good indeed,
When scorning not our harmless glee,
You, though deep learn'd, can yet concede
To join us in our revelry.
Take then, from me, this fresh-fill'd cup,
Myself will in it pledge you first;
Praying, that as you drink it up,
It may do more than quench your thirst:
For each bright drop that leaps and plays
May one be added to your days!

*Faust.* I take the welcome draught and call
Again good health, and thanks to all.

*Old Peas.* 'Tis surely well in you, to blend
With us amid this mirthful scene,
Who, before now, so oft our friend,
In evil days and times, have been;
There's many here now living stand,
Whom once your father's skilful hand
Tore from the fever's rage intense.
Then, when he stay'd the pestilence,
You too, though then but young, would go
To every sicken'd house of woe;
From thence full many a corse was ta'en,
Yet you uninjured did remain,
And many trials 'twas yours to stand,
But "the Helper" help'd the helper's hand.

*All.* Health! to the tried and oft-proved friend,
And may he long have power to save.

*Faust.* To him on high all humbly bend,
Who teaches and sends the help you crave.

[He passes on with Wagner.]

*Wag.* Great man! what feelings must be thine
At all these honours to thee paid;
Happy! whose gifts thus bright can shine,
And of such good account be made.
The father shows thee to his son,
All ask, and press, and hurry on;
The fiddle stops, the dancers stay,
In rows they all themselves array,
Thee when thou 'rt passing by to see;—
Their hats and caps all upwards fly,
They bow, and all but bend the knee,
As if the host were passing by.

*Faust.* A few steps farther, up to yonder stone,
For from our wandering we will rest us there;
Here oft I've sat, all thoughtful and alone,
And mortified myself with fast and prayer.
Then, firm in faith and rich in hope, I thought
By sighs, and tears, and hands together press'd,
That the great God of heaven might be wrought
To grant the staying of that wasting pest.
To me the multitude's applause
Sounds as in mockery or scorn:
Oh! couldst thou know how little cause
For praise have son or father borne!
My father was an honest, sombre man,
Who in the hallow'd circles nature bends
With upright thought, tried many a curious plan,
Fantastic trials, but for well-meant ends;
Who with adepts, companions in his art,
In his dark study shut himself apart,
And there, in endless methods strove to run,
And fuse opposing forces into one.
There was a lion red, a lover brave,
Wed to the lily in the tepid wave,
Then both with flame and fire driven about,
Tortured from bridal chambers in and out;
If the young queen, with varied hues of light,
Shone in the glass,—that medicine was the right.
The patients died—and question ne'er was made,
Of who recover'd by our help and aid.
Our hellish potion thus we here employ'd,
And more than e'en the pestilence destroy'd;
Myself did oft the poison give
   To thousands—saw them pine away,
Yet now, with shame and sorrow, live
   To hear the murderers praised to-day.
   Wagh. Wherefore on this account should you be grieved?
Is't not enough that a good man should wield
With scrupulous care the art he has received?
If honour to your sire in youth you yield,
You will learn from him freely—if as man,
You do with zeal the self-same course pursue,
Widening yet more the extent of knowledge' span,
Your son may rise yet higher still than you.

Faust. Who'er can hope from error's boundless sea
Once to emerge, oh! happy, blest is he!
The use of what he knows not, man will choose,
Yet what he really knows he cannot use.
But with such melancholy thoughts as these
To taint this bliss-bestowing hour, oh! shun;
See how your low-roof'd, green-girt cottages
Gleam in the splendour of the setting sun!
He bends and sinks, the day hath lived—is o'er,
Yet other life is quicken'd by his ray,—
Oh! that no wing is mine, wherewith to soar,
And struggle ever after him, away!
Bathed in eternal sunshine, I should greet
A stilly world in silence at my feet;
Each gentle valley steep'd in soft repose,
Each mountain summit tinged with glowing beams,
Each silver brook, that sparkles as it flows,
And spreads resplendent into golden streams.
The dark defiles, the rugged mountain ways,
Would not impede me in my godlike flight;
E'en now, the Ocean and its heated bays
Appear to rise on my enraptured sight.
Slow seems the God of Light to sink away,
Yet still the newly-waken'd feelings play,—
I hurry on, free, unconfined,
To drink the eternal light he sheds,—
The darkening Night I leave behind,
While far before me Daylight spreads;
The glorious skies above me glow,
While Ocean heaves her waves below;
A beau'teous dream! but, ah! 'tis flown,
And while 'tis passing—He is gone!
Alas! no fleshly pinion e'er
Can mate the spirit's wing'd career!
Yet 'tis our being's inborn tone
To strive for ever up and on;
When, lost in the expanse of light,
The lark above us trills her lay;
When o'er the rugged pine-clad height,
The outspread eagle soars away;
When, struggling on, the crane doth roam
O'er marsh and sea towards her home!

Wag. I've often had strange fancies in my mind,
But never felt an impulse of the kind;
Of wood and field, of dale and hill,
One very quickly looks one's fill.
The wings of any bird, by me
Will never greatly envied be.
How differently do mental pleasures
Lead us from book to book to roam;
And ever with these ancient treasures,
How cheerful winter nights become!
A happy life glows warm in every limb,
And if a precious parchment you unroll,
Your senses in delight appear to swim,
And heaven itself descends upon your soul.

Faust. One impulse only, is in you imprest,
Acquaint not with the other, then, your heart;
Two souls, alas! are dwelling in my breast,
One from the other striving still to part.
The one clings fast to all that this life prizes,
With organs, strong as iron cramps may be,
The other from this darkness proudly rises,
To regions of a glorious ancestry.
Oh! if there now be spirits hovering near,
Ruling with power 'twixt the heavens and earth,
Descend ye from your golden atmosphere
And lead me where new, varied life has birth!
Yes! were a magic mantle but mine own,
To bear me far away to stranger lands,
Not for the costliest robe that ever shone
Around a monarch—should it leave my hands!
Wag. Invoke not thou the well-known band,
Diffused throughout the atmosphere,
Which, thousand-form'd, on every hand,
To man, threats danger ever near.
If from the north the spirits come,
Sharp-fang'd, and arrowy-tongued they roam;
If from the east—dry, parching,—they
Upon your lungs consuming prey;
If from the southern desert's sand
Their scorching wings they round you spread,
They form a fiercely-wasting band,
That heap up fire on your head;
The genial west, alone can bring
Those that refreshen like the spring,—
Yet floods of waters calling down,
Fields, meadows, and yourself they drown.
Of listening fond, on mischief bent,
With pleasure they our hests receive
Because their pleasure's to deceive;
Pretending they from heaven are sent,
They claim a kindred with the sky
Listeing like angels as they lie.
But let us go! The earth is grey,
The air is cold, the mists arise,
It is at eve alone we may
Our home's true worth and value prize.
Why stand'st thou thus with wondering view?
What through the twilight draws thine eyes?
Faust. See'st thou yon black dog, ranging through
The corn and stubble here hard by?
FAUST.

Wag. Yes! but yet nothing in him strange I see.
Faust. Mark him! what should you take the brute to be?
Wag. Why, for some poodle, in his usual way,
Seeking what path his master's steps may stray.
Faust. Dost mark the circling curves he makes,
Still as he runs approaching nigher?
And see! unless mine eye mistakes,
He leaves behind a track of fire!
Wag. That must be some illusion, I believe,
For only a black dog can I perceive.
Faust. He now appears to me to trace
Light magic toils around our feet.
Wag. He bounds with hesitating pace,
Because he doth two strangers meet.
Faust. The circle narrows—he's already near.
Wag. Thou see'st, a dog and not a sprite is here!
He growls and pauses,—on his belly lays,
Just like all other dogs in all his ways.
Faust. Here! hither! join our company!
Wag. Some foolish poodle it must be;
If thou stand'st still, he waits and watches on thee;
Shouldst thou speak to him, he will jump upon thee;
Lose aught, and to thy feet he will it bring,
Or for thy stick into the water spring.
Faust. 'Tis true—no traces of a sprite I see,
And all must the result of training be.
Wag. A dog that has, with skill and care,
Been well brought up, and duly train'd
May e'en a wise man's kindness share,
And be with favour entertain'd.
And this—your clever scholar,—you will see
Will well deserving your affection be.

[They go into the gate of the town.]
FAUST'S STUDY.

FAUST enters with the Poodle.

Faust. With deepest night above them spread
I have forsaken field and plain;
With holy awe and prescient dread
Now wakes our better soul again!
In slumber lies each passion wild,
Calm sleeps each ruthless deed of ill,
But love to every earthly child,
The love of God is moving still!

Be quiet, poodle! run not here and there!
Why at the threshold dost thou snuff the air?
Lie down behind the stove and peaceful be—
There! my best cushion do I give to thee:
As thou without, upon the mountain way,
Pleasedst us with running—with thy frolic play,
So now from me in turn receive my care,
But as a quiet guest my kindness share.

Ah! when within our narrow cell,
The lamp again so clearly burns,
The bosom is illumined well,
Its knowledge to the heart returns;
Reason her voice resumes again,
With blossoms hope once more is rife,
And we with longing glow to drain
The streams—the very founts of life.
Growl not! such brutal sounds but ill agree
With the blest tones now all possessing me;
We oft may see how men deride whate’er
They know not—snarling at the good and fair,
Both uncongenial to their souls,—and can
This dog incline to growl at them, like man?
But ah! I feel e’en when my mind’s at best,
Contentment wells no longer from my breast:
Oh! wherefore sinks the stream so soon away,
And we again all parch’d and thirsting lay?
I’ve felt that oft—yet from this want, arise
Some compensations—for we learn to prize
Things more than earthly—our desires are bent
On Revelation, which doth nowhere burn
More brightly than in the New Testament,
And to it, in its ancient text, I turn,
To render truly, and devoid of wrong,
The holy page into my darling German Tongue.

[He opens the volume and sets himself to the task.

'Tis writ, "In the beginning was the Word;"—
Here stay’d already, who will aid afford?
So highly I the Word can never rate,
And differently I must the text translate,
If by the spirit rightly I am taught;
'Tis writ, "In the beginning was the Thought;"
Consider well this first line—that thy pen
Be not o’er hasty—must we deem it then
The Thought that forms and moves all here we see;
"In the beginning was the Power,"—shall be
The line—yet something warns me that I must
Take heed how I afford the words my trust;
The spirit aiding me—I now succeed,
And write "In the beginning was the Deed."

Poodle! I tell thee, cease to growl!
If I with you this chamber share,
You must leave off this barking howl,
    So rude a guest I cannot bear;
One of us two this cell must quit,
    And though unwilling to withhold
My hospitality—'tis fit
    You leave me, free and uncontroll'd.
The door is open, you can stray
Where'er you like upon your way;
But what is this? what do I see?
Can it in course of nature be?
Is't real, or but a shadowy showing?
How long and broad the poodle's growing!
He fearfully himself uprears,
No dog-like form—the form he wears,
Some monster of the Nile appears!
What phantom have I brought within?
Fire-eyed—with teeth that horrid grin!
Ah! now I know thee—and I see,
    Thou being of half-hellish brood,
That to o'ermaster such as thee,
    The key of Solomon is good.

*Spirits (without, in the passage).* One within, by snare
    is caught,
Stay without and follow not;
As when the fox by steel is taken,
So the old lynx of hell is shaken;
But up and down, with heed and care,
We will hover here and there;
Soon he himself perhaps will free,
But if any aid can be
From us given—one and all
Let us be not from his call,
For to serve us every one
Much he hath already done."
FAUST.

Faust. First the spirit to repel
Of the four I use the spell;
Salamander's light shall glow,
Undine with her wave shall bend,
Sylph into the air shall go,
Kobold from the earth ascend;

Who knew not well
Each element,
And could not tell
What power they're lent,
He were no master to coerce
The spirits of the universe.

Salamander! heed thy name,
Vanish in the glowing flame!
Together rushing—flow, Undine!
Sylph! in meteor beauty shine;
Incubus! thy service lend,
Step forth, and of it make an end!

Of all four spells I use, not one
Appears the beast to work upon;
There lies he, and doth on me glower—
I have not made him feel my power.
Ay! there thou liest, but I will
Make thee hear spells are stronger still.

Speak! companion; tell me now
A fugitive from hell art thou?
If thou art, this sign attend,
To which the troops of darkness bend!
Ha! he already marks it—there
He swells and bristles up his hair!
Accursed! canst thou mark it well,
Unwritten, unpronounceable!

Driven behind the stove, his form uprears,
Increased, and like an elephant appears;
He the whole chamber occupies,
And into mist would sink away;
But stand! not to the ceiling rise!
Down to thy master's feet—there lay!
Thou seest my threat'nings are not words of lightness.
With holy fire I thy form will burn;
Then wait not for that flame of threefold brightness,
Wait not for spells more potent yet and stern!

[Mephistopheles, as the mist sinks, comes from behind the stove in
the dress of a travelling scholar.]

Meph. Why all this fuss? what may your pleasure be?
Faust. The kernel of the poodle then was thee!
A travelling scholar—'twas a goodly wile;
The Casus certainly excites a smile.

Meph. Your learned worship, I salute you, yet
Just now you made me, with a vengeance, sweat.

Faust. What is thy name?

Meph. The question I must deem
Unworthy one who rates the word so low;
Who far estranged from things that merely seem,
Searches the depths of life—its soul to know.

Faust. But with your like, when we the name can learn,
Your nature too we commonly discern,
Since but too plainly it appears through all
Your appellations which men know and call,
Fly-god, destroyer, liar,—now what art?
Meph. Know then that I am of that power a part
Which, willing evil, still produces good.

Faust. What from this riddle may be understood?

Meph. I am the spirit that denies for ever,
And rightly—for of all that rises, never
One thing appears but what deserves to go
To ruin and destruction—therefore know,
’Tis better nothing should arise at all;
Thus all men sin, annihilation call—
Evil, in short, is my true atmosphere!

Faust. You say you are a part, yet whole are standing here.

Meph. I tell thee but the modest truth—though man,
That world of folly in a narrow span,
With boasting speech—himself a whole can call;
I’m part of that part which at first was All,
Part of that darkness from whence sprung the Light
That proudly now contends with mother Night,
Her ancient rank and space—yet speeds but ill,—
Strive as Light may it clings to matter still:
It is from matter that Light streams and flows,
Light robeth matter in its rarest hue,
’Tis matter stops it as it streams and flows,
And ’twill I hope with matter perish too!

Faust. Now then I recognise thy worthy trade!

Destroy thou canst not, on the largest scale,
So on a small one the attempt is made.

Meph. Ay! and to say the truth, with small avail;
Opposed to nothing from its birth,
This something—this so clumsy earth,
So oft as I the task have set,
I know not how to crush it yet;
By waves, storms, earthquakes, and the levin brand,
Untouch'd, unharm'd, remains the sea, the land;
And that damn'd stuff,—of man and beasts the brood,
There is no way of stopping that beside;
How many have I buried,—yet fresh blood
Still circulates in ever-flowing tide.
Enough to make one wild with rage to be,
And yet from air, earth, water, still I see,
Germs by the thousand springing—they unfold
From wet and dry; they rise from hot and cold,
Had I not to myself kept fire alone,
There would be nothing I could call my own.

Faust. Then 'gainst the ever-active night,
That holy, all-creative glows,
Thou, clenched in unavailing spite,
Dost thy cold, devil's-fist oppose!
Work in some other mode thy guile,
Of chaos thou the strangest son!

Meph. Why, we will think of it the while,
More—the next time we meet—thereon;
But this time may I hence?

Faust. I know not why
You ask the question, but now knowing you,
Seek me again whene'er you will—there lie
The door, the windows,—here's a chimney too.

Meph. Why, to confess, your threshold doth present
To passing out a slight impediment,
The wizard's foot upon its surface press'd.

Faust. By that then is your passage out distress'd?
If this your footsteps can repel,
How was it that you entered? say,
And let me know, you son of hell,
What such a spirit could betray?

Meph. Observe it closely—all the lines, you'll see,
Are not well drawn,—one angle outwardly
Is somewhat open—
   Faust.        Lucky this—and thou,
Hast by this chance become my prisoner now.
   Meph. The poodle springing in saw nothing there,
But now quite otherwise seems the affair;
The devil can't get out.
   Faust.        Why not withdraw,
Here by the window?
   Meph.          'Tis a binding law
On devils and phantoms, that the self-same way
   They must go out by which they entrance found:
By any passage in we’re free to stray,
   But for our egress we as slaves are bound.
   Faust. Has hell itself its laws then? good,—if so,
A binding treaty may with you be pass’d!
   Meph. Whate’er is promised shalt thou truly know,
   Enjoying without decrease till the last.
But this is not so shortly done:
More will we speak next time hereon,
And earnestly again I pray,
For this time, let me hence away.
   Faust. One moment yet, and let me learn
Something worth hearing, and without a mask—
   Meph. Nay, let me go—I’ll soon return,
When questions you at will may ask.
   Faust. I did not lay for you the snare;
   You sought it of you own accord:
Who finds the devil once—beware!
And let him hold him tightly there,
   He will not soon a second chance afford!
   Meph. Well! if you say it shall be, I
Will stay and keep you company;
But on condition that the while
My skill your leisure shall beguile.

_Faust_. Do so—your art I shall with pleasure see,
But something gay and pleasant let it be.

_Mephisto_. This hour, my friend, will give your senses more
Delight, than any year you've lived before;
The songs the airy spirits sing,
The beauteous images they bring,
Are not an empty magic-play,
Nor merely dreams and shadows—they
Delight on every sense shall throw—
Smell, taste, and touch, alike shall know
Their highest pleasure;—all are here and need
No preparation to begin—proceed!

_Spirits_ (sing).

_Ye dark, o'er-arching roofs that bend
   Above us—vanish, disappear;_
And let thy brilliant light descend,
   Thou sky, so azure and so clear,—_
Would the dark clouds that o'er thee stray
   Were melted to thin air away!
Then little stars would sparkle o'er,
   And softer suns their smiles would pour;
The beauty of the spirit throng,
   The children of the heavenly king,
Trembling, above us pours along,
   Coursed by Desire's ardent wing.
On earth, behold how bright and fair,
   Gay ribbons flutter in the air;
O'er the level plain they hover,
   And the green-wove bowers they cover,
Where youthful hearts (whose happiness
   Glows deep in thoughts' most hidden mine,
And seeks not words' unneeded dress)
   Themselves to life's best joys resign.
Grove upon grove, the spreading vine
   Doth in green sprouting tendrils twine,
And, bending down, the grapes o'erflow
With wine into the vat below,
Which gushing, flows in foaming streams
In brooks where many a jewel gleams;
Behind them leaving hill and steep,
To seas they broaden, wide and deep,
To deck with beauty brighter still
The verdure of each grassy hill.
The winged throng that sips delight,
Flies forth to meet the orb of day,
Flies forth to meet those islands bright
Which dancing on the waters, play.
And there we listen to the song
In joyful chorus borne along;
And dancers of the meads are there
Who wander freely everywhere;
Some scale the heights with buoyant limb;
See! others 'er the waters swim;
In middle air their forms are rife,
For others there, light hovering, play;
But all press onwards to the life,
Towards the distant, far-away,
Where beams of joy, that ever bless,
Shine forth from stars of happiness.

Meph. He sleeps! well done, my gay and airy throng,
You've fairly overthrown him with your song;
I for this concert now am in your debt;
Thou 'rt not the man to hold the devil yet!
With vision'd forms of sweetness round him play,
Sunk in a sea of error let him lay!

But now to break this threshold's spell,
Some rat's keen tooth must serve me well;
I hear one rustling 'neath the oak,
And need not long his aid invoke:
Attend! the Lord of rats and mice,
Of flies and frogs, of bugs and lice,
Commands thee gnaw this magic point
Where he with oil doth it anoint;
So! hopping forth, you're here, I see,—
Now to your task fall instantly;
The point that holds me's on the edge,
Towards the threshold's inner ledge;
Quick! one bite more and then your work's complete.
Now Faust! dream on until again we meet.

Faust (awakening). Am I once more, then, made
delusion's prey?
And could my vision vanish thus away,
That throng so rich with forms of beauty shaped?
And was it in a dream of lies
The devil appear'd before mine eyes,
And that a poodle from my room escaped?

SCENE.—FAUST'S STUDY.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. Who knocks? Who would again encroach
Upon my time? Come in! Approach!
Meph. 'Tis I.
Faust. Come in!
Meph. But you must tell
Me so three times!
Faust. Come in then!
Meph. Well!
I trust, for all that yet has past,
That we shall both agree at last;
To chase your gloomy thoughts away,
You see I have arrived to-day,
Apparell'd like a youth of note
In silken vest and scarlet coat,
Cock's plume, and pointed sword—and I
Advise you—lose no time in words,
But take the self-same dress, and try,
Free, unrestrain'd, what life affords.
*Faust.* In every dress I still must cope
With this contracted life of earth;
Too young to be without a hope,
I'm yet too old for empty mirth.
What can the world afford to me?
"Thou shalt renounce," the eternal song
That every day and hour must be
Rung in our ears our whole life long.
Oh! bitter tears I fain could shed,
To note that day pass o'er my head,
That in its course would let me see
One single wish fulfill'd for me!
Each bright presentiment of joy
This wayward feeling darkens o'er,
And dull realities destroy
The world my busy thoughts explore.
At morn I only wake to find
New horrors—and at evening's close
My couch I seek, but there my mind
Feels not the blessings of repose.
Then through my brain wild dreams career
And harrow up my soul with fear.
The God that dwells within my breast,
He that can stir my inmost soul,
Is powerless o'er all the rest—
O'er things without has no controul.
Thus, Being as a load I bear,
The stroke of death a wish and prayer;
With hatred deep I life detest—
Meph. Yet death is never quite a welcome guest!
Faust. Oh! blest is he whose brow he binds
With gory wreath 'mid victory's blaze;
Whom in a maiden's arms he finds
After the dance's maddening maze.
O that my soul had gently sunk
Enrapt, before his spirit's might!
Meph. Yet that brown juice, there, was not drunk
By certain lips, on certain night!
Faust. It seems then that you sometimes try,
By way of sport, to play the spy.
Meph. I'm not omniscient, but may boast,
That I perceive as much as most.
Faust. Since, then, a sweet familiar tone
Could draw me from those thronging fears,
And held my hand by touching on
Some feelings left from childhood's years,
Could wake with its melodious powers
A soothing thought of happier hours;
My curse descend on all that twines
Its jugglery around the soul,
And, with its cheating force, confines
Our hearts to earth with strong controul!
Accurséd first the high opinion
In which the soul is wrapp'd around;
Accurséd the senses' strong dominion,
For ever by appearance bound.
Accurséd be the lofty themes,
That play the cheat to us in dreams,
The cheat of glory and of fame,
The cheat of an immortal name.
Cursed be the things to which men bow,
And worship as the goods of life,
FAUST.

As house or land, as slave or plough,
Or dearer yet—as child or wife.
Accursed be Mammon, when he sheds
His stores to action to incite,
And cursed his hand, whene’er he spreads
Our couch for indolent delight.
Accurséd be the sparkling Wine:
Love’s best emotions, be they cursed,
Hope! Faith!—but may this curse of mine
Descend on Patience—last and worst!

Chorus of Invisible Spirits.

Woe! Woe! Ah Woe! Thou hast destroy’d
A beauteous world, and made it void
With strong, and stern, and ruthless hand;
Crush’d by the blow thy pride hath given.
It falls, it rends, to ruins driven,
By thine—a demigod’s command.
And ours the task, to bear away
Into annihilation’s deep
Thine havoc’s wreck—and by the way,
Above the beauty lost, to weep.
Oh! mighty ’mid the sons of men!
Oh! proud one! build it up again;
Raise it within thy breast once more!
Begin of life a new career
With sense unstain’d, with feelings clear,
And new-born lays
Our hearts shall raise
To peal, that renovation o’er!

Meph. These are my little ones—and heed,
How wisely they their counsel give!
From solitude they bid you speed,
To where you may enjoy and live.
From hence, where blood and thought grow dull and dead,
Out to the world they ask you to be led!
Cease with your sorrows thus to play,
Which on your life like vultures prey;
Men of the lowest, vilest grade,
Where you companionship may find,
Will yet recall that you were made
To be a man amid mankind.
Yet mean I not to thrust you there
Amid the common pack to fare;
I do not rank among the great,
But if with me you'll link your fate,
And wend your way through life with me.
I will adapt myself to thee,—
Me for companion thou shalt ever have,
And, if you choose, your servant and your slave.

_Faust._ And what for this am I to do again?

_Meph._ You will for that a lengthen'd term obtain.

_Faust._ No! No! the devil is selfish one,
And will not readily do aught, that done,
Might serve another in a single thing.
Say, what then the condition is to be,
And clearly too—a servant such as thee
A mischief to the house full well may bring.

_Meph._ While here on Earth to be your slave I swear,
Still ready at your slightest call to be,
And when we find ourselves together there,
You then shall undertake the same for me.

_Faust._ With little trouble am I curst
About the Thence—for if you first
This world destroy, I care not when
Or how the other's built again.
From this earth flows each rapture that is mine;
And this sun's beams upon my sorrows shine,
So that I parted from them first may be,
What may or can, may happen then for me;
I'll hear no more of what may be our fate,
If in that future we shall love or hate,
Or whether in those distant spheres are known
An over and an under like our own.

Mephisto. In such a mood as this thou mayst
Venture the risk—thyself but bind,
And in these days thy soul shall taste
All the delights my heart can find;
And through the term I'll give thee more,
Than ever man has seen before.

Faust. And what, poor devil, canst bestow!
Canst thou the glorious mind of man,
In all its proud aspiring, know?
May one like thee its nature scan?
But hast thou food that never satisfies?
Red gold that melts within the hand, and flies?
A game at which though ever play'd,
No one can ever win?
A maid
Who on my breast will fondly toy,
Yet even then my neighbour leers?
Or honours bright, and god-like joy,
That like a meteor disappears?
Show me the fruit that ere 'tis pluck'd doth rot,
And trees that bloom anew each coming day?

Mephisto. A task like this you set affrights me not,
Such pleasures to your sight I could display.
But, friend, the moments now towards us haste,
When all that's good we may in quiet taste.

Faust. No! If there ever should but come a day
When calmly resting on my couch I lay,
Then may life cease;—let all thy lies be spent,
And if thou e'er canst cheat me to content,
If all the flatteries thou canst employ
Can once betray me to a sense of joy,
May that be then the last of days to me!
This as a wager do I offer thee.

*Meph.* Done!

*Faust.* And that instantly; whene'er I say
To one brief moment, "Stay! thou art so fair,"
Around me then thy fetters thou mayst lay,
And I will perish, scarcely with a care!
Then may the death-bell’s warning call—
Thou from thy service shalt be free!
The clock may stand, the index fall,
Be time a thing no more for me!

*Meph.* Bethink thee well, for I shall not forget!

*Faust.* Thou hast full right on this thy watch to set;
I have not rashly judged what powers I bear;
As I exist, 'tis but as slave I live,—
What boots it then to ask whose chains I wear,
If thine, or others' hand the yoke must give?

*Meph.* This very day then at the Doctor's feast
I will my duty sworn as servant do;
But lest our bond by chance should be released,
I would just ask you for a line or two.

*Faust.* Why! Pedant, dost thou writing then demand?
Man, or man's word hast thou yet never scann'd?
Does not the world in all its streams
Rush onward free and uncontroll'd?
But me a promise seal'd, it seems,
Must firmly bind, and strongly hold!
Yet, 'tis a prejudice that long
Has made its dwelling in the heart,
And who would wish to do such wrong
As bid its spell depart?
Happy is he who can retain
At heart the truth unmix'd with stain;
He mourns no course he must pursue,
No sacrifice he needs to rue;
But yet a roll of parchment, when
'Tis stamp'd and blotted o'er with ink,
Becomes unto the hearts of men
A spectre from whose sight they shrink.
The hand scarce forms the letters well,
Ere 'neath the pen the meaning flies;
But wax and leather form the spell,
That doth the binding power comprise.
Brass, paper, parchment, marble white,
Which, wouldst thou, Evil one, of me?
Say! shall I grave it? or but write?
I leave the choice of all to thee.

Meph. Why need you make so great a fuss,
And mar your speech with passion thus?
The merest scrap shall hold for good,
If undersign'd by you in blood.

Faust. If this will fully satisfy thee,
The silly whim I'll not deny thee.

Meph. Blood 's a peculiar juice, you will observe.

Faust. But fear not I shall from this compact swerve.
All that my stirring soul desired
Was to gain what I've promised thee;
Too high I find its thought aspired,
I only of thy rank can be.
By the Great Spirit am I spurn'd,
Thrust far away—and Nature, too,
Now from my longing gaze has turn'd
And shut herself against my view.
The thread of thought is snapp'd in twain;
Nought in all knowledge can I find,
But long has been disgust, and pain,
And bitter loathing to my mind.
Amid the depths of sensuality,
Now let us quench each loftier passion's glow,
'Neath the yet unpierced veil of sorcery
Let every wonder rise to meet us now.
Into the rushing on of Time,
'Mid Action's whirl of good and crime,
Together let us speed;
Then pain that grieves, and joys that bless,
And Disappointment and Success,
Each other may succeed.
Action, without a stay or rest,
Is that which suits man's nature best.

Mephisto. Nor bound nor limit is to thee assign'd;
If to all pleasure you devote your mind,
Tasting all dainties as you pass them by,
Still snatching sweetness, as o'er all you fly,
Well may you speed;—but quick your time employ;
At once fall to, and do not be so coy.

Faust. Pleasure is not the thing of which I speak,
It is the tumult of all sense I seek;
'Tis agonising joy, enamour'd hate,
All disappointing pangs that animate!
Cured of all thirst for knowledge,—now my heart,
To every pang in future will I bare,
And all those feelings, of which all have part,
Will I within my inmost spirit share.
My soul shall with the Highest grasp,
Shall seize alike upon the Low,
And to my bosom will I clasp
All human weal, all human woe.
My single nature, widening, shall embrace
Within itself the nature shared by all;
Like them their joys and sorrows will I trace,
And will at last, like them, to nothing fall!

Meph. Oh! trust me, who on this hard food,
For many thousand years have chew’d,
From cradle unto bier, no human breast,
Could ever the old leaven yet digest;
This whole too, upon which you set your thought,
Believe me, for a god alone is wrought;
He lives for ever in a blaze of light,
Us to eternal darkness has he brought;
To you are suited only day and night.

Faust. Ay! but it shall be so—

Meph. That soon is said;
But one thing still my peace doth wrong,
That time is short, and art is long;
To learn I thought you’d let yourself be led!

Make of a poet your associate,
Bid him through all imagination sweep;
Make him all qualities of good and great
Upon your honour’d head together heap;—
The lion’s courage, port, and ire;
The swiftness of the deer pursued;
The quick Italian’s blood of fire,
The German’s calmer fortitude:
Let him for you the mystery find,
How that together one may bind
Cunning and nobleness of mind!
To love on system, and yet still retain
The generous and wild desires of youth;
Might I with such a man acquaintance gain,
I’d call him “Mister Microcosm,” in truth.
Faust. What am I then, if I can ne’er possess
Of human life the highest, brightest part,
To which with every sense I strive and press?
Meph. Why, thou art in the end—just what thou
art!
Go! deck thyself with wigs of million locks—
Fix, if thou wilt, thy feet on ell-high stocks,
Yet just the same as thou art now,
For ever that abidest thou!
Faust. I feel—I feel it! for I find
That I in vain with toil have stored
Each treasure of the human mind,
Within my heart, as in a hoard.
And now I sit at last beside the goal,
No fresh, new power wells forth within my soul:
I am not, after all, a hair’s breadth higher,
Nor to the Infinite a tittle higher.
Meph. Good sir! I see these things you view
Just in the common garb they wear,
A wiser course we must pursue
Before life’s pleasures disappear.
The devil!—can you not employ
Hands, feet, and head, and all that’s thine?
What I with spirit can enjoy,
Must I the less consider mine?
If I can for six horses pay,
Their strength is mine—I dash away
A proper man, as if I’d known
All four-and-twenty legs my own.
Come! come! aside such thoughts and ponderings lay;
Or with them, out into the world away.
One to mere speculation always given
Is like a brute on a dry common bound,
By some ill spirit in one circle driven,
   While pasture, fresh and green, spreads all around.
_Faust._ How shall we manage?
_Meph._ Forth at once proceed!
A place of martyrdom is this for you;
   Can you call this the sort of life to lead,
O'erwearying yourself and scholars too?
Leave this to neighbour Paunch—such straw and trash
Why do you give yourself the toil to thrash?
The best you know you dare not tell the boys;
E'en now there's one approaching, by the noise.
_Faust._ I'll see him not—
_Meph._ Poor boy! he's waited long,
To send him disappointed back were wrong;
Give me your cap and gown,—and you shall see,—
This masking robe will suit me famously.

_[He puts on the dress._

'Trust to my wit, I only need
   The quarter of an hour to spare;
In the mean time do you proceed,
   And for our pleasant trip prepare.
_[Faust exit._
_Meph. (in Faust's long gown)._ Yes! Reason and all
   Knowledge but despise,
Man's highest strength—and let thy soul decline
Under the influence of the Prince of Lies,
   Till stronger yet is link'd thy part divine
With the delusion that shall round thee rise;
Then—then, without condition, thou art mine!
His fate has given him a soul, which will,
Uncurb'd, uncheck'd, be pressing onward still;
Whose o'erwrought striving after distant things
All near and earthly pleasure oversprings.
Through all in life most bare and waste,
Him will I lead with me,
And all things shall beguile his taste
With flat vapidity.
Amid them shall he struggle—gaze, yet stand
More strongly fetter'd by my thralling band;
Of all-insatiable soul,
To never-slaked desire a slave,
Before his lips their drink shall roll,
Untasted fruit before them wave;
For joys, delights, unfelt before,
In vain shall he with prayers implore.
And had not his own wilfulness
His soul unto the devil bound,
He must with certainty no less
Himself his own damnation found!

_The Scholar enters._

_Scholar._ I here have just arrived from home,
And all devotion have I come,
To see and talk with one whom all
With reverence have named to me.

_Meph._ Your courtesy doth for answer call;
A man like many more you see;
Have you inquired yet elsewhere?

_Scholar._ Let me, I pray, your interest share!
With youthful blood, but little gold,
And every wish to learn, I've come.
My mother's heart would fain withhold
My steps from wandering from my home,
But I desired to discern
If right and truth I here might learn.

_Meph._ The very place these things to find
Is this;—
Scholar. But still, to speak my mind,
E’en now I wish myself away!
These roofs and halls, in no degree
Suit with my taste—and I must say
Each room too narrow seems to me.
Nor waving branch—nor bower of green
May there in any place be seen,
And on the benches, in the hall,
Thought, hearing, sight, forsake me all!

Meph. These come with habit only—so
An infant takes its mother’s breast
Not willingly at first—although
It feeds full soon with joyful zest.
So from the breasts of Wisdom wilt thou feel
More pleasure with each day upon thee steal.

Scholar. I on her neck shall hang delightedly!
But tell me only how she mine may be?

Meph. Just say, before more time we lose,
What, for a faculty, you choose.

Scholar. I wish to be most deeply learn’d,
And would all-willingly pursue
All things in earth or heaven discern’d,
In science and in nature too.

Meph. You’re in the right direction here;
But keep your thought unbent and clear.

Scholar. I’ll give the task all heart and mind;
But yet sometimes would gladly play
For relaxation; when I find
A sunny summer’s holiday.

Meph. But use all time within your reach,
So rapidly it passes by.
Order, indeed, will always teach
The way to gain on hours that fly.
For this, then, I should wish to make
You first a course of logic take;
For 'tis an art by which the mind
Is nicely fetter'd and confined!
Laced up in Spanish-boots, it creeps
Discreetly o'er the path of thought,
And here and there no longer sweeps,
Like marsh-lights by the breezes caught.
Then many an hour will be spent
In teaching what you once could get
By the first single glance you lent,
As freely as you drank or eat;
But one—two—three, you now must learn,
Are needed, ere you can discern.
'Tis with the fabrics woven by the mind,
As with the web which is the weaver's care;
In this a single treadle, we may find,
Can move at once a thousand threads—and there
The shuttles ever back and forwards play,
And threads unseen and viewless shoot and stray,
While midst them all a thousand ties
Are struck off at a single blow—
Your wise man here steps in and cries,
(T' enlighten you,) "It must be so."
The first being thus,—the second thus,—you see
That thus the third and fourth, of course, must be;
And if the first and second had not been,
The third and fourth would never have been seen!
Scholars in every time and place
Great value on such lore have set,
But never one of all the race
Has ever made a Weaver yet.
He who life's mystery would know,
And to another would display,
Tries (ere its nature he can show)
To drive the breathing soul away;
The parts are then within his hand,
And only want—their living band!
Of Nature the manipulation,
The art is term’d by chemistry,
Which by its own denomination,
Doth mock itself unknowingly.

Scholar. Your meaning, sir, I cannot quite discern.

Mephistopheles. You’ll soon improve in this, if you but learn
All things you meet with—properly
T’arrange, reduce, and classify.

Scholar. All things to me you here have said,
So utterly my thoughts confound,

I feel as if within my head
There were a millwheel turning round!

Mephistopheles. Next your attention I would call

To metaphysics—so you’ll scan
With most profound conception—all
Unfitted for the brain of man!
A learned word will serve you well
What’s there—and what is not, to tell.
But use in this, your first half-year,
The greatest regularity;
Five lectures every day you’ll hear;

There, as the clock strikes, you must be:
Be well prepared before you go;
The paragraphs all learn’d by heart,
Thereby you will the better know
He does not from the book depart.
He cannot then your mind beguile
With aught but in the volume stated;
Yet write as earnestly the while
   As if the Holy Ghost dictated!
_Scholar_. I shall not need your bidding twice,
I judge how useful your advice;
What we in white and black can lay
We can securely bear away.
_Meph_. Yet choose you out a faculty!
_Scholar_. The Law will never suit with me!
_Meph_. I cannot blame you—for I know
   All to this science link’d and wed;
Both laws and rights descending go,
   Like a disease inherited.
They drag along from race to race,
They slowly shift from place to place;
Reason to nonsense turn’d we see,
   Well-doing to a curse is worn;
And, ’neath the law,—’tis woe to thee
   If thou hast been a grandson born!
But of the law born with us—of the heart—
   Of this, alas! no question e’er is sought!
_Scholar_. You add to my aversion;—lucky part
   Is his who by your wisdom may be taught!
I almost think that I would be
A student of Theology.
_Meph_. I should not wish to lead you wrong;
   In all this study it is hard
Your steps from the false way to guard,
While to it there doth still belong
So much of hidden poison too, which we
Scarce from its antidote can tell or see.
In this too, it is best to hear
But one—and by his words to swear;
Upon the whole—fast by the word abide,
And safely through the porch 'twill be your guide,
Into the temple of calm Certainty.

_Scholar._ But still some meaning with the word must be.
_Meph._ 'Tis true! but one need never care to spend
Too much anxiety or toil on this;
For, just where meaning fails, the word will lend
Its aid in time that cannot come amiss.

With words we safely may dispute,
On words we can a system lay;
With our belief, _words_ nicely suit,
And from a word can nought be took away.

_Scholar._ You with my questions I detain,
But pray excuse me—I would yet
Hear you on Medicine's art explain,
And words of guidance for me set.

Three years are but a shorten'd tide,
And, ah! the field is very wide;
When but a single hint is known
One then can better feel one's way.

_Meph._ (aside)._ I'm tired of this pedantic tone,
And must again the downright devil play.

_[Aloud.]_
Him you will find the proper man.
You're fairly built, and seem beside
As if you had some boldness too;
If you but in yourself confide,
Then other souls will trust in you.
But above all, learn how to treat
The women—for their "Ah’s" and "Oh’s"
So multiform, you soon may meet;
For from one point their healing flows.
Be you but passably demure,
Command o'er all you 'll soon secure;
A title first must be possesst,
In you a confidence to breed:
Superior knowledge 'twill attest,
And show your heart doth all exceed.
Those little favours then at once you gain,
For which another coaxes years in vain.
Adroitly learn their pulse to feel—
And boldly round the slender waist
Your arm, with knowing glances, steal,
To try how tightly it is laced!
*Scholar.* There's sense in *that*—one seeth there,
At any rate, the how and where!
*Mepf.* All theory, my friend, is grey;
But green is life's bright, golden tree!
*Scholar.* And yet, in truth, I needs must say,
All this appears a dream to me!
Dare I another time your wisdom task,
And on these grounds once more to hear you, ask?
*Mepf.* What I can give shall willingly be thine!
*Scholar.* But thus I really cannot from you go;
This blank-leaved volume I have here is mine;
This token of your favour will you show?
Meph. Most willingly—

[He takes the book, writes, and returns it.

Scholar (reads). "Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum."

[He shuts the book reverentially, and takes his leave.

Meph. Ay! only trust to that old text, and take
The council of my ancient friend, the Snake,
And soon will come a time when you shall see
Good cause for grief, though "like to God" you be.

Faust (enters). Where now, then?

Meph. Where it pleases thee;
The great and little world we'll see,
And with what joy and pleasure you
The boundless course will revel through!

Faust. But with this beard—too well I know
Life's light and easy art I need;
One with the world I ne'er could grow,—
The experiment will not succeed.
When I in others' presence stand,
I feel myself so mean, so small,
That now I know on every hand
Embarrassments will on me fall.

Meph. All this, my friend, will time provide,
And of itself, itself will give;
Soon as you in yourself confide,
You know the way to live!

Faust. How do we set upon our road?
Where is our carriage, servant, horse?

Meph. This mantle we but spread abroad,
And through the air 'twill speed our course.
For our bold journey you will take
Your baggage small, compact in girth;
Some vapour I will ready make
Shall lift us lightly from the earth.
Swift shall we mount if we are light of weight;
You, on your novel life, let me congratulate.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE.—AUFERBACH'S CELLAR, LEIPSIC.

A company of jovial fellows drinking.

FROSCH, BRANDER, ALTMAIER, SIEBEL.

FROSCH. Will no one drink? none laughter wake?
I'll teach you then some mouths to make;
You all seem like damp straw to-day,
Yet light enough can blaze away,
At other times;—

BRAN. The fault is thine,
You give not to our mirthfulness
Buffoonery nor beastliness.

FROSCH. There, then, are both—

[Throws a glass of wine over BRANDER'S head.]

BRAN. You double swine!

FROSCH. You wish'd yourself it should be so!

SIEBEL. Who quarrels to the door shall go!

With open heart strike up the round!
Swill, shout, till all the roofs resound!
Up, holla! Ho!

ALT. I'm lost, I swear!

He splits my head—some cotton here!

SIEBEL. 'Tis only when the echoes burst,
Rolling from arch to arch along,
That to our ears is token'd first
The power of bass amid the song!

FROSCH. Right! hence with him who takes amiss
Aught here! A tara, lara, da!
Alt. A tara! lara, lara, da!

Frosch. Our throats are fairly tuned by this!

"The dear old Roman empire! how,
Pray, holds it still together?"

Bran. A nasty and offensive song!
Political! pshaw! stupid, wrong!
Thank God with every coming morn,
Free from state troubles you were born;
And that you have not got to bear
Aught of the Roman empire's care!
I count it gain that mine is not
A chancellor's or kaiser's lot!
Still, of a chief we should not fail,—
To choose a pope then be our plan;
You know the gifts that turn the scale,
And elevate the man!

Frosch (sings).

"Soar up, Dame Nightingale, and greet
My love ten thousand times."

Siebel. No greeting to your love betide!
No, not one greeting shall there be!
Frosch. A greeting and a kiss beside!
Thou shalt not hinder me!

"Open bolts! 'tis stilly night,
Open bolts! the lover's waking!
Shut the bolts! when morning's light
And coming day are breaking."

Siebel. Ay! sing her praise in song and rhyme!
For me to laugh will come a time;
She 'll cheat you as she 's cheated me,
So may her love a goblin be!
Upon a dark and crossing way
May some such devil with her play;
An old he-goat may wicker her "good-night,"
As he from Blocksberg gallops in his flight!
A hearty knave of flesh and blood
Is for the wench by far too good!
So of no "greeting" here begin,
Unless to smash her windows in!

_Bran._ (striking the table). Attend here! all you gentlemen—
Grant that of life I something know;
On loving folks here sitting, then,
I something useful will bestow!
A song now of the newest coin,
And you the chorus boldly join!

A rat once in a cellar dwelt,
On fat and butter only fed it,
Until he raised a paunch, that might
Have done e'en Dr. Luther credit!
The cook laid poison in the place,
Then scarce he there found breathing space—

*Chorus.*—As if Love's burning element
Had been within his body pent!

Then round he ran, and out he flew,
At every pool he stopp'd and tasted,
He gnaw'd and scratch'd through all the house,
But naught avail'd,—his fury lasted!
In anguish gave he many a bound,
But soon, poor beast, an end he found!

*Chorus.*—As if Love's burning element
Had been within his body pent!

He ran into the kitchen then,
For very pain—in open day too!
And panting, fell upon the floor,
Where terribly convulsed he lay too!
Then laugh'd the poisoner, o'er him stretch'd—
Ha! he his latest breath has fetch'd!

*Chorus.*—As if Love's burning element
Had been within his body pent!
Siebel. How chuckle all these senseless flats!
A noble cunning this, 'tis true,
This laying poison for poor rats!
Bran. They're favour'd then, perhaps, by you!
Alt. The bald-pate paunch! this luckless lot,
Thus hearing he has soften'd grown;
He sees the swell'd-up rat has got
A figure very like his own!

Enter Faust and Mephistopheles.

Meph. (to Faust). But above all things, I must bring you where
You may the mirth of merry fellows share;
With whom it will be thine to see
How lightly life can pass away;
With churls like these, now, it can be
A feast with every coming day:
With little wit, and much content,
All in a narrow circle pent,
Speed in the rounding dance away,
Like kittens with their tails at play;
So while no headache's grief they find,
And while their host will credit give,
Free from all care they keep their mind,
And merrily and gaily live.
Bran. Just off their journey, one may swear!
I see it by their wondering air.
Frosch. Truly thou'rt right—Leipsic's the place!
'Tis mine,—and I do love it well,
A little Paris—by their grace
You may at once its people tell!
Siebel. Who should you take them both to be?
Frosch. Let me alone, and you shall see
I’ the drinking of a glass, I ’ll wind
It of out both of them, in truth,
   As easily as you would find
The drawing of an infant’s tooth.
   They proud and discontented seem,
So that they’re nobly born I deem.
   Bran. They’re mountebanks, I’ll wager well.
Alt. Most likely! now I’ll smoke them—note!
Meph. (to Faust). These fools would’nt the devil smell,
   Although he had them by the throat!
Faust. I greet you, gentlemen——
Siebel. And you we greet!

[To himself, looking askance at Mephistopheles.

What! does the fellow halt upon the feet?
Meph. Are we allow’d with you to sit?
Then in good liquor’s stead (which here
It seems that we can hardly get),
   Good company shall be our cheer.
Alt. A dainty taste appears this gentleman’s!
Frosch. You are from Rippach, lately—tell us, pray,
If ever there, before you came away,
You chanced to sup a night with Mister Hans?
Meph. We pass’d him, gentlemen, to-day,
When last we with him held some speech;
He of his cousins much did say,
   And sends his compliments to each!

   [He bows to Frosch.

Alt. (aside). You had it there—you see he’s up to it!
Siebel. A cunning fellow!
Frosch. Only wait a bit!
I’ll have him yet!
Meph. Unless I’m wrong,
Some well-us’d voices we could hear
Singing the chorus of a song;
Doubtless the echoes must be clear,
And through these vaulted arches ring
Most admirably while you sing.

_Frosch._ An amateur, perhaps!

_Faust._ Oh! no!

Small is the skill my voice would show;
My pleasure in the art is all
That I may venture great to call.

_Alt._ Give us a song!

_Meph._ ——Oh! if you like,
I will into a hundred strike.

_Siebel._ But let it be bran new, I pray?

_Faust._ We are upon our homeward way
From Spain—and have not travell’d long
From that bright land of wine and song.

_Meph._ (sings).

Once on a time there was a king
Who had a wondrous flea!

_Frosch._ Didst mark that well? I deem a flea
A neat and cleanly guest to be!

_Meph._ (sings).

Once on a time there was a king
Who had a wondrous flea,
And by him it no less was loved
Than his only son might be;
The monarch for his tailor call’d,
Who hasted thereupon—
"There! make the youngster clothes to wear,
And put him breeches on!"

_Bran._ Forget not that the tailor’s told
To see he gives a careful fit,
And, as his head he dear doth hold,
He make the breeches smoothly sit.

_Meph._ (sings).

In silken robes, and satin, too,
This flea was now array'd,
Had ribbons on his coat—and wore
A cross thereon display'd!
 Soon he a broad, bright star did sport,
And a minister he grew,
Then call'd his cousins up to court,
And made them noble too!

The courtiers smooth and ladies fair
Were now torment'd sore,
From queen to waiting-maid, they were
All prick'd and bitten o'er.
Yet dared they not to crack them,
Or scratch them in despite;
But we'll soon crack and stifle them,
If us they dare to bite.

_Chorus (shouting)._ 

But we'll soon crack and stifle them,
If us they dare to bite.

_Frosch._ Bravo! that sounded famously!
_Siebel._ And so shall perish every flea!
_Bran._ Point your fingers and nick them fine!
_Al._ Freedom for ever! Hurrah for wine!
_Meph._ I willingly a glass would raise,
And drink with you to freedom's praise,
If that the wine they give us here
Only a little better were.
_Siebel._ We'll not hear that again from thee!
_Meph._ But that the host would angry be,
I'd freely treat each worthy guest,
From our own cellar, to the best!
_Siebel._ Out with it! I the blame will bear!
Frosch. Ay! a good glass for us prepare,
And we will praise you, one and all;—
Don’t let your sample be too small,
My skill in judging is but dull
Unless I have my mouth right full.

Alt. (aside). They’re from the Rhine, I think!
Meph. Here! bring
A gimlet, quick!

Bran. Why such a thing?

No barrels at the door-way stand!

Alt. The landlord’s tool-chest’s here at hand!
Meph. (taking the gimlet—to Frosch). Now, say what
sort of wine you’ll take.

Frosch. What do you mean? have you so many here?
Meph. I tell you, each of you your choice may make.

Alt. (to Frosch). Licking your lips, already, I declare!
Frosch. Well, then! if I may choose—the wine
That grows upon the banks of Rhine!
It ever is our fatherland
Gives the best gifts unto our hand.

Meph. (boring a hole in the table where Frosch sits). A little wax
to make some stoppers—

Alt. See!

These are mere juggler’s tricks!—

Meph. (to Branden). What wine for thee?
Bran. Oh! why, Champagne, and sparkling let it be!

[BEPHISTOPHELES bores another hole; one of them in the mean
time has made some stoppers from the wax and stopped the holes.

Bran. We cannot always what is foreign shun,
The good so far from us we often see;
True Germans hate all Frenchmen, every one,
But yet will drink their wine most willingly.

Siebel (while MEPHISTOPHELES approaches his place).
I own I like not acid wine,
A glass of right-down sweet be mine!

_Meph._ (boring). Full soon, then, shall Tokay be thine.

_Alrt._ Here, gentlemen! just look at me;
You’re only mocking us, I fear!

_Meph._ That were too great a liberty,
With guests like those around us here!

But quickly say—declare with speed,
What wine shall I unto you bring?

_Alrt._ Oh! any that you have;—no need
Of much, or lengthen’d questioning.

_Meph._ (After the holes are all bored and stopped, says with strange gestures).

By the vine-stock wine is borne,
High the he-goat bears his horn;
Though flowing is its juice—yet still
But wooden is the vine,

And so the wooden table will
Yield forth for us our wine!

An insight this to Nature’s hidden cell,
And see that you believe the miracle!

Now draw the plugs, and to it go!

_Alt._ (As they take out the stoppers and the wine each has named flows into his glass).

Oh! beauteous stream, that here dost flow!

_Meph._ Only I beg, be cautious still
That none of you the liquor spill!

[They drink frequently.

_All (sing)._  

“As happy all as cannibals!
Glad as five hundred swine!”

_Meph._ (to Faust). Now they enjoy! mark but their glee!

_Faust._ I would much rather go away!
**Meph.** Just note how bestiality
Will gloriously itself display!

**Siebel.** *(Drinking carelessly, the wine is spilt on the ground, and turns into flame).*

Help! fire! help! here's flaming hell!

**Meph.** *(addressing the flame).* Be quiet! friendly element!

For this time, friend, *(to Siebel,)* the drop that fell

Was but from purgatory sent.

**Siebel.** What's that! It seems you do not know us!

For this you shall most dearly pay!

**Frosch.** This let him only twice but show us!

**Alt.** Best get him quietly away!

**Siebel.** What, sir! and do you dare with us

Practise your hocus-pocus thus!

**Meph.** Silence! old Wine-cask!

**Siebel.** Broomstick! will

You add then insult to disdain?

**Bran.** Only just be a moment still,

And blows shall pretty thickly rain!

**Alt.** *(pulls one of the plugs out of the table, and fire flies out of the hole against him).*

I burn! I burn!

**Siebel.** Here's sorcery!

Thrust home! the knave is stabbing free!

*(They draw their knives and rush on Mephistopheles.)*

**Meph.** *(with solemn gestures).*

Image false!

And word as strange,

Sense and place

Together change!

Let your influence appear

Here awhile, and after, there.

*(They stand astounded, and look at each other.)*

**Alt.** Where am I? What a beauteous land!
Frosch. Vineyards! or sure my sight deceives!
Siebel. And here are grapes, too, close at hand!
Bran. And see! beneath their spreading leaves
How fine a stem doth twine
And what a bunch doth shine!

[He seizes Siebel by the nose; the others do the same, and brandish their knives.

Meph. (as before). Now, Error! loose from off their eyes
The band that keeps them blind;
And how the devil jokes,—do you
Hereafter bear in mind!

[He vanishes with Faust; the men shrink from each other.

Siebel. What's this?
Alt. How now!
Frosch. Here is no vine!

Was it your nose?
Bran. (to Siebel). And here is thine!
Within my hand!

Alt. The shock, I swear,
Has thrill'd all through me; quick! a chair!
For I am sinking!

Frosch. Only say,
What was it that deceived our sense?

Siebel. Where is the knave? If ever in my way
He comes again, he not with life goes thence!

Alt. I saw him on a cask astride,
From out the cellar swiftly ride,—
Saw it myself;—my feet feel dead,
And heavy, as two lumps of lead!

[Going to the table.

I wonder if our gushing stream
Is flowing still!

Siebel. A cheat! a dream!
Was all we saw—a dazzling shine.
FAUST.

Froesch. And yet I thought our drink was wine!
Bran. How was it with the grapes and vine?
Alt. Let any one hereafter tell
Me not to trust in miracle!

SCENE.—THE WITCH'S KITCHEN.

A fire is burning on a low hearth. A large cauldron is
hanging over it. In the fumes which rise from the vessel
various figures are seen. A Female Monkey is sitting
by the cauldron, skimming it, and taking care that it
does not boil over. The Male Monkey, with the young
ones, is sitting near the fire, warming himself. The walls
and ceiling are decked with the rarest articles and uten-
sils of Witchery.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. With loathing deep I feel my soul imbued
For this mad witchcraft—dost thou promise me
That I shall really ever be renew'd,
In this wild Chaos of insanity?
And do I need advice in aught
That can by an old hag be taught?
Will all her filthy cookery
From off this body really steal
Full thirty years?—Ah! woe is me,
If nothing better you reveal!
Hope is departed from me;—can
It be that in all nature's round,
Search'd by the noble soul of man,
No such a draught was ever found!

Meph. My friend, in this you wisely speak again,
Nature one means of growing young affords;
Another book, though, does the lore contain,
And 'tis a chapter strange, the mode records.

\textit{Faust}. Oh! tell it me!
\textit{Meph}. If you the means would hold
Without physician, sorcery, or gold,
Betake yourself forthwith into the field,
And hack and dig—the spade and mattock wield;
Yourself, and all your thoughts, confine
Within a narrow bounding line;
Be all your food of simplest kind,
Live as a beast, the beasts among,
And never let it in your mind
Be deem'd a robbery or wrong,
If you yourself manure the soil
That yields its harvest to your toil.
Trust me—this mode 's the best, to give
One youth—though eighty years one live!

\textit{Faust}. To this I never yet was used—nor can
I e'er to take the spade in hand submit.
It suits me not, this narrowest life of man—

\textit{Meph}. Then must the Witch, at last, accomplish it.

\textit{Faust}. Why the Witch only? Can not you
Yourself this magic potion brew?

\textit{Meph}. A pretty pastime! I could build the while
A thousand bridges, and with less of toil!
Not only skill and science doth it ask,
But patience, too, is wanted for the task:
A quiet spirit is content
For years to fashion and produce;
By time alone that power is lent,
That gives its virtue to the juice.
And all the things of which 'tis wrought
FAUST.

Are wondrous of their kind, and rare,
True! by the devil she was taught,
Yet cannot he the draught prepare.

[Looking at the Monkeys.

Behold! in truth, a pretty pair,
The maiden this—the boy is there.

[Addressing them.

It seems the Mistress is away!

Monkeys. To the feast she's sped,
From the house has fled
Out from the chimney-stone to stray

Meph. And pray, how long then may it be,
She for her rovings doth require?

Monkeys. A time about as long, as we
May warm our paws before the fire.

Meph. (to Faust). What think you of this pretty pair?

Faust. Such bestial things ne'er met mine eye.

Meph. Nay! a discourse like this, I swear,
Is just what I prefer to try.

[Speaking to the Monkeys.

But say, cursed whelps, what is it you
Are in this porridge stirring up?

Monkeys. Coarse beggars' broth we cook—

Meph. No few.

Will come, then, with you here to sup.

He Monkey (approaching and fawning on Meph.).

Oh! throw me the dice,
Make me rich in a trice;
Oh, quick let me money but gain!

Now my fate is but sad,—
But if money I had,
Full soon should I honour obtain.

Meph. How blest the brute would think himself to be,

Could he but throw into the lottery!

[The Young Monkeys, who have been playing with a glass
globe, now roll it forwards.]
He Monkey. This is the world,
That rises and sinks;
It rolleth unceasing,
Like glass it clinks;
How soon that breaketh!
All empty its core,
Here brightly it shineth,
And here still more.

I live for ever,
Son! do not try!
To come nearer—for thou
Art of those who die!
This is clay—and when it breaketh,
Potsherds on the earth it maketh!

Meph. What is this sieve for?

He Monkey. (taking it). Oh! if thou

Wert but a thief—I'd know thee now!

[He goes to the Sho Monkey, and makes her look through it.

Look through!—the thief
Dost know him well!
And darest thou not
His name to tell?

Meph. (approaching the fire). And here—this pot?

He Monkey. The silly sot!
He knows it not—
He knoweth not the kettle!

Meph. You churlish brute!

He Monkey. Here take this brush

And sit down on the settle!

Faust. (who during this time has been standing before a mirror, sometimes approaching, and sometimes receding from it.)

What do I look on! What a form of heaven,
Within this magic mirror meets my gaze!
Love! let to me thy swiftest wing be given,
FAUST.

To waft me to the region where she strays!
Ah! when I leave this single spot,
Or venture to approach more near,
She fades, and I behold her not,
She seems in mist to disappear!
A woman's beauteous form—oh! can it be,
Such loveliness was e'er to woman given!
In those soft limbs reposing, must I see
The inmost essence of each brighter heaven?
Oh! must I seek on earth in vain
This vision's likeness to obtain?
Meph. Why, when a God six days has wrought,
And at the finish, "Bravo!" cries,
'Tis naturally to be thought
That something clever should arise.
This time, your eye with gazing sate,
I can obtain you such a fair;
And his will be a happy fate,
Who her, as bridegroom, home shall bear.

[FAUST remains looking into the mirror; Mephistopheles lies down on the settle, and plays with the brush, continuing to speak.

Here sit I, like a king upon his throne;
The sceptre's here—I want a crown alone!

Monkeys (who have this while been making all sorts of strange gestures to each other, bringing a crown to Mephistopheles, with loud cries).

Here is a crown—but be so good
As glue it on with sweat and blood!

[They handle the crown awkwardly, break it in two pieces, and jump about with them.

Now 'tis done. We see and speak,
We can hear, and rhymes can make!

Faust (gazing in the mirror). Woe to thee, Faust! my soul I feel
Begins in frenzy wild to reel!
Meph. (looking at the beasts). My own head too is
tottering now.

Monkeys. If all goes lucky—and when it
May haply chance that all things fit,
Then many thoughts uprising glow!
Faust. My heart begins to burn—away!
Oh, do but let us haste from here!
Meph. (in the same position). Well! no one can deny
that they,
As poets, are at least sincere!

[The cauldron, which the She Monkey has neglected, begins
to boil over; a great flame rises and shoots up the chimney.
The Witch comes down the chimney, through the flame,
uttering horrible cries.

Witch. Eu! Eu! Eu! Eu!
Cursed beasts—damnation on ye both,
Neglecting thus the pot and broth,
And scalding me, your dame!—what now?

[Seeing Faust and Mephistopheles.

Who is within?
What are ye, and how
Did ye entrance win?
What seek ye? May the fiery pang
Upon your bones and sinews hang!

[She dips the ladle into the cauldron, and sprinkles flame at
Faust, and Mephistopheles, and the Monkeys. The
Monkeys whimper.

Meph. (inverts the brush which he held in his hands and strikes
among the glasses and pots).
Crash, split and shatter!
To pieces the lot!
Here the brewage I scatter,
Here glasses and pot!
'Tis all but a jest—beating time, you see,
You carrion-hag, to your melody!

[The Witch steps back in rage and astonishment.
Dost know me now, thou skeleton abhor’d?
Thou scarecrow! know’st thy master and thy lord!
What now prevents my arm from smashing you
In pieces—and your monkey-spirits too?
Have you no more respect and grace
For the red waistcoat? Didst not know
My cock’s-plume? Have I hid my face?
Am I obliged my name to show?
Witch. Oh! pardon me, my lord, that I
So rough in greeting you should be;
The cloven foot I cannot spy,—
Your ravens, too, I do not see!
Meph. For this time you shall pardon get,
For it is long since last we met.
Refinement, too, that smoothens all
O’er which it in the world has pass’d,
Has been extended in its call,
And reach’d the devil, too, at last.
That Northern Phantom found no more can be,
Horns, tail, and claws, we now no longer see;
As for the foot—I cannot spare it,
But were I openly to wear it,
It might do greater harm than good
To me among the multitude.
And so, like many a youth beside,
Who bravely to the eye appears,
Yet something still contrivies to hide,
I’ve worn false calves for many years!
Witch (dancing). My sense and reason nigh are lost,
with glee,
The gallant Satan here again to see!
Meph. Woman! that name I suffer now from none!
Witch. Why? what then may the name to you have done?
Meph. Long is it now since it has been
In story-books much written seen,
Yet men from this no good have got,
For nothing better have they gain'd;
The evil-one they now have not,
But still the evil have remain'd.
Call me Lord Baron—that were good—
Like others, I'm a cavalier!
You will not doubt my gentle blood,
For see! these are the arms I bear!

[He makes an unseemly gesture.

Witch (laughing loudly). Ha! ha! that's just your way—I see
You're still the same wild merry knave!
Meph. (to Faust). My friend! mark this—this still must be
The way with witches to behave.
Witch. Well now, but tell me, gentlemen,
What do you seek in this my den?
Meph. A well-fill'd goblet of the juice,
The liquor that you know so well;
The oldest, too, you must produce,—
Years double make its potent spell.
Witch. With pleasure here a flask is placed,
Of which sometimes myself I taste,
Which, too, doth now no longer stink;—
(Aside). To thee a glass I'll freely give,
But unprepared, should this man drink,
Thou know'st an hour he cannot live!
Meph. Oh! 'tis a worthy friend of mine,
On whom with good effect 'twill pass,
I grudge him not the best of thine,—
Thy spells then speak, and draw thy line,
And fill him up a brimming glass!

\[ The \text{Witch, with strange gestures, draws a circle and places rare things in it. In the mean time the glasses begin to ring, and the cauldron to sound and make music. She brings a great book, and places the monkeys in the circle, making them serve for a reading desk, and to hold torches. She signs to Faust to approach.}\]

\text{Faust (to Meph.)}. But what from all this cometh—tell!
This stuff—these antics wild to view,
This jugglery—I know it well,
Know it of old—and hate it too!
\text{Meph.} Oh'! stuff to laugh at—do not be
So nice and choice—for from her art
We must some hocus-pocus see,
That well the draught may play its part.

\[ He \text{obliges Faust to enter the circle.}\]

\text{Witch} (begins to read from the book with great emphasis).

Knowledge to you
Must now be given,
Of one make ten,
Leave two, and then
Will three make even;
Rich art thou straight,
Then drop thou the four,
And from five and six more,
So runneth my lore,
Make seven and eight.
Then is it done,
For nine is one
And ten is none,
This is the witch’s one times one.

\text{Faust.} The hag, methinks, is raving!—
\text{Meph.} Oh!
Much more of it is coming yet,
For all the book full well I know,
    And all to the same tune is set.
I've on it lost much time and pains;
    For every law and every rule,
Of downright paradox, remains
    Obscure alike to sage and fool.
The art's both old and new, my friend,
    For thus it ever hath been done,
Error for truth men far extend
    By one and three, and three and one.
Unceasingly 'tis talk'd and taught;
    Who will for idiots think or care?
When, saving words, man heareth naught,
    He soon believes there's something there.
Witch (continuing). The lofty power of knowledge
    From all the world conceal'd,
To him who thinks not of it,
    To him it is reveal'd.
On him it is bestow'd to share
Without his thought—without his care.
    Faust. What jargon sounds her every word?
My head seems as asunder breaking,
As if I in full chorus heard
    A hundred thousand idiots speaking.
Meph. Enough, good sibyl—now be still,
    And quickly get us forth thy drink,—
See, too, that you the liquor fill
Up to the goblet's brink.
He is a man of many a grade,
Who many a draught ere now has made.

[The Witch, with many ceremonies, pours the liquor into a cup: as
    Faust lifts it to his mouth a light flame rises.]
FAUST.

Meph. Down with it—never hesitate!
’Twill cheer the heart within thy frame;
You with the devil be a mate,
And shrink before a little flame!

[The Witch breaks the circle; Faust comes out of it.

Meph. You must not rest—now forth with speed!
Witch. And may the potion work aright.
Meph. (to the Witch). If aught you wish from me, you need
But name it on Walpurgis’ night.
Witch. Here is a song—which now and then you’ll sing,
And a peculiar influence ’twill bring.

Meph. (to Faust). Come! quick! and let yourself by me be sway’d,
For thoughly to perspire you must be made,
In order that this spirit’s flood
May penetrate through bone and blood;
Then will I teach you to possess
A noble, courtly idleness;
And with delight you soon will feel
How Cupid in your body lurks,
How quick he through your frame will steal,
How merrily he stirs and works.

Faust. Let me one moment in the mirror find
That female form—too lovely was its grace!

Meph. Nay, nay! the model of all womankind
You soon in flesh and blood shall see before your face.
[Aside.] That draught within—you soon will greet,
An Helen in each wench you meet!
FAUST.

SCENE.—THE STREET.

FAUST (MARGARET passing by).

Faust. My pretty lady, may I dare
Offer my arm and company?
Mar. I am no lady, sir, nor am I fair,
And by myself, my way can homeward see!

[She breaks from him and exit.

Faust. By Heaven! this child indeed is fair,
Her equal have I ne’er espied,
Of modesty and virtue rare,
Though somewhat snappish, too, beside.
Her ruddy lips—her radiant face,
Will dwell with me while life shall last.
She droop’d her eye with bashful grace,
And deep into my heart it pass’d!
How tart she spoke—the saucy thing!
’Twas absolutely ravishing!

Mephistopheles enters.

Mephisto! you must get this girl for me!

Meph. Which?

Faust. Why she pass’d but now—

Meph. This must it be?

She comes from her confessor here,
Who has from sin pronounced her clear.
I stole up close beside the chair;—
She is a pure and stainless flower,
Who e’en for nothing knelt her there,—
Nay, over her I have no power.

Faust. Yet she is past her fourteenth year!
Meph. You speak complete Jack Rake, I swear,
Who to himself is coveting
    Each tender blossom to attain,
Who deems no worth nor love can spring
    But is for him to pluck and gain.
But this, friend, will not always do.
Faust. Good sermoniser! Pray from you
    Let's hear no more morality!
If this sweet maiden is not prest
This night within my arms to rest,
    Midnight our bond shall ended see.
Meph. What can and cannot—bear in mind;
    At least a fortnight I shall need
But opportunity to find,
    With any chance I shall succeed.
Faust. Did seven clear hours before me lay,
The devil's aid I would not pray
So young a creature to betray.
    Mephe. You're almost Frenchman in that speech;
But do not fret you, I beseech!
Why to enjoyment should you sweep?
The pleasure is not near so deep,
    As when your toy you've moulded well
With all the nonsense possible;
    As many a French romance can tell!
Faust. I've appetite without all that.
Mephe. Nay, without jest,—I tell you flat,
This maiden is not to be won
So quickly as you wish it done;
    We nothing here can take by force,
So we to guile must have recourse.
    Faust. Go! fetch me something she has blest,
    Some treasure from my angel's hand!
Lead! Lead me to her place of rest,
Bring me a kerchief from her breast,
    A garter of my love—a band!
Meph. That for your passion you may see,
My anxious service used shall be,
No moment lost, I'll lead the way
Into her chamber—
Faust. And will she
Behold me—I possess her!—
Meph. Nay,
She at a neighbour's house will be,
    While you amid her atmosphere,
    Alone, the moments may employ
    In feasting fully, on the dear
    Voluptuous hopes of coming joy.
Faust. Can we go now?
Meph. It is too early yet.
Faust. See then that you a present for her get! [Exit.
Meph. Presents forthwith! that's brave indeed!
The very way, though, to succeed!
I know full many a place, with store
Of treasures buried there of yore,—
I must a little look them o'er. [Exit.

EVENING.—A SMALL NEAT CHAMBER.

MARGARET (binding and plaeting her hair).
I would give something could I know,
    Who that same gentleman might be:
Himself right gallant did he show,
Of noble birth too—on his brow
That could I very plainly see;
For were he not of high descent
He had not been so impudent [Exit.

**Mephistopheles and Faust enter.**

*Meph.* Come in! but tread you light and low;
Only come in!

*Faust.* Pray leave me now!
*Meph.* It is not every maid you meet
At once so diligent and neat. [Exit.

*Faust.* Welcome, sweet twilight, that around, above,
Dost all this dim and hallow'd place possess!
Seize on my heart, ye sweetest pangs of love,
Fed on the dew of hope's deliciousness.
How deep a sense of stillness breathes around,
What order and contentment here are found,
What riches 'mid this poverty abound;
In this small cell—of bliss what plenteousness!

[He throws himself into the leathern chair by the side of the bed.
Receive me! thou who hast, in joy and mirth,
Oft welcomed those who now are pass'd from earth!
Beside this father's-throne, how oft have hung
A throng of children, close around it clung!
Here may my love—amid the little band,
All thankful for the gift that Christmas brought,
Have gently kiss'd her grandsire's wither'd hand,
Her warm, round cheek, with childhood's freshness fraught.

Maiden! it is thy spirit which I feel,
Of order and abundance, round me steal,
Which, motherlike, doth teach thee, day by day,
This table with its neat white cloth to lay,
To strew beneath thy foot the crisping sand;
Thou dear one! even godlike is thine hand,
For 'tis through thee, and by thy care, is given
Unto this little hut the air of heaven!
And here! [He lifts up one of the bed-curtains.

What tremblings of delight I feel!
Here could I let whole hours o'er me steal;
Here, Nature, didst thou in light dreams endow
With perfect form the angel-born below;
Here lay the child,—its gentle bosom fill'd
With life—warm life, and as its efforts thrill'd,
With strivings, holy in their strength and pure,
The god-framed image wrought itself mature!

And thou! what brings thee here?—what joy I feel!
What raptures through my immost bosom steal?
What is it thou wouldst here?—And what is this
That weighs upon my soul amid its bliss,
And sinks the heart that swell'd in joy before?
Alas! Poor Faust! I know thee now no more!

Oh! do I breathe a magic atmosphere?
I hasted to enjoy, brook'd no delay!
Yet in a dream of love now melt away!
Are we the sport of every breath of air?
If she now enter'd, how wouldst thou atone
For the mean violence thou here hast done?
The braggart! ah, how pitifully shrunk,
Would lie prostrated at her feet and sunk!

Enter Mephistopheles.

*Meph.* Quick! She's below, and at the door!

*Faust.* Away! I will return no more!
Meph. Here is a casket, which you'll find
Heavy enough, and fairly lined;
From elsewhere this have I convey'd;
Quick, let in the press be laid!
She 'll be beside herself with glee;
I've casketed these gems for thee,
That thou, with them, another mayst betray,
For still a child's a child, and play is play!

Faust. I know not—shall I?
Meph. Why! how can you ask it?
Perhaps you mean yourself to keep the casket!
If so, I recommend outright
You keep your sensuality
For other hours than day's fair light,
And further trouble save to me.
I hope you're not to avarice led—
I rub my hands—I scratch my head—
[He places the casket in the press, and shuts the lock.
Away, away! you go to mould with skill
This sweet young creature to your wish and will,
And yet you look as dull and full of gloom
As if you went into your lecture-room,
Or there embodied saw, all cold and grey,
Physics and metaphysics too—away!

[Exeunt.

Enter Margaret with a lamp.

Mar. 'Tis hot and close here!—yet below
[She opens the window.

So very warm it has not been,
I feel all o'er I know not how,
I would my mother were come in!
A shiver seems o'er all my frame to go;
But I'm but a poor timid girl, I know!

[She sings as she undresses herself.
There was a king in ancient Thule,
Whose mistress—faithful to the grave—
With dying hand, unto her lord,
A golden goblet gave.

Naught prized he more—at every feast
He drain'd it from the very brim,
And ever as therefrom he drank,
His eyes with tears were dim!

And when he came himself to die,
He all his cities reckon'd up;
Not one of them he grudged his heir,
But not so with the golden cup.

He sat him at the royal feast,
With all his knights of high degree,
Within his old ancestral hall
A castle that o'erlook'd the sea.

Here the old toper stood and took
His latest draught of wine's bright glow,
Then threw the hallow'd goblet down
Into the waves below.

He saw it splash—he watch'd it fill—
And sink, deep, deep into the main;
Then sorrow o'er his eyelids fell,
He never drank a drop again.

[She opens the press to put her clothes in it, and finds the casket.

How came this pretty casket here?—I'm sure
That I this morning lock'd the press secure!
'Tis very strange! I wonder what can be
Within it shut?—could one contrive to see!
Perchance it is a pledge by some one sent
On which my mother has some money lent!
Here by the ribbon hangs a key,
I think I'll open it—Oh! see!
Look! God in Heaven! what is here?
FAUST.

Nothing like this e'er met my sight,
Jewels that any countess might
In highest festal splendour wear!
How would this chain now look on me?
Whose can these gems and jewels be?

[She puts them on and walks up and down before a mirror.

Oh! would these earrings only were but mine!
Quite different in these would one appear;
What does it skill, poor maid, that beauty's thine?
That is all very good, indeed, and fair,
But all alone they let it be;
Man loves, yet half but pities thee!
But to Gold there springs
To Gold there clings,
All, all! alas! for us, poor things!

PROMENADE.

Faust walking up and down, immersed in thought.

Mephistopheles enters.

Meph. By all the pangs in love despised that dwell!
By all the burning elements of hell!
Would I knew aught more deadly, worse,
More desperate, by which to curse!

Faust. What now! what doth your face so pinch and wring?
In all my life I ne'er saw such a thing!

Meph. To the devil I could give myself, I vow,
If I were not the devil myself——

Faust. How now?
Has anything occurred to turn your brain?
'Tis well in you to rave like one insane!

_Meph._ Nay, think! the gems for Margaret brought
A priest has seized, and swept off clear;
A sight of them the mother caught,
And forthwith felt some secret fear.
A fine scent hers—for evermore
She sniffs and snuffs her prayer-book o'er,
And smells each article to test,
If it may be profane or blest.
She soon perceived from chain and gem,
That little blessing came with _them_!

"My child," she said, "unlawful good
Ensnares the soul—consumes the blood;
Devoted to the Virgin's shrine
It shall be as an offering given,—
We shall be fed on food divine,
Upon the manna dropp'd from heaven."
Poor Margaret looked awry—she thought
That, after all, it was a present,
Nor could that godless be that brought
It hither in a mode so pleasant!
The mother then calls in a priest,
Who almost ere he heard the jest
Drew from the prospect much delight;
Said he, "This shows your hearts are right,
The conqueror o'er himself is he
Who gains the most—the church, we see,
Has a good stomach—she has eat
Whole kingdoms up—and never yet
Has anything like surfeit met.
It is the church alone can best
All such ill-gotten wealth digest."
Faust. A common case; a king or Jew
Can the same feat accomplish too.

Meph. Then off he swept chain, clasp, and rings,
As if they were but mushroom things,
And thank'd them neither less nor more
Than if the case of costly sheen
A basketful of nuts had been,
But to them promised o'er and o'er,
All heavenly rewards—whereby
They much, no doubt, might edify.

Faust. And Margaret——

Meph. In restless plight,
Her heart with nameless wishes fraught,
Thinks on the trinkets day and night,
Still more on him the gems who brought.

Faust. My dear one's grief with sorrow I endure,—
Straight, then, for her another set procure!
The first were no such matters.

Meph. To be sure!
All is but child's play to the gentleman!

Faust. See that you do it, as I wish and plan
Her neighbour you must close beset—
Come! don't a milksop devil be,
Another case of jewels get!

Meph. My honour'd sir, most willingly!

Merely for pastime or for play,
To please his mistress all his care,
A lovesick fool thus puffs away
Sun, moon, and stars, into the air!

[Faust exit.]
THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

Martha alone.

God pardon my dear husband!—he
In truth has not done well by me,—
Away into the world he sped
And left me to a lonely bed!
Though ne'er I vex'd, or teasing moved him,
But, God knows, always dearly loved him!

Perhaps he now is dead—ah me!—if so,
O could I but the truth in writing know!

Margaret enters.

Marg. Martha!

Mar. Well, Margaret!

Marg. Oh, think!

My knees almost beneath me sink,
I've found another casket—see—
Placed in my press—'tis ebony!
With jewels absolutely rare,

Far richer than the first ones were.

Mar. Of this your mother must not know,
Or with it to the priest she'll go.

Marg. Here! only look at them—oh see!

Mar. You lucky creature—

Marg. Ah, poor me!

Wear them abroad, I may not dare,
Nor in them at the church appear.

Mar. Come pretty often then to me
And don the jewels secretly;
In them, you to and fro can pass
A little hour before the glass,
E’en that will be a kind of treat;
Then some occasion we may meet,
A festival or holiday,
   At which your treasure, by degrees,
You might to people’s eyes display,
   The chain at first, perhaps, then these
Superb pearl ear-rings;—it may be
Your mother will not mark or see;
Or should she any notice take,
We to her some excuse can make.

_Mary._ But who could both these caskets bring,
It cannot be an honest thing!                    [A knocking.
Ah Heaven! can that my mother be?

_Mar._ No! a strange gentleman, I see;
Come in!

Mephistopheles enters.

_Meph._ I’ve really made so free,
As to come in at once—for which I pray
The lady’s pardon!   [Steps back respectfully before Margaret.
   —I but came to-day
To speak with Mistress Schwerdtlein—

_Mar._ I am she;
What has the gentleman to say to me?

_Meph._ (speaks softly to her). Enough! I know you now
   —but I perceive—
A visitor of rank—I’ll take my leave—
Excuse the liberty I now have ta’en,
And in the afternoon I’ll call again!

_Mar._ Imagine, child! this stranger here—of all
The things on earth, does you a lady call!

_Mary._ I’m but a poor young creature—he
(Ah, Heaven!) is too polite to me!
Nor gems nor jewels are my own—
  \textit{Meph.} 'Tis not the ornaments alone;
Her striking mien and look attention gain,
How happy am I that I dare remain!
  \textit{Mar.} What bring you then? I long to hear.
  \textit{Meph.} I would my tidings better were!
I trust that for the gloom it lends,
  I shall not here a sufferer be,—
Your husband, he is dead, and sends
To you his greetings thus by me.
  \textit{Mar.} Is dead!—dear soul! alas and woe!
My husband dead—I shall die too!
  \textit{Mary.} Despair not, my dear Martha, so!
  \textit{Meph.} But hear the dreary story through.
  \textit{Mary.} Ah! for this reason is it, I would not
Wish that to love should ever be my lot;
For sure, my loss, if e'er he died,
  My life with grieving would destroy!
  \textit{Meph.} Joy must be still to sorrow tied,
And sorrow must be link'd with joy.
  \textit{Mar.} Tell me his life's last close!
  \textit{Meph.} \textit{At Padua, he}\nLies in the churchyard of Saint Antony,
A place well consecrated—duly blest,
Cool everlasting his bed of rest.
  \textit{Mar.} And had you nothing else to me to bring?
  \textit{Meph.} Oh yes! a heavy prayer, and a request,
  You would for him three hundred masses sing.
But with respect to all beside,
My pockets are completely void!
  \textit{Mar.} What! not a token! not a coin!
Not e'en a trinket to be mine!
Such as each poor mechanic hoards
I’ the bottom of his purse with care,
Because remembrance it affords—
And rather starves or begs, than spare!
Meph. Ah, madam! to the heart it grieveth me,
But still his wealth he did not dissipate;
He all his sins repented bitterly,—
Ay, and bewail’d still more his luckless fate.
Marg. Alas! alas! that men should e’er
By such misfortune be opprest!
Indeed I’ll pray with many a prayer
And many a requiem for his rest.
Meph. Ah, you deserve indeed to find
A husband soon—you are so kind,
So amiable—affectionate!
Marg. Oh no! ’tis time enough to wait!
Meph. If then a husband be not given,
A lover you meanwhile may gain,—
It were the highest gift of Heaven,
So sweet a thing within one’s arms to strain.
Marg. That’s not the custom here, sir.
Meph. Oh!
Custom or not—’twill happen though!
Mar. But tell me—
Meph. Yes! I stood beside
His death-bed when your husband died.
His couch was better than mere dung—
Half-rotten straw beneath him flung;—
Still he a Christian died—though finding more
Against him than he thought upon the score:
“How deeply must I hate myself,” he cried,
“So to have left my trade—my wife beside!
Alas! the thought is death unto me now!
Could I but have her pardon ere I die!"

Mar. Good soul! I have forgiven him long ago!
Meph. "Though, God knows, she was more in fault
than I!"

Mar. There then he lied! What! would he, on the brink
E'en of the grave speak false!

Meph. I really think,
With his last breath he rather fabled there,
If I am of the facts but half aware.
"I had no gaping leisure time," he said,
"First getting children, and then, for them, bread,—
Bread in its widest sense too,—yet I ne'er
Could eat in peace and quietness my share."

Mar. Were then my love and truth forgotten quite—
My constant drudgery by day and night?

Meph. Not so! he fondly bore it all in mind,
And "when from Malta last I sail'd," (he said)
"I for my wife and children warmly pray'd;
And Heaven indeed was so far to me kind.
We of a Turkish vessel capture made
Which to the Sultan a large sum convey'd;
Well, courage gain'd its own reward,
And—(what was only right and fair)
I of that taken treasure's hoard
Received my due and proper share."

Mar. How! where! can he have buried it?

Meph. Who knows
Where now 'tis scatter'd to each wind that blows?
While he at Naples staid—a damsel fair
Found him while wandering the time to spend,
And show'd such love and fondness for him there,
He bore its tokens to his blessed end!
Mar. The villain—robber of his family!
And all this suffering—all this poverty
Could it not check the shameful life he led?
Meph. Yes! but consider, through all this, he's dead!
And were I situate like you,
I'd mourn for him a twelvemonth chaste,
But bearing all the while in view
Some spark, for him to be replaced!
Mar. Alas! not easily I here shall find
A second husband like my first—so kind,
So fond, that there could scarcely be
A better hearted fool than he.
He only loved too well to go
About the world in roving change,
Too well the cursed dice to throw,
And the strange wine,—and women strange.
Meph. Well, spite of all—things might, I think,
Have gone on well between you two,
If he had been content to wink
Upon as many faults in you.
If this might in the bargain be
A fix'd condition—I protest
I would myself change rings with thee!
Mar. Indeed sir! you are pleased to jest!
Meph. (aside). Quite time that I were off, I see!
They'd hold the very devil to the test!
How is your heart? [To Margaret.
Marg. What mean you, pray?
Meph. (aside). Good, blameless child!
(Aloud) Farewell!
Marg. Farewell!
Mar. But ere you go—oh, quickly, say,—
Could but a single witness tell
Where, how, and when my husband died?
   And where his grave may be?
Order has ever been my pride,
   His death I fain would in the papers see.
   Meph. Yes, for the truth is always clear
From two together witnessing,
And I've a bold companion here,
   Whom, for you, to the judge I'll bring.
   Mar. Oh, bring him here—I pray you do!
   Meph. Will the young lady be here too?
He is a gallant youth—has travell'd far,
Polite to ladies in particular.
   Marg. Abash'd then, in his presence, shall I be;
   Meph. Before no monarch upon earth I swear!
   Mar. Well; in the garden by my house will we
This evening wait,—and hope to see you there.

THE STREET.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPELES.

   Faust. How is it? Is't in train? Will it succeed?
   Meph. Ah! bravo, are you then on fire indeed?
Yes, shortly Margaret your own will be,
Herself you will this very evening see
At neighbour Martha's—that's a woman made
Expressly for this sort of gipsy trade.
   Faust. Good.
   Meph. But she something will of us request.
   Faust. Well, one good turn another should repay.
   Meph. We both need only in due form attest
That her liege husband's limbs extended lay
In holy ground, at Padua.

*Faust.*  
Wisely done!

To do so, we must first to Padua run.

*Mephistopheles.*  
Sancta Simplicitas! no need of going;
Swear it without so much about it knowing.

*Faust.*  
If thou canst not some better course propose,
Our plan is ended then, and here must close.

*Mephistopheles.*  
Oh! righteous man! there's for you now!
Is this the first time, then, that thou
Hast borne false witness? Hast not given
Discourse defining earth and heaven?
The world and all it doth contain?
Man and his striving heart and brain,
Boldly wouldst not of all protest
With lofty brow, and dauntless breast?
And looking at all this more searchingly
Say, have you known, of all above, beneath,
(You must confess, indeed, it could not be,)
As much as of this Mr. Schwerdtlein's death?

*Faust.*  
A sophist and a liar thou art,
And liar and sophist wilt remain.

*Mephistopheles.*  
Ay, truly, if upon my part
I could no deeper insight gain.
To-morrow morning will not you
(And everything in honour too)
Befool poor Margaret and swear
Your soul's most fervid love you'll give her?

*Faust.*  
And from my heart—

*Mephistopheles.*  
All good and fair!
You'll talk of being true for ever;
Of one absorbing passion's glow,
Of one all-mastering, conquering spell
You will dilate on to her—so,
   Will this come from the heart as well?
   \textit{Faust.} Cease! cease! it will; when thus my mind
   Doth for this passion, frenzy deep,
Seek out a name, yet none can find,
   Though it through all existence sweep;
With all its power grasping all,
   The words of highest, loftiest sense,
   And must at last this love intense,
With which I burn, eternal call,
Immortal—deathless—this too—will
   It be of lies a devil's play?
   \textit{Meph.} In all this I am right here still!
   \textit{Faust.} Hark now to this, and note it, pray,
And spare my breath—the man resolved to cling
To one opinion, and through everything,
Who never speaks but with a single tongue,
Will that opinion hold, and ne'er be wrong.
   But come! of prattling I have now
      Had quite enough—so finish it—
   That you are right I here allow,
      The rather that I \textit{must} submit.

\textbf{THE GARDEN.}

\textit{Margaret on Faust's arm, Martha with Mephistopheles}
\textit{walking up and down.}

   \textit{Mary.} I feel you trifle with me—thus unbending
Only to shame me by such condescending;
A traveller's so accustom'd to comply
With everything he meets, from courtesy;
Too well I know that such a learned mind,
In my poor talk can no amusement find.

*Faust.* A single glance—a single word from thee
Outweighs the wisdom of the world to me.

[He kisses her hand.]

*Marg.* Nay! do not so; how can you kiss
A hand so coarse, so hard as this?
What work am I not always forced to do?
Indeed, my mother, sir, is too severe!

*Mar.* (with *Mephistopheles*). And pray, Sir Stranger,
may I ask if you
Are always travelling as you now appear?

*Meph.* Alas! that duty, and the force
Of business, should compel the course!
How many a place with sorrow must one quit,
And yet can never dare remain in it!

*Mar.* In the wild years of youth, it well may be
To wander up and down the world so free;
But still at last the evil day comes on,
Then as a lonely bachelor, to go
Sneaking into the grave—why that, you know,
Was never yet a good for any one!

*Meph.* I shudder at the distant view,
At present mine, of such a fate.

*Mar.* Then, worthy sir, I hope that you
Will think of it before too late.

*Marg.* Yes! out of sight is ever out of mind!
To you so easy is this courtesy,
And you can friends in such abundance find,
All too, so much more sensible than I.

*Faust.* Believe me, love, what men call sensible,
Full oft deserveth not its title well,
And we should better far the thing express
As vanity and narrow-mindedness!

Marg. How so?

Faust. Alas! that thus simplicity
And innocence should never know or see
Their own all-holy worth! that humble thought,
Best gift of bounteous Nature—blessing fraught—

Marg. Well! for a moment sometimes think of me!
I shall have time enough to think of thee.

Faust. You’re much alone, then?

Marg. Yes! our house—’tis true—
Is small, but still must be attended to;
We have no maid, all on me lies,—
I sweep, cook, sew, up soon and late;
My mother, too, is so precise,
In everything so accurate!
Not that she is obliged to be
Confined in all so sparingly;
We might do more than many do,—
My father left us, of our own,
A little house and garden, too,
A pretty place beside the town.
However, now the days with me
Pass over pretty peacefully.
My brother’s for a soldier gone,
And my poor little sister’s dead,—
Much trouble with her have I known,
Yet all the anxious sorrow sped,
Mine joyfully again should be,
So dear the infant was to me!

Faust. She were an angel, were she like to thee!

Marg. She loved me—oh! so fondly! I
Had brought her up entirely;
After my father's death 'twas born,
    My mother too had nearly died,—
All hope, indeed, we had forgone,
    Her sickness was so sore to bide;
So sad the state in which she lay,
So slow her bettering day by day,
That she herself could never think,
    Of suckling it, poor little thing!
And so I nursed it—gave 't its drink,
    Its milk and tender nourishing!
And brought it up, thus all alone,
Till it became, as 'twere, mine own;
Within my arm and bosom, on my knee,
    It grew and sprawl'd, and laugh'd so prettily!
\textit{Faust.} The purest of all joys 'twas thine to share.
\textit{Mar.} But yet with many anxious hours of care.

All night the infant's cradle stood
Beside my bed,—nor ever could
I move, but it would waken'd be;—
Now I must rise and give it food,
Then, take it into bed with me!
Then, when it would not rest, must rise and go,
Dancing it in the chamber to and fro,
And still must rise at early day,
To stand beside the washing tray.
Then to the market go—to see
For all our home's necessity;
And thus from day to day, the same
To do whene'er the morrow came.
When 'mid such things as this one lives,
    The spirits are not always good;
But, then, 'tis true, the labour gives
A relish both to rest and food.

Mar. Poor women! we've the worst in all this, too,
Old bachelors are still so hard to turn!

Mephisto. It was reserved for me, from one like you
A better course than hitherto to learn!

Mar. Speak truly! no one have you ever found?

Ne'er has your heart to any one been bound?

Mephisto. The proverb saith, that of one's own a hearth,
And a good wife, are gold and jewels worth!

Mar. I mean, have you a passion ne'er achieved?

Mephisto. I have, in general, been well received.

Mar. Nay! but in earnest have you never spoke?

Mephisto. With ladies one should never dare to joke.

Mar. Oh! you don't understand me!

Mephisto. That, to find

Pains me—for this I know, you're very kind.

Faust. You knew me then, sweet angel, for the same,
The moment I into the garden came?

Mar. Did you not see it? When 'twas you I found,
My eyes directly fell upon the ground.

Faust. And thou forgivest that freedom, then, from me
That proffer of my impudence to thee?

As thou wert leaving the cathedral door?

Mar. I was abash'd, for I had certainly
Ne'er met with aught resembling it before.

None aught of evil of me e'er could say;

Ah! (thought I) did thy conduct then betray
Aught bold or unbecoming in a maid?

He seem'd to say, "I need not be afraid,
Or stand on many compliments with her."

I own I know not what began to stir
In your behalf within my heart—but I
Felt with myself, I know, right angrily:
Because I could not bring myself to be
More vex’d and angry than I was with thee.

_Faust._ My dear one!

_Marg._ For a moment stay.

[She plucks a Starflower, and picks the leaves from it one after another.

_Faust._ What would’st? Is’t for a posy?

_Marg._ Nay.

'Tis but a game!

_Faust._ How so?

_Marg._ Away!

You’ll laugh at me.

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

_Faust._ What are you murmuring?

_Marg._ He loves me—he loves me not—

_Faust._ Thou heavenly thing!

_Marg._ (continues). He loves me—he loves me not—he loves me—no!

He loves—he loves me?

_Faust._ True, my child! and let
This floweret—promise be unto thine heart
A voice, a sign from Heaven! He loves thee? Yes;
Dost thou know all the meaning of the words,
He loves?

_Marg._ I tremble!

_Faust._ Nay, love! shudder not;
But let this glance—this pressure of the hand—
Tell what is inexpressible by speech.
To give ourselves up wholly to the sense
Of a delight that must eternal be!
Eternal! oh! its end would be despair!

No! no! no end.

_Margaret presses his hands, then frees herself from his embrace
and runs away. He stands for an instant thoughtful, then
follows her.
Mar. (coming up). Night comes apace!

Meph. Yes! and we will away.

Mar. Indeed, I'd ask you longer yet to stay,
But 'tis a wicked and censorious place,—
'Tis just as if they nothing had to do,
But all the neighbourhood's affairs to trace,
Our comings in and goings out to view.
And do however well one will,
One's certain to get talk'd of still.
And where, then, are our loving pair?
Meph. Flown up the little alley there!
Fond butterflies!
Mar. I think that she
Appears to love him.
Meph. Yes; and he
Seems fond of her, too, you might say;
'Tis of the world the usual way.

SCENE.—A SUMMER-HOUSE.

Margaret enters, hides herself behind the door, and
putting her finger on her lips, peeps through the crevice.

Marg. He comes.
Faust (entering). Ah, rogue, and is it so
That you provoke me? I have caught thee now!

[He kisses her.

Marg. (embracing him and returning his kiss).
Thou dearest one! I love thee from my heart!

[Mephistopheles knocks outside.

Faust (stamping). Who's there?
Meph. Good friend!
Faust. The Brute!
Meph. ’Tis time to part.

Mar. (comes forward). Yes, sir, ’tis late.

Faust (to Margaret). Might I not go with you?

Mary. I fear my mother would—Oh, no! adieu!

Faust. Must we then part, my love? then I
Bid thee farewell; farewell!

Mar. Good bye.

Mary. Till our next speedy interview.

[FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES EXEUNT.

Good Heavens! how many things—a man
Like him within his mind can span;
I stand abash’d when he is near,
Or answer, yes, to all I hear!
I’m but a simple child, and cannot see
Or comprehend what he can find in me.

[Exit.

SCENE.—FOREST AND CAVERN.

Faust (alone).

Faust. Spirit sublime! thou gavest me, gavest me all
For which I pray’d thee. Not in vain hast thou
In fire turn’d to me thy countenance.
Thou gavest me glorious nature for a realm,
With power to feel her and enjoy. The glance
Thou didst permit me, was not that of cold
And distant wondering; thou didst not forbid
My gaze to search into her deepest breast
As ’twere the bosom of a friend. For thou
Hast pass’d before mine eyes, the link’d chain
Of all the things that live, and it is thou
That teachest me to know, as kindred things
Unto myself, the still and silent wood,
The water, and the air. And when the storm
Roars through the forest, when the giant pine,
O'erthrown, bears crashing on the neighbour boughs,
And stems that nigh it grow, in sweeping fall;
When, with dull muttering echo, to the shock
The mountain thunders,—then thou bearest me
Unto the shelter'd cave, there showing me
What mine own nature is; mysterious then
And deep the marvels that unfold themselves
In mine own breast. Then rises to my view
The clear calm moon, that with her softening ray
Soothes all things as she soars. Then sweep around
From rocky walls, from dew-damp bush and shade,
The silver-shadow'd forms of ages past,
That gently mingle with the pleasures stern
Of thought austere and contemplation deep.
   Oh! that to man naught perfect ever falls
Now feel I most; with this delight, that brings
Me near and nearer to a god—thou gavest
Unto me this companion, whom e'en now
I cannot spare, though cold and insolent
He to myself degradeth me—and turns
Thy gifts to nothing with a breath. He wakes
For ever in my soul a raging fire
For that so lovely form—and thus I reel
From fierce desire into enjoyment, and
E'en in enjoyment languish for desire!

**Mephistopheles enters.**

*Meph.* Well! of this life are you yet satisfied?
How can you in't a pleasure thus retain?
'Tis well enough that once it should be tried,
But then away to something new again.
Faust. Would something else to do were in your power
Than thus to plague me in my happiest hour!

Meph. I'm sure, most willingly I'd let you be,
But you'll not say so in reality.
A surly comrade, peevish, cross,
Like you, were surely no great loss.
With you, the whole day long, have I
Enough my hands to occupy;
One never, on your worship's face,
What pleases you, or not, can trace!

Faust. Just the right tone now—you would be
Thank'd, I suppose, for wearying me.

Meph. Poor son of earth! and how wouldst thou have done
Without my aid? or how thy life have led?

Some self-imagined crotchets now are gone,
Let me be thank'd, they for a time are sped;
And but for me, this world would not have known
Your presence now—you from its ball had fled.

What hast thou here to do, like this to prowl
Moping in clefts and caverns like an owl?
Why, toad-like, draw thy nourishment alone
From sodden moss, and water-dropping stone?
A pretty pleasure this, your time to fill!
The doctor's soul sticks in your body still.

Faust. Knew'st thou the fresh, new power of life that springs
Within me from these desert wanderings,
Couldst thou my joy imagine—thou wouldst be
Devil enough, I know, to grudge it me!

Meph. A superhuman joy! to lie by night
In dew and darkness on the mountain height!
Clasping earth, heaven, in ecstasy thought
Dilating—to a godhead to be wrought!
Pierce through the marrow of the earth, with all
The thronging impulses to which thou 'rt thrall,
The whole six days' work in thy breast inclose,
   Proudly enjoy I know not what delight,
A love, whose rapture into all o'erflows
   Your mortal birth forgotten, vanish'd quite,
And then this lofty intuition—all,
I dare not mention how, at last to fall!
   [With a gesture.
   Faust. Shame on thee!
   Meph. This, then, likes you not;
You have indeed a title got
To cry, For shame! and Fie! on me,
So modestly and morally!
Chaste ears, it seems, must never know,
That which chaste hearts can ne'er forego!
And, to be brief, I do not grudge
   The pleasure you may have in lying
Unto yourself, if you should judge
   Such self-delusion fortifying!
But long this course can never last,
   E'en now you 're driven back again;
If 'mid this sort of life were pass'd
A longer time, you 'd be o'ercast
   With madness, horror, or mind-withering pain.
Enough of this! your dear one, there,
   Sits dull within, with all things seeming
Wrapp'd in a dark and gloomy air,
   Her mind on you for ever dreaming;
She has loved thee but over-well;
Thy passion first was like the swell
Of the wild stream that rushes by,
With melted snow-wreaths flushing high;
The fulness of the flood thou’st pour’d
Into her heart, and now, adored!
The torrent of thy love is dry!
Methinks, instead of thus, alone,
Making the forest wild your throne,
’Twere better that you would reward
The little monkey’s warm regard!
With her, time heavily and sadly weighs;
Standing beside her window, still her gaze
Is fix’d upon the clouds that roll and fall
Afar, beyond the ancient city’s wall;
And “Were I but a bird,” so runs her song
Half through the night, and all the whole day long!
Cheerful awhile, but mostly pensive, she
Now seems as if outwept—and then will be
Composed apparently—but lovesick ever!

Faust. Snake! Serpent!

Meph. (aside). Good! if I can catch you!

Faust. Never

Name that fair creature to me—get thee hence,
And do not for her beauty wake the sense
Of wild desire amid the thoughts that lie
Within my soul all half distractedly!

Meph. What will you then? she surely thinks that you
Have now quite left her, and almost ’tis true.

Faust. I’m near her now—and should I e’er
Be distant from her, I could ne’er
Forget her, or decaying, find
Her memory fading from my mind.
Yea! when her lips their touch have lent
   Unto the elements adored,
I envy, in the sacrament,
Even the body of the Lord!
   Meph. Right! and I oft have envied you, indeed,
The twin-pair that among the roses feed!
   Faust. Hence with thee, pander, leave me!
   Meph. Soft and fair!
You scold, and I from laughing can't forbear.
The God who boy and maiden made
Well understood the worthy trade
Of making time and place besides—away!
A great thing this so much at heart to lay;
You ought unto your love at once to hie,
Into her chamber!—not, I think, to die!
   Faust. What! in her arms are all the joys of heaven?
Oh! let the rapture be unto me given
To glow with passion on her yielded breast!
Feel I not ever with her grief distress'd?
The all-scorn'd outcast, am I not,
   The fugitive, the homeless one?
The monster of his kind, whose lot
   Of aim, and end, and peace hath none?
Who, like a torrent dash'd and hurl'd
   From rock to rock, still hasteneth
In greedy fury, to be whirl'd
Down the abyss that yawns beneath?
And she who stands beside this torrent wild,
   With thought as simple as a little child,
Upon an alpine field her cottage placed,
Her cares all in that little world embraced;
Was't not enough, God-hated, then, that thou
Shouldst seize the rocks and shatter them,—but now
Her peace, too, thou must sap and overthrow?

Hell! thou must also have this offering!
Help me, then, devil! give thine aid to bring
The term of anguish to a quicker date!
Let what must come, come swiftly—let her fate
Fall with mine own, and with the self-same crush
Let us together to destruction rush!

Meph. There! how it seethes again, and glows and
   burns!
Away! get in, you fool, and comfort her!
When such a head no outlet way discerns,
   It deems directly that the end is near.
To him of courage and good heart, success!
   There's devil enough sometimes amid your bearing;
I nothing know so flat and spiritless,
   As is a devil when he turns despairing!

MARGARET'S CHAMBER.

MARGARET, alone at her spinning-wheel.

Marg. My heart is heavy,
   My peace is o'er;
I shall find it never,—
   Oh, never more!

Where I see him not,
   Seems the grave to be!
Tuneless and harsh
   All the world to me.
My poor, poor head,
    And my feeble thought,
Are wandering now,
    And all distraught.

    My heart is heavy, &c.

I gaze but for him,
    From my window-seat;
From the threshold I stir not,
    Save him to meet!

His lofty bearing,
    His noble form!
The smile of his mouth,
    And his eye-glance warm!

The flow of his speech,
    So enchanting is;
His hand's soft pressure,
    And, ah! his kiss!

    My heart is heavy, &c.

My bosom struggles
    To him—ah! where?
Oh, might I but clasp him,
    And fold him there!

And might I but kiss him
    As in wish I may,
My soul on his kisses
    Should die away!
### SCENE.—MARTHA'S GARDEN.

**Margaret, Faust.**

*Marg.* Nay, Henri, promise me!

*Faust.* Whate'er I can!

*Marg.* How of religion, tell me, do you deem?

Thou art a good, a kind, a loving man,

But that, I think you hold in light esteem!

*Faust.* No more of that, my child—you prove

That I to thee am kind and good;

I would for any whom I love,

Lay down my life, or shed my blood.

I'd wither in the heart of none

The faith and feeling that they own;

Their church from no one would I steal.

*Marg.* That is not the right way to feel,

For we must all believe it.

*Faust.* Must we so?

*Marg.* Ah! if my influence o'er you aught could do!

You honour not the holy Sacrament!

*Faust.* I hold it in respect.

*Marg.* But it is ne'er

With any wish, or a desire to share!

Long is it since to mass or shrift you went?

Do you believe in God?

*Faust.* My loved one,—who

Dare say "I do believe in God"—for you

May this of priests and sages ask,

And what they give thee for reply

Will, to the questioner, seem a mask,

For scorn or mockery.
Marg. Then you believe not!

Faust. Do not misconceive!

Who dares name God, and say that "I believe!"
And who can feel—feel through each sense and thought,
And yet affirm that "I believe him not?"
The All-embracer,
The All-sustainer,
Say, does he not support, include, embrace,
Thee, me, himself?
Doth not heaven arch itself, there, o'er our head?
Lies not the firm-set earth, beneath outspread?
The eternal stars, with friendly rays,
Do they not all forever rise?
And we ourselves, do we not gaze
E'en now into each other's eyes?

And is not every feeling thronging now
Through head and heart within thee—weaving still
Invisibly and visibly, around,
About thee in eternal mystery?
These, let thy heart absorb till it be full
And, in the feeling when thou'rt wholly blest,
Call it whate'er thou wilt—heart, love, or God,
Or happiness!—I cannot give it name;
Feeling is all in all—name is but sound,
Or smoke, o'er-shadowing with misty veil
The glow and warmth of heaven!

Marg. All that is very good, and true;
Nearly the same the priest says too,
Only in somewhat other words than you!

Faust. All hearts, in every clime and zone,
Where'er the light of heaven doth shine,
Speak forth that feeling—in the tone
And form and language most their own;
Then wherefore should not I in mine?

_Mary._ So taken it may pass; but yet—in spite
Of all, there's something in it is not right!
For thou hast got no Christianity!

_Faust._ Dear child!

_Mary._ And long it has afflicted me,
To see thee in such company!

_Faust._ How so?

_Mary._ The man whom thou hast always with thee
now,
I hate him from my inmost heart;
In all my life I ne'er did chance
On aught can such a pang impart
As his repulsive countenance!

_Faust._ Dear silly thing! you need not fear.

_Mary._ Whenever he is present here,
The sight of him chills all my blood:
Of almost everyone my thoughts are good;
But howsoe'er I long to meet with thee,
That man I with an innate horror see.
I hold him but a rogue besides,—in this
Heaven pardon me if I say aught amiss!

_Faust._ Yet that the world such oddities should give
Is necessary still.

_Mary._ I would not live
With one like him;—whene'er he cometh, he
Throws round him such a glance of mockery,
And scarcely hides the hate that in him lies;
You see he can with nothing sympathise.
It standeth written on his brow—he ne'er
Can love to any human being bear.
In thy embrace I feel so blest,
So happy when within thy arms,
So unrestrain'd—by naught repress,
    My soul, to thee resign'd, so warms;
But in his presence doth all this depart,
He shuts and withers up my very heart.
Faust. Misgiving angel!
Mary. And this feeling weighs
So heavily upon my heart—so sore—
That when by chance he but towards us strays,
I feel as if I loved e'en thee no more.
Where he would be I could not pray,
And that would eat my heart away.
And surely, Henri, it must be
The same when he is near, with thee!
Faust. You have a prejudice.
Mary. I now must go.
Faust. And am I never, then, to know,
Upon thy bosom one calm hour of rest,—
To mingle soul with soul, strain breast to breast?
Mary. Ah, if I did alone but sleep,
    I'd gladly leave the fastenings slight,
    And open to you e'en to-night;
But mother's slumber ne'er is deep,
And were we found—'tis sure that I
Upon the very spot should die.
Faust. No need, my love, for that to fear;
I have a little phial here,—
Three drops but mingled in her drink
    Will nature veil in pleasant sleep,
And so thy mother's eyes will sink
    Into a slumber calm and deep.
Mary. What is there that I would not do for thee?
But yet I hope it will not hurtful be!
Faust. If it were so, my love, would I
Advise you such a thing to try?
Marg. Gazing on thee, I know not what doth still
Impel me ever to perform your will;
I have already done so much for you,
Scarce anything is left me now to do. [Exit.

Mephistopheles enters.

Meph. The monkey! is she gone?
Faust. Hast spied again?
Meph. Why, all that pass'd, I heard it pretty plain.
You're catechised, sir Doctor! well,
I hope with good effect 'twill tell!
The girls have truly much concern
In doing all they can to learn,
Whether or not, in his belief, a man
With piety pursues the ancient plan;
For, if he bend submissively (think they)
In that, he'll yield to us the self-same way.

Faust. Thou monster! thou canst not perceive
How such a true and loving heart,
Full of the faith she doth believe
Alone can happiness impart,
Must tremble with a good and holy fear,
That she must deem as lost the man she holds most dear.

Meph. Thou sensual dotard! by the nose thou 'rt led
By a weak, silly girl!

Faust. Abortion, bred
From Filth and Fire!
Meph. In physiognomy,
How very knowing, too, she seems to be!
When I am by, she feels she knows not how,—
The girl in that some hidden sense doth show;
She feels I am a genius—and may be,  
Perhaps the Devil himself.—This night, then,—we—  
   Faust. And what does it concern to you?  
   Meph. I have my pleasure in it, too.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

    Margaret and Bessy with pitchers.

   Bessy. What, have you nothing, then, of Barbara heard?  
   Mary. I go but little out; no, not a word.  
   Bessy. Sibylla told it me to-day;  
At last she's thrown herself away!  
This comes of being still the best,  
Stuck up in pride above the rest.  
   Mary. How so?  
   Bessy. The worst is but too plain to view,  
Now when she eats and drinks, she feedeth two.  
   Mary. Alas!  
   Bessy. She's rightly served! how long she's been  
Fondling and hanging on the fellow seen!  
And then, what walkings forth were there,  
To village feast and dancing booth;  
And she herself, must everywhere  
Be thought the first of all, forsooth.  
He treating her with cake and wine;  
She thinking, too, herself so fine!  
Upon her beauty still so vain;  
So shameless too, she'd even deign  
Take presents of him;—then there still  
Was kissing and embracing—till  
The flower is gone!  
   Mary. Poor thing!
Bessy. And can it be,
That you can pity her!—when such as we
Were at the spinning-wheel, our mothers ne’er
Let us go down by night;—but she stood there,
Fondling and toying with her darling fair,
In the dark passage, on the doorway seat,
Thinking that every hour went by too fleet.
Now she will have a bringing down most rare;
She must at church do penance in a sheet!
Mary. Perchance he’ll marry her!
Bessy. A fool were he!
To a brisk young fellow, all the world is free;
Besides, he’s off and gone!
Mary. That is not right.
Bessy. E’en should she get him, she’s in evil plight;
The boys will tear her garland—and yet more,
We’ll bring cut straw, and spread it at her door. [Exit.
Mary. (going to the house). How bitterly I once could rail,
If a poor maiden chanced to fail!
Not words enough my tongue could frame
When speaking of another’s shame;
How black it seem’d! and then, howe’er
I strove to darken it, it ne’er
Seem’d black enough. So proud was I,
I bless’d myself, and walk’d so high;
And now myself I feel within
The sense that I am prey to sin;
Yet, everything that to it drove
Seem’d naught of guilt! Ah! all was love!
RECESS.

_In a niche of the wall, a devotional image of the Mater Dolorosa; pots of flowers before it._

_Margaret sets fresh flowers in the pots._

_Marg._ Mother of many sorrows! deign, oh deign!
To turn thy face with pity on my pain!
The sword hath enter'd in thy heart,
Thou of a thousand pangs hast part;
Thou lookest up, thou gazest on
The death of Him who was thy son!

Thy gaze doth to the Father rise,
    And to his throne;
Thou for His grief dost breathe thy sighs,
    And for thine own!

Who feels—who knows—
How fiercely glows
The torment that doth pierce me to the bone?
How my poor heart, in throbbing, burns;
Ah! how it trembles, how it yearns,
Thou knowest—and but thou alone!

Where'er—where'er I go,
What woe, what woe, what woe
    Within my bosom here—is stirring, waking!
Alas! alas! now scarce alone am I;
I weep, I weep, ah! bitterly I cry;
    My heart, my very heart is in me breaking.
The flower-pots at my window
   Were wet with my tears like dew,
As I in the early morning
   Gather'd these flowers for you.

A cheerful beam in my chamber
   The sun at his rising shed;
Already, in all my sorrow,
   I sat on my sleepless bed.

Help! save me from disgrace and death!—incline,
   Mother of many sorrows! turn thy glance,
    Thy pitying countenance,
Upon this anguish and distress of mine!

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    NIGHT.—THE STREET BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR.

    VALENTINE (a soldier, MARGARET'S brother).

    Val. When I sat 'mid a company
   Where every one to boast is free,
   And each companion loudly said
   The praises of his favourite maid;
   Each, with a brimming glass, his own
   Loud commendations washing down;
   My elbow on the table—I
   - Sat quiet in security,
   And confidently listening
   To all their boasts and swaggering;
   Then, smiling, stroked my beard, and placed
     A brimming goblet in my hand,
   Saying, "To every one his taste,
FAUST.

But can a maid in all the land
With my dear little Margaret stand,
Or hold a candle to her?" So
Kling, Klang,—round went it merrily;
And some would shout, "He's right, I know;
The pearl of all her sex is she;"
Then all the boasters silent were,
And now!—Oh! I could rend my hair
Out by the roots, and rushing go
Against the walls myself to throw!
With sneering speech and lifted nose
Each churl will mock me as he goes,
While I must like a bankrupt sit,
At every chance-dropp'd word to sweat;
And could I crush them in my ire,
Yet could I never call them liar!
Who is't comes here? who's slinking hither?
Unless I err, there's two together.
If it is he, I'll at him drive;
He shall not leave the spot alive!

FAUST and MEPHISTOFELES enter.

Faust. How, through the window of the sacristy,
The eternal taper's light doth outward gleam!
Fainter and fainter grows its sidelong beam,
Till darkness closes round it utterly!
So seems it as if all were night in me.

Meph. And I feel like a cat that amorously
Creeps up the fire-ladders, and doth trace
Around the walls with sly and stealthy pace;
Yet very virtuously, ne'ertheless,
A spice of thief-like joy, a little wantonness!
So thrills already through each limb and vein
The glorious May-day night, that comes again
The day succeeding to the morrow;—there
One knows for what the vigil doth prepare.

Faust. Meanwhile is that the treasure rising—I
Can in the distance by its light descry?

Meph. The pleasure may full soon be thine
To raise the casket from its shrine;
I lately glanced upon the hoard—
Good lion-dollars are within it stored.

Faust. And not a trinket—not a ring
Werewith to deck my lovely girl?

Meph. I saw within it some such thing;
A kind of band or string of pearl!

Faust. 'Tis well! if I my loved one see
Without a gift, it grieveth me.

Meph. Yet ought it not your mind annoy,
Some pleasure gratis to enjoy!
While shine the stars the heavens along,
A very masterpiece I'll play her;
I'll sing her quite a moral song,
The better to betray her! [He sings to the guitar.

"Why art thou, Catherine, before
The threshold of thy lover's door
Thus by the dawn of day?
A maid he'll let thee in;—but ne'er
From thence departing wilt thou e'er
A maiden go away!

"Beware, beware! when the delight
Is past and e'er—good night, good night,
Poor simple, trusting thing!
If thou dost love thyself—ne'er bless
The spoiler with thy love, unless
Thy finger bears the ring."

Val. (comes forward). Thou cursed rat-catcher! who
art thou

L
Alluring with thy music now?
To the devil first the instrument!
Then with it be the singer sent!
  Meph. All's up with the guitar—that's dash'd to
      shreds.
  Val. Now you shall have a round of cracking heads!
  Meph. Come, Doctor! never flinch! to work!
      And as I tell you, all things carry;
Out quickly with your toasting-fork,
  But only thrust, for I will parry!
  Val. Then parry that!
  Meph. Why not?
  Val. And this.
  Meph. I will.
  Val. The Devil must be fighting here! what thrill
Is this? my hand is getting dead and lame.
  Meph. (to Faust). Thrust home!
  Val. (falls). Ah! woe!
  Meph. There! now the clodpole's tame!
But hence! for we must quickly disappear;
  Already rings for us the murderous cry!
With the police my footing's pretty fair,
  But with the blood ban it were hard to vie!  [Exeunt.
  Mar. (at the window). Here, here, without here!
  Marg. Bring a light!
  Mar. (still at the window). They swear and scuffle,
      shriek and fight!
Several Persons. One's dead!
  Mar. (coming from the house). And are the murderers
      gone?
  Marg. (also coming forward). Oh! who lies here?
The People. Thy mother's son!
  Marg. Almighty God! what misery!
Val. I'm dying! that soon said may be,
And sooner yet it will be done!
Peace, women, with your howling! hither!
And listen to me altogether! [They all go to him.
Hark, Margaret! you are young as yet—your skill
Is scarce enough—you manage matters ill—
I tell it you in confidence;
Now you are once a whore, proceed,
And be one without more pretence;
Be like the thing you are indeed!
Marg. My brother! God! what wouldst thou say?
Val. Leave God out of the game, I pray!
What's done, alas! is done;—and now
E'en as they may must all things go;
Thou secretly begin'st with one,
Soon more to these will follow on;
And when a dozen first caress thee,
Then all the city may possess thee;

When Guilt, in birth, first sees the light,
Only in secret is she shown,
By every one the veil of night
Around her head is thrown;
Ay! all to stifle her are fain,
But still she grows and power doth gain;
Then will she walk 'neath daylight's beam,
Yet doth not any fairer seem;
The fouler grows her countenance,
The more she seeks the daylight's glance.

The time I can already see,
When thee all honest hearts will spurn,
And will aside, avoiding thee,
As from a corse infectious turn  
Within thee shall thy heart despair,  
When people look thee in the face;  
No more the golden chain thou'lt wear,  
Nor kneel thee at the holy place;  
No more, amid the dance, shall be  
Thy lace-work'd ruff a joy to thee;  
In some obscure and wretched cell,  
Thou wilt with beggars, cripples dwell;  
And even should thy God forgive,  
Thou, 'neath a curse on earth shalt live!

Mar. To Heaven's mercy recommend thy soul!  
Wouldst load thyself with slander, too?

Val. Thou foul and shameless woman! could I tear  
Thy wither'd form, I would not care  
For all my sins; for them I ne'ertheless  
Should hope to gain a full forgiveness!

Mary. My brother! Oh this dreadful pain!  
Val. Cease with your tears, and let them be!

Then when thou didst thy honour stain,  
Thou gavest the deepest stab to me!  
I, through the slumber of the grave,  
Go to my God, a soldier brave!  

[He dies.]
THE CATHEDRAL.

During the service.—Organ and Anthem.

MARGARET among a number of people. Evil Spirit behind
MARGARET.

Evil S. How different, Margaret, it was with thee,
When, full of innocence, thou stood'st before
The altar, and didst kneel thee at its foot,
Lisping thy prayers from out the well-worn book,
Half in the playfulness of childhood—half
As if a sense of God were in thy soul!
How is it, Margaret, now? within thy heart
What crime and evil doing?
Art praying for thy mother's soul, who slept,
And from her sleep pass'd into weary pain
And lengthen'd suffering, by thee? Whose blood
Is wet upon thy threshold?
Beneath thy heart stirs there not, even now,
That which is torturing both itself and thee
With a foreboding presence?

Marg. Woe! ah woe!

Would I were free of all these evil thoughts
That through me pass, and will come over me,
Spite of myself!

Choir. Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet seclum in favilla. [Organ plays.

Evil S. A horror seizes thee! the trumpet sounds,
The graves are heaving, and thy heart, awaked
From out its slumber of the dust, and brought
To life again, is trembling up, to meet
Its doom of fire!
Marg. Oh! would I were from hence! the organ's tone
Appears to stifle me—the anthem melts
My inmost heart.

Choir. *Judex ergo sum sedebit*
*Quidquid latet adparebit,*
*Nil inultum remanebit.*

Marg. I feel oppres's'd! the pillars of the wall
Close over me—the vaulted roof comes down
And presses on me!—Air!

Evil S. Hide thee! yet shame and sin
Rest not conceal'd or hidden. Air and light!
Woe to thee!

Choir. *Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus?*
*Quem patronum rogaturus?*
*Cum vix Justus sit securus.*

Evil S. The glorified their countenances turn
Away from thee; to stretch to thee the hand,
The pure and stainless shudder! woe to thee!

Choir. *Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus?*
Marg. Neighbour! your smelling-flask! [She falls senseless.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT.—THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS, DISTRICT
OF SCHIRKE AND BLEND.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Meph. Are you not longing for a broomstick? I
Would ride the roughest goat most willingly.
Upon the road we pass, our way is long,
And distant yet from what its end must be;
Faust. While I upon my legs feel fresh and strong,
This trusty, knotted stick suffices me.
Why make more short the track? to thread
Each winding valley as we go,—
Then, mounting, o'er the rocks to tread,
Whence streamlets, ever bubbling, flow,
Their downward rushing course—that, that is bliss
That lends enjoyment to a path like this;
Already in the birchen tree
The quickening breath of spring is glowing;
The very pine, too, seems to be
The genial influence knowing.
Will not the self-same power of spring
Work on our limbs its strengthening?
Meph. I nothing know of spring-time's heat,
Within me all is wintry now,
And on my path I'd rather meet
With winter's frost and winter's snow.
How drearily upon the night
The dull, red moon's imperfect disk
Is rising with belated light,
And shines so dimly that we risk
The stumbling up against a tree,
Or on a rock, at every turn!—
Let me a Wildfire call—I see
One yonder doth right gaily burn.
Ho! Ho, friend, yonder; may I dare
Request your company to-night?
Why should you vainly blaze and flare?
Be good enough our steps to light!
Wildfire. I hope I may, from reverence to you,
My usual flickering tendency subdue;
Our common course is anything but straight.
Meph. Ha! ha! he's thinking man to imitate!
But i' the Devil's name now, go
Straight on your path, or I will blow
Your flickering life out.

Wildfire.        Well I know
You're lord and master here, and therefore I
To suit myself to you will freely try;
    But think! the mountain's magic-mad to-night,
    And when a Wildfire is your guiding light,
You must not ask for too much nicety!

Faust, Mephistopheles; and Wildfire (in alternating
Song).

The sphere of dreams—of magic-spell
    Now, it seemeth, do we tread;
So, for your credit, guide us well,
    That we afar betimes be led,
Where regions wild and wasted lie.

Trees succeeding trees shoot by,
    See! how rapidly and swift!
    Every mountain summit bent,
Boweth low each mountain cliff;
    These snouts of rock, long, jagged, rent,
How they're snorting! how they're blowing!

Through the turf, through pebbles flowing,
    Brook and streamlet hasten on;
Hear I the murmuring song they raise?
    Hear I soft love's complaining tone,
The voices of those heavenly days?
All that we hope, all love endears,
    Breathes to us from that gentle strain,
And like a tale of distant years,
    Their voice re-echoed sounds again.
Too—whoo! Too—whoo—it comes more near
The pewitt, owl, and jay are here;
Are they all then still awake?
Gleam Salamanders through the brake,
Long of leg, with paunches wide?
How the roots, like serpents, glide,
Winding forth from rock and sands,
Stretch'd in strange and fearful bands,
Seemingly to terrify
Or seize us as we pass them by!
From massy knots where life is living,
   Polype-like fibres stretch and stir,
As if they with their arms were striving,
   To wind around the wanderer.
Mice in legions run beneath,
Many-hued, through moss and heath;
In circling swarms the glow-worms fly,
A confounding company!
Tell me! tell me! do we stand?
Or advance we o'er the land?
All things seem around to spin,
Trees and rocks distorted grin;
Wildfires, as they dancing beam,
Now divide—now swelling gleam!

_Meph._ Grasp my mantle firm and tight,
This rocky peak's a central height
From whence one wondering discerns
How Mammon in the mountain burns!

_Faust._ How strangely glimmers through the ground
   A mournful light like morning's red;
E'en where the gulfs are most profound,
   Its quivering ray is downward shed.
A mine-damp here,—here exhalations sweep,
FAUST.

Through veiling mist, here rays of light are gleaming;
Now fine, and threadlike, o'er the earth they creep,
Then burst on high, like to a fountain streaming!
Here marks the light a winding trace
With hundred veins the valley through,
Here gather'd in the narrow space
'Tis spent and scatter'd forth anew!
There, near us, sparks are glittering bright
Like upthrown showers of golden sand;
But see! in all its craggy height
The mountain burneth like a brand!
Meph. Lights not Sir Mammon for the feast
Right gloriously his palace dome?
That thou hast seen it, think thee blest;
See! the wild guests already come.
Faust. How furiously o'er all the storm-blast goes!
It strikes against my neck in heavy blows.
Meph. Grasp by the rock's old ribs, and grasp them tight,
Or it will sweep you down yon gulf profound;
A cloud-like mist hath thicken'd o'er the night.
Hark! what loud crashings through the forest sound!
The owls fly scared away; the whirlwind's stress
Bursts through the ever-verdant palaces,
Splintering their pillars! Listen! as they break,
The boughs and branches, how they crack and creak!
The groaning of the trunks, their mighty mourn,
The snapping of the roots asunder torn,
As in a fearfully-entangled fall
Over each other, crashing go they all!
And through the wreck and ravage-strew'd abysses
The wind-blast sweeps along and howls and hisses!
Hear'st thou not voices there on high
In the distance—to us nigh?
Yes! all the mountain range along
Here streams a raving witches' song.

Witches (in chorus). The witches to the Brocken speed,
The stubble's yellow—green the seed!
There all the bands together meet
Sir Uriah in the highest seat,
Witch and goat together flying
Over stock and stone are hieing.

Voices. Old Baubo comes—and comes alone—
A farrow sow she rides upon.

Chorus. To whom is honour, honour pay—
Old Mother Baubo, lead the way!
Our mother a good sow bestriding,
And all the witches after riding.

Voice. Which way hast thou come?
Voice. Over Ilsenstein's crest,
Where I just peep'd me into a shriek-owl's nest;
How her eyes glared at me!

Voice. To hell! away,
What a pace you are driving along to-day!

Voice. She's scratch'd my face in passing me,
Look at it—you the wound may see!

Chorus of Witches. The way is broad, the way is long,
What a mad and raving throng!
The fork doth stick, the besom sweeps,
The baby is stifled, the mother weeps.

Wizards (half chorus). Like snails within their shells we crawl,
The women get before us all,
For in advancing to the house of ill
They are a thousand steps before us still.

The other half. Quite so precise as that we do not take it,
The woman in a thousand steps may make it;
But let a woman haste howe'er she can,
In one sole bound 'tis finish'd by a man.

*Voice (above).* Come with us, come with us from Felsensee!

*Voices (from below).* There with you on high we would readily flee,
We wash and are clear from all soiling and stain,
But ever unfruitful and barren remain.

*Both Choruses.* The winds are still—the stars have flown,
And gladly hides the dreary moon,
With whizzing rush, the magic crew
Sparks by thousands onward strew.

*Voice (from below).* Halt! halt!

*Voice (from below).* Who calls from the rocky cleft?
*Voice (beneath).* Oh! take me with you,—I here am left!

Three hundred years I've tried to get
Up to the peak, nor reach'd it yet!
I would that I with my fellows were!

*Both Choruses.* The broom can carry—the stick can bear,
The fork and goat cut through the air;
Who cannot raise himself to-day,
He for ever lost must lay.

*A Half-witch (beneath).* Long have I follow'd, hobbling on,
And yet how far the rest have gone!
At home no quiet can I gain,
Nor any peace I here attain.

*Chorus of Witches.* The witch-salve stirs the witches' blood;
A rag to make our sail is good;
To make a gallant ship and tight,
On any trough we call;
Whoever cannot fly to-night
Will never fly at all.

_Both Choruses._ When we've flown around the peak,
Descending, we the earth will seek;
The broad, wide heath shall cover'd be
With all the swarm of witchery!  [They let themselves down.

_Meph._ There is a crowding, driving, clattering, rustling,—
There is a whizzing, twirling, prattling, bustling!
Light, fire, and stink, and sparks that burning fly,
A very element of sorcery.
Stick close, or we shall quickly parted be!
Where art thou?

_Faust._ Here!

_Meph._ So soon so far from me?

My power as master here, I must display,—
Place! Squire Voland comes! sweet folks, make way!
Give room, sweet people! Doctor! here,

Take hold of me, and at a spring
Quick let us of the crowd get clear;
Even for me 'tis too bewildering.
There's something yonder shining bright,
And with a strange peculiar light,
It draws me to yon thickets there—and so
Come with me, come—we will among them go!

_Faust._ Spirit of contradiction!—but go on!
For thou mayst lead me; it was wisely done
In truth—upon Walpurgis-night
Thus to the Brocken to repair,
To seek for solitude outright,
Directly we are there!

_Meph._ See! colour'd flames are burning high,
There meets some merry company;
Among a few one's ne'er alone.
Faust. I rather would have higher gone;
Smoke is drifting—fires are gleaming,
All the multitude is streaming,
Driving to the evil-one!
There many a riddle must be solved!

Meph.
Must many a riddle tie itself anew;
Let the great world e’en bluster as it may,
We here in peace and quietness will stay;
It is a saying of an ancient date,
That little worlds we form within the great.
Young witches I can yonder see
Who show their beauty stripp’d and bare,
And witches old, who prudently
A veiling mantle round them wear.
If but for my sake, come! comply with all;
The pleasure will be great, the labour small.
I hear the music tuning round!
What a cursed jingling, jangling sound!
One must get used to ’t. Come with me,
Come! otherwise it cannot be.
I ’ll lead the way, and introducing you,
Place you beneath an obligation new.
No narrow space is that! What say you, friend?
Gaze onward! you can scarcely see the end;
A hundred fires are burning in a row—
They chat, they cook, they wildly dancing go,
Make love and drink—now, tell me where,
Than this, we could aught better see?

Faust. But mean you when we enter there
As wizard or as devil to be?

Meph. Indeed, much used am I to go
About the world incognito,
But yet upon a levee-day
'Tis well one's orders to display.
I have no garter to denote
And tell to all the rank I bear,
But you will find the cloven foot
To-night is honour'd everywhere.
See you this snail? she creeps this way,
And puts her feelers forth, to say
She finds out something in me. No! if I
Wish'd it, I could not who I am deny.
But now from fire to fire will we roam,—
I'll be the friend, and you the gallant—come!

[To some person who are sitting round a few dying embers.

Well, my old gentlemen! what do you here,
Thus at the end of all? If I had found you
Placed nicely in the midst, with all the cheer
And riot of the youthful tumult round you,
That were some praise;—one must possess
At home enough of loneliness.

General. Who can his trust in nations place,
Though for them he has all things done?
With them 'tis as with woman's race,
By youth the prize is always won.

Minister. Now from the right are all men wide—
For me! the good old times I praise
When we could all things rule and guide;
They were, in truth, the golden days.

Parvenu. We were no fools, yet oft, no doubt,
Did what we ought not to have done,
And now have all things turn'd about,
Just as we wish'd all change to shun!

Author. Who in the present day will care,
To read a work of moderate sense?
As for the rising race—they ne'er
Show'd such conceit and impudence!

*Meph. (who suddenly appears extremely old).* Because
to-night the last will be
That I the witches' mount shall climb,
The people everywhere, I see,
Are ready for the end of time;
And as my cask runs low—I find
The world too's on the tilt inclined!

*A Witch (who is selling old clothes and frippery).* Do
not, good sirs, thus pass me by,
Nor lose this opportunity;
Look well upon my wares, and mark my hoard!
Varieties among my stock abound,
No fellow to my shop on earth is found,
And yet no article is in it stored,
But at some time or other was made
The instrument of ill to man;
No dagger, but adown its blade
A stream of staining blood has ran;
No goblet but has pour'd a poisoning juice
Into some body that in health did move;
No gem or jewel, but did once seduce
Some woman worthy of the glance of love!
There is no sword will meet your hand,
'Mid all the things that here you find,
That has not cut some holy band,
Or stabb'd a foeman from behind.

*Meph.* Cousin! you do not know such times as these;
All done and happen'd—happen'd still and done.
Betake yourself to selling novelties,—
By novelty alone is notice won.

*Faust.* This, with a vengeance, I a fair may call;
I trust I may my senses keep unmoved!

*Meph.* Upwards the thronging mass is struggling all;
You think to shove—and you yourself are shoved!

*Faust.* Who then is that?

*Meph.* Ah, mark her for your life,

'Tis Lilith.

*Faust.* Who?

*Meph.* 'Tis Lilith—Adam's wife
Before he wedded Eve; beware, beware,
Of the excelling beauty of her hair,
In which she shineth so surpassingly!
When a young man she may with that ensnare,
She lets him not so soon again get free.

*Faust.* There then sit two—one old, the other young,
They have already deftly danced and sprung.

*Meph.* No stop or pause to-night! See! they begin
Another dance! come! with them let's join in!

*Faust* (dancing with the Young Witch). A beauteous
dream once came to me,
I in it saw an apple-tree;
Two luscious apples on it hung,
They tempted me, I to them sprung.

*The beautiful Witch.* The apple aye could man entice
Down from the days of Paradise;
I feel me much rejoiced to know,
Such, too, within my garden grow.

*Meph. (with the Old Witch).* A wild, strange dream
once came to me,
I in it saw a rifted tree;

* * * * *
* * * * *

*The Old Witch.* I to the cloven-footed knight
My heartiest greetings give to-night;
Proctophantasmist. You cursed rabble! what is it you dare?
Have you not all long since been made aware,
That spirits stand not on such feet
As those on which mankind must go?
Yet here you 're dancing, light and fleet,
Just as we common mortals do!
The beautiful Witch (dancing). What does he do, then,
at our ball?

Faust. He's present everywhere and censures all;
How others dance, he must appraise and rate,
And if of every step he cannot prate,
It were as well that step had ne'er been ta'en;
He loudest grumbles when we progress gain,
Advancing forwards; if we traced,
One dull, unvarying circle still,
In such a course as must be paced
Around his old and worn-out mill,
He 'd call that right perhaps; especially
If he might on the point consulted be.

Proctophantasmist. Still here!—it is unheard of;—vanish! go!
We have enlighten'd all the world, you know;
This devil's crew—they lay no stress
On form or rule;—we are so wise!
And yet there 's Tegel, ne'ertheless,
Still sprite-disturb'd and haunted lies!
And what a time have I not sweeping been
At the delusion, yet 'tis never clean;
It is unheard of!
The beautiful Witch. Pray forbear!
And cease, at least, to plague us here.
Protophantasmist. I tell you, phantoms, to your face,
—my soul
Will not, of spirits, ever brook controul;
By my own spirit no such sway is wrought;

[They dance onward.

To-night, I see, I shall succeed in naught!
Yet still myself in readiness I hold
My journey ever onward to pursue,
And hope, before my latest step I 've told,
To triumph o'er the devils and poets too.

Meph. * * * * *

[To Faust, who has stepped aside out of the dance.

Why hast thou let the beauteous maid withdraw,
Who to thee, in the dance, so sweetly sang?
Faust. Ah! in the middle of her song, I saw
A dun-red mouse that from her mouth outsprang!

Meph. Tush! to such trifles here no heed we pay,—
'Tis well you did not find the mouse was grey;
I' the hour of bliss who for such things would care?

Faust. Then saw I——

Meph. What?

Faust. Mephisto', see'st thou there,
Lone and far off, that figure pale and fair?
With pain it moves, its step is sad and slow,
It seems with chain'd and fetter'd feet to go;
I must confess that it appears to me
In figure like poor Margaret to be!

Meph. Gaze not upon it, for with ill 'tis fraught,
'Tis without life, a shape by magic wrought,
An idol dead. To meet it is not good,
Her chilling glance benumbs the human blood,

m 2
And man is almost frozen into stone;
The fable of Medusa thou hast known.

*Faust.* In truth the eyes she gazes with, are those
Of a dead corse no loving hand could close!
That is the breast which Margaret yielded me,

And that the form I clasp'd—that form so dear!

*Meph.* Thou easy-cheated fool! 'Tis sorcery;
She doth to every one the same appear!

The form of her he loves doth always borrow!

*Faust.* What rapture! yet, alas! what poignant sorrow

I cannot, cannot, from that glance
A moment turn my countenance;
How wondrously the fairness of her neck,
That single, narrow, crimson line doth deck,
No broader than a knife-back.

*Meph.* Ah! most true!

Now that you mention it, I see it too;
I can perceive she may, if so she will,

Her own head carry underneath her arm,—

Perseus has cut it off for her. But still

Have such delusions for you such a charm?

Come! up the hill! away, away,
All is as merry here to-day
As on the Prater! and unless I err
Or am bewitch'd, I see a theatre!

What's here to do?

*Servibilis.* Directly will be given
A bran new piece—the newest piece of seven;
It is a usage common with us here
To let so many in a night appear;
A Dilettante's pen together tack'd it,
And they are Dilettanti who will act it.
But, sirs, my absence pray allow,
For I must to my post away;
My Dilettante duty now,
To raise the curtain for the play.

*Meph.* When on the Blocksberg hill I find
You placed—'tis much unto my mind,
It just the proper place must be,
For you and all your company.
WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM:

OR,

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING FEAST.

INTERMEZZO.
WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM.

INTERMEZZO.

Theatre-Manager. To-day then we for once may rest,
Brave sons of Mieding we;
The lofty hill—the dew-damp vale,
Are all our scenery.

Herald. Before the bridal golden be
Must fifty years departing flee;
If the quarrel now has ceased,
The golden bridal likes me best.

Oberon. Sprites! if ye are with me here,
Now be it testified,
To-day the fairy king and queen
Their band anew have tied.

Puck. When Puck appears, and spins him round,
And glides amid the dance,
Behind him, with him to rejoice,
Hundreds of sprites advance.

Ariel. Ariel wakes the fairy song,
Heavenly clear it floats along;
It lureth triflers it is true,
But it lureth beauty too.

Oberon. Wedded-ones, who would agree,
Learn ye from my queen and me;
To make a couple love and smile,
We need but part them for awhile.

_Titania._ If the husband knits his brow,
If the wife her airs should show,
Seize them both and let them be
Off convey'd immediately;
To the southward bear her forth,
And him to the extremest north.

_Orchestra, tutti (fortissimo)._ Nose of gnat and snout of fly,
With all their consanguinity—
Frogs the scatter'd leaves beneath,
Crickets in the grass and heath,
These must the musicians be
To utter forth our minstrelsy.

_Solo._ See, the bagpipe coming on,
A soopen bubble thinly blown;
Schnick-schnack, schnick-schnack, how it goes
Through its short and stumpy nose!

_The Spirit that is fashioning itself._ Spider's leg and
spider's foot,
Toad-like belly fitted to't;
For the little, little thing
Buddeth forth the little wing;
It makes no creature—but it will
Bring forth a little poem still.

_Pair of Lovers._ Little step and lofty bound,
Through honey-dew, and mist around,
You trip it to me well and fair,
But you mount not in the air.

_Curious Traveller._ Is't not a masking mockery,
Or is my eye-sight clear!
That the so-beauteous Oberon
To-night, too, should be here!
ORTHODOX. No claws or tail! and yet no doubt
Upon the mind can be,
That even like the "Gods of Greece,"
A right-down devil is he.

NORTHERN ARTIST. All that I can seize to-night
Will be but sketches quick and slight;
But I betimes will ready be
For journeying to Italy.

PURIST. Alas! ill fortune hither leads me
What rioting and revels here,
And out of all this crowd of witches,
Two alone do powder wear!

YOUNG WITCH. Your powder, like the petticoat,
Is but for women old and grey,
So naked sit I on my goat,
And a stout body bare display.

MOTHER WITCH. To squabble in a place like this
We've too much breeding got;
Though young and delicate you are,
I hope you yet may rot.

LEADER OF THE BAND. Gnat's nose! Fly snout! see ye
harm not!
Round about the naked swarm not!
Frogs the scatter'd leaves beneath,
Crickets in the grass and heath,
I have to beg you all, you will
Keep time amid your music still.

WEATHERCOCK (TOWARDS ONE SIDE). Society of such a kind
As one would ever wish to find—
Truly, here are beauteous brides,
Throngs of bachelors besides;
Man for man they here resort,
People of most hopeful sort.
Weathercock (on the other side). If opens not the earth

to-night,
To swallow up the whole outright,
I with a light and rapid spring
Right into hell myself will fling.

Xenien. We in our insect guise are here—
With small sharp beaks we all appear,
To Satan, our papa, to give
Such honour as he should receive.

Hennings. See this tribe, all press’d together,
How they’re joking one other!
I doubt not but at last you’ll find
Them saying that their hearts are kind.

Musaget. I like to lose myself among
This witches’ swarm—this witches’ throng—
Because they’re easier to me
To govern than the muses be.

Ci-devant Genius of the Age. When we with proper
people go,
How soon a somebody we grow!

Here! by my skirt be tow’d;
You’ll find the Blocksberg as you pass
Is like the German mount Parnass,
Its top is pretty broad.

Curious Traveller. Say, who is yonder tall, stiff man?
His very walk of pride it telleth;
He sniffs at all that sniff he can,
“For Jesuits he smelleth.”

Crane. In troubled waters and in clear,
Me may you fishing see;
E’en so this pious man is here
In devil’s company.

Man of the World. Yes! for the pious, all can be
A vehicle of grace;
Upon the Blocksberg's self they build,
   Full many a meeting-place.
   Dancer. Surely a chorus new succeeds,
   I hear the drums afar!
But startle not! among the reeds
   The one-voiced bitterns are.
   Dancing-Master.* How each one throws his legs about!
Each getting on amidst the rout
As best he can—the crooked springs,
The clumsy hops in awkward flings,
And no one asks another, how
Their flingings and their springings show.
   Fiddler. This pack of rascals! what a hate
Each ragamuffin bears his mate!
How gladly would they all bestow,
Each upon each the deadly blow!
In union they are only bound
Together by the bagpipe's sound,
As Orpheus' lyre, we are told,
Together brought the brutes of old.
   Dogmatist. Neither a critic nor a doubt
From my opinion puts me out;
Yet something still the devil must be,
Or how should one the devil see?
   Idealist. For once, then, phantasy I find
Too powerful within my mind;
If I am all—I must confess
To-day 't must be in foolishness.
   Realist. The actual is a very plague,
   Annoying here to meet;

* This and the following stanza were not inserted in the early editions of Faust.
For the first time I do not stand
Quite steady on my feet.

_Supernaturalist._ With much delight I’m here, and with
These phantoms gladly mix—

Conclusions of good spirits, I
Can from these devils fix.

_Sceptic._ They follow by the flame, and think
They near the treasure come;

In German “devil” rhymes to “doubt,”
Here I am quite at home.

_L leader of the Band._ Frog, the scatter’d leaves beneath,
Cricket in the grass and heath,

_Accurséd Dilettanti!_

Nose of gnat, and snout of fly,
Buzzing low and buzzing high,

_Most tuneful Musicanti!_

_The Clever Ones._ Sansouci! so they name the race
Who mirth in all things show;

Feet are not used for walking now,
So on our heads we go.

_The Clumsy Ones._ We’ve spunged full many a bit of yore,
But that is now all past and o’er;
We’ve danced our shoes through, and behold
We now are dancing naked soled.

_Wildfires._ From the place whence first we rose,
The marshy quagmire, we advance,
Yet soon the throng our presence knows
The brightest gallants in the dance.

_Falling Star._ I have fallen from on high,
In starry brightness through the sky;
Here crossways in the grass I’ve lain,—
Who’ll help me on my legs again?
The Solid Ones. Place here! Place! Ho, spread ye wide!
The bending grass gives way—
'Tis sprites that come, but ne'ertheless
Plump, solid limbs have they.
Puck. Your feet so heavy do not plant
Like the heels of elephant,
But let the sturdy Puck himself
Be here to-day the stoutest elf.
Ariel. If Nature kind your pinions gave—
If, from the spirit, wings you have,
Follow in my track so light
Up yon hill of roses bright.
Orchestra (pianissimo). Circling cloud and wreathing mist,
Descending, round us lay;
In the leaves the wind is dying,
O'er the reeds the breeze is sighing,
And all has pass'd away!
A GLOOMY DAY.—THE OPEN PLAIN.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. In misery! despairing! long wretched and erring upon earth, and now a prisoner! For dreadful sufferings, shut in a dungeon as a misdoer, the dear, unhappy creature! To this! even unto this! Worthless, traitorous devil? and this thou hast hidden from me! Stand! stand but before me! Ay! roll thy hellish eyes, in fury, in thy head! Stand, and brave me with thine insupportable presence? Imprisoned! in helpless, remediless misery! Delivered o'er to evil spirits, and to unpitying, sentence-passing man! And me, the while, thou wast lulling in vapid, tasteless dissipation, hiding from me her growing wretchedness, and leaving her, without help, to perish!

Mephs. She is not the first.

Faust. Dog! abhorred monster!—Oh! thou infinite spirit! Change! change the reptile again into that dog-like form, in which he so often walked before me on my evening path, rolling before the feet of the harmless wanderer, that he might fasten on his shoulders when he fell! change him again to his most frequently chosen form, that he may crouch on his belly in the dust before me, and that I may spurn him, the reprobate, with my foot! Not the first! Oh misery, misery! by no human soul can it be conceived, that more than one created being could ever have sunk to such a depth of wretchedness that the first, in the writhing agonies of death, should not
have atoned for the guilt of all succeeding it, in the eyes of the ever-pardoning! The misery of this single one harrows up my soul, the very depths of my being, and thou art coldly grinning over the doom of thousands.

*Mep.* Now again we are at our wit's end already; there, where the sense of you men gives way from overstretching. Why didst thou mate thyself with us, if thou canst not go through with it? Wouldst thou fly, and art not secure from giddiness? Thrust we ourselves on thee, or didst thou press thyself on us?

*Faust.* Gnash not so thy devouring teeth at me! I loathe thee!—O great and glorious spirit; thou who hast deigned to make thyself visible to me; thou who knowest my heart and my soul, why, why didst thou unite me to this companion of shame, who feedeth on evil and rejoices in destruction?

*Mep.* Hast thou finished?

*Faust.* Save her! Free her! or woe unto thee! The most fearful curse be upon thee for thousands of years!

*Mep.* I cannot draw back the bolts, nor loosen the bands of the avenger. Save her! Who thrust her downward to destruction! Was it I or thou?

[FAUST gazes wildly around him.]

Art thou grasping at the thunder? Well is it, ye miserable mortals, that it is not given you! To smite to pieces the innocent opposer! That is ever the tyrant's mode of wrecking his rage at difficulties.

*Faust.* Bring me thither, where she is—she shall be free!

*Mep.* And the risk to thyself which thou runnest into! The guilt of blood, and from thy hand, lies yet upon the town. Over the abode of the slain, sweep avenging spirits, lying in wait for the back-returning murderer.
Faust. And that too was by thee! The death and murder of a world upon thee, monster! Lead me thither, I say, and free her!

Meph. I will conduct thee there, and what I can do, hearken! Have I all power in heaven and on earth? The senses of the gaoler I will becloud; possess yourself then of the keys, and bear her forth by the hand of man. I will watch! The magic steeds are ready, this can I do.

Faust. Up and away!

NIGHT.—THE OPEN PLAIN.

Faust, Mephistopheles (rushing past on black horses).

Faust. What are these hovering round the Raven-stone?
Meph. I know not what they're shaping and preparing.
Faust. They wave up, wave down—they bend, they stoop.
Meph. A band of witches.
Faust. They sprinkle and charm!
Meph. On! On!

THE PRISON.

Faust (before an iron door, with a bunch of keys and a lamp).

Faust. A long unwonted tremor on me falls—
All that mankind can feel of misery,
All human anguish fasteneth on me!
Here is she bound behind these dreary walls;
An innocent delusion has been all
The crime and guilt for which her life must fall.
To go to her thou dost in doubt delay!
Again then to behold her dost thou fear?
Thou'rt hesitating, while her hour is near;
Thy dallying lingers death along—away!

[He grasps the lock. A singing from within.

My mother, the harlot,
Who kill'd me—and he,
My father, the rogue,
Who hath eaten me!
My sister she took
Up every bone,
In a cool shady nook
She laid them down.
From them upward, upward springing,
From the spot on which they lay,
I rose a pretty wood-bird singing
As I flew—away! away!

Faust. She dreams not that her lover, listening,
Hears the straw rustle and the fetters ring!

Marg. (hiding her face on the pallet). Woe, woe is me! they come. Oh, bitter death!

Faust (softly). Be still! be still, I come to set thee free.

Marg. (throwing herself before him). If thou'rt a man, and breathed human breath,
Feel for my misery!

Faust. The gaoler fast in slumber lies,
And thou wilt wake him with thy cries!

[He takes hold of her chains to unlock them.

Marg. (on her knees). Who, headsman, could unto thee give
O'er me this dreadful power?

N 2
Oh! pity me, and let me live!
Thou comest for me at midnight's hour;
Will day-break not be time enough?—and I
So young, so young, and yet so soon to die!
I was fair, too, and that was my undoing.
Torn is the garland—they the flowers are strewing;
The friend so near me once, is far away;
Seize not so roughly on me—spare me yet;
What have I done to thee? Oh! do not let
My anguish vainly for your mercy pray!
I never saw you in my life I'm sure.
Faust. And I must all this misery endure!
Marg. I'm wholly in thy power—but let me first
Give suck unto my infant! I have nurs'd
And rock'd it to its quiet rest
The whole night through upon my breast;
They took my babe from me away,
To do me wrong and make me wild;
And now the wicked people say
That I have slain my child!
Gladness will never more possess my heart!
Songs do they sing about me, as they go;
'Tis wicked of them, and an evil part,
There's an old story hath its ending so;
Who bid them say how it applies?
Faust. See! at thy feet a lover lies!
To loose the yoke of misery.

[ Throws himself on the ground. ]

Marg. ( throws herself beside him ). Yes! let us kneel together—we
Will pray the holy saints—but see!
Beneath the steps, around the threshold, wreathe
The flames of hell! see how they boil and seethe!
The Evil one within
Fearfully raging makes a hideous din!
   Faust (aloud). Margaret! Margaret!
   Marg. (listening). I hear
My lover’s voice! Where is he? Where?
   [She springs to her feet. The chains fall off.
I heard him call! I’m free, I’m free!
No one shall stay, none hinder me.
   Unto his neck I’ll fly,
   Upon his breast will lie;—
He called on me; and from the threshold’s cell,
Through all the howls and clattering of hell,
Sounding the grim, infernal mockery through,
The sweet, the loving tone again I knew!
   Faust. ’Tis I.
   Marg. Is’t thou? Oh, say so once again!
   [Embracing him.
’Tis he! ’Tis he! where now is all my pain,
The anguish of the dungeon and the chain?
’Tis thou! thou com’st to rescue me;
Yes, I am saved! Again I see
   The street where first we met—and there,
   The cheerful little garden, where
Myself and Martha stayed for thee!
   Faust (endeavouring to lead her out). Come! come
   with me, my love, away!
   Marg. (caressing him). Oh! go not yet! I always stay
   With such delight where’er thou art!
   Faust. Unless thou hastenest to depart,
We shall most bitterly our lingering pay.
   Marg. Ah! how is this?
Canst thou no longer kiss?
Short as the time thou ’st been from me away
To kiss hast thou forgotten? As I lay
Hanging upon thy bosom thus,—oh! why
Feel I so sad, when once my heart to bless
There came upon me from your words, your eye,
So full a heaven of joy and happiness?
And thou didst kiss as if thou wouldst have ta'en
Away my breath! Come kiss me; or again
I will kiss thee!

[Embracing him.

Ah, woe! thy lips are cold,
Are cold and dumb!
Where is it thou has left thy love of old?
This change—whence has it come?
Thy love! Ah! who has robb'd me of it?

[She turns away from him.

Faust.

Take courage, love, and come with me away!
With love a thousand, thousand-fold intense
I'll clasp thee; do but come! 'tis all I pray.

Marg. (turning to him). And is it thou? and is it thou
indeed?

Faust. 'Tis I,—come with me!

Marg. By thy hand I'm freed!

Thou dost unlock the fetters and the chain,
And to thy bosom foldest me again;
How is't thou dost not shrink from me in fear?
And dost thou know whom thou art freeing here!

Faust. Come! come! already wears away
The darkness of the night profound!

Marg. My mother did I slay!
My child have drown'd!
Was it not given to us both? To thee?
Is it thyself? Oh, that it true can be
E'en now I scarce can deem;
Thy hand!—'tis not a dream,
'Tis thy dear hand! but ah! 'tis damp—begone;
There's blood upon it! wipe the stain away!
Ah! God! What hast thou done?
Put up thy sword I pray!
Faust. Let what is past, be past. Thou kill'st me.
Mary.
Thou must stay here, and I will show
How all the graves prepared must be
To-morrow morning soon, you know
Care must be ta'en for them by thee!
My mother's place must be the best,
Beside her let my brother lay,
A little from them let me rest,
But only not too far away!
Upon my breast my child must be,
No other now will sleep with me—
Ah! once unto thy side to press
And nestle—that was happiness!
But mine it never more will be;
There's something draws me unto thee,
And yet I feel as if it were in vain,
It seems as if you thrust me back again!
And yet 'tis thou—looking so good, so kind!

Faust. If thou dost find,—

If thou dost feel that it is I,
Come with me, come!

Mary. From hence to fly?

Faust. To Freedom—yes, into the boundless air!

Mary. Is the grave there?

Waits Death without? Then come!

From hence into the peaceful bed,
Where rests for evermore the head,
But farther, not a single step I'll roam.
Thou 'rt going from me now, away;
Oh, Henri! could I go with thee!

Faust. Come! if you will, my love, you may!
If thou dost only wish it—see,
Here ready stands the open door!

Marg. I dare not go! for me is hope no more,
What would it help me if I fled?
They watch for me the country through;
It is so hard to beg one's bread!
And with an evil conscience too!
In a strange land to roam and stray,
It is such pain and wretchedness!
And let me do whate'er I may
They 'd seize upon me ne'ertheless!

Faust. I shall be with thee!

Marg. Quick! away!
Save thy poor child! the pathway keep
That upward by the brook doth sweep!
Across the little bridge,
Among the trees!
To the left! 'tis in the pool!
Quick! seize it! seize!
It struggles still—and tries
Again to rise;
Save! save it!

Faust. Calm thyself I pray—and see,
Take but a single step and thou art free!

Marg. Would that we had but pass'd the hill!
There sits my mother on a stone;
My head, my brain, grows cold and chill;—
There sits my mother, all alone;
She waveth to and fro,
And now is still, nor nod nor sign is making;
Her head doth heavy grow—
She slept so long, her slumber knew no waking.
That we the hours might enjoy she slept—
Ah, those were pleasant times!

Faust. Since I have wept,—
Implored, in vain—I will no more delay—
I 'll even risk the bearing thee away!
Marg. No force! release me! let me go!
And grasp me not thus murderously!
I have in other times, you know,
Done everything to pleasure thee!
Faust. Day breaks apace! My Love, my love—
Marg. The day!
Yes, it is growing light—it brings to me
The day which is my last;—it was to be
My marriage morning! unto no one say
Thou wast with Margaret so soon!
Woe to my garland! all is done;
Again we shall each other see,
But at the dance it will not be.
The crowd is gathering—but no sound is there!
The streets—the square—
Cannot the thousands hold—
The staff is broken and the bell has toll'd;
How do they seize upon me! bind me fast—
Swiftly, swiftly to the seat of blood they haste!
Already am I there—and now the shine
Of that keen glaive,
Seems glancing for each neck, though drawn alone for mine!
Dumb lies the world as the unspeaking grave!

Faust. Oh! had I ne'er been born!
Meph. (appears without). Up! Up! away—
Or you are lost; how weak is this delay!
So long with prating and with loitering there;
My horses shudder in the morning air;
Day dawns!

Marg. What rises from the earth?
'Tis he! 'tis he—oh, drive him forth—
What on the place of holiness would He?
Is it for me he cometh?

Faust. Thou shalt live!

Marg. All-judging God!—to thee
Myself I give!

Meph. Come! or I'll leave you with her in the mess!
Marg. My father! I am thine; Oh! save and bless!
Ye angels! guard me—and ye Heavenly things
Around me spread your all-protecting wings!
Henri! I shudder as I gaze on thee!

Meph. She's judged!

Voice from Above. Is saved!

Meph. (to Faust). Come hither! here to me!

[Vanishes with Faust.

Voice from Within (dying away). Henri! Henri!
NOTES.

THE DEDICATION.

The Dedication, in the original, is written in the measure once so generally used by the Italian Poets, and which Byron has rendered familiar to us by his Beppo and Don Juan. Many years elapsed between the commencement of Faust and its completion; as it approached its conclusion, the mind of the poet might naturally revert to the friends among whom its earlier scenes were conceived and executed, and as memory calls their forms around him, to them he dedicates the result of the task they had once cheered by their approbation and applause. The passage in which the poet expresses a yearning for "the still, pensive spirit-land" (jenem stillen, ernsten Geisterreich), has been quoted as one of the few in which Goethe expresses an aspiration towards the "world beyond," though he appears (from a conversation on the death of Wieland, recorded by Falk), to have been a firm believer in the immortality of the soul. It will be seen, however, that the passage is retrospective, inspired by the feelings of memory and love; and that the "Spirit-realm" he yearns to enter, is that of the past rather than the future. The vivid manner in which the past may be recalled in the present, either by dreams or in periods of abstraction, when the mind is the least affected by what is most actual in the circumstances external to it, is frequently alluded to by poets:—

"This bodiless creation, extasy
Is very cunning in."

Lucretius proposes as one of the subjects of his inquiry:—

"Quae res, nobis vigilantibus obvia, menteis
Terrificet, morbo affectis, somnoque sepultis;
Cernere uti videamur eos, audireque coram,
Morte obita, quorum tellus amplectitur osea."

Sir Walter Scott expresses the same thought more fully in describing the dreams of the Knight of Snowdown (Lady of the Lake, Canto I.)

"Again return'd the scenes of youth,
Of confident, undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead,
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday."

"The Dedication to Faust certainly proves that this poem, as well as Hermann and Dorothea, were his most cherished productions. It was first published in the Cotta edition of 1816."—Dr. Koller.

The concluding lines of Rogers's Italy are in a strain of feeling similar to the sentiment of this Dedication:—

"'Tis now long since;
And now while yet 'tis day would he withdraw,
Who, when in youth he strung his lyre, address'd
A former generation. Many an eye
Bright as the brightest now, is closed in night,
And many a voice once eloquent, is mute,
That, when he came, disdain'd not to receive
His lays with favour."

To those who think that a translation should follow the original in form as well as subject, the following version, in the same measure as the German, may appear preferable to that given in the text:—

"Approach ye then once more, dim, shadowy train?
As once before my troubled gaze ye flew?
Shall I this once your fleeting forms retain?
Is my heart still to its delusion true?
Still press ye forward? Well, resume your reign,
As rising from the mist ye meet my view.
With youthful feelings is my bosom bounding,
Thrill'd by the magic breath your forms surrounding.

Forms known in early, happy days, you bring
And with you many much lov'd shades arise;
Like worn traditions, half forgotten, spring
First love, and friendship, once more to mine eyes;
Old pangs awake—and voiced with sorrowing,
Life's many path again before me lies,
Those naming, who of happy hours bereft
Have vanish'd from the scene where I am left.

They do not hear, alas! the following lay,
The souls who listen'd to my earliest song,
Those echoes of my heart have died away,
And far dispersed is all that friendly throng,
NOTES.

To stranger-crowds my grief I now betray,
Whose very praise seems to my heart a wrong;
And those whom once my song could wake to mirth,
If yet they live, are scatter'd o'er the earth.

And now a yearning long unfelt, I feel
For the soft stillness of that spirit-land!
In half-form'd tones my lisping lay doth steal
Around like harp-notes which the winds command:
I tremble—tears first following tears, reveal
That the stern heart is quell'd, is soft and bland—
The present—dimly, as afar, I see;
But all the past, appears reality."

THE PRELUDE IN THE THEATRE.

Manager, Theatre-Poet, Merryman.

The first of these three characters requires no comment, but the other two have not exactly their parallels among the members of a dramatic establishment in England. A poet, or was, a more regular appendage to a German theatre than an English one. With us the writer of a play is not, as an author, connected with the theatre; he may sometimes, indeed, be a player also, but then he has a twofold capacity, each distinct from the other. The business of a German Theatre-Poet appears to be the furnishing dramatic material to the actors, on demand, and suitable to the moment, in a more certain manner than could be done by authors of equal, or perhaps superior powers, who write only by the inspiration of their genius, and whose productions may be very good in themselves, but badly timed, "like your old courtier's cap, richly suited but unsuitable." He is in fact kept in regular pay by a theatre for his dramatic contributions as a newspaper pays an editor for political ones; the condition of each situation being alike in this, that the right article must be furnished at the right time, which can only be done by those to whom practice has given readiness in directing their thoughts at once into the required channel, and the power of expressing those thoughts, such as they are, rapidly, forcibly, and clearly. In both cases a knowledge of the public at large, or that smaller section of it that constitutes a theatre audience, is necessary. It may easily be conceived that a delicate and poetic mind will find such task-work and drudgery inexpressibly revolting to it, especially if it is compelled to direct its own efforts according to the sordid views of another. This is the situation of the "Poet" in the present dialogue; he thinks of what is noble and exalting in his art—the Manager only of what will fill the house and his treasury; it is only after the most painful struggles that the Poet can stoop to let his Pegasus be harnessed.
Shakespeare, when he first became connected with the stage, is supposed to have altered, amended, and retouched the plays of other authors, and that similar labour, when performed by other men, was occasionally paid for, there is conclusive proof; but it does not appear that the theatres of that period, retained a person quite identical with the "Theatre-Poet" of this prelude. Ben Jonson, as the "Court-Poet," writing the masques and allegories for the Court Revels, approaches the character more nearly.

The term "Merryman," does not adequately render the Lustige-person of the author. That word, however, is the only one we have that can be used for it, "Clown," or "Merry Andrew," not being admissible. The character understood by these three designations is merely the buffoon of our itinerant mountebanks and troops of equestrians, with more activity of body than brain, and whose jokes are principally of a practical kind. The Lustige-person of the German stage is the actor who in As You Like It, would be cast for Touchstone, or for Master Lancelot, in the Merchant of Venice, or for any other of the immortal clowns of Shakespeare, for these deal out satire and philosophy amid their rich and easy humour; they "make their folly their stalking-horse, and under cover of that do shoot their wit." They are of a very different order to the Merryman of the Circus, or the Clown of the Pantomime, and to possess the qualities necessary to play them well, may excuse a little vanity in the possessor. In this, the Lustige-person before us does not seem deficient; he is fully alive to his own importance, and, it will be seen, agrees better with the worldliness of the Manager, than the refinements of the Poet; he lives in and for the present, and has an especial contempt for the voice of posterity.

There is a passage in the works of that admirable French political writer, Paul Louis Courier, which explains the character of the Lustige-person of a different grade of society. Courier's style is in some degree like that of our Fonblanque, and on that account he was once called the Lustig, or the Jester of the National party; this is his reply: "To abuse I am silent; but he calls me Lustig, and it is on this I take him. In speaking of me, he says, and thinks he says well, 'The Loustic of the National party,' while in so saying, the good man, he makes a mistake without suspecting it. The word is foreign, and when we borrow terms from foreigners they ought not to be altered. The Germans say Lustig, not Loustic, and I verily believe he does not know what the Lustig is. In a German regiment, he is the joker, the jolly fellow, who amuses every body and makes the regiment laugh; I ought to say only the privates and the subaltern officers, for all the others are nobles, and laugh, as is proper they should do, separately and apart. On a march, when the Lustig laughs, all the column laughs also, and cries out, 'What has he said?' Such a fellow must be no fool. It needs considerable talent to make men laugh who are beaten with the flat of the sabre, and are chastised with the stick; more than one journalist would find himself puzzled to do it. The Lustig diverts their attention, amuses them, sometimes prevents them
from hanging themselves when they cannot desert, and for a moment consoles them for the stick, black bread, fetters, and the insolence of aristocratic officers. Is this the office he has given me? I shall have plenty of work in it, but I will do my best."—Lettres Particulières; Lettre 2d.

Our posts and boards are up, &c.

The Theatre is evidently by this only a temporary erection, for the use of an itinerating company.

When ere 'tis four, and yet in open day.

The performances at the German theatres commence at an earlier hour than in our playhouses. The opening of a box-door will in summer time let a stream of sunshine into the pit, a rather novel appearance to an Englishman, who rarely sees the interior of a theatre till darkness has set in.

As in some famine's sharp distress
The mob throngs round a Baker's door.

An illustration drawn probably from the accounts of the bakers' queues, during the French revolution; when the purchasers of bread were served in rotation, and gathered outside the doors of the bakers in anxious and famishing numbers.

What is it climbs Olympus' height,
Makes Gods, &c.

Shelley claims even higher powers for the true poet; in a beautiful passage on the influence of the poetical spirit, he says—"Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

Frequently as poets have made use of the music of the spheres, they have never drawn from it a strain of more surpassing beauty and sublimity, than the song of the archangels with which this prologue opens. I speak, of course, of the original, to which all translations appear weak and inadequate; though in most of them the sense has been preserved, yet all of the beauty that depends on language, the material of the poet, is necessarily lost, or but imperfectly imitated. The archangels gazing on the sun and stars, as they roll
through illimitable space, and listening to their eternal harmony, describe the angels themselves as deriving power and strength from a spectacle which it is not permitted to mortality to behold; if the soul of man is strengthened and ennobled by all that carries it out of, and beyond the sphere to which his mortal nature confines it, then the mere reading this glorious hymn, if read with a capacity for feeling its sublimity, effects in us what the near view of suns and spheres in their splendour and majesty may be supposed to effect in angelic natures; our minds are raised, strengthened, ennobled, and we feel conscious of powers to do, to feel, and to enjoy, that cannot on this earth be called into their full activity. Their hour is not yet come. To awaken this better soul within us, is the chief office of the poet, and it is his almost exclusively.

The idea of the first verse is probably to be found in that text of the Scripture which speaks of the time "When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." The similarity to the prologue in its main incident—the permission given to the tempter—to the first chapter of Job, has frequently been pointed out by commentators.

There seems to have been, from the earliest ages of which we have any record, a natural tendency to connect the idea of music with the motion of the spheres; philosophers have accounted for it by a natural relation which seems to exist between regularity and harmony; but poets have interpreted more literally, and in countless instances have wedded the visible beauty of motion with the audible beauty of sound. One sublime example has already been quoted from the Scriptures (a great part of which is the purest and most exalted poetry the earth possesses), and from profane, or rather, (as we dislike this word when applied to the high priests of intellect,) from secular poets, the instances in which this union has been alluded to are numberless. If anything of excelling beauty is quoted on any subject, it will be found that it has been said by Shakespeare; the lines, therefore, in which he has expressed this idea will probably occur to every one:—

"See how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim;
Such harmony is in immortal souls,"

Goethe represents the sun as pouring forth his song amid the chorus of each "kindred star," and Shakespeare imagines every orb to be "quiring to the young-eyed cherubim," who in the same manner may be supposed to render back the song.

No poet has more frequently referred to this celestial harmony
NOTES.

than Shelley, and numerous passages might be quoted from him, but one will suffice

"Ione. Even whilst we speak
New notes arise. What is that awful sound?
Panthea. 'Tis the deep music of the rolling world
Kindling within the strings of the waved air,
Æolian modulations.
Ione
Listen too,
How every pause is filled with under notes,
Clear, silver, icy, keen, awakening tones,
Which pierce the sense, and live within the soul,
As the sharp stars pierce winter's crystal air,
And gaze upon themselves within the sea."

The passage in Milton's "Ode on the Nativity," in which he speaks of

"Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,"

will occur to every reader. In Allan Cunningham's "Lives of the British Painters," in his biography of William Blake, an engraver and poet of genius, whom genius did not save from poverty nor talents from neglect, he gives some specimens of his verse; in one of his short poems he addresses the Muses, whom he supposes have deserted the earth, and the opening stanza contains the idea of the "ancient melody" of the sun:

"Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased."

That heavenly ray,
He reason calls, but uses so that he
Grows the most brutish of the brutes to be.

The same sentiment, and almost in the very words of Mephistopheles, was used by Sir William Molesworth, in his speech at the "Peace meeting," at Leeds, in November last; "Are we," said the honourable baronet, "are we rational beings? Do we vaunt our superiority over the brute creation, and attribute our superiority to our intelligence, and power of calculating consequences? And yet do we only employ the prerogatives of reason to live in a more bestial manner than any beast."

Know that of all the spirits who deny,
The jesting scoffer is the least offending.

"Jesting scoffer" in this passage does not completely express the meaning of der schalk in the original; it was formerly a term applied
to a Jester or Court Fool; but as this is not exactly the character of Mephistopheles, the word required some qualification, and the term "scoffer" may be fairly used, as it would imply the possession of some degree of malignity; at present the word schalk is used in Germany in a very vague and indefinite sense. There is probably something of contempt expressed in the use of such a term by the Lord, to Mephistopheles, as describing one who, though denying, is too impotent effectually to oppose, and who by venting his enmity in scoffs and sneers, may even become an instrument of good, by waking in man a more lively activity. "Jesting Fool! such spirits as thou art, are the least hateful to me."

FAUST'S STUDY.

The opening soliloquy of Manfred has been compared with the opening of this scene, but there is not much resemblance between them. Faust asks from the world of spirits higher and fuller knowledge than that which the learning of this earth can give; Manfred demands from supernatural agency only "self-oblivion"—a craven prayer. Poverty and neglect are additional bitters in the cup of Faust, but Manfred possesses wealth, and rank, and honours. Faust looks back with regret on a life spent in acquiring useless knowledge; but the retrospect of Manfred is darkened by the memory of crimes, vague, indeed, and unnamed, but which we may suppose to be of the deepest guiltiness. There is no reason to imagine that the life of Faust, up to the period of his meeting with the Tempter, was different to that led by many of the devoted schoolmen of the middle ages, full of self-sacrifice and self-denial. Except in a deep sense of the beautiful in nature, which is common to both, the characters of Manfred and Faust have but little resemblance to each other. The "Faustus" of Christopher Marlowe has furnished Goethe with several hints for his chief character, though our old dramatist has made his scholar more according to the vulgar idea of a sorcerer than the German poet.

Burns up the heart within my breast.

Mr. Bolleau, in his remarks on Hayward's Faust, doubts if "burns up the heart" would be English! Coleridge can answer him:

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
My heart within me burns."—Ancient Mariner.
NOTES.

I think it is Shelley who has a passage resembling this:—

"Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, exceeding wealth,
The sage in contemplation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd;
Nor wealth, nor power, nor love, nor leisure,—
Others I see whom these surround,
Smiling, who live and call life, pleasure;
To me this cup is dealt in quite a different measure."

Shelley, though not compelled to write for his bread, seems to have had a keen perception of the ills of poverty; he has a fine passage on this subject in his Rosalind and Helen:—

"Thou know'st what a thing is poverty
Among the fallen on evil days;
'Tis crime and fear and infamy
And houseless want in frozen years
Wandering ungarmented, and pain,
And worse than all, that inward stain,
Foul self-contempt, which drowns in sneers
Youth's starlight smile and makes it tears."

Inscribed by Nostradamus' hand.

The person alluded to under the name of Nostradamus, was born in 1503, at St. Remy in Provence; his real name was Michael Notre Dame. After studying medicine he became what is described by the undignified title of quack, and also addicted himself to astrology. He enjoyed considerable reputation, and was employed and patronised by Henry II., and Charles IX., of France. He was the author of a book of prophecies, which seem to have been as celebrated in France as those of Thomas the Rhymer in Scotland. The work was under the prohibition of the court of Rome even so late as 1781, as it contained some predictions of the decay of the papal power. Nostradamus died in 1565. The book in which Faust contemplates the mysterious sign, doubtless derived additional value from being "inscribed by Nostradamus' hand," and not the work of a copyist. In the German Conversations Lexicon, there is a fuller account of this personage.

The Sign of the Macrocosm.

This is supposed to be a sign or hieroglyphic of the universe, or the whole of nature; the second sign—that of the Microcosm, which Faust confesses he is more capable of comprehending, represents the earth or the world, and the power which he summons in a visible shape, is its spirit. The whole scene is emblematical of the impo-
tence of man to grasp or raise himself to an idea of the mysteries of
Being, even of the nature of his own world. "This knowledge is
too high for me, I cannot attain unto it." The intellectual desire,
and the intellectual power, are both far stronger in Faust than in
the generality of men, but while the desire is boundless, the power
is limited, and in the struggle between the two, the eternal con-
flict of Faust's soul consists.

Thou hollow skull! what meanings lurk
Beneath that grin?

The expression of grim mockery which appears in the physiognomy
(if it may be so called) of a skull, has been noticed by Shakspere;
"where be your gibes now? your gambols, your songs, your flashes
of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? not one
now to mock your own grinning? quite chopfallen!"
And again;

"within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp."

And, by Byron;

"Death laughs! go, ponder o'er the skeleton,
With which men image out the unknown thing!"

Ye instruments of brass and steel.

"Proteus transform'd to metal did not make
More figures or more strange;—nor did he take
Such shapes of unintelligible brass,
Or heap himself in such a horrid mass
Of tin and iron, not to be understood,
And forms of unimaginable wood,
To puzzle Tubal-Cain, and all his brood;
Great screws, and cones, and wheels, and grooved blocks."
Shelley.

That which thy sires to thee have handed down.

This and the following lines have caused considerable dispute.
If the inheritance referred to is merely the goods and chattels he
has just mentioned, then the passage may be merely a recommend-
dation to enjoyment of the goods the gods have provided—the carpe
diem of Horace expressed in a German couplet. But the better in-
terpretation seems to be, that Faust is speaking of intellectual trea-
urses, which, though derived from the past, must be made our own
by thought and contemplation in the present."
NOTES.

But dare burst ope those gates which all
Would willingly stink by.

"Is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death
Ere death dare come to us?"

"It is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change."

*Antony and Cleopatra.*

BEFORE THE GATE.

Coarseness I dislike of every kind.

"Oh! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio!" That which to the man of soul and feeling is life and enjoyment, is to the pedant merely coarseness and vulgarity.

*Great man! what feelings must be thine?*

In the dramatic fragment which Bulwer has appended to his novel of *Eugene Aram,* the respect paid to the scholar is of the same description as that proffered to Faust in the present scene.

*To me the multitude's applause
Sounds as in mockery or scorn.*

In the old play of Marlowe, Faustus expresses similar dissatisfaction at the result of his medical studies;

"The end of physic is our bodies' health,
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end
Are not thy bills hung up for monuments
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been cured?
Yet thou art still but Faustus and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,—
Then this profession were to be esteem'd,—
Physic farewell!"

*There was a lion red, a lover brave.*

Goethe at one period of his life was a reader of works on Alchemy, and, in this and the following lines, has probably thrown into rhyme one of the countless fantastic recipes, in which these writers were equally successful in concealing their knowledge and their ignorance. They cannot be understood without a key, and with one, they would
probably not be worth understanding. In a note appended by Mr.
Hayward to this passage, he gives the interpretation of the pa-

gses as explained to him by Mr. Griffiths of Kensington, “who one
delivered an extremely interesting lecture on alchemical signs at
the Royal Institution.” He states, that the “lion red” is red
mercury or cinnabar, and that it is termed a “lover brave,” from
the eagerness with which it absorbs or devours every pure metallic
body. The “lily” means a preparation of antimony or lilium Pute
ceati. The other terms, descriptive of the operations to which the
compounds were subjected, are explained in a similar manner, as
the whole passage, deprived of obscurity, he gives thus:—“There
was red mercury, a powerfully acting body, united with the tincture
of antimony, at a gentle heat of the water-bath. Then being expos-
to the heat of the open fire in an aludel, the sublimate filled 8
heads in succession, which, if it appeared with various hues, was
the desired medicine.” The term “medicine,” it should be
observed, is not used in the sense of a remedy for any particu-
lar disorder, but was the name applied both to the elixir viatis and to
the philosopher’s stone, the two grand objects of the alchemist’s search.
The world, or that portion of it that has bestowed any thought on
the matter, has had considerable respect for these old enthusiasts.
They worked in a profound belief of the truth of their theory, and
many of them were men of great attainments. What they sought
for, inextinguishable wealth and immortality, might well justify the
wildest ambition. The pursuit, however, at last degenerated into
mere means of cheating and money-making, for an exposure of
which, the reader is referred to Chaucer’s “Canon’s Yemane’s
Tale,” or Ben Jonson’s “Alchemist;” the latter is a masterly ex-
sposure of the rascallies of these “Greeks of the lower empire.” The list
of the alchemists is said to have committed suicide at the beginning
of the last century; but, as astrology still lingers among us, perhaps
there are alchemists walking in their vain shadow even now. Some
writers have, indeed, contended, that more may be said to justify
their theory than is generally supposed; Sir David Brewster, in his
Martins of Science, recently published, says, “the conduct of the
scientific alchemists of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth
centuries presents a problem of very difficult solution. When we
consider that a gas, a fluid, and a solid, may consist of the same
ingredients in different proportions; that a virulent poison may
differ from the most wholesome food only in the difference of
quantity of the very same elements; that gold and silver, and lead
and mercury, and indeed all the metals, may be extracted from
transparent charslets, which scarcely differ in their appearance
from a piece of common salt or a bit of sugar-candy; and that
diamond is nothing more than charcoal, we need not greatly
wonder at the extravagant expectation that the precious metals
and the noblest gems might be procured from the base materials.
These expectations, too, must have been often excited by the
startling results of their daily experiments. The most ignorant
compounder of simples could not fail to witness the magical
transformations of chemical action; and every new product must have added to the probability that the tempting doublets of gold and silver might be thrown from the dice-box with which he was gambling.

"But when the precious metals were found in lead and copper by the action of powerful re-agents, it was natural to suppose that they had been actually formed during the process; and men of well regulated minds even might have thus been led to embark in new adventures to procure a more copious supply, without any insult being offered to sober reason, or any injury inflicted on sound morality.

"When an ardent and ambitious mind is once dazzled with the fascination of some lofty pursuit, where gold is the object or fame the impulse, it is difficult to pause in a doubtful career, and to make a voluntary shipwreck of the reputation which has been staked. Hope still cheers the aspirant from failure to failure, till the loss of fortune and the decay of credit disturb the serenity of his mind, and hurry him on to the last resource of baffled ingenuity and disappointed ambition. The philosopher thus becomes an impostor; and by the pretended transmutation of the baser metals into gold, or the discovery of the philosopher's stone, he attempts to sustain his sinking reputation and recover the fortune he has lost. The communication of the great secret is now the staple commodity with which he is to barter, and the grand talisman with which he is to conjure. It can be imparted only to a chosen few—to those among the opulent who merit it by their virtues, and can acquire it by their diligence; and the Divine vengeance is threatened against its disclosure."

The dazzling power of the dream they walked in, and its utter vanity are beautifully contrasted by Shelley in his "Alastor;"

"Oh! that the dream
Of dark magician in his vision'd cave,
Taking the cinders of a crucible
For life and power, e'en while his feeble hand
Shakes in his last decay, were the true law
Of this so lovely world."

Bathed in eternal sunshine I should greet
A stilly world in silence at my feet;
Each gentle valley, &c.

Some passages from Wordsworth's "Evening Ode" may be compared with these reflections of Faust while gazing at the setting sun, for the sake of observing how the same spectacle affects two minds of the highest order, but differently constituted:—

"Far distant images draw nigh,
Call'd forth by wondrous potency,
Of beamy radiance that imbues
Whate'er it strikes with gemlike hues,"
"Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve,
But long as godlike wish or hope divine
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine!
From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won,
An intermingling of heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread.

"And if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
You hazy ridges, to their eyes
Present a glorious scale,
Climbing suffused with sunny air,
To stop, no record hath told where,
And tempting fancy to ascend
And with immortal spirits blend!
Wings at my shoulders seem to play,
But rooted here I stand and gaze,
On those bright steps that heavenward raise
Their practicable way!"

His conclusion is in a different spirit to that of Faust:—

"From thee if ever I would swerve,
Oh let thy grace remind me of the light
Full early lost and fruitlessly deplored,
Which at this moment in my waking sight
Appears to shine by miracle restored!
My soul though yet confined to earth,
Rejoices in a second birth;
'Tis past—the visionary glory fades,
And night approaches with her shades."

Yes, were a magic mantle but mine own
To bear me far away, &c.

It will be seen that this very wish is fulfilled, a mantle being the means by which Mephistopheles transports Faust to the scene of debauchery in Auerbach's Cellar.

FAUST'S STUDY.

The alternate change in the measure of the verse in the opening of this scene, as the calmer mood of Faust is disturbed by the restlessness of his diabolical companion, is very striking.

Of the four I use the spell.
The four spirits of fire, air, earth, and water.
Mephistopheles in the dress of a travelling scholar.

The travelling scholar is a character now numbered with the things that were. They did not bear the best of characters; the title was probably assumed by men who had no right to it, but who found it, like the rank of "captain" among ourselves, "convenient for travelling."

The wizard's foot upon the surface pressed.

The wizard's foot is a pentagram, or sign with five points, formed by two intersecting triangles.

At morn I only wake to find
New horrors, &c.

"I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed unto me. When I lie down, I say, when shall I arise and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day." "When I say, my bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; then thoureatest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions; so that my soul chooseth strangling and death, rather than life."—Job, Chap. vii.

Coleridge has vividly described the pains of sleep, such as we suppose may have been felt by Faust:

"But yesternight I yell'd aloud,
In anguish and in agony,
Upstarting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me;
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorn'd, those only strong;
Thirst of revenge and powerless will,
Still baffled and yet burning still,
Desire with loathing strangely mix'd,
On wild or hateful objects fix'd,
Fantastic passion, maddening brawl,
And shame and terror over all.
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know,
Whether I suffer'd or I did,
For all seem'd guilt, remorse and woe!
My own or others, still the same,
Life stifling fear, soul stifling shame!
* * * * *
Sleep, the wide blessing, seem'd to me
Distemper's worst calamity;
* * * * *
Such punishments I said were due
To natures deepest stain'd with sin,
NOTES.

For aye intempeating anew
The unfathomable hell within,
The horror of their deeds to view;
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore, fall on me?"

"Thus, Being as a load I bear.

"Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life to the bitter in soul? Which long for death, but it cometh not, and dig for it more than for hid treasures; which rejoice exceedingly and are glad when they can find the grave."—Job, Chap. iii.

Oh that my soul had gently sunk
E modo, &c.

Hamlet expresses the same wish:—

"Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!"

And all who have contemplated suicide have probably longed for the possibility of a "painless extinction," as a consummation devoutly to be wished.

"Many a time
I have been half in love with easeful death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain."—Keats.

My curse descend on all that twines
Its jugglery, &c.

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, quoth my Uncle Toby, but it was nothing to this!" Every higher principle of man's nature is included in this fearful curse. Lear's curse on his daughters, and Times's imprecation on the men of Athens, are perhaps the strongest anathemas to be found in Shakspeare. The curse invoked by the lost souls in the third canto of Dante's Inferno, is also tolerably comprehensive:—

"They gnash'd their teeth in rage
Soon as they heard the sentence; they blasphemed
Their God, their parents, and all human race,
Their clime, their lineage, and their breath of life."

Descend on Patience last and worst.

"Patience, and patience! Hence! that word was made
For brutes of burden, not for birds of prey;
Preach it to mortals, of a dust like thine;
I am not of thine order."—Manfred.
NOTES.

Woe, Woe! Ah woe, thou hast destroy'd
A beauteous world, &c.

The beautiful world which Faust has destroyed is his moral and intellectual nature, which the curse of his passion has shattered to chaos. The spirits, therefore, exhort him to build it again within him, that he may be a perfect man and not a wreck. Mephistopheles interprets their exhortations to his own wishes; but when he claims them for spirits of his own, he merely supports his character of "a liar from the beginning."

From this earth flows each rapture that is mine.
"This world is the nurse of all we know;
This world is the mother of all we feel."—Shelley.

Where'er I say
To one brief moment, stay! thou art so fair!

This challenge is here accepted by Mephistopheles, and gained by him in the second part of the poem, but the soul of Faust neverthe less escapes him.

This very day, then, at the Doctor's feast.

It seems as if Goethe had intended to write a scene similar to one that occurs in Marlowe's play, where Faustus plays off some very common-place sorcery; it would have probably occupied the space of the scene in Auerbach's Cellar.

A roll of parchment, when
'Tis stamp'd and blotted o'er with ink, &c.

"Is not parchment made of sheepskins?
Ay, my lord, and of calves' skins too.
They are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that.—Hamlet.

By the great spirit am I spurn'd.

Faust alludes to his scornful rejection when he asserted equality with the spirit of the earth.

With youthful blood, but little gold,
And every wish to learn, I've come!

The whole of this scene with the scholar is a satire upon the systems of instruction pursued in the universities of Germany, of which Goethe had not the highest opinion.

Your meaning, sir, I cannot quite discern.

Perhaps the reader, in some passages of the translation, may be in the same predicament as the scholar.
AUERBACH'S CELLAR.

This place of entertainment is still in existence at Leipzig, and in making it the scene of revelry into which Faust is brought, Goethe has only followed the traditions of the place. Faust takes but a small part in the carousal, and in Retzoch's outline of this scene, he is represented as leaning abstractedly against a table, apart from the group of revellers. These drinking cellars are very common in Germany and Switzerland. The largest I ever saw is that beneath the Kornhaus, or public granary, at Berne, into which the visitor descends by a long flight of steps; in summer it strikes a chill as you descend, but its immense vats contain a sovereign remedy for the sensation. Specimens of the small drinking cellar, or Wirthschaft, may be met with in abundance in the same city; in the main streets they are nearly as numerous as the houses.

Are you from Rippach lately.

Hans von Rippach, or John of Rippach, was, among the students at Leipzig, a fictitious personage, something like our "Duke Humphrey," or nobody. To inquire of any one if he has supped with Hans von Rippach is a piece of banter, of which Mephistopheles, by his ready answer, shows that he is perfectly aware.

Once on a time there was a king
Who had a wondrous flea.

The song of Mephistopheles is well adapted to the place and company, and though rather coarse, is a clever satire on the vanity and presumption of worthless favourites and perennias.

The knave is unincorrigible.

In the original "der Kerl ist vogelfrei," the knave is outlawed—and an outlaw is one "whom any man finding might kill."

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THE WITCH'S KITCHEN.

There is much in this scene which is totally unintelligible, and though glimpses of meaning may be, perhaps, discerned, it may save much labour to know, that the author meant the witch's "one times one," and some other passages to be what they are—nonsense. In this scene, Mephistopheles assails the soul of Faust by every unhallowed artifice. With the potion that he drinks, youth returns to his body and his passions, but his intellect remains as before, matured, ambitious, soaring in its tendency, and frequently amid all the intoxications of sorcery, self-accusing, and repentant.
NOTES.

Those who wish to see this scene as well as read it, must go to
the outline illustrations of Retzsch.

_In those soft limbs reposing must I see_
_The inmost essence of each brighter heaven._

"Dorothea.
This hour is to die here.
_Antoninus._ Then with her dies
The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman.
_Massinger’s Virgin Martyr._

The expression occurs several times in the same writer.

"Whence that completed form of all completeness?
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?
Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where,
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?"—Keats.

THE STREET.

Connecting the opening of this scene with the words of Mephisto-
philes at the end of the scene preceding it, it may be doubted
whether Margaret is intended in beauty to be really the "model of
all womankind," though Faust evidently thinks so. It does not
appear that it was her form Faust saw in the mirror. It must be
borne in mind that he is now a young man, every outward trace of
the philosopher and schoolman "declined into the vale of years,"
has disappeared; Retzsch represents him in this scene, as a young,
gay, and beardless gallant.

MARGARET’S CHAMBER.

Faust’s soliloquy at the opening of this scene has been compared
with that of Iachimo, in the chamber of Imogene, in Cymbeline,
but the contemplations of Iachimo are not quite so abstracted.

PROMENADE.

This scene explains the mode in which Margaret is deprived of
the jewels by the plious scruples of her mother, which by the bad
advice of the accommodating Martha, induces her to indulge herself
by wearing the second set in secret, and unknown to her parent.
Her innocence is thus partially undermined by the agency of the
NOTES.

evil one, before her acquaintance with Faust extends beyond the casual meeting in the street. Though the rage of Mephistopheles at the loss of the casket may be affected to enhance the value of his gifts, it exhibits him in a miserably petty and contemptible point of view; Faust might well, in a previous scene, call him a "poor devil!"

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

The dialogue between Mephistopheles and Martha, in which he moves her to sorrow and anger, and raises her expectations only to disappoint them, by speaking of her husband's repentance, of his conduct, and his dying accusations, his suddenly acquired wealth, and his extravagance, closely resembles the scene between Tubal and Shylock in the Merchant of Venice, excepting that Tubal tortures the usurer unconsciously, while Mephistopheles does it purposely and only, it would seem, to gratify his malignity. The scene is very skilfully written. Martha's catalogue of her husband's "only" faults, is rather amusing, as it includes all the worst and most destructive vices.

FOREST AND CAVERN.

"The poet does not paint the scenes of sorcery and enchantment which should have followed the interview in the garden, and occupied the interval between that scene and the present. On the contrary, he shows us Faust already satiated with his happiness. He begins also to feel with bitter sorrow the weight of the chain, by which he is united to such a being as Mephistopheles, who, skilful in tormenting, throws on him the keenest ralillery. The sublime or generous emotions, which move the soul of his victim, he degrades beneath the most brutal instinct. It is a picture of Psyche tortured by demons; it is a terrible example of the celestial soul struggling with earthly passions. The most powerful image which the evil spirit employs to drive Faust to despair is the description of the sorrow into which he is plunging Margaret, though at the same time he inflames, with infernal address, the passion that is to prove the destruction of the unfortunate girl. In fact, Margaret believes she is already forgotten; alone in her chamber, she neglects her person and her occupations, and feeds upon the memory of the past, and the hope of the future."—Madame Voïart.

Her mind on you for ever dreaming.
"And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new morn she saw not."—Keate's Isabella.
NOTES.

RECESS.

The term rendered by the word "Recess," is Zwinger, a word which has caused much dispute as to its meaning. Retzsch's engraving of this scene renders it perfectly intelligible. It is a niche or recess in a wall adjoining the church, containing a statue of the Mater dolorosa. What may have been the origin of the word may be more difficult to decide.

NIGHT.—BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR.

*You cursed Ratcatcher! who art thou*  
*Alluring with your music now?*

It is a common superstition in Germany, that some ratcatchers can charm the vermin to follow them by music; among the minor poems of Goethe is one called the Ratcatcher (Rattenfinger), founded on the same belief; it begins;

"Ich bin der wohl bekannte Sänger  
Der viel gereis'te Rattenfinger;"

It appears, however, that he can also charm prettier things than rats;—

"Und waren Mädchen noch so blöde  
Und waren Weiber noch so spröde;  
Doch allen wird so liebescham  
Bey Zaubersaiten und Gesang."

WALPURGIS' NIGHT.

The festival of the saint who converted the Saxon people to Christianity is held on the first of May. She was a female named Walpurgis, or more correctly perhaps, Valpurgis; in one collection of German Tales she is called Walburga. The range of the Hartz mountains has for ages been the "chosen seat" of superstition, and the legends connected with the various localities are of the wildest character. Science has recently laid its disenchancing hand on the "spectre of the Brocken;" it is now classed "in the dull catalogue of common things," and accounted for by reflection and refraction, or phenomena of that kind. The Blocksberg is the highest mountain of the range, and is supposed to be the spot on which all the witches, wizards, and "juggling fiends" of Germany hold a yearly gathering on the night of the first of May. How it came to be fixed on the festival of a saint is not explained. The Blocksberg, like the mountains or mountain ranges of other countries where Druidism prevailed, was the last strong-hold of the Druids, when the progress
of Christianity was weakening their influence on the minds of the people. The performance of their rites among the wilds of the mountains was taken for the orgies of sorcerers by the peasantry. Goethe has written a poem on this tradition, called the "First Walpurgis Night," in which the Druids propose to cheat and scare the Christians "with the devil that they fable," by assuming hideous disguises, and approaching with fire and loud noise and outcries. Schirke and Elend are the names of two villages in the neighbourhood of the Brocken mountain.

"The ruin of Margaret being completed, Mephistopheles thenceforth troubles himself no more about her, his end is accomplished; it is now the perdition of Faust that he seeks to consummate. To ensure the confusion of his soul, and to pervert his noblest impulses, he leads him to the Witch’s Sabbath, held among the summits of the Hartz. The horrors and dangers of the path are increased around the wanderers by the darkness and the tempest of the night. The trees moan, shaken by the storm, their branches are shattered, the owls fly scared away, the unchained winds roll the clouds in whirling masses, and in the midst of this disorder of nature, the whole length of the mountain-chain re-echoes with the magic song of the sorcerers who, from all parts, flock to the nocturnal orgie of Mammon."

—Madame Voialt.

Trees and rocks distorted grin.

Throughout this scene the grotesque, the horrible, and the sublime, are mingled together; the idea in this line is not very intelligible, though I conclude it to mean that the rapidity with which objects are whirl'd past, gives them a distorted appearance, equivalent to the grin on a human countenance. Poets have often given human action to inanimate objects, with the happiest effect; thus Wordsworth says of trees in autumn, that they

"In frenzied numbers tear
The lingering remnant of their yellow hair."

The whirlwind's stress
Bursts through the ever verdant palaces
Splintering their pillars.

"A whirlwind roar'd
Impetuous, warring with fierce elements;
Which bursts the blustering forests, smites away
The branches, shattering, hurling them afar."

Dante's Inferno, c. 9.

As in a fearfully entangled fall.

Shelley’s translation of these two lines is equal, if not superior, the original, for the "stormy music" of their rhythm;

"Over each other crack and crash they all
In terrible and intertangled fall."
NOTES.

The original is,

"Im fürchterlich-verworrenen Falle
Über einander krachen sie Alle."

It will be seen that Shelley has transposed them, putting the second line first, and has improved the effect of his translation by so doing. The rhymes being the same both in the German and the English, every translator would naturally use them, thus producing two lines generally resembling those of Shelley, but easily distinguished from his by their inferiority. The first translator of such a passage will probably render it the best, as his successors, not wishing to be thought copyists, will differ from him purposely, and in proportion as they differ will be inferior.

Over Ilsenstein's crest.

Ilsenstein is the name of a rock in the Brocken.

From Felsensee.

"From the lake of the rocks;" like Ilsenstein, it is the name of a spot in the neighbourhood.

Place! Squire Voland comes!

Squire Voland is one of the names of the devil in German legendary lore.

'Tis Lilith!

Lilith is a formidable spectre, said by Jewish superstition to watch for and kill children, like the Striges and Lamia of the Romans;

"Præsce Lamiae vivum puerum extrahat alvo."—Horace.

"The Talmudists say that Adam had a wife, called Lilis, before he married Eve, and of her he begat nothing but devils."—Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

I in it saw a rifted tree.

The lines, the absence of which is marked with stars, are left imperfect in the original; from what is given of them a meaning might be supplied, but as they are not worth translating, I have not attempted it. The same liberty is taken a little farther on in a speech of Mephistopheles, of which four lines are omitted; they are very obscure and very coarse, and may be spared by the reader without regret.

Proctophantasmist.

Mr. Hayward states that the individual meant by this personage, is Nicolai of Berlin, a writer who for nearly twenty years had, by his criticisms in a periodical, which he partly conducted, a con-
siderable influence on German Literature. They were written in a
cold prosaic spirit, and he had frequent disputes with the writers
of the time, among them Wieland and Goethe.

Tegel.

Tegel is a little place some ten miles from Berlin, where, in the
year 1799, an affair occurred something like that of our own Cock-
lane Ghost, which terrified the people of Berlin notwithstanding
their enlightenment by such writers as Nicolai. Mr. Hayward
gives a long note on this affair, and on Nicolai himself.

Mephisto? seest thou there
Lone and far off that figure pale and fair?

Amid the wild and grotesque enchantments of the Witch’s
Kitchen, Faust is captivated by the visionary form of a beautiful
woman; in the unearthly revelry of the Witches’ Sabbath, he is
roused from the delusions of the scene by another apparition, bea-
utilful still, but how unlike the form which he saw in the magic
mirror! This is invested with the fascination of horror, as the first
was with the attractions of grace. From the eagerness shown by
Mephistopheles to avert his gaze and attention from it, it does not
seem to have been conjured up by the Evil One, but rather to be
sent by a better power to recall the mind of Faust to the victim of
his passions, whom the intoxications of sorcery had made him for
a while forget, and whom it is not the wish of Mephistopheles that
he should remember. The warning is effectual; the unholy tumult
of the infernal revel appears to have no more attractions for him,
for the scene abruptly closes, and his inquiries probably force from
the tempter the intelligence that produces the terrible scene of de-
nunciation and hatred which follows the intermezzo.

The eyes she gazes with are those
Of a dead corpse.
“Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold,
There is no speculation in those eyes
That thou dost glare with.”—Macbeth.

How wondrously the fairness of her neck
That single, narrow, crimson line doth deck
No broader than a knife back!

The apparitions of persons who have been beheaded are supposed
to appear with this token of the manner of their death. So in
Southey’s Colloquies he thus introduces his shadowy interlocutor;
“Is it Sir Thomas More?—The same, he made answer, and lifting
up his chin, displayed a circle round his neck, brighter in colour
than the ruby. The marks of martyrdom, continued he, are our
NOTES.

Insignia of honour. "Fisher and I have the purple collar, as Friar Forest and Cranmer have the robe of fire."

In an engraved portrait of Lady Jane Grey, which the translator once met with, a small necklace was so disposed round her throat that nothing appeared but a single narrow circle, the rest being concealed by a robe. Whether it was meant as a reference to this superstition, did not appear, but it seemed not unlikely. It is worth notice, that in the opening of the scene in which Margaret's brother is killed, Mephistopheles speaks of a necklace as one of the articles in the casket along with the "lion-dollars;"

"I saw within it some such thing,
A sort of band or string of pearl."

This has been explained as a sneering allusion to the awful vision seen by Faust on Walpurgis night, but the inference appears to me to be overstrained.

THE INTERMEZZO;

OR, OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING FEAST.

The intermezzo has not the least connexion with the story of the Drama, and consists of a number of light and graceful verses put into the mouths of a strange variety of beings, human and spiritual. Their meaning, if ever they were intended to have any, is very obscure, and the satirical allusions are far from being generally understood even in Germany; it is only a well-educated few who are well acquainted with the literary and courtly history of the time in which they were written, who can be said to understand them, but to these, it is said, the verses afford the highest gratification. The allusions in the opening to the quarrel between Oberon and Titania are sufficiently intelligible, and are probably suggested by Wieland's Oberon.

A golden bridal is celebrated on the fiftieth Anniversary of a couple's marriage. The silver bridal is the twenty-fifth celebration of the same event.

"Brave Mieding's sons are we."

Mieding was the scene painter of the Theatre at Weimar. On his death Goethe enshrined his memory in a beautiful little poem, or lament. He must have been a man of superior qualities.

It would be an endless task to cite all the meanings that have been given to the different verses or the names of the speakers, if they can be so called. Perhaps the following extract from Mr. Boileau, author of the Nature and Genius of the German Language, will prove that the undertaking would be in vain.

"This intermezzo in general appears to be a mere freak of
Goethe's fancy. He very likely had in his mind one of the songs which were sung by students in the German Universities fifty or sixty years ago, the burthen of which song was the following barbarous Latin:

Ecce quum bonum
Bonum et jucundum
Habitare fratres in unum!

Every one of the carousing party was obliged to sing an impromptu of four German lines exactly in the metre of this intermezzo. The more the verse was ridiculous and absurd, the greater was the mirth which it created. I remember, for instance,

Der Teufel fuhr zum Thor hinein
Mit hundert Kariolen;
Man fragte was das sollte seyn?
Die Häuscher will ich holen!

'The devil drove through the gate into the town with one hundred cabriolets, and when he was asked what that was for, his answer was, I come to fetch the constables away.'

This of course tickled the fancy of riotous students, who frequently came in contact with the constables of the University.

Goethe's verses all along this intermezzo are not many degrees superior. He probably wrote them in a merry mood, as Voltaire did his Pucelle d'Orléans, bent only upon amusing himself and making others laugh, always remembering the observation of the Prince de Ligne, 'qu'il n'y a que les bêtises qui fassent rire.' Not that I mean to deny the stanzas of this intermezzo being interspersed with satirical strokes and sprightly allusions, to which Goethe never would furnish a key.'

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A GLOOMY DAY.—THE OPEN PLAIN.

This is the only scene in the drama that is written in prose. A "gloomy day" is the fitting time for such a dialogue. The bond which unites Faust to Mephistopheles has now become quite insupportable to him; his passion is fearful, and he seems to terrify rather than persuade Mephistopheles into compliance with his will.

The next scene, where they are discovered rushing along on the magic steeds, is intended, as well as the pale fettered figure on the Brocken, to shadow forth the approaching doom of Margaret. The "raven-stone" is a name given in Germany to the gibbet.
NOTES.

THE PRISON.

The wish expressed by Faust to feel within himself "all human woe," is in this scene accomplished, and, too ambitious of emotion, he finds his misery insupportable; he does not wish for death, but regrets that he ever lived. "Oh! had I ne'er been born."

From the song sung by Margaret at the opening of the scene, and her inexpressibility of recognising Faust, it is at once evident that Margaret is distracted. His voice recalls her to herself, but with reason returns the consciousness of guilt; the frenzy of passion has passed away, and she prefers death to a guilty liberty.

The staff is broken.

The breaking a staff was once the last formality of a trial, and intimated that the sentence was irrevocably spoken. The form is still preserved in our state trials; the breaking the staff was the last ceremony performed by Lord Denman, as High Steward in the affair of Lord Cardigan.

To the seat of blood they haste.

Beheading is still the capital punishment of Germany; the blood-seat (Blutstuhl) is a sort of chair or seat to which females are fastened and undergo the sentence; males are made to kneel on a heap of sand.

The following remarks on the character of Margaret, in reference to this scene, are extracted from the *London and Westminster Review*, vols. 3 and 25, p. 397. "Civil law absolves the madman from any responsibility of his acts; we may hope that divine law will absolve the moral madman, the fanatic, from the responsibility of his acts. Margaret labours under a charm, under a frenzy, under the fanaticism of love; she thinks it her duty to obey blindly, to sacrifice soul as well as life to him who sways her affections. Certainly a grievous mistake; but do we, can we cease to admire her as an angel of innocence after as before her fall? We appeal to any person who has read 'Faust' if Margaret is not always uppermost in our affections. At last the charm is broken, 'Thy lips are cold,' says she; Faust loves her no longer, and Margaret, steeped in crime to the lips—Margaret, who has poisoned her mother, drowned her child, whose hands are spotted with the blood of her brother, can still say to Faust,

'Faust! mir schaudert vor dir!'

'Faust, I shudder at thee!'

Margaret labours not under vice, her body sins from unconscious error—but her soul is always pure, and her soul was innocent till under the sword of the executioner."

In a note to the foregoing extract, an explanation of the conclusion
of this scene is given; it is, says the writer, the soul of Margaret that is judged. "The charm of love is broken, her moral sight restored, and the door of the prison thrust open. On one side she has presented to her life and sin, and on the other certain death. She decides without any hesitation, for death against sin. Mephistopheles has lost the soul, and with the concentrated wrath of disappointment he cries, 'She is judged,'—'Is saved,' adds the voice from Heaven. * * * * * The scene changes after Faust has disappeared and follows him. From within is now from the interior of the prison, and the voice from the prison dies away upon the ears of Faust, who is rapidly moving away. The 'Hither to me' implies that he follows the evil spirit; but he is not yet lost, for his good angel can still call after him 'Henry' to win him back. The voice is Margaret's; but the poet, by not attributing it expressly to Margaret, wishes us to take it in the more general sense of the warning of Faust's good angel."
APPENDIX.

As some German reader may feel a curiosity to see a specimen of one of the numerous "Fausts" mentioned in the Preface, the following is extracted from the poem of Nicholas Lenau. It is a passage from a soliloquy, in which Faust expresses the causes of his discontent; he would rather not exist at all, than not feel within himself all the joy and all the sorrow of the world. Every kiss given on earth he wishes to feel thrilling through his frame, and every earthly sorrow he wishes to feel gnawing at his heart; this is unnatural exaggeration, and is a rich specimen of "o'erdoing Termagant."

"So lang ein Kuss auf Erden glüht
Der nicht durch mein Seelen spricht;
So lang ein Schmerz auf Erden klagt,
Der nicht an meinem Herzen nagt;
So lang ich nicht allwaltend bin,
War ich viel lieber ganz dahin!—
Ha! wie das Meer tobt Himmelwärts,
Und widerhält in dir, O Herz!
Ich fühle's es ist derselbe drang
Der hier in meinem Herzen lebt
Und der die Flut zum Himmel hebt,
Die Sehnsucht nach dem Untergang.
Es ist das ungeduldig Zanken
Hindurchzubrechen alle Schranken,
Im freudenvollen Todesfalle,
Zusammenstürzen Alle—Alle."—
* * * * * *
APPENDIX.

"O, greife weiter, weiter Sturm,
Und nimm auf deine starken Schwingen,
Den höchsten Stern—den tiefsten Wurm.
Uns endlich Alle heimzubringen!"

In this Poem, Faust, wearied of the pursuit of knowledge, falls at last into the clouds and mists of sophism; he persuades himself that all is nothing, that life is but a dream, a delusion, a cheat, and he ends by committing suicide; the following is his last speech:—

"Du böser Geist! heran! Ich spotte dein,
Du Lügengeist, ich lache unserm Bunde!
Dem nur der Schein geschossen mit dem Schein,
Hörst du!—wir sind getrennt von dieser Stunde!
In schwarz und bang entfaltet deiner Kraft,
Bin ich ein Traum, entfaltet deiner Haft,
Ich bin ein Traum mit Lust, und Schuld, und Schmerz,
Und träume mir das Messer in das Herz." [Er erstickt sich.

MARLOWE'S FAUSTUS.

It is supposed that Faust, the Doctor, died about 1560; the Tragedy of Marlowe was first printed in 1604, but was written and acted two or three years earlier. Marlowe, then, seems to have been the first who took the character for the subject of a drama. An analysis of the piece, and a few extracts from it, may prove interesting, for the purpose of comparison with the work of Goethe. It opens with a speech from the chorus, explaining the birth and parentage of Faustus, and the superiority of his acquirements:—

"Now is he born of parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes;
At ripier years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsman chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in Divinity,
That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In the heavenly matters of Theology;
Till swoll'n with cunning, and a self-conceit,
APPENDIX.

His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And melting heavens conspired his overthrow;
In falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning’s golden gifts,
He surfeits on the cursed Necromancy.”

The play then begins with a soliloquy of Faust, in his study, reasoning on the value of the different branches of human learning, Logic, Medicine, Law, and Divinity, but he is dissatisfied with them all, and declares his preference for Magic, as bestowing power, and procuring enjoyment:

“Oh! what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artisan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
Are but obey’d in their several provinces,
But his dominion, that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as does the mind of man.”

Wagner, his servant, enters, whom he despatches to his friends, Valdes and Cornelius, two students in supernatural lore, whose assistance he intends to request. After Wagner has gone, a good Angel and a bad enter, one exhorting him to lay aside his magical books, and cease his inquiries, the other urging him to proceed. He is unshaken in his determination, and his anticipations of the enjoyment he shall derive from the possession of unearthly power, have a rich and glowing air of luxuriousness:

“Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I’ll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicacies.”

He desires also knowledge as well as enjoyments, for he says,

“‘I’ll have them read me strange philosophy;
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings.”
A conference with Valdes and Cornelius follows, in which they set forth the advantages of the pursuit of Magic; Valdes speaks of the command to be obtained over spirits, whom they shall be able to make

"guard us when we please,
Like Almain ritters with their horseman's staves,
Or Lapland giants trotting by our sides;"

occasionally, too, in more attractive shapes,

"Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their sly brows.
Than have the white breasts of the queen of Love."

They agree to dine together and have a further consultation, and the scene closes. After a short scene between Wagner and two Scholars, follows the summoning of Lucifer by Faust, amid thunder and lightning; a demon rises, but in too hideous a shape, and Faust commands him to take the form of a Franciscan friar; he, however, does not choose to obey, but appears as Mephistopheles. Faust commands him to do him service, but Mephistopheles says he cannot comply unless he has the permission of Lucifer, his prince. Faust asks,

"Did he not charge thee to appear to me?
Meph. No; I came hither of mine own accord.
Faust. Did not my conjuring raise thee? Speak!
Meph. That was the cause, but yet per accidens;
For when we hear one racketh the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures, and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come unless he use such means,
Whereby he is in danger to be damned."

Faust expresses his determination "had he as many souls as there be stars," to forfeit them for twenty-four years of pleasure and voluptuousness, and Mephistopheles is required to obtain the permission of Lucifer to the compact, and dismissed. After another scene of miserable buffoonery between Wagner and a Clown, Faust appears in his study, awaiting the appearance of the Fiend, and
struggling with remorse. He is again visited by the two Angels, and receives their different exhortations. He continues unchanged, and on the arrival of Mephistopheles, he signs a bond with his blood, giving over his soul to the Evil One at the end of twenty-four years, on the condition of having unlimited power and enjoyment during the term. The deed is given at length, in due legal form. As Faust signs, the blood which he procures by stabbing his arm, flows into the form of letters, and he reads the inscription \textit{Homo fuge!} On this Mephistopheles raises a number of spirits "with crowns and rich apparel," who dance to "delight his mind." After the document is regularly "signed, sealed, and delivered," Mephistopheles bids Faust ask him what question he will, when he requires to know the "whereabout" of hell. The reply of Mephistopheles has both moral and poetic beauty:—

\begin{quote}
"Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self-place; but where we are is hell;
And where hell is, there must we ever be:
And to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven."
\end{quote}

Faust desires the possession of beauty, and the Fiend.promises compliance:—

\begin{quote}
"She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have;
Were she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall."
\end{quote}

He then gives him a magic book and departs. The next scene shows Faust and the fiend in conference, Faust being again a prey to remorse for the step he has taken, but the only reply he receives to his complaint, is

"Twas thine own seeking, Faustus, thank thyself."

The two opposing Angels enter, and Faust again becomes unrepentant:—
"My heart is harden'd, I cannot repent;
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven;
Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel,
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this I should have done the deed,
Had not much pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love, and Æneas' death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sounds of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistopheles?"

Faust and Mephistopheles then hold a long dispute on the obscurities of the old astronomy, and the scene closes with a masque of the Seven Deadly Sins.

The next scene presents Faust in Rome, where Pope Adrian has degraded his rival, Bruno, and calls a council of Cardinals to search the statutes for the punishment accorded to the assumption of the papal dignity without election of the Church. Faust despatches Mephistopheles to throw the consulting cardinals into a deep sleep, and himself and the fiend, disguised as two of the holy body, return to the pope declaring their sentence to be death to Bruno. The pope delivers him to their care, and they send him on a flying steed to Germany, to the emperor. A banquet follows, at which Faustus, at his own request, remains invisible, and plays various fantastic tricks, such as snatching away the plate and cup of his holiness whenever he attempts to eat or drink, concluding by giving the successor of St. Peter a knock-down blow, for all which misdeeds he is formally cursed with "bell, book, and candle." The scene then shifts to Germany, where he is warmly received by the emperor, for whom he raises the forms of Darius, and Alexander "and his paramour," perhaps Campaspe—and revenges some slighting remark of one of the courtiers by fixing a pair of stag's horns on his head. This leads to a plot on Faust's life, by this courtier (Benvolio) and his companions; Faust enters, with what the stage direction calls "a false head," which they cut off, and while they
are exulting in the success of their plot, he springs up uninjured, and delivers them over to Mephistopheles, and "other devils," to be tormented. He afterwards sells a bundle of straw to a horse-dealer, to whom it appears to be a horse, but on riding his bargain into a stream it disappears, and there is nothing left but a bundle of straw, floating away. He does various other tricks, but it must be confessed these scenes, as well as those between the subordinate characters, are totally destitute of interest or humour. At a feast which he gives to two or three scholars, he, at their request, raises the form of Helen, in all her beauty, of whom he becomes enamoured. In the second part of the Faust of Goethe, he makes him raise the shades of Helen and Paris, in presence of the court and in the same manner he becomes struck with her loveliness. But, to return to Marlowe's play; after Helen has disappeared and the scholars taken their leave, an old man enters, who begs Faustus, while there is yet time, to repent, but Mephistopheles threatens him with instant destruction if he does, and his remorse disappearing, he requires the fiend to procure him the possession of Helen. His wish is instantly complied with, and Helen appears between two Cupids. Faust breaks out into the following impassioned address:——

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen! make me immortal with a kiss!
Her lips suck forth my soul! see where it flies;
Come! Helen! come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in those lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena."

* * * * * * *

"Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shall be my paramour
The two first lines of this last passage breathe an intense appreciation of the beautiful, and a rare power of expression—none but a true poet could have written them. They resemble, and indeed contain, the main idea of Byron's celebrated lines,

"She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;"

but Marlowe has clothed it in language more soft and exquisite in its harmony and expression than the modern bard. This is the last pleasure Faust derives from his art; the term has almost expired, and as it draws to a close, his remorse and terrors increase to a fearful degree. He tells the scholars who come to visit him what he has done:—

"Lucifer and Mephistopheles! Oh,
Gentlemen! I gave them my soul for my cunning!
All. God forbid!
Faust. God forbade it, but Faustus hath done it."

They depart to offer up their prayers for him, and leave him to wrestle with his agony alone. The Good and Bad Angels visit him, one reminding him of what he has lost, and the other showing him what is to come. The description of the infernal tortures, given by the Bad Angel, reads like a passage from Dante. As they vanish, the clock strikes eleven, and Faust's concluding soliloquy is only interrupted by the striking of the bell, which speaks the lapse of the short remainder of the term with horrible distinctness, while he prays for an hour—a moment's respite—and calls upon the mountains to cover him. As the clock strikes twelve, he is torn in pieces. The two scholars return in the morning, and gather up his mangled limbs, the play concluding with a few lines, spoken by a Chorus:—

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel-bough,"
APPENDIX.

That sometime grew within this learned man.  
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,  
Whose dreadful torture may exhort the wise,  
Only to wonder at unlawful things:  
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits,  
To practise more than heavenly power permits."

The first two lines of this passage are used by Mr. Horne,  
in the conclusion of his fine dramatic sketch, the "Death  
of Marlowe." This old play of "Faustus" has been  
translated into German.

THE END.