

## **Goethe's Faust / translated into English verse by Sir George Lefevre.**

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**No. 21.**

**GOETHE'S FAUST**

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH  
VERSE.

BY

**SIR GEORGE LEFEVRE, M. D.**

SECOND EDITION.

**FRANKFORT o. M.**

**PRINTED FOR CHARLES JUGEL.**

AT THE GERMAN AND FOREIGN LIBRARY

**1843.**



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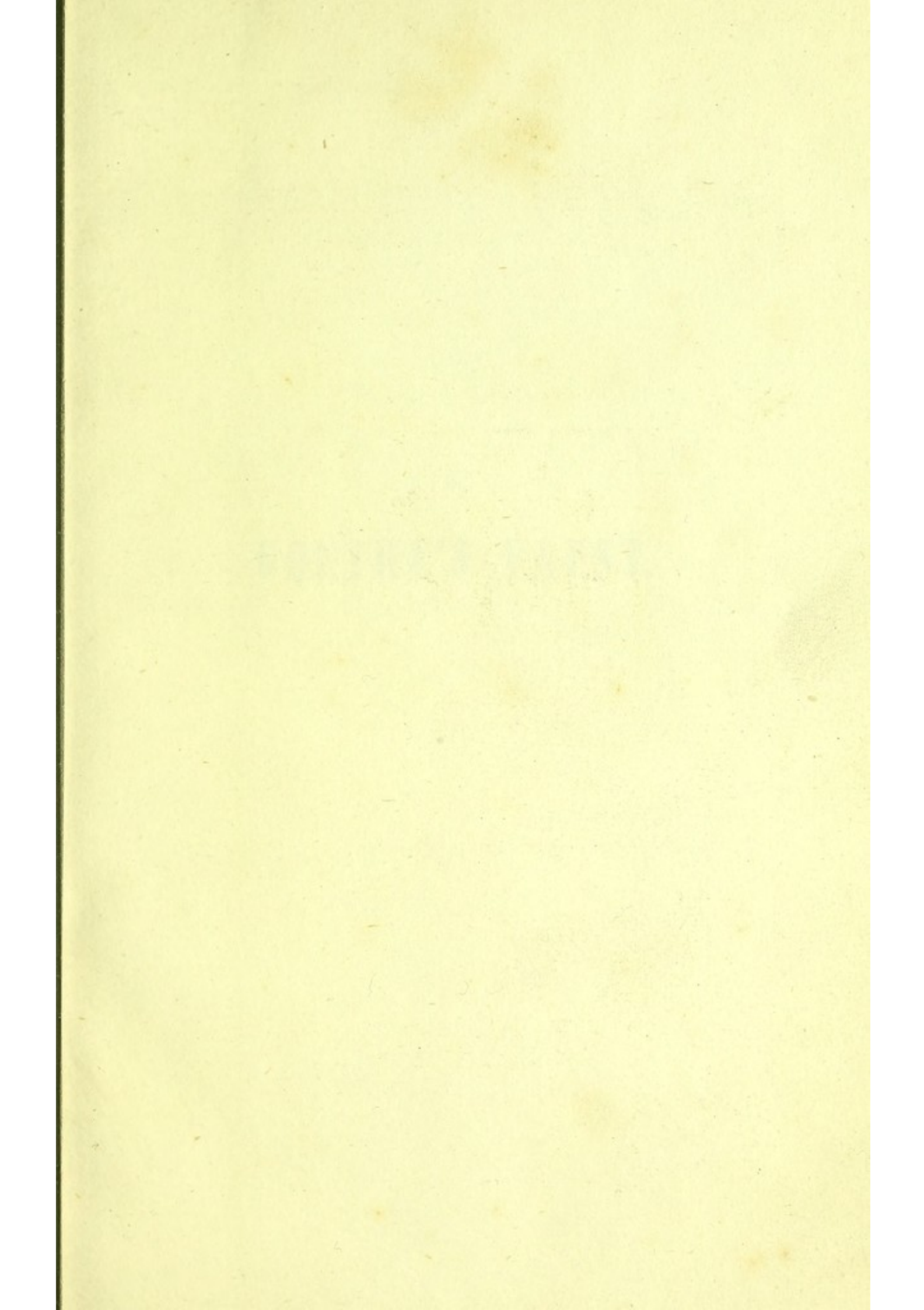
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FRANKFORT O. M.  
PRINTED BY AUG. OSTERRIETH.

# GOETHE'S FAUST

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH  
VERSE.

BY

SIR GEORGE LEFEVRE, M. D.

late physician to the British Embassy in St. Petersburg,  
Fellow of the Royal College of physicians  
in London etc.

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TO THE  
COUNT AUGUSTUS POTOCKI  
THIS TRANSLATION  
OF  
GOETHE'S FAUST,  
IS DEDICATED  
BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,  
THE TRANSLATOR.



TO THE

GOVT AUGUSTUS POTOCKI

THIS TRANSLATION

OF

GOVT AUGUSTUS POTOCKI

IS DEDICATED

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND

THE TRANSLATOR

## PREFACE.

---

*Ecce iterum Crispinus, alas! I fear nullâ virtute redemptus.*

Still I have not been able to resist the temptation of trying to make my old colleague better understood. In spite of the numerous translations, which have appeared, a correct one is still a desideratum; I say still, for I do not imagine, that I have by any means attained this object; although I may have avoided some errors of my predecessors.

A translation is good only, when it renders the spirit of the original, as literally



as the differences in the idioms of language will allow. With those, who have not studied Faust in the German, this attempt will find no favour, for having no claim, or pretensions to poetry: it is only upon its presumed fidelity that it can hope for success.

The first edition was printed for distribution among my friends and the Anglo-German Society in St. Petersburg; as it was soon disposed of, and received with some favour, I now venture to give a corrected edition to the public.

FRANKFORT O. M., August 1842.

THE TRANSLATOR.

# FAUST.

---

## DEDICATION.

O YE draw near again, ye flickering forms;  
Which to the troubled sight in former times  
Before appear'd! Shall I this time essay  
To hold you fast; and does my heart still cleave  
To the same joy? O ye intrude; well, well,  
Proceed at will; as out of cloud and fog  
You play around, I feel my bosom swell  
With boyish joys before the magic breeze,  
Which as you rush along pursues your steps.

You bring with you the forms of joyous times,  
And many a darling shadow rises up,  
Like to an old and half forgotten tale.  
Friendship and love accompany your steps;  
Sorrow is new repeating the complaint  
Of life's erroneous labyrinthine course,  
And names the good; once dupes of joyous hours,  
Who long have pass'd in faded form away.



Ye cannot hear the cadence of my song,  
To whom I warbled first my maiden notes.  
The friendly group is mingled with the dust;  
The bell has toll'd,—the echo died away.  
To strangers now I pour a stranger's note,  
And their applause doth but appal my heart  
And be there still, who revell'd in my song,  
If still alive, they're wanderers upon earth.

A long neglected impulse now aspires  
To reach that still and holy spirit's throne.  
In tones discordant falls my lisping song,  
Like to Æolian harps. My blood is chill'd;  
Tear follows tear, and the obdurate heart  
Beats soft and cowardly within my breast;  
What I possess appears to me far off,  
And what has vanish'd from me, to be real.

---



## PRELUDE TO FAUST.

---

DIRECTOR OF THEATRE, DRAMATIST, FACETIOUS  
FRIEND.

DIRECTOR.

COME tell me both, who oft have stood  
My friends in need on evil day,  
In Germany can any good  
Attend our undertaking, say?  
I wish the public to delight,—  
In living, they let live, at least,—  
The stage is all prepar'd to-night,  
And each anticipates a feast.  
They sit, with brows erect, on seat,  
The wondrous would they gladly greet;  
T' appease their spirit well I know,  
But ne'er was at a loss, as now.  
If not accustom'd to the best,  
They've read a horrid deal, at least;  
How manage, that the fresh and new  
Shall please by its importance, too?  
I like to see the people push,—  
In crowds towards the pit door rush,—



In eddying columns thus essay  
To press into the narrow way.  
By broad day-light, tow'rd th' hour of four,  
Fighting to reach the check-man's door,  
T' obtain a ticket, risk their head  
As famish'd souls, who wait for bread  
At baker's shop. Such feats to do  
And work upon so mix'd a crew,  
Is only in the poet's way;  
My friend, come try your skill to-day.

## DRAMATIST.

O speak not of that motley mass,  
Whose sight scares all our soul away;  
Conceal from me that bustling class  
Which drags us, spite of self, away.  
No; lead me to that heavenly home,  
Where joys alone for poets bloom,  
Where love and friendship, joy of heart,  
Creating, act a god-like part.  
What from our bosom's depth has sprung,  
What on our murmuring lips hath hung,  
Failing perchance or in the right,  
Yields to the madd'ning hour's might.  
And oft, when years have roll'd away,  
It soars mature to realms of day;  
The dazzling lives a moment's space,  
Of worth, the future finds the trace.

## FACETIOUS FRIEND.

Must I but hear of future fame,  
Suppose that I should do the same,  
T'amuse the present, who will try?  
They'll have their fun, or else know why.



The presence of a lovely boy,  
Methinks, is ever cause of joy;  
Who knows the speaker's winning power,  
Will care not for the people's humour.  
Their number, too, he would extend,  
To move them surer in the end.  
Courage, my friend, you must aspire;—  
Fancy admit, with all her choir;  
Sense, reason, feeling, passion true,  
A dash of folly, and 'twill do.

## DIRECTOR.

Abundant let the action be;  
What do they come for, but to see?  
If much be spun before their eyes,  
So that they gape in wild surprise,  
Then will they best your merits scan,  
You'll be their darling, dearest man.  
To force the mass, you must not spare  
The mass; each looks for something there.  
If plenty reign, then each will choose,  
And go contented from the house.  
Play all the pieces in detail,  
Such cookery can never fail,  
Easy to serve as to conceive  
Why play a whole without your leave  
They'll pluck it for you.

## DRAMATIST.

You feel not that such work is hard,  
To reconcile to genuine bard;  
The bunglings of a dandy crew  
Is then the maxim which suits you.



## DIRECTOR.

I feel not such reproaches ill,  
The best of artists ever will  
Pick out such tools, as he thinks good.  
Remember 'tis soft kind of wood  
You have to split, and see for whom  
You write. For know, that many come  
To drive away ennui. Again  
Others from dinner just pop in  
And then, which is the worst of all,  
Many from reading the *Journal*.  
Just as to masquerade they hie,  
Borne on the wings of novelty.  
The ladies, in their best array,  
Display themselves, nor ask for pay.  
Why dream you of poetic flight?  
Why wish for a full house to night?  
Just scan the audience somewhat near,  
Half cold, half raw, they will appear;  
One hopes a rubber, ere he rest,—  
The other seeks a maiden's breast,  
Fools that ye are, do they require  
The muses' aid, the soul t' inspire?  
Give more, I tell you, and still more,—  
You will not fail to gain the shore.  
Hope but to mystify mankind;  
To satisfy them you will find  
A hopeless task. What is it then  
Affects you thus? Is't joy or pain?

## DRAMATIST.

Find other slave to serve your turn;  
The poet's soul will ever spurn,



For sake of that which you may crave,  
To yield the right which nature gave.  
How does he move by one consent  
Each heart, subdue each element?  
Is't not the harmony, which from his breast  
Proceeds and draws the world to rest  
Within his heart? Whilst nature stands  
Weaving her thread with careless hands  
Eternal round the spindle, when  
Confus'd, discordant throngs of men  
Rush jangling in discordant tone;  
Who life inspiring? Who alone?  
In even phalanx leads the throng?  
Who takes the stragler of the train  
In measure to the fold again?  
Who lets the storm to passion grow  
And sun set reddening beam to glow  
Within the pensive spirit? Who  
Sheds all spring's choicest blossoms there  
Along the path where treads the fair?  
Who plucks th' unmeaning leaf from bough,  
And forms the wreath to merit due?  
Who makes Olympus firmly stand,  
Unites the gods in chosen band?  
Man's power, at the bard's command!

## FACETIOUS FRIEND.

Let, then, the choicest gifts of art  
Just serve to play the poet's part;  
As love adventures draw us near  
By chance. Then feeling holds us there,  
And, by degrees, before we think,  
We stand upon the dangerous brink.



The rapturous feeling quickly glows,—  
The fight begins,—the soul o'erflows,—  
Then sorrow follows; unperceiv'd  
The tale of romance is achiev'd.  
Now, in such wise, a drama make,—  
Of human life a handful take.  
How each man lives is known to few,  
Where'er you hit it, it will do.  
Midst varied figures, little light,  
Much error, and of truth a mite.  
This is the choicest drink to brew,  
T' instruct the world, and please it too.  
Then youth assembles in its choicest age,  
And looks attentive on the open page;  
Each straggling fibre of the tender heart  
Extracts its nurture from the doleful part.  
Now this, now that the impulse feels,  
Each finds what in his bosom dwells;  
To laugh or weep alike prepar'd,  
Admire the scenes, honour the bard;  
On man's estate do not intrude,  
From childhood hope for gratitude.

## DRAMATIST.

O give me back again those days,  
When I still an expectant was;  
When melody's compressed strains  
Burst ever newly from my veins.  
The curtain drawn before life's stage,  
And buds did wond'rous fruits presage;  
When I did thousand blossoms cull,  
With which the valley's depths were full.  
When I had nought, and still enough,  
The lust of fiction, and the thirst for truth.



The curbless impulse of that hour,  
That heart of anguish, but restore,  
Love's might, and hatred's deadly power!—  
O give me back my youth once more.

FACETIOUS FRIEND.

Of youth good friend, you'll stand in need,  
When to th' assault the foe invites you;  
Or, when disposed to softer deed,  
A maiden's clasping arms excite you.  
When from afar the laurel's glance  
Doth spur you to attain the goal;  
Or, reeling from the tired dance,  
You pass the night to drain the bowl.  
But when to touch the chord inclin'd,  
To charm the ear with grace and measure,  
Grappling with errors, still to find  
At length your darling, long-sought treasure.  
To years such duties appertain,  
No less respect from us is due,  
Age does not make us young again,  
It finds us to our childhood true.

DIRECTOR.

Enough of words, I fain would see  
Something like actions rise in view  
Instead of complimenting me,  
Let something useful come from you.  
Why talk so much of soul's accord?  
Such feelings loiterers can't descry;  
Let them but take you at your word,  
As poets invoke poetry.  
You know full well what we require,  
The strongest drink we fain would swallow;

Then quickly brew at our desire,—  
To-day's idea is lost to-morrow.  
In doubt, uncertain, lose no day,  
To resolution safely trust;  
Once form'd, she ne'er will run away,  
But act more boldly, for she must.

You know upon our German boards  
Each is allow'd to try what's new.  
Spare nought that pantomime affords,  
Of decorations not a few;  
Let sun and moon their brightness pour;  
Sprinkle the twinkling stars a ound;  
Of fire, water, rocks we've store,  
And beasts and birds are to be found.  
Transport into this narrow space  
Creation's whole, as by a spell,  
And stalk, with calculated pace,  
From heaven, through the world, to hell.

---



## PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

---

### *Song of the Three Archangels.*

#### RAPHAEL.

THE sun, contending with his spheres,  
Pours forth his wonted tone ;  
The thunder's growling voice declares  
His destin'd course is done.  
His vision gives the angels power,—  
Though fathom him none dare ;  
Mighty as in creation's hour  
The wond'rous works appear.

#### GABRIEL.

Immeasurably swift thro' space  
Th' adorned earth moves on ;  
Elysium's dazzling light gives place  
To shades of Acheron.  
From depths below, the billows borne,  
Rise with the rocks above,  
And sea and earth are hurried on  
With spheres, which ever more.



## MICHAEL.

Loud the contending storms pour forth,  
From sea to land, from land to main;  
Hurling around, in furious wrath,  
An adamantine chain.  
The lightning's withering blasts prepare  
The thunder's growling way;  
Thy messengers, O Lord, revere  
Mild changes in thy day.

## CHORUS.

Thy vision gives the angels power,  
Tho' fathom Thee none dare;  
Mighty as in creation's hour  
The wond'rous works appear.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

---

*Night.—A high, vaulted, narrow Gothic Chamber.—FAUST sitting restless in his Arm Chair, leaning on his Desk.*

---

FAUST.

PSHAW! physic and philosophy,  
And jurisprudence too,  
Nay, worse than both, theology,  
All have I studied through  
With pains, and am, poor silly man,  
As wise as when I first began.  
They call me Doctor, Master,—well,  
Of ten long years I've had a spell,  
Leading my scholars by the snout,  
Above, below, and round about,  
And see, just after all, I trow,  
That we, alas! can nothing know.  
It burns my very vitals up,  
Tho' shrewder far than any fop,  
Or doctor, master, scribe, or priest;  
No doubts, nor scruples have at least,



Nor hell nor devil me annoy,—  
Hence have I sacrific'd all joy.  
Imagine not that I know ought  
Worth knowing, and imagine not  
That I myself the way can find  
To better, or convert mankind.  
No goods nor money have I got,  
No honours, titles to my lot;  
Such life no dog would longer live,  
To magic then my mind I give;  
If that by spirit's force I may  
Unravel many a mystery,  
So that no more, with sweat on brow,  
I try t' explain what I dont know.  
If I may learn to find what worth  
Binds fast in th' innermost the earth,  
Cause and effect, the germs explore,  
Nor deal in phrases as before.  
Oh were it for the last time then,  
Full moon, that thou didst look again  
Upon my pains. Till midnight hour  
I 've watch'd till thou thy light didst pour  
Upon this desk, o'er paper, book,  
Thou, friend, did'st cast a mournful look.  
O could I, on the mountain height,  
Stroll softly in thy lovely light,  
With spirits stalk among the caves,  
Dance o'er the green thy bright beam laves,  
And quitting knowledge' squeamish path,  
Bathe soundly in thy dewy bath.  
Alas! in dungeon must I dwell,  
Live in this cursed, musty cell?  
Where heaven's lovely light must pass  
Obscur'd through panes of painted glass;



Books all around, in lofty piles,  
Which the worm gnaws, and dust defiles,  
Heap'd to the ceiling from the floor,  
With smoky paper cover'd o'er;  
Glass vessels, chests, and drawers fill'd up  
With instruments and household stuff;  
Possessions of ancestral line;  
Call this a world! This world is thine!

And dost thou ask how 'tis thy heart,  
Trembling within thy bosom, fails?  
And why inexplicable smart  
All thy life's actions thus curtails?  
When 'stead of nature's living beams,  
For which God fashion'd mortal breasts,  
Thou dwell'st 'midst smoke and musty steams,  
Death bones, and skeletons of beasts.

Hie forth into the haunts of men,  
Fly with this book of secrets wide,  
The work of Nostodamus' pen,  
Is't not for thee sufficient guide?  
Learn the stars' course with this to know,  
And, led by Nature's friendly hand,  
The soul will more expansive grow,  
And spirits' language understand;  
Vainly by grosser sense suppose  
Clearly the holy light to see.  
Spirits, who near me sweep so close,  
If ye but hear, come answer me.

*[He opens the book, and perceives the sign  
of the Macrocosm.]*

What ecstasy this sight reveals!  
Flowing at once my senses through,



Life's young and holy impulse feels  
 To glow through all my veins anew!  
 Was it a god these signs did trace,  
 Which pacify my bosom's throes,  
 And fill my broken heart with peace,  
 All Nature's secrets thus disclose?  
 Am I a god? how all is clear!  
 I see in this pure simple token  
 Nature's realities appear,  
 Now first know what the wise hath spoken:  
 "The world of spirits is not clos'd,  
 "Thy spirit's clos'd, thy heart is dead!  
 "Up, scholar, boldly be dispos'd  
 "To bathe thy breast in morning red!"

*[He observes the sign.]*

How each thread with the whole mass weaves,  
 One in the other works and lives.  
 Celestial spirits, as they range  
 Above, below, their buckets change.  
 With wings ambrosial skim along  
 From heaven to earth, in crowded throng,  
 All ringing with harmonious song!  
 O what a sight! but still a show!  
 How endless nature comprehend?  
 Where seize ye source of life below,  
 Breasts from which heaven and earth do pend,  
 Which the dry breasts essay to drain?  
 Ye flow to all: to me in vain.

*[He turns over the leaves of the book unwillingly, and beholds the sign of Earth's spirit.]*

How differently works this sign!  
 Spirit of Earth thou'rt nearer me;  
 I glow, as if from new made wine;  
 My strength increases sensibly.



Now may I venture, now may dare  
The weal and woe of life to try,  
The storm and tempest's fury bear,  
Nor tremble when the shipwreck's nigh.  
Clouds hover o'er—

The moonlight fades!

The lamp grows dim,

And mists arise!

Red flames flash forth

Around my head,

A sudden chill

Descends from high

And seizes me.

I feel thou sweep'st,

Wing'd form, round me.

Unveil thyself!

My heart is torn,

And feelings new

Within me wake!

To thee I bow, my heart is lost!

Come forth, thou must; tho' life it cost!

*[He takes up the book, and pronounces mysteriously the sign of the spirit;—a red flame flickers;—the spirit appears in the flame.]*

SPIRIT.

Who calls me?

FAUST (*turning away*).

Vision of affright!

SPIRIT.

Thou hast me, mighty, from my sphere,

By long entreaty summon'd here,

And now——



FAUST.

Away! I loathe thy sight!

SPIRIT.

Breathless, thou pantest after me,  
My voice to hear, my face to see.  
To thy intreaty do I nod;  
Here am I—oh thou demigod,  
What dost alarm thee, what appal,  
What terror strikes—where thy soul's call,  
Where is that breast, which did create  
A world itself and animate  
That spirit—where? Which, rising high,  
Did with our brother spirits vie.  
Where art thou, Faust? whose voice did ring;—  
To me with all thy soul did cling.  
Is't thou? who, when I chance to breathe  
Upon thee, in thy soul do'st writhe,—  
A frightful earth-worm from beneath!

FAUST.

Bow to thee! progeny of flame?  
Tis' I, thy equal—Faust my name.

SPIRIT.

In flood of life,  
In deeds of strife,  
I wander to and fro;  
In life and death  
A changing wreath,  
An endless sea also.  
Thus I weave, at the blustering loom of old time,  
A mantle of life for the spirit divine.



FAUST.

Thou busy wanderer thro' space,  
How near I feel to thee.

SPIRIT.

Fit for the spirit thou dost trace  
In thy mind's eye,—not me! *[vanishes.*

FAUST *(falling back).*

Not thee?  
For whom?  
God's Image I,  
And not for thee! *[knock at the door.*  
Death! 'tis my scribe, his knock I know,  
He comes my joy to overthrow.  
O that this vision, so complete,  
This brainless lad should thus defeat!

*[WAGNER, in night-gown and night-cap, with  
lamp in hand,—FAUST turns round un-  
willingly.*

WAGNER.

Beg pardon, sir! I heard you spout  
Some Grecian tragedy, no doubt;  
I would e'en profit in this art,  
Which now plays an important part.  
I've heard, that in regard to speech,  
A player may a parson teach.

FAUST.

Yes, if the priest's an actor too,  
And it may chance to happen so.



## WAGNER.

If one in chambers wastes his days,  
Scarce thro' a glass on holidays,  
Far off the distant world can spy,  
Dare he persuasion's power try?

## FAUST.

If it spring not from the soul's source,  
'Tis vain to hunt for it elsewhere;  
It must burst forth with primeval force,  
Winning the hearts of all who hear.  
Sit glue together, cook your broth  
From fragments off another's plate,  
Or puff your paltry blazes forth  
From out the ashes of your grate;  
Children and apes will wond'ring stand,  
If you such approbation seek;  
But heart will ne'er with heart expand.  
Unless the heart itself doth speak.

## WAGNER.

But in effect the speaker seeks success,—  
I feel its force, and my own littleness.

## FAUST.

Try what an honest man may gain,—  
Be not a shallow-sounding fool;  
Reason and sense their cause maintain,  
With little help of rhetoric's rule.  
And if you wish to speak your mind,  
Are you embarass'd words to find?  
Your declamation's of such dazzling kind,  
Swelling mere human trifles to a breeze,



Are unrefreshing, as the misty wind  
Which rustles through the dried autumnal leaves.

WAGNER.

O God! our life is short enough,  
However long we boast our art;  
And in my studies oft I prove  
The pain of head and ache of heart.  
How difficult the way t' explore  
Which leads us to the fountain head,  
And ere our journey is half o'er,  
Alas! poor devils, we are dead.

FAUST.

Is parchment, then, the holy spring  
From which you quench eternal thirst?  
Such source will no refreshment bring,—  
From your own soul the spring must burst.

WAGNER.

O pardon, 'tis a rapturous joy  
To peep into the times gone by;  
To see how wise men thought of old,  
And how we greater things unfold.

FAUST.

O yes, unto the stars it steals!  
My friend, the book of times gone by  
To us is seal'd with seven seals.  
What by time's spirit we imply  
Is in reality ourselves,  
In which the times reflect themselves,  
Oft 'tis a lamentable sight.  
The first glance makes you run for fright,



A dust-bin, lumber-room. No more  
At best some mighty deed of state  
Pragmatical and vanish'd o'er,  
As Punch and Judy might relate.

WAGNER.

But then the world, man's soul and heart,  
Each would of such things know his part.

FAUST.

Yes, what one pleases to call "know,"  
Its right name give the child who dare?  
Those, who have ventur'd so to do,  
And foolishly have had no care  
Their feelings to conceal, alack,  
Such have been tortur'd on the rack;—  
But night is fast advancing, friend,  
This converse now must have an end.

WAGNER.

I'd gladly never close an eye,  
To talk with you philosophy.  
To-morrow, being Easter day,  
I hope a word or two to say.  
I have labour'd with zeal, and do much comprehend,  
But wish to know all, from beginning to end.

[*Exit.*]

FAUST (*alone*).

Clinging to twigs, hope still is found,  
Abandons only not the mind,  
Man seeking treasure under ground,  
Is satisfied a worm to find!



Can such man's voice attain me there,  
Where spirits warble heavenly tones?  
This time my grateful tribute bear,  
Thou poorest of all earthly sons.  
Who loosen'd desperation's hand,  
Which would, alas! have turn'd my brain.  
But oh! the vision was so grand,  
I felt but as a pigmy then.

Yes! I, God's image, who was nigh  
To see th' eternal truth above,  
Soaring tow'rs heaven's canopy,  
Had stripp'd me of my earthly robe;  
I more than cherub, to whom power  
Was given thro' nature's veins to rove,  
Now, self-creating in this hour,  
Would taste of heavenly life above;  
Now see, that, humbl'd in my soul,  
One word of thunder drives me from the goal.

I could not measure strength with thee.  
Altho' I had thee in my grasp;  
A moment's struggle set thee free,  
I could not hold thee in my clasp.  
I felt so little and so great,  
In that short moment of all bliss;  
Thou hurl'dst me from my lofty seat  
Into humanity's abyss.  
Now what avoid? where learning seek?  
Must I then to this impulse bend?  
The course of human life to check  
Our deeds, as e'en our sufferings tend.



The noblest feelings of the soul  
Are dress'd in stuff of foreign die,  
If we attain the earthly goal,  
The heavenly seems but fallacy.  
Feelings sublime, which gave us life,  
Are shipwreck'd in a world of strife.

If fancy on bold wing aspire,  
And hopeful soar t' eternal space,  
Small is the room she can require  
When bankrupt fortune turns her face.  
Care nestles deeply in the heart,  
A canker worm within the breast,  
Mining its way with secret smart,  
And enemy to peace and rest;  
She decks herself in new attire,  
In shape of court, house, child or wife,  
O'erwhelming flood, or raging fire,  
The poison'd cup, th' assassin's knife,  
Trembling by no vexation cross'd,  
Weeping for what he never lost.

I feel too abject for a god!  
More like the worm which crawls in dust,  
And, feeding on its dusty food,  
Is by the wanderer's footstep crush'd.

Is it not dust, which this high wall,  
This hundred-fold divided cell  
Contains to cramp me, rubbish all,  
Midst moths and maggots forc'd to dwell.  
Can I here find what most I need?  
Must I through thousand volumes rake  
To find that man is plagu'd? indeed



The happy here and there but make  
A rare exception.

What say'st thou, frowning on me, skull?

Thy brain, like mine, hath gone astray;

For groping in the crepuscule

For light and truth, thou lost'st thy way.

Ye mock me, too, ye tools of art,—

Ropes, pullies, cogs, and rings of brass,

Why not as porters act your part

When through the door I wish to pass?

For nature, in the light of day

Mysterious, will not quit her veil,

And what she grants not openly,

No rack or screw will e'er prevail.

Neglected vessels, you stand there,

For you were to my father dear;

Old scroll of parchment on the rack,

The soot of lamp hath daub'd thee black;

'Twere better I had squander'd all,

Than with my little thus to toil.

What we from ancestors inherit,

Acquire it by our merit;

All superfluity is dross,—

The present only is of use.

Why are my eyes attracted there?

Art thou a magnet to my sight

Old phial? Why doth all seem clear

As moonbeam thro' a wood at night?

Hail to thee, flask of special worth!

I take thee down with true devotion,

Honour the art which gave thee birth,

Thou subtle soporific potion.



O thou elixir of death's power,  
Grant me thy favour in this hour.  
I look on thee, my pains subside,  
I grasp thee, and my struggles cease,  
Ebbs by degrees the spirit's tide,  
I'm drawn towards the boundless seas,  
Whose billows shine beneath my feet,  
Another shore invites another day to meet.

A car of fire sinks on airy wing  
Down to my head! I feel my strength prepare  
To bound through æther with elastic spring,  
And reach a new and still a purer sphere.  
But to such life, such ecstasy extreme,  
Canst thou, vile insect, urge a claim?  
Turn from earth's sun, and boldly seek  
To tear from off the hinge the gate  
From which poor frighten'd mortals sneak.  
Measure thy strength to operate.  
Now is the time by deeds to show,  
That man yields not to gods on high,  
Nor tremble at the gulph below  
Of self-tormenting fallacy.  
March boldly to the cavern's mouth,  
Through which hell-flames their exit make,  
And cheerly brave the worst, forsooth,  
Although destruction be at stake.

Come down, thou antique crystal glass,  
Out, out of that old leathern case,  
For many a year has pass'd away,  
Old friend, since I have thought of thee.  
Thou at my father's wonted feasts  
Inspir'd with glee the saddest guests,



Who, as they pass'd thee round and round,  
 To tell thy praise in rhyme were bound;  
 The well-carv'd figures to explain,  
 And at one draught the bowl to drain.  
 Remembrances of jovial days,  
 No more my wit shall tell thy praise;  
 No more to neighbour pass thee round,—  
 This juice doth quick the sense confound,—  
 With dark brown liquor fills the cup,  
 Quaff the last drops with spirit up;  
 'Tis chosen and prepar'd for me,  
 To greet the morrow's jubilee.

*[He sets the cup to his lips.]*

*Church Bells and Anthem in distance.*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,  
 Joy to the race  
 Of mortals, whom sorrow  
 And anguish embrace.

FAUST.

What deeply striking, thrilling tones,  
 Dash from my lips this cup away?  
 Do you, deep-sounding bells, announce  
 The early dawn of Easter-day?  
 Sing ye the hymn of comfort here,—  
 Which once to man's desponding race,  
 Angels pour'd forth around the bier,—  
 The promis'd covenant of grace?

CHOIR OF FEMALES.

To wrap him in linen  
 And spice 'twas our care;



His true faithful servants  
No more find him here.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,  
Joy to the good,  
Who, true to his calling,  
Was prov'd, and has stood.

FAUST.

Why seek me, soft and heavenly choir,  
A poor inhabitant of dust?  
Sound there, where weaker souls aspire.  
I hear the call, but cannot trust;  
I want the faith, the only want,  
For miracle's her dearest child;  
I dare not to those regions mount,  
From whence those accents peal so mild.  
These wonted chimes, heard long before,  
Call back my youthful days once more;  
When on a Sabbath, solemn, still,  
The heavenly kiss of love was proffer'd.  
I listen'd to the warning peal,  
And fervent was the prayer I offer'd.  
An overpowering impulse forc'd  
And dragg'd me into wood and field;  
Tears down my cheeks by thousands cours'd;  
To me a new world was reveal'd.  
These chimes recall youth's sportive play,  
Spring's unconstrained holiday.  
Such childish recollections serve  
To make me from my purpose swerve;  
Pour forth, soft, sweet, celestial strain;—  
Tears flow;—I am earth's child again.

## CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

The tomb is burst open  
With power and might,  
The resuscitated  
Hath vanish'd to light.

He's risen with glory  
To joy's brightest glow,  
Whilst we, his disciples,  
Must linger below.

We 're left in our sorrow  
To languish and pine,  
To weep for a portion  
Of glory like thine.

## CHORUS OF ANGELS.

From the bosom of death,  
Christ is mounted on high;  
O break all your fetters,  
Sing anthems of joy.  
You, devoted in duty  
With brotherly love,  
You, frequenting his table,  
Inspir'd from above,  
You, preaching the gospel  
And promising joy,  
The Lord and Redeemer,  
Your Master, is nigh.

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SCENE II.  

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*The Town Gates ;—People flocking from all sides.*

MECHANICS, DAY LABOURERS, ETC.

WHY, why in that direction, pray?

OTHERS.

To the huntsman's house we stray.

FORMER.

We toddle on, the mill to see.

ANOTHER.

Come to the fountain-court with me.

SECOND.

'Tis not a pleasant road thereto.  
And you?

THIRD.

I with the others go.

FOURTH.

Come on to Burgdorf, you'll find there,  
The prettiest girls, the choicest beer;  
There's no place like it for a lark.

## FIFTH.

You are a merry-making spark.  
What, seek you still a third embrace?  
I will not go, I hate the place.

## FIRST SERVANT GIRL.

No, back again to town I hie.

## SECOND SERVANT.

He's at the poplars, or hard by.

## FIRST.

'Tis not for me so great a charm  
To see him lean upon your arm,  
Or dance with you around the tree,  
Pray, what is all your sport to me?

## SECOND.

He's not alone to-day at home;  
He said the Curly-locks would come.

## STUDENT.

Zounds! how the lasses trip along;  
Come, comrade, let us join the throng;  
Strong beer, tobacco with a zest,  
A lass in feathers, that's my taste.

## A YOUNG LADY.

Look at these lads, it is a shame,  
For such bad taste they are to blame;  
They may their time with gentry pass,  
But no,—prefer the village lass.



## SECOND STUDENT.

Don't walk so fast, see two behind,  
Dress'd smarter than the common kind.  
The one's my neighbour, lives hard by,  
I court the maiden tenderly;  
They saunter slowly, dream no harm,  
And in the end will take our arm.

## FIRST STUDENT.

I am not willingly *gené*,  
Make haste, or we shall lose our prey.  
The hand which brushes all the week,  
Will best on Sundays pat your cheek.

## FIRST CITIZEN.

This burgomaster does not please,  
He's prouder; now he is in place  
'Tis little good the town derives;  
Things grow worse daily, nothing thrives;  
Obey, and doff your cap still lower,  
And pay more taxes than before.

OLD BEGGAR (*sings*).

Good lords and ladies, rosy faces,  
All dress'd so smart in silks and laces,  
Look down upon my tatter'd dress,  
See and relieve my wretchedness.  
Let me not vainly pour my prayer;  
He's happy who has aught to spare.  
A day of universal glee,  
Should be a day of gain to me.

## ANOTHER CITIZEN.

No better sport on holidays  
Than talk of wars and bloody frays?



As when, far off, on Turkish ground,  
Such fights among the folks abound;  
Or sit in window, drain your glass,  
Look down and see the vessels pass;  
And when you feel the evening breeze,  
Go home, and bless your God for peace.

## THIRD CITIZEN.

It matters not to me a straw,  
Whether they fight or go to war;  
Things may go mad, let what will come,  
I care not, so there's peace at home.

OLD WITCH (*to ladies*).

How finely dress'd, sweet pretty maids,  
Who would not for you lose their heads?  
But no so proud,—you may be easy,—  
What you desire I'll get to please ye.

## YOUNG LADY.

Come, Agatha, let's say adieu!  
I will not thus be seen with you,  
Old witch; though, on St. Andrew's night,  
She show'd to my corporeal sight  
My future love.

## SECOND LADY.

In crystal too,  
She show'd me mine; a soldier true,  
In uniform with comrades there;  
And though I search him every where,  
Since that night he will not appear.

## SOLDIER'S SONG.

Towns with walls  
And ramparts high,



Scornful damsels  
Proud and shy,  
Such to gain  
Would I essay.  
If great the pain,  
Why, great the pay.

Let the voice  
Of trumpet sound,  
Whether joy  
Or death be found.  
That is glory,  
That is life!  
When all yield,  
Man, maid, or wife.  
If great the trouble,  
Great the pain,  
The soldier ever  
Finds his gain.

FAUST *and* WAGNER.

FAUST.

The streams and brooks from ice are free,  
Thaw'd by spring's glance of genial heat;  
The valley's verdant canopy,  
Denotes old winter's slow retreat  
Behind the hills, whence he doth pour  
Showers of hail and harmless sleet,  
Which, strew'd upon the verdant floor,  
Are quick dissolv'd in solar heat.  
Now life and action reign throughout,  
And all assumes a colour'd coat.



If Flora still conceal her head,  
Man's gay apparel serves instead.  
Turn round, and from the hillock's brow  
Look down upon the town below;  
From the dark portal swarms a nest  
Of folks in varied colours drest,  
Eager to bask in the sun's ray,  
And hail the resurrection day;  
For they themselves revive again,  
As out of alley, crowded lane,  
From low-roof'd chamber, narrow cell,  
Where denizens of toil they dwell.  
Out of the church's mystic night  
They issue to the cheerful light.  
See, see how merrily the throng  
Through fields and gardens trip along.  
Look how yon stream is ferried o'er  
With boats and barges from the shore;  
The last, o'erladen with its crew,  
Seems sinking, as it glides from view.  
Look yonder on that hillock too,  
What gay apparel comes in view.  
It is the noise of village mirth,  
The people's heaven upon earth;  
For great and small a jubilee;  
Here I'm a man, and dare to be.

WAGNER.

Doctor, to walk and talk with you,  
For me's a gain and honour too;  
Alone I would not loiter here,—  
Such noisy mirth I cannot bear;  
This dancing, fiddling, screeching glee,  
Is cursed melody to me;



Call it song, pleasure, what you choose,  
To me it sounds like hell broke loose.

*PEASANTS under the Trees.—Dance and Sing.*

Quick to the dance the shepherd goes,  
Dress'd out in all his finest clothes,  
So merry, blithe, and gay.  
The space is full around the tree,  
They dance so mad, so merrily.

Tra la, tra li,

Tra li, tra la,

So does the fiddle play.

And dashes briskly 'mid the tide,  
And elbows sly a maiden's side;  
The damsel turns her head.  
It is not gallant, sir, I say,  
Thus awkwardly to thrust your way,

Tra la, tra li,

Tra li, tra la,

You're mightily ill bred.

They caper round and round the ring,  
And right and left they leap and fling,  
The gowns fly as they trip.  
They grow quite red, they grow quite warm,  
And lean upon each other's arm,

Tra la, tra li,

Tra li, tra la,

With elbow on the hip.

Be not quite so familiar, pray,  
For many a bride has gone astray,



By those on harm intent;  
Who leads her slyly to one side,  
Whilst from the trees the sound spreads wide,  
Tra la, tra li,  
Tra li, tra la,  
Of voice and instrument.

## OLD PEASANT.

Good doctor, you are very kind  
Not to neglect us on this day,  
And thus your learned self to find  
Amongst such motley company.  
So take, I pray, the choicest cup  
Fill'd with fresh liquor, running o'er  
I pledge you, and may every sup  
Than quench your thirst do something more,  
For may each drop the goblet bears  
Add to the number of your years.

## FAUST.

I take the cheering draught and wish  
You all both health and happiness.

*[The people form a circle.]*

## OLD PEASANT.

'Tis very kind to come again  
And visit us, when we are gay;  
For you did kindly soothe our pain  
Upon a former evil day.  
And many a living soul here stands,  
Sav'd by your father's skilful hands,  
Who snatch'd him from the jaws of death,  
By stopping the contagion's breath.  
You were but then of tender age,



Still did you try our griefs t'assuage;  
 Frequented every crib and bed,  
 The hospitals you visited;  
 Full many a corpse from thence they drew,  
 Sustaining health attended you;  
 You might have bought experience dear,  
 But help from High help'd helper here.

ALL.

Health to the tried friend; bless his skill!  
 Long may he live to help us still!

FAUST.

Before th' Almighty Helper bend,  
 'Tis He doth help and succour send.

*[He moves onwards with WAGNER.]*

WAGNER.

Great man! what must your feelings be,  
 The reverence of this crowd to see?  
 O happy he, who from his stores,  
 Such help on fellow-mortals pours.  
 The father shews you to his boy,  
 Each asks his neighbour,—jumps for joy;  
 Anxious to gain a glimpse, they press,  
 The dancers halt, the fiddles cease;  
 Then if you move, they clear the way,  
 Throw up their caps, and cry huzza,  
 And almost to you bow the knee,  
 As to the venerable.

FAUST.

A few more paces to that stone,  
 We'll rest us from our wand'rings there,



Where I have often sat alone,  
By fasting spent, abso:b'd in prayer;  
For strong in hope, and firm in faith,  
With tears and groans of supplication,  
I thought to stay th' avenger's wrath  
By similar propitiation;  
Their approbation crowns my shame.  
O couldst thou in my bosom see  
How little worthy of such fame  
The father and the son may be.

My father was a worthy man,  
No *savant*, still he did essay  
Nature's dark mysteries to scan  
In honest, but eccentric way;  
So in adept's society,  
He turn'd his thoughts to alchemy,  
And by a thousand recipes,  
United all the contraries.

A lover bold, a lion red,  
Did in warm bath a lily wed;  
The lovers, in a furnace heated,  
By frequent change of vase were treated:  
Should the young Queen appear in glass,  
This was the medicine.  
The people died despite such spell  
And none enquired, who got well.

Thus did we by *electuaries*,  
Upon these hills, and thro' these vallies,



Prove more destructive than the plague.  
To thousands I the poison gave,  
They pass'd, and I survive instead,  
To hear them bless the murd'rous deed.

## WAGNER.

Why take such matters thus to heart?  
Does not an honest man enough,  
Who, in good conscience, doth impart  
What he was bound to learn in youth?  
If you your father's name revere,  
In youth you'll hold his precepts dear;  
Add you, as man, to wisdom's store,  
Your son may yet attain to more.

## FAUST.

Happy the man, who doth suppose  
He can emerge from error's sea;  
Man seeks th' unknown, for what he knows  
Doth prove of small utility.  
But let not, on the present good,  
Such melancholy thoughts intrude.  
See how the green-turf'd hamlets gleam  
In the sun's last expiring beam;  
Twinkling he fades, the day is gone,  
He hastens to another zone  
To gain new life.  
O had I wings to mount in air,  
And follow him in his career,  
See in eternal evening ray  
The tranquil earth before me lay.  
The vales reposing, hills in flames,  
And silv'ry, chang'd to golden streams.



This godlike transit thro' all space  
Check'd by no depth nor mountain height  
The sea and its illumin'd bays  
Bursting upon th' astonished sight;  
But now the god of day doth sink,  
New impulse lends me wings to soar;  
I haste th' eternal light to drink,  
With night behind and day before.  
Heaven's arch'd vault expands above my head,  
My feet repose on ocean's glittering bed.  
O dream of rapture and delight!  
It fades; and to the spirit's wings  
No consort joins itself in flight;  
No soaring plume from earthly things,  
Yet each can well the impulse trace.  
Th' aspiring soul to all is given,  
When o'er our heads, in azure space,  
The lark's full voice descends from heaven;  
When o'er the rugged pine-top's height,  
With poising wing, the eagle soars;  
Or when the stork doth seek in flight,  
O'er seas and plains his native shores.

## WAGNER.

I too have had my flighty moods,  
But never could such feelings trace;  
One sees enough of fields and woods,  
And envies not the feather'd race.  
Much more alluring is the charm  
Which book and page to mind supply,  
Which winter's dreary evenings warm,  
And makes each limb glow cheerily;  
No sooner you unfold the roll,  
Than heaven descends t' inspire the soul.



## FAUST.

Thou'rt conscious of but one desire,—  
The other is not meet for thee;  
Within my breast two souls aspire,—  
The one from t'other to be free;  
One clings to things of sensual worth,  
The world's corporeal entity;  
T'other from mists emerges forth  
To fields of higher ancestry.

If ruling spirits dwell on high,  
'Twixt heaven and earth their courses steer,  
Then leave your golden canopy,  
Transport me to your glowing sphere!  
Could I a magic mantle hire,  
Far hence in foreign realms to fly,  
I would not barter such attire  
For ermine cloak of majesty.

## WAGNER.

Invoke not thus the noted swarms  
Of sprites, who hover round about,  
And o'er mankind a thousand harms  
From earth's extremities pour out;  
Straight from the north, with triple tongues  
And pointed teeth, they pierce you through;  
The eastern phalanx suck the lungs,—  
A withering, desolating crew;  
If from the arid south they spread,  
They fall like fire-flakes on the head;  
From out the west proceeds a train,  
Which first revives, but sheds hereafter,  
O'er corn-field, and o'er grassy plain,



O'er man and beast, the foul disaster;  
Gladly to ill their ears incline,  
And with intent to cheat comply,—  
They come as messengers divine,  
And in angelic whispers lie.  
But evening's growing grey, so come;  
The air is fresh, and fogs arise.  
Towards night one gladly seeks one's home.  
Why halt? what sight attracts your eyes?  
What have you in this twilight found?

FAUST.

Dost see that black dog coursing round  
Thro' field and stubble?

WAGNER.

Long ago  
I've watch'd him running to and fro—  
See nothing strange there, in the least.

FAUST.

But look! for what dost take the beast?

WAGNER.

Nought but a poodle, as I guess,  
Trying his master's steps to trace.

FAUST.

See'st not, that in a spiral course,  
Each turn he nearer circles us?  
And I do think, if I see right,  
He leaves behind a train of light.



WAGNER.

I see nought but a poodle here;  
Is't not your vision that does err?

FAUST.

Methinks he spreads some magic snares,  
To catch our feet in unawares.

WAGNER.

Seeking his master,—he's afraid  
To find two strangers in his stead.

FAUST.

His circle narrows, and he's near.

WAGNER.

You see a dog, no spirit's here;  
He snarls and growls like any hound,  
And rolls himself upon the ground.

FAUST.

Come hither, poodle, let us see.

WAGNER.

A very dog in drollery.  
If you stand still, he waits command;  
You call, he comes and licks your hand;  
Runs to fetch what you lose, and quick  
Jumps in the water for your stick.

FAUST.

You're right; it is no ghost I ween,  
The dog hath been well broken in.

WAGNER.

A dog well train'd, in every sense,  
Deserves a wise man's countenance;  
Merits your favour altogether,  
For he's the student's aptest scholar.

*[They enter the Town Gates.]*



## SCENE III.

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*Study.*

FAUST and POODLE enter.

FAUST.

I quit the field at close of day,  
When sable night assumes her sway;  
And pious, anxious feelings make  
The better soul within us wake.  
Tumultuous passions seek repose,  
And with the day their actions close,  
Humanity resumes her reign,  
God's love is paramount again.

Don't run about so; lie thee still;  
What sniff'st thou, poodle, round the sill?  
Hie to the stove, and make thy bed,  
There's my best cushion for thy head.  
Thou did'st, upon the hilly way,  
Amuse us with thy tricks and play,  
So enter here a welcome guest,  
But still and quiet take thy rest.

Ah! when within our narrow cell,  
The lamp renews its friendly light,

With joy th' illumin'd breast doth swell  
The heart, which conscious is of right.  
Reason assumes her empire now.  
And hope expands her blossom'd wing;  
Man longs to see the waters flow,  
The source from whence all life doth spring.

Growl not, poodle. With this key,  
Attun'd to heaven's minstrelsy,  
My soul is not in harmony  
To ridicule men oft pretend  
Those things they do not comprehend,  
Murmur at what is fair and good,  
Because by them not understood.  
Poodle, art thou too in this mood?

I feel, alas! tho' well inclin'd,  
Contentment dwells not in my mind.  
Why are the streams so quickly dry,  
Again our thirst to mortify?  
And proofs enough of this I've tried;  
But still this want may be supplied.  
We treasure superhuman lore,  
And sigh for revelation's store;  
Which nowhere doth more beauteous shine  
Than in the Testament divine.  
I long the Greek text to explore,  
In candour read the volume o'er,  
And the original translate  
Into the German dialect.

"In the beginning was the *Word*!"

Here must I stick; who'll help me forw'd?  
I can't this Word so highly prize,  
I must translate it otherwise,  
If but my spirit give advice.



In the beginning was the *Sense*.  
 Does this imply Omnipotence?  
 Here let us pause a moment's space,  
 Nor let our pen thus run a race.  
 It might stand *Power*; what d'ye say?  
 No, as I write, it echoes, Nay.  
 The Spirit! helps me in my need;  
 In confidence I write the *Deed*.

If I must share this room with thee,  
 Then, poodle, cease that melody.  
 Such an unquiet noisy guest  
 I cannot bear near me, at least;  
 So quit the chamber,—you or I  
 Must go, there is no remedy.  
 Tho' hospitality would plead,  
 The door is open,—off with speed.  
 What see I? is the figure real  
 Or spectral? is it natural?  
 In length and breadth expands the hound,—  
 With might he rises from the ground.  
 That is no shape of hound I see,  
 Some spirit I've brought home with me;  
 A hippopotamus—he glares—  
 With fiery eyes—and frightful bares  
 His tusks. I'll catch him unawares;  
 For all such cursed, hellish brood,  
 The seal of Solomon is good.

SONG OF SPIRITS (*near*).

One is caught in the trap!  
 Keep away from like hap.  
 Like the fox in the gin,  
 See the old fiend lynx grin.



Fly here, and fly there,  
And fly everywhere.  
He'll soon be free again,  
Help him out of his pain;  
For he is a sprite  
In whom we delight.

FAUST.

To have the monster safe and sure,  
Four of the spirits I conjure:—  
Salamander red must glow;  
Undine rise from waves below;  
Sylph must vanish into air;  
Goblin rave and tear her hair.

Who knoweth not the elements,  
Their power, strength, and influence,  
Can ne'er be lord  
Of the spiritual horde,  
Salamander! melt in fire;  
Undine! heave the billows higher;  
Shine in dazzling meteor, Sylph;  
Incubus! bring household help,—  
Advance, and close the ranks yourself,  
Of these four, at least,  
None stick in the beast.

He lies,—his eyes upon me set;  
I have not hurt the monster yet.  
I'll conjure yet a mightier spell.  
Art thou, my guest, an imp of hell?  
If so, regard this holy sign,  
'Fore which the black hordes do incline.



How he swells, — his hair's on end.  
 Can'st thou, damned, comprehend  
 The' unspeakable and increate  
 Through heaven diffus'd, but sinners' hate  
 Hath pierced through.

Behind the stove, in corner pent,  
 He swells up like an elephant;  
 Now fills the chamber every where,  
 Dissolves now into subtle air.  
 Ascend not to the ceiling's height, —  
 Crouch down, and own thy master's might.  
 I threaten not to smite in vain;  
 I'll singe thee with the holy train.  
 Wait not; beware the triple light;  
 Wait not; beware my utmost might!

MEPHISTOPHELES,

*(clad as a travelling student, steps forward out  
 of the cloud behind the stove).*

Whence all this noise? What's, sir, your pleasure?

FAUST.

Art thou the dog's parturient treasure?  
 A rambling student? It is droll.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your servant, doctor. On my soul  
 You 've put me in a mortal sweat.

FAUST.

Your name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The question's not so great.  
 For one, who so the word despises,



Will not take up with mere surmises,  
But dive into the soul's recess.

FAUST.

It is not difficult to guess  
Of your crew what's the name or nature.  
It is pourtray'd in every feature,  
Blasphemer, outcast, rebel, liar,—  
To which of these do you aspire?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am a portion of that might,  
Intending wrong, and doing right.

FAUST.

Your riddle takes me by surprise.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the spirit which denies!  
And rightly too; for this creation  
Is worthy of annihilation!  
Better that nothing were at all.  
Thus what you, sin, destruction call,  
Whate'er on evil is intent,  
Is, in one word, my element.

FAUST.

A part you say, to me you seem a whole.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I speak truth modestly upon my soul.  
If man this little puppet sphere  
Makes to himself a whole appear,  
Then am I part of part, which once was all,



A part of darkness, which the light did call  
Into existence.

Proud light—who with his mother night,  
Disputes for rank and space in spite,  
And can't succeed, with all his skill,  
Corporeal shackles bind him still—  
Streams from the body, makes it fair,  
Still body stops its free career;  
And I would hope that it soon may  
With the said body pass away.

FAUST.

I comprehend thy worthy call;  
What 's great thou can'st not hurt at all,  
But may a small trade carry on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As hitherto, no harm is done;  
That which to nothing is oppos'd,  
The something within space enclos'd,  
This clumsy world I've tried to clasp  
In vain; it still eludes my grasp;  
In spite of earthquakes, and a train  
Of floods and fires, it is in vain.  
The sea and land as tranquil look,  
As if by no convulsion shook.  
As to the cursed living brood,  
From them one can obtain no good.  
How many sent to death's domain?  
Fresh blood doth circulate again;  
It drives me almost to despair.  
The earth, the water, and the air,  
In thousand ways expand their germ;  
In moist, in dry, in cold, in warm.



And had I not secur'd the fire,  
I should have nought, and might retire.

FAUST.

To the eternal active light  
Dost thou thy hand oppose?  
To the regenerating might  
Thy devil's clutches close.  
Seek something else to work upon,  
O blind confusion's wondrous son.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll turn it over in my mind;  
So next time more, if you're inclin'd.  
Now I must beg to take my leave.

FAUST.

Why you should ask, I can't conceive.  
Now that I've learnt to know my guest,  
He may come in as suits him best.  
Here is the window, there's the door,—  
The chimney, perhaps, you may prefer.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I might with all such ways dispense,  
But for a trifling hinderance.  
Look at the sign upon the sill.

FAUST.

The pentagram frustrates thy will?  
Tell me, thou son of hell! I pray,  
How came you in, then, by that way,—  
How catch such devil in a snare?



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just scrutinize the figure there,  
The outside angle is not true,  
'Tis open by a line or two.

## FAUST.

Chance then, I see, hath favour'd me,  
And compass'd thy captivity.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poodle nothing notic'd, when  
He jump'd across into the pen;  
The devil can't get out again.

## FAUST.

But why not through the window flee?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is a law which hinders me.  
For ghosts and devils it is meet  
From whence they enter'd to retreat;  
As masters first they choose their way,  
And then as servants must obey.

## FAUST.

Has hell its laws and customs too?  
'Tis well to know it, that with you  
No doubt a contract may be made.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

You shall enjoy, be not afraid,  
What's promis'd, every jot and tittle.  
We can't so soon the matter settle;

When next we meet it may be done,  
I pray you now, I would be gone.

FAUST.

An instant longer with me dwell,  
That you some merry tale may tell.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I beg you this time let me loose;  
When I come back, ask what you choose.

FAUST.

To catch you I did nought prepare,  
You tumbled headlong in the snare.  
But hold the devil when you can,  
You may not catch him soon again.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, if you wish it, I will stay  
Awhile, and keep you company,  
But on condition that I try  
My art to make the minutes fly.

FAUST.

To that I readily agree,  
So that they fly but merrily.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You shall, my friend, in this short hour,  
More sensual food within you store  
Than in a whole year round.  
The melodies which spirits sing,  
The beauteous images they bring,  
Are not an empty sound.



Thy smell and taste shall be improv'd,  
 Thy appetites and feelings mov'd;  
 We need no further preparation,  
 Begin we now our incantation.

## SPIRITS.

Give way, ye dark ceilings,  
 Expanded on high,  
 Let in the blue æther,  
 The blue friendly sky.  
 Ye clouds made of darkness,  
 In fragments give way,  
 To see the stars twinkle,  
 The soft sunbeam play.  
 Sons of heavenly beauty,  
 Bow down and draw near;  
 Come to us, ye spirits  
 Which sweep through the air.

\* \* \*  
 \* \* \*

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

He sleeps! young spirits, you've done well,  
 To conjure him by music's spell!  
 For this concert accept my thanks.  
 Think'st thou to stop a devil's pranks,  
 And hold him fast? Thou'rt not the man.  
 Now, spirits, to your work again:—  
 Dance round him in voluptuous dreams,  
 Plunge him in fancy's silver streams;  
 Still I must have to break this spell,  
 A tooth of rat to gnaw the sill;

I shall not long desire in vain,—  
I hear one move behind the screen.

The king elect of rats and mice,  
Of flies, of frogs, of bugs and lice,  
Commands you straight your best to do,  
To gnaw this magic sill in two;  
As if it were besmear'd with oil,  
So jumps he to commence his toil.  
Now to your work; observe the spell,  
Tow'rds th' outer angle of the sill;  
Still one bite more—'tis not in vain;—  
Dream, Faust, until we meet again.

FAUST (*waking*).

What! am I thus deceiv'd again?  
Departed is the spirit's train  
That brought in dreams the devil to my ken,  
And as a poodle he 's escap'd again.

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## SCENE IV.

*Faust's Study.*

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

Who knocks? Come in;—disturb'd again?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I.

FAUST.

Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thrice say, and then.

FAUST.

Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well; we shall agree,  
 And jog along in harmony;  
 For I, to drive away your spleen,  
 As noble youngster here am seen.  
 My doublet red, all lac'd with gold,  
 My mantle satin, stiff and bold;  
 A cock's long feather in my cap;  
 A long sword by my side. Mayhap

'T were well you wore one too, that, quit  
Of all restraint, you may be fit  
To prove and study life a bit.

## FAUST.

Still must I ever feel the pain  
Of this life's yoke, whate'er th'attire;  
I am too old to play again,—  
Too young to be without desire.  
What has the world to offer me?  
Privation! and privation bear!  
This is th' eternal melody,  
Which rings in every mortal ear.  
And louder still, and still more hoarse,  
Sounds thro' each hour of this life's course.  
I wake each morning with affright,  
Feign were the bitter tear distill'd;  
To see the day in which till night,  
No single wish will be fulfill'd.  
That morn, which every hope of pleasure,  
With wilful cavils e'en denies,  
And the pure breast's creative treasure,  
Is chill'd by sad realities.  
And when night doth her mantle spread,  
And anxiously I seek repose,  
I find no rest upon my bed,—  
Dreams haunt me as my eyelids close.  
The god, who in my bosom dwells,  
Can deeply agitate my soul,  
Who all my powers and springs propels,  
Hath o'er th' external no controul;  
And hence existence is a weight,—  
I wish for death, and life I hate.



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

This guest, forsooth, so oft implor'd,  
Is never welcome at our board.

## FAUST.

Happy the man, whose gory brow  
By victory's laurell'd hand is press'd;  
Or, having danc'd the mad night through,  
Expires upon a maiden's breast;  
Exulting in the spirit's might,  
Had I been by its presence blasted.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then why pour out the juice that night,  
And leave it in the cup untasted.

## FAUST.

Is espionage thy pleasure too?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Omniscient not, but much I know.

## FAUST.

If those sweet well-remember'd chimes  
Have torn me from dark error's pains,  
Working by tones of former times,  
On childish feelings what remains?  
Still do I curse whate'er the soul  
With juggling tricks and shackles binds;  
What keeps her in this dismal hole,  
Where flattery's specious power blinds.  
Then curs'd be first the high pretensions,  
Which of themselves the soul enthrals;



And curse illusion's blind inventions,  
Which prey upon the minds of all;  
Curs'd be the flattering voice of dreams,  
Enduring name and laurell'd brow;  
Curse all that like possession seems,  
As wife, and child, and boor, and plough;  
And curs'd be Mammon's luring treasure,  
Which urges oft to daring deed,  
And smoothes for soft voluptuous pleasure  
The downy fleece beneath the head;  
Curs'd be the grape's balsamic potion;  
The lover's lisp, amorous call;  
Curse hope, inspiring faith's devotion;  
And curs'd be patience more than all.

## CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

Woe, woe, thou hast this beauteous globe destroy'd,  
Blasted by demi-god, it falls to dust;  
We bear its fragments into space, and weep  
Over its beauties lost. O son, arise,  
Mighty of earth! rebuild this fane anew,  
And make it richer than it was before.  
Within thy bosom lay the corner-stone,  
And with pure sense commence this life anew,  
And to thy praise shall solemn anthems peal.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

My spirits invite you to an active life;  
Listen, o listen, to my spirits' call;  
They will restore you to the world again,  
And tear you from the ways of solitude,  
Where soul and body wither.

Cease, churlish man, to nourish spleen,  
Which, like a vulture, on thy liver preys;



Thou canst but feel, among the worst, I ween,  
That thou art man, and follow'st human ways.  
At least, 'tis no intent of mine  
To shove you 'midst the common swine,—  
I'm not one of your great;  
But if you will but just agree  
To jog along through life with me,  
I'll gladly on you wait.

FAUST.

But what requital can I make?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You can for that your leisure take.

FAUST.

No, no; the de'il's a selfish rake,  
And does not freely, for God's sake,  
Another's cause espouse.  
Make your conditions plain and clear;  
To tell the truth, I rather fear  
To have such slave in house.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll wait upon you here below,  
At thy command run to and fro,  
And gladly bow the knee;  
Then, when you are above, you know,  
You only shall be pleas'd to do  
The self-same thing for me.

FAUST.

I care but little what's above,—  
Shiver to atoms first this globe,

Then let another come.

My joys flow from this nether sphere,

The sun shines on my sorrows here;

This is my final home.

Let me but once from this earth flee,

Then come what will, or may, for me,—

I'll hear of it no more.

Whether one hates, or loves, or fears,

Or whether, 'midst those other spheres,

Some sink, and others soar.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this mood you may safely dare;

Come, sign, and I will nothing spare

That lies within my art or power,

To show what ne'er was seen before.

FAUST.

And what canst thou, poor devil, give?

Did ever like of thee conceive,

Soul struggling to be freed;

True, thou hast food which never fills;

Red gold, which through the hand distils

Like quicksilver, in speed;

A game at which one wins no stake;

An ogling girl, who love can make

To others on my breast.

Honour, so beauteous and divine,

Which, meteor-like, a span doth shine,

But hath no place of rest.

Show me the fruit, decaying as it grew,

And trees, which daily their green leaves renew.



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such proposition frights me not,  
To serve you I'll procure such treasure.  
But friend, the time will come, I wot,  
When we may coolly take our pleasure.

## FAUST.

If e'er on couch I find repose,  
So let me then existence close!  
Canst thou, on flattery's charms intent,  
Make me to feel with self-content;  
Canst thou with pleasure lure away  
My sense: be that my final day.  
Such terms I offer,—will they do?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

The bargain's good.

## FAUST.

Then be it so.

If e'er I to the moment say,  
"Thou art so beauteous, rest, I pray!"  
Then bind me in eternal chains;  
Let death-bells peal their mournful strains;  
To perish I'll agree!  
'Tis seal'd: then is your duty done.  
Time may stand still, the clock go down,—  
It strikes no more for me!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Consider well the vow you've made;  
I shan't forget what you have said.

## FAUST.

To this you have a perfect right;  
My word I do not rashly plight.  
And as I must a servant be,  
Why, his or your's, 'tis one to me.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

At doctor's banquet I'll to-day  
Gladly my duty do.  
But then, for safety's sake, I pray  
Just for two lines from you.

## FAUST.

My writing, pedant, dost demand?  
Man, or his word, not know?  
Is't not enough, I'm pledg'd to stand  
Or perish by my vow?  
Runs the world mad in every part,—  
Why should a word bind me?  
Still such illusion's in the heart,  
Who would from such be free?  
Where true faith in his bosom lies,  
He will repent no sacrifice.  
A roll of parchment scrawl'd all over,  
Is like a ghost to the beholder.  
The bond's exhausted in the feather;  
The mastery is wax and leather.  
What dost thou, elf, require?  
Brass, marble, parchment, paper, slate;  
The stroke of pen or chisel wait  
Upon thy free desire.



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why thus your oratory waste,—  
Your temper lose in foolish haste?  
Why, any scrap of paper 's good,—  
You'll sign it with a drop of blood.

## FAUST.

If that will give you full content,  
To play the farce I'll not dissent.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

A very special juice is blood.

## FAUST.

Fear not, the contract shall hold good;  
And all the strength I have at will,  
Is just this promise to fulfil.  
I've been puff'd up with foolish pride,  
I'll walk in future by your side.  
By the great Spirit vex'd and sore,  
Nature has clos'd to me her door.  
The thread of thought is snapp'd in two,  
All knowledge hateful to my view.  
Now let us, in the depths of sense,  
Allay our passion's violence.  
Under th' impenetrable veil  
Of magic, let thy arts prevail.  
Let's rush into time's murm'ring womb,  
Await our destiny to come;  
Then may enjoyment follow pain,  
Sorrow with gladness change again;  
Let fate do what she may or can,  
Inquietude doth stamp the man.



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

You're not restrain'd by rule or measure,  
May nibble wheresoe'er your pleasure.  
Lay hold of something, e'en in flight,  
Fear not, stick close, all will be right.

## FAUST.

Pleasure is not the question now,  
To passion's sorest joys I bow,—  
To cursed hate, and all the crew,  
Who make vexation poignant too.  
My breast, of wisdom's burden heal'd,  
Shall ne'er to future woe be seal'd.  
What's portion'd to the human race,  
Will I in inward self embrace.  
Now soar above, and sink below,  
And on my breast heap weal and woe.  
And thus myself to other selves extend,  
That they and I may perish in the end.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Trust me, who many a thousand year  
Of this coarse food have known the taste,  
That from the cradle to the bier,  
Th'old leaven no man can digest.  
This universe, conceive me right,  
Is only for a god intended,  
Who, living in eternal light,  
Hath us in gloomy night suspended,  
But day and night are fit for you.

## FAUST.

But I'm resolv'd on't.



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

It will do!

Of one thing only I'm afraid;  
 Time's short, and art is long, 'tis said.  
 You might learn something, by the way,  
 A poet choose for company,  
 Indulge him in his fantasies,  
 Let all the noble qualities  
 Enhance your skull's capacities.  
 Lion in courage, stag in speed,  
 Impetuous Frank, enduring Swede.  
 Should you through him the secret find,  
 The noble with the base to bind,  
 The lover's passion to direct  
 Upon a plan that's circumspect.  
 Gladly would I such master know,  
 I'd call him Microcosmus too.

## FAUST.

What am I? can I not succeed  
 The human crown to seize,  
 Of which my senses have such need.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou art just what thou art, an' please  
 Adorn thy wig with thousand locks,  
 Exalt thyself on stilts or stocks,  
 Thou'lt just be what thou art, no more.

## FAUST.

I feel it, and it makes me sore.  
 I've vainly sought of mental treasure  
 To heap upon myself full measure;



And when at last my labours cease,  
I do not feel my strength increase;  
I'm not a hair's breadth more in height.  
Nor nearer to the Infinite.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

My worthy friend, you seem to see  
Things like the generality;  
We must these matters make more clear,  
Before we quit this joyous sphere.  
What . . . . . because hand, foot  
And head and . . . . . are thine to boot.  
Is all what I enjoy less mine,  
Because what thou dost claim is thine?  
Have I six stallions in my stall,  
May I not mine their vigour call?  
I mount my steeds, and ride as sure  
As if my legs were twenty-four.  
Abandon, then, this reverie,  
And dash into the world with me!  
The man to speculation given,  
Is like the beast upon the heath,  
Which, by the evil spirit driven,  
Finds not the grass which grows beneath  
His feet.

## FAUST.

But how shall we commence?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Set out, and fly away from hence.  
What life of martyrdom, forsooth,  
Tormenting self, and teasing youth.  
Leave such trade to your neighbour . . . . .



Why thrash the grain from out the chaff?  
The wisest maxims of your art  
You dare not to your class impart.  
I hear a step!—some one is there!

FAUST.

I'll see nobody, I declare.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poor lad's patience has been tried,  
He must not go unsatisfied.  
Give me your long cloke, and your hat,  
This mask'd attire suits me pat.

[*He puts on Faust's dress.*

Now trust to my inventive brain  
Just half-an-hour, and then again  
Return, equipp'd in trav'ling train.

[*Exit FAUST.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in Faust's long robes*).

Reason and science once despise,  
The highest privilege of man  
In evil moment sacrifice  
To magic's lying talisman;  
Then have I got him safe and sure.  
For fate hath given him a soul,  
Which a rash impulse doth allure,  
Dauntless, impatient of controul,  
Which in its frenzy overleaps  
The joys of mortals here below.  
I'll take him thro' life's rugged steeps,  
O'er plains where nought but thistles grow.  
Sprawling, convuls'd, he'll cleave to me,  
And food and drink shall pass before



His lips, as 'twere in mockery,  
He'll vainly for relief implore.  
And had he not his soul to Satan giv'n,  
Still had he perish'd, and ne'er reach'd to heaven.

A STUDENT *enters*.

STUDENT.

I am not long arrived here,  
With due submission to you, sir;  
I wish a man to see and know,  
Before whose talents all do bow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I thank you for you good intent,  
And deeply feel the compliment.  
You see a man, as many more.  
Have you applied elsewhere before?

STUDENT.

I recommend me to your care!  
My will is good, I can declare;  
Some little cash, and youthful blood,—  
Neither I'll spare to learn what's good.  
My mother hardly let me go.  
What's right I'd gladly learn to know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You've pitch'd upon the right place then.

STUDENT.

In truth I would go home again;  
I cannot bear these lonely halls,  
These gloomy, dungeon-looking walls.



The place is too confin'd for me,—  
Nought to enliven,—not a tree;  
And in these halls, and on these benches,  
I lose myself, and seven senses.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis custom only makes things smooth;  
As infants to the mother's breast  
Their lips at first reluctant move,  
But soon enjoy the milky feast.  
Each day will you from wisdom's rill  
With greater pleasure drink your fill.

STUDENT.

I'd gladly hang around her neck,—  
But where obtain the food I seek?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not to go further, just aver  
Which faculty you may prefer?

STUDENT.

O truly, I would all things know,  
In heaven above, on earth below;  
Science and nature would I ken.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are upon the right scent then;  
Let nought divert you from your study.

STUDENT.

I am resolv'd, both soul and body;  
Still for the liberty would pray,  
T'enjoy a summer's holiday.



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Husband your time, which glides away,  
Tho' order teaches it to stay.  
And first, young friend, I would advise,  
That you in logic exercise;  
In this the mind is dress'd and paced,  
And tight in Spanish boots too laced,  
That it more circumspectly tread  
The path of thought, before it spread;  
Nor run in folly's zig-zag course,  
Nor mount imagination's horse.  
You'll learn in time, that what to you  
Once seem'd a simple thing to do,  
As eat your dinner, sip your tea,  
Asks varied motions, one! two! three!  
'Tis with the fabric of the brain,  
As with a weaver's loom, 'tis plain;  
The threads obey in time and measure  
The weaver's tread, move at his pleasure;  
The shuttle flies above, below,  
On this side, that; the threads also,  
Which, though not visibly, still join,  
And thousands by one stroke combine.  
But now philosophy starts up,  
Advancing reasons *quantum suff.*,  
That if the one and two are so,  
The three and four are likewise so;  
If first and second don't appear,  
The third and fourth exist no where.  
Each scholar thinks this mighty clever,  
But learns not to be thus a weaver.  
He who would practically teach,  
Must leave all dogmas out of reach.



Having this portion in his grasp,  
He wants—but what? the mental clasp!  
The chemist says, *Encheiresin*  
*Naturæ*, but he talks in vain.

STUDENT.

I do not rightly comprehend.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You'll understand it better, friend,  
When you have learnt to classify  
With method, and in harmony.

STUDENT.

All that you say doth but confound  
My brain, as if a mill went round.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To metaphysics you must learn,  
Before all things, your mind to turn.  
And ascertain what for men's brains  
Was ne'er intended, take some pains  
To have a clever word at hand,  
To serve for what you understand,  
And what you do not—this half year  
Arrange and make all straight and clear.  
Five classes daily you'll attend,  
An hour, at least, in each you'll spend;  
Fail not the summons of the bell;—  
Be there. Your lesson studied well,  
So that your readily may see  
If professor and book agree.  
Write what he says upon your slate,  
As did the Holy Ghost dictate.



STUDENT.

Thank you; you need not that twice tell,  
I can conceive its value well;  
For what we have in black and white,  
We take with comfort home at night.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then choose some learned faculty.

STUDENT.

The law is my antipathy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot say you are to blame,  
I know and understand its aim;  
For law and civil rights descend  
As maladies, which have no end;  
And lineally, from sire to son,  
With no fix'd place to rest upon.  
Wealth becomes torment,—reason madness,—  
Inheritance a cause for sadness.  
What, as a birthright, we might claim,  
There is no question of the same.

STUDENT.

You add, in truth, to my dislike.  
Happy who moves beneath your eye!  
I hardly know what course to strike  
I fain would try theology.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would not let you go astray  
Concerning this said faculty.



'Tis hard t' avoid the crooked way;  
And such the poison's subtlety,  
That it is difficult to sup  
The medicine from the deadly cup.  
If upon this your mind be bent,  
With one man's doctrines be content;  
Swear by your master's words; in short,  
Stick to the word, whate'er th' import;  
Through these gates you may reach, forsooth,  
The temple of eternal truth.

## STUDENT.

Still to the word some sense is due.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

If so, it need not trouble you;  
For even when ideas fail,  
A word comes in, and doth prevail.  
With words we earnestly discuss;  
Nay, systems, too, with words produce;  
With words we may a creed e'en choose,—  
A word will no iota lose.

## STUDENT.

Pardon my importunity;  
But still I must your patience try.  
Let me, by one staunch word, divine,  
What are your thoughts of medicine?  
Here can I but three years reside;  
God knows, the field is far too wide;  
And if one only gets a hint,  
It makes one feel more competent.



MEPHISTOPHELES (*to himself*).

I'm weary of this puling strain;  
Come, devil, be thyself again!

(*Aloud.*)

It is not difficult to seize  
The spirit of Hippocrates.  
Study the great world, and the small,  
That things may proceed, after all,  
As God doth please.  
Care not in science deep to go,  
Man only knows what man can know.  
He's the right man, whoe'er he be,  
Who seizes opportunity.  
You are a smart lad of your kind,  
And in assurance not behind;  
And if you trust to your own fame,  
You'll find that others do the same.  
But, above all things, try and find  
The way to manage womankind;  
Their thousand ills, and thousand oh's,  
Must be redress'd by the same dose;  
And if you meet them just half-way  
In modesty, they wont say nay.  
With title you cannot dispense,  
To prove your art, *par excellence*.  
Then may you do, and welcome, what  
Others for many a year have sought  
To do in vain; and gently squeeze  
The wrist, to feel the pulse at ease;  
And turn your eye, in anxious haste,  
And pass your hand along the waist;  
The stays may be too tightly lac'd.



STUDENT.

I can some sense in this descry.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grey is the hair of theory ;  
My friend, I 'll tell you what I've seen,  
The golden tree of life is green.

STUDENT.

I swear it's all a dream to me.  
Excuse my importunity,  
But I would once more hear you treat  
These matters thus from wisdom's seat.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My talents freely I dispense.

STUDENT.

I would not go away from hence  
Till I have begg'd you will, to-night,  
Some maxim in my album write.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With all my heart.

[Writes, and gives it to STUDENT.

STUDENT (*reads*).

"Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum."

[Bows, and takes leave.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This serpent's adage round your memory twine,  
You 'll one day fear your human face divine.

*Enter FAUST.*

Whither our course?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As pleases you;  
We 'll see the great and small world too.  
With what advantage, pleasure too,  
Will you this journey revel through.

FAUST.

I swear to you, with my long beard,  
For life's light ways I 'm not prepar'd;  
I hope no good from this essay,—  
In worldly things I 'm not *au fait*;  
I feel so small 'midst other men,  
That I shall find myself in pain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Believe me, friend, you 've nought to fear;  
Trust to yourself, and all is clear.

FAUST.

But how shall we from hence proceed,—  
Have you both equipage and steed?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We need but spread our mantles wide,  
They 'll serve us through the air to ride.  
And as the journey is but short,  
You need not take much baggage for 't;  
Some hydrogen, which I'll prepare,  
Lifts us from earth into the air;  
Let me bestow, on your intent  
To see the world, my compliment.

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SCENE V.  

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*Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig.—Tipplers Carousing.*

FROSCH.

WHAT, no one drink? no merry faces?  
I 'll teach you to make such grimaces!  
Foretime all fire, mirth, and jaw,  
And now, as dull as sodden straw.

BRANDER.

Whose fault but yours? why not to-day.  
Some bestial joke, some nonsense say?

FROSCH.

*(Pours a glass of wine upon his head.)*

There 's both for you.

BRANDER.

O double swine!

FROSCH.

You ask'd for it, and it is thine.

SIEBEL.

Bolt, if you please; no fracas here;  
With open breast sing tra, la, la.

ALTMAYER.

Woe me! I 'm lost! Some cotton! Come!  
This noise will burst my tympanum.

SIEBEL.

When sound reverberates from roof,  
Then of the base we have full proof.

FROSCH.

Right; who thinks ill, out with him soon!  
La, la.

ALTMAYER.

La, la.

FROSCH.

The throat's in tune.

*(Sings.)*

O Romish, Romish empire old,  
So long entire, how dost thou hold?

BRANDER.

A dirty political lay!  
Thank God! thank God, each morn, I say,  
That you, at least, are not in pain  
For th' empire. 'Tis to me a gain  
That I am not an emperor yet,  
Nor e'en a chancellor of state.  
Still we must always have a head;  
We will elect a pope instead.  
What the attainments, you may guess,  
Which fit a man for holiness.

FROSCH *(sings)*.

Come, nightingale, thy love-song pour,  
And greet my mistress o'er and o'er.



SIEBEL.

No ditty to thy mistress, pray.

FROSCH.

A kiss to her, you shan't say nay.

*(Sings.)*

Unbolt, unbolt, the night is still;

Thy lover stands as sentinel.

Now bolt again; the morning 's near.

SIEBEL.

Yes, boast, and sing her praises here;

She cheated me, and she'll cheat you,

And I shall laugh in my turn, too.

A goblin for her love at least,

Who 'll in a crossway with her jest.

A strolling goat, from Blocksberg's height,

May, baaing, wish her a good night.

An honest lad of flesh and blood,

Is for the strumpet much too good.

No other greeting's to her due,

Than a stone hurl'd her casement through.

BRANDER *(thumping table)*.

Listen awhile, my friends, to me!

That I know life, you'll all agree;

And as we've lovers for guests here,

I must regale them with good cheer.

Ere we depart a bran new song;

Join all in chorus come along?

*(Sings.)*

In cellar dwelt a rat so staunch,

She liv'd on fat and butter,

And had as big and round a paunch

As Doctor Martin Luther.

The cook a subtle poison strew'd  
Within the rat's domain,  
Which made her caper, as if screw'd  
By love's parturient pain.

CHORUS.

Which made her caper, &c.

BRANDER.

She danc'd within, she danc'd without,  
And drank from every pool;  
She bit and scratch'd all round about,  
Nought could her fury cool.  
She many a spring made o'er and o'er,  
And tumbled down again;  
And was tormented more and more,  
As if in labour pain.

CHORUS.

And was tormented, &c.

BRANDER.

At length she sought the light of day,  
Into the kitchen ran;  
To horrid torments was a prey,  
Upon the hearth did groan.  
The cook did laugh, and hold her breath,  
Could not herself contain,  
To see the poor rat suffer death,  
As if from labour pain.

CHORUS.

To see the poor rat, &c.

\*

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SIEBEL.

The boors are merry, laugh their fill,  
No doubt, a wond'rous art  
With poison thus poor rats to kill!

BRANDER.

It seems you take their part?

ALTMAYER.

Yes, with his paunch and bald round head,  
He feels for the poor beast;  
For gazing on it, swollen, dead,  
He sees himself, at least.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To introduce you, first I'll try,  
Into a jovial company;  
You 'll see how gay they live, at least,  
For ev'ry day's with them a feast.  
With little wit to curb his pleasure,  
Each one doth his own circle measure;  
Like kitten playing with its tail,  
And cares not, so his head dont fail.  
Nay, if the host don't ask for pay,  
No care has he the live-long day.

BRANDER.

Just from a journey come, I ween,—  
One sees it by their wandering mien;  
They're not an hour, I'll wager, here.

FROSCH.

I think you 're right; my Leipsic dear!  
A little Paris one may say,  
And forms its folks too.

SIEBEL.

Who are they?

FROSCH.

Now let me go the ground explore,  
And with a bumper running o'er,  
Like a milk tooth I do propose  
To draw the worms from out their nose.  
They are of noble house, I ween,  
There 's something haughty in their mien.

BRANDER.

Two charlatans, if I guess right.

ALTMAYER.

Perhaps.

FROSCH.

Take heed! I 'll screw them tight.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

The people will not see the de'il,  
Although he tread upon their heel.

FAUST.

Your servants, sirs!

SIEBEL.

Our thanks are due.

(*Softly to himself, seeing MEPHISTOPHELES.*)  
Why limps that blade on one foot so?



MEPHISTOPHELES.

May we sit down along with you?  
Instead of good drink, which is rare,  
Let us your wit and humour share.

ALTMAYER.

You are a dainty gentleman.

FROSCH.

How late did you leave Rippach, then?  
Did you first sup with Master White?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We pass'd before his door to-night.  
Last time we halted on our way,  
He had a thousand things to say  
About his cousins great and small,  
And begg'd remembrance to them all.

*[He leans over towards FROSCH.]*

ALTMAYER *(to himself)*.

He has it now.

SIEBEL.

A cunning loon.

FROSCH.

I 'll have him in my clutches soon!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If I don't err, did we not hear  
Some practis'd voices singing here?  
The sound must most melodious prove  
Reverberated from above.

FROSCH.

Play you the virtuoso's part?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My will is better than my art.

ALTMAYER.

Sing us a song.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Many for you.

SIEBEL.

No, one 's enough, if 't is but new.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We just return from Spain, d' ye see,  
The land of wine and melody.

*(Sings.)*

There once did live a king,  
This king had a big flea——

FROSCH.

D' ye hear, I say? d' ye take? a flea!  
No very pleasant guest for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There once did live a king,  
This king had a big flea;  
He lov'd the jumping thing,  
As though his son were he.  
The king sends for his tailor,  
Who straightway to him goes,  
He takes young master's measure  
For jacket and for hose!



## BRANDER.

Forget not tailor Snip to tell  
To take his measure right;  
And, as he loves his head full well,  
The breeches must fit tight.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

In silk and satin clothes  
Young master flea was drest,  
Had buckles to his hose,  
A cross upon his breast;  
And being in the ministry,  
He wore the star of state,  
And all his num'rous family  
Were rank'd amongst the great.

The courtiers, it is said,  
Were vexed mortal sore;  
The queen and waiting maid  
Were bitten too, all o'er.  
Yet no one dared to kill  
Or stifle him outright;  
We crack them as we will,  
When they begin to bite.

## CHORUS.

We crack them, &c.

## FROSCH.

Bravo! sir, your song doth please.

## SIEBEL.

So let it be with all the fleas.

BRANDER.

'Twixt thumb and finger crack them clever.

ALTMAYER.

Sing wine and liberty for ever.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'd drink a glass to freedom's cause,  
If but your liquor better was.

SIEBEL.

What! let us not hear that again!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I fear the landlord might complain,  
Or, otherwise, I 'd let each guest  
Of our own cellar taste the best.

SIEBEL.

O! as for that, I'll bear the blame.

FROSCH.

If the wine 's good, we 'll praise your name.  
Let not the sample be o'er small,  
For I must have my gullet full  
When I pass judgment on the wine.

ALTMAYER (*to himself*).

'Tis certain they are from the Rhine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Give me an awl.

BRANDER.

For what to bore?

There are no casks before the door.



ALTMAYER.

A cooper's basket stands without.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*takes the awl*).

(*To FROSCH.*)

Now say, what wine shall I draw out?

FROSCH.

Have you so many then at hand?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Each can, what he prefers, command.

ALTMAYER (*to FROSCH*).

Dost thou begin to smack thy lip?

FROSCH.

If I must choose, I 'll Rhenish sip.  
The best is what the country offers.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*Bores a hole in table, near where FROSCH is sitting.*)

A little wax to serve as stoppers.

ALTMAYER.

O, this is conjuring, 't is plain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wine for you?

BRANDER.

Sparkling Champagne.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

*(Bores holes in table, the plugs of wax being already made, the holes are stopped with them.)*

BRANDER.

Of foreign goods we can't steer clear,  
On us the sun dont shine;  
No German likes a French Monsieur—  
But freely drinks his wine.

SIEBEL.

*(As MEPHISTOPHELES approaches his place.)*

Thin wines are not much to my taste,  
Something that 's luscious suits me best.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(bores)*.

Quickly for you shall flow Tokay.

ALTMAYER.

Just look me in the face, I pray,  
It 's all a hoax.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, no, with such  
As you, the risk would be too much.  
Speak out, make haste, what wine for you?

ALTMAYER.

Some of all sorts; dont bother so.  
*[The holes being all bored and stopp'd.]*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

*(Comes forward making gestures.)*

The goat bears horns upon his head,  
The vine produces grapes instead.



The juice of grape flows out of wood—  
 This board may furnish wine as good.  
 Look deeper into nature's way!  
 Here's a miracle! who says nay?  
 Draw the corks and drink your fill.

ALL.

*(As they draw the corks, and each sees the wine  
 he wished for flow into his glass.)*  
 O beauteous, wond'rous flowing rill!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be careful not a drop to spill!  
*[They begin to drink.]*

ALL *(singing)*.

It is a cannibalish feast.  
 Five hundred drunken swine at least.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See joy and freedom in each face.

FAUST.

Come, I would rather leave this place.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just wait a moment, and you'll see  
 The height of bestiality.

SIEBEL.

*(Drinks carelessly, and spilling wine upon the  
 ground, it turns to flame.)*

Hell-flames! help! fire! the flames prevent!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*speaking to flames*).

Lie still, my friendly element. [*To guests.*  
A taste of purgatory—nothing more.

SIEBEL.

What does this mean? you 'll rue it sore;  
It seems you do not know us yet.

FROSCH.

Let him attempt another feat.

ALTMAYER.

'Twere better beg him slip away.

SIEBEL.

Dost here thy hocus pocus play?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hush! wine tub.

SIEBEL.

Broomstick, dost thou dare  
Again insult us now? beware!

BRANDER.

Await, the blows will thickly fall.

ALTMAYER.

(*Draws out a plug from table, fire bursts forth.*)

I burn! I burn!

SIEBEL.

'T is magic—all;  
He 's outlaw'd; pin him to the wall.

[*They rush upon him with drawn knives.*



MEPHISTOPHELES (*with serious face*).

False shape and word  
Change sense and place;  
Be here and there.

[*They look at each other with astonishment*

ALTMAYER.

Where am I? what a beauteous land!

FROSCH.

Vineyards, I see.

SIEBEL.

And grapes at hand.

BRANDER.

Underneath this foliage green—  
What stems and stalks, what bunches seen!

[*He lays hold of SIEBEL'S nose; the others  
pull noses by turns, and lift up their knives.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as above*).

Fall, band of error from their eyes,  
And mark the devil's mimick'ries;

[*He vanishes with FAUST; the party lose their hold*

SIEBEL.

How is it?

ALTMAYER.

How?

FROSCH.

Was that thy nose?

BRANDER (*to SIEBEL*).

I 've hold of thine, as I suppose.

ALTMAYER.

The blow went thro' my members all,  
Give me a stool or I shall fall.

FROSCH.

No—tell me what has come to pass.

SIEBEL.

Where is he? let me hold him fast;  
Living he shall not quit my side.

ALTMAYER.

I saw him on a barrel stride  
Without the door into the street;  
I feel I 've lead upon my feet.

*(Turning towards table.)*

O could the wine but flow again!

SIEBEL.

Imposture, fraud, legerdemain.

FROSCH.

Methought, as how I tasted wine.

BRANDER.

But how, then, with those grapes so fine.

ALTMAYER.

Well after this, one has a right  
To trust in miracles outright.



## SCENE VI.

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*Witch's Kitchen.*

[*Upon a low hearth is seen a kettle boiling upon embers, and various figures dancing in the smoke which ascends from it. A monkey-cat is seen skimming the kettle to prevent it boiling over. The male and his family are warming themselves round the fire. The wall and roof are hung round with different kind of witch apparatus.*]

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

THIS magic is not to my taste.  
What canst thou in this dreary waste  
Of madness promise for my sake?  
Need I an old wife's counsel take?  
Can all her witch's cookery  
Wash thirty years from my body?  
If you can nothing better offer,  
My hopes are gone and I must suffer.  
Has not some mighty spirit found  
A balm to pour into my wound?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, you reason well and strong;  
There is a means to make you young;  
You 'll find it in another book,  
A wond'rous chapter 'tis, so—look!

FAUST.

I'll know it too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then understand  
These means no magic arts demand.  
Nothing which gold or medicine yields;  
But go thou straight into the fields,  
Begin to dig and turn the ground;  
Thy thoughts within a circle bound;  
Nourish thyself with simple fare,  
Live like the cattle, nor forbear  
The ground thou tillest to manure.  
Such, the best means, you may be sure  
To make you feel young at four score.

FAUST.

I 've had no practice, can't resolve  
To take the spade and dig and delve;  
It suits me not such common life.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Address you then to this old wife.

FAUST.

But why to her, what 's she to do?  
Why cannot you the balsam brew?



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

That would indeed be rare pastime,  
I 'd build ten bridges in the time.  
Science and art are not enough—  
You must add patience to the stuff.  
A quiet spirit many a year  
Is thus employ'd. Time filters clear  
Th' ingredients, which, the whole confect,  
Are things of wonderful effect.  
The devil knows them all by heart,  
But has not learnt the mixing part.

*(Seeing the brutes.)*

Oh, what a pretty brood is here!  
The boy and girl are sitting near.

*(To the ANIMALS.)*

Where is your mistress? All alone?

## THE ANIMALS.

To dinner, up the chimney gone.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

How long is she thus apt to roam?

## ANIMALS.

So long we warm our paws at home.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to FAUST)*.

What think you of this family?

## FAUST.

The most absurd I e'er did see.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

To me such language, as we hear—  
Above all other things, is dear.

(*To the ANIMALS.*)

Tell me, you ugly, hellish brood,  
What 'tis you thus stir round about?

ANIMALS.

We cook a soup for mendicants.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No doubt, you've many applicants.

THE TOM CAT.

(*Rubbing up against MEPHISTOPHELES' legs.*)

O throw the dice  
And make me rich,  
And let me win,  
For I am poor;  
Had I but cash  
All would be well.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How happy would this monkey be  
Could he put in the lottery.

[*In the mean time the kittens have been playing  
with a ball, rolling it to and fro.*]

THE TOM CAT.

Such is the world—  
It rises and falls,  
And rolls away,  
And rings like glass.  
How soon does 't break!  
'Tis hollow within  
And shines so bright.  
Still brighter here.



O I'm alive!  
 My dearest son  
 Approach not nigh,  
 For thou must die!  
 It is of clay—  
 In fragments breaks.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What is this sieve?

TOM CAT (*takes down sieve*).

Wert thou the thief  
 I soon should know the same.

[*He runs with it to FEMALE and makes her  
 look through it.*]

Look thro' this sieve,  
 Dost know the thief,  
 And wilt not tell his name?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*approaching fire*).

And this pot?

MALE and FEMALE.

Stupid sot  
 He knows not the pot  
 Nor the kettle. O fool!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Uncourteous beast.

THE MALE.

Take this at least [*gives him a fan.*]  
 And sit thee on the stool.

[*He makes MEPHISTOPHELES sit down.*]

FAUST.

*(Who during the whole time has been approaching  
and receding from a mirror.)*

What see I here! what heavenly face!

Reflected from this magic glass?

Lend me, O love, thy fleetest wing,

Transport me to that beauteous thing!

But if I move a step from here—

If I but venture to draw near,

She seems, as if in mist conceal'd.

O woman's heavenly form unveil'd

Is 't possible? The sex so fair.

Must I in th' outstretch'd form prepare

To see the whole of Heaven's worth.

Is ought so beauteous upon earth?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course, when God has toil'd six days

And having finish'd, Bravo, says—

It should be something most sublime.

But look thy fill at her this time.

I can procure for thee such treasure—

Happy her bridegroom above measure.

[FAUST continues looking in the mirror, MEPHISTOPHELES upon the stool, playing with the fan.

I sit a king upon the throne—

I hold the sceptre, but I lack the crown.

THE ANIMALS.

*(Who have been romping all the time, present a  
crown to MEPHISTOPHELES.)*

O be so good,

With sweat and blood,

The crown to smear!



*[They promenade the crown round the room  
awkwardly break it in two pieces, with  
which they dance round and round.*

Now, it will do,  
Since 'tis in two,  
We rhyme and hear.

FAUST (*looking in mirror*).

I shall go crazy with this sight.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pointing to animals*).

I hardly feel my senses right.

THE ANIMALS.

If it succeeds  
And all goes well  
These our thoughts.

FAUST.

I feel my heart too quickly beat;  
Quick—quick from hence let us retreat.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At least—one must in justice say,  
They 're candid poets in their way.

*[The kettle boils over from neglect of the cat;  
a great flame bursts forth and flares up the  
chimney. The WITCH with horrid yell pro-  
ceeds from out of the flame.*

WITCH.

Aogh, aogh, aogh, aogh!  
Infernal monster, cursed sow,  
What? Burn the kettle! Singe me too?



*(Seeing FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.)*

What is all here?

Who see I there?

What will you, eh?

Who sent you, pray?

May fire's smart

In your bones dart.

*[She skims the pot and throws flames upon FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and ANIMALS, the latter whine.]*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

*(Wields his fan, strikes pots and glasses.)*

In two, in two,

There lies the brew,

And there the glass;

In fun, old lass,

We 're keeping time

To your melody's chime.

*[The OLD WITCH retiring, grumbling and growling.]*

Dost know me, skeleton, scarecrow?

Dost not thy lord and master know?

What can prevent me, if I would,

From crushing thee and all thy brood?

Dost not respect the doublet red?

Nor the cock's feather in my head?

Is not my visage still the same?

Must I pronounce my proper name?

THE WITCH.

Forgive, I say, this rough salute;

I did not see thy cloven foot;

Nor the two ravens could I see.



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well, for this time thou art free.  
'Tis very long indeed, old mother,  
Since you and I have seen each other.  
Culture which polishes mankind,  
E'en to the devil has been kind.  
The Northern phantom's no more seen,  
Nor horns, nor claws, nor tail between.  
With cloven foot I can't dispense,  
However bad the consequence,—  
But not to do the thing by halves,  
I, like the dandies, wear false calves.

WITCH (*dancing*).

It drives me mad, and turns my brain  
To see young Satan here again.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Old wife, that word 's no more in use—

## WITCH.

Why not, what harm doth it produce?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis long a fable, a dead-letter,  
And yet mankind has not grown better.  
If from bad spirits they are loose—  
Still bad enough remain to choose.  
Call me, then, Baron or Monsieur;  
I'm like another cavalier;  
You do not doubt my noble race?

[*Makes indecent gesture.*]

WITCH (*laughing*).

Who can but laugh at thy grimace?



MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

My friend, you should the secret know—  
With witches you must just act so.

WITCH.

Tell me, good gemmen, what d'ye choose?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A goblet of the good old juice;  
The best and oldest in the cellar;  
Time ripens it and makes it mellow.

WITCH.

With all my heart, take what you ask.  
I sip sometimes from out this flask,  
It is not musty in the least;  
I 'll fill a glass that ye may taste.

(*To MEPHISTOPHELES in whisper.*)

You know, if he drink unprepar'd,  
His life will not an hour be spar'd.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He's an old friend, 'twill hurt him not,  
I do not grudge the best you 've got.  
So draw your circle, chaunt your spell,  
And fill the goblet for him well.

WITCH.

(*Draws a circle, making curious faces all the time, and puts a variety of odd things in the centre. In the mean time the glasses begin to ring, the kettle to sound and make music; lastly, she brings a great book, drags the cats into the centre to rest the book upon their backs, and hold the torch. She beckons to FAUST to approach.*)



FAUST (*to MEPHISTOPHELES*).

Now tell me, what can all this be,  
Such mad, such stupid mummary.  
I know full well, have had enough  
Of such unmeaning, hateful stuff.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis only nonsense in my eyes;  
Be not a man so over nice.  
As Doctor, she must try her art  
To make the physic act its part.

[*He makes FAUST enter the circle*

WITCH.

(*Declaims from book with great emphasis.*)

I say, you ken,  
Of one make ten,  
Let two go free  
Make even three;  
You 'll not be poor  
And lose the four.  
From five and six,  
The witch's tricks,  
Make seven and eight;  
So 'tis complete;  
And nine is one,  
And ten is none.

This is the witch's one time one.

FAUST.

She speaketh, sure, in feverish vein.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You have not heard the whole, 't is plain;  
It is the same throughout the whole.

I 've lost much time there, like a fool;  
For contradictions e'er must be,  
To wise and fools a mystery.  
My friend, this art is new and old;  
'T was so in old times, as we 're told.  
Through three and one, and one and there, *see*  
To let fraud dupe veracity.  
Such follies do we learn by rote,  
Who 'll take the pains to find them out?  
Man will believe that words are true,  
Or that some sense to them is due.

WITCH (*continues*).

The greatest length  
Of wisdom's strength, -  
To all the world is hidden.  
Who does not crave  
The same to have,  
Will have it tho' unbidden.

FAUST.

What nonsense mumbles she again?  
Enough to split one's head in twain.  
It seems as if I heard a choir  
Of hundred thousand fools entire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough, enough! old sybil, stop!  
Give us the goblet, fill it up, -  
Up to the brim, and running o'er,  
It will not hurt my friend, be sure;  
He is no novice in the art,  
He 's plied the goblet for his part.



WITCH.

*(Pours the liquor into a cup with much ceremony;—as FAUST bears it to his mouth, a gentle flame blazes forth.)*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now up with it. You must drink deep;  
'Twill make thy heart within thee leap.  
If with old Nick you stand full well,  
Dost flinch before the flames of hell?

WITCH *(opens circle)*.FAUST *(steps out)*.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Don't stand there still, run, run, make haste.

WITCH.

I hope my draught is to your taste.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to WITCH)*.

If I know how to please you right,  
You 'll tell me on Walpurgis night.

WITCH.

Here is a song, made for your use;  
Sing it at times,—'t will charms produce.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to FAUST)*.

Come quick, and let me be your guide;  
You needs must transpire thro' the hide,  
The draught must work on ev'ry side;  
Then shall you taste of sweet repose  
After the working of the dose.

With inward rapture will you feel  
Young Cupid o'er your senses steal.

FAUST.

Into the mirror one more peep,  
To see that lovely female sleep.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, you shall soon see in her place,  
The living model of the race.

*(To himself.)*

True, with this drink, whate'er she be,  
He will in her a Helen see.



## SCENE VII.

---

*A Street.*

FAUST.—MARGARET (*passing by*).

FAUST.

My pretty lady, may I dare  
Offer my arm's protecting care?

MARGARET.

No lady's rank nor beauty claim,  
Can return single, as I came.

[*Breaks loose, and goes away*]

FAUST.

By heavens! a beauteous maid, I swear  
Her like I ne'er saw any where.  
What modesty, what gracious ease;  
A little snappish, if you please.  
Her scarlet lips, and rosy hue,  
I can't forget, my whole life through.  
The downcast look, it said so much,  
My heart hath deeply felt its touch.  
The sharpness of her repartee,  
O God! how it excited me.

*Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.*

FAUST.

To get that maiden you must try.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which maid?

FAUST.

The one who just pass'd by.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What, her? she just came from the priest,  
With pardon for her sins confest;  
I stood and listen'd by her chair,  
No purer being e'er knelt there.  
She 'd nought to tell her confessor;  
I have no power over her.

FAUST.

She's more than fourteen years of age.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You reason just like Mr. Page,  
Who thinks that ev'ry lovely flower  
Smells sweet for him alone; what's more,  
That honours, favours, and good luck,  
Lie ready for his hand to pluck;  
But this plan will not always do.

FAUST.

Truce to your moralizing so;  
I tell you now, and once for all,  
If that to-night I cannot call



This damsel mine, at midnight hour  
We separate for ever more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Stop, stop! and hear what reason says:  
It will require some fourteen days,  
At least, to lay a proper snare.

FAUST.

Could I but seven hours spare,  
I should not want the Devil's aid  
To gain the charming little maid.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You talk just like a French gallant;  
Dont let it thus your soul torment.  
Why gallop on so fast tow'rds joy?  
The greatest pleasure is to toy;  
To use the little means and chances  
We read of in all love romances.

FAUST.

I 've appetite without such art.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But let us leave all joke apart.  
You never will this damsel gain,  
If you cannot yourself contain;  
By storm you must not hope to win;  
Dissimulation lets us in.

FAUST.

O get me something that she wore,  
Or lead me to her chamber door;

Steal me the kerchief from her neck—  
Her garter—for my passion's sake.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That you may see I pity you,  
I'll readily this service do;  
Of which that I may not lose sight,  
I'll take you to her room to-night.

FAUST.

What! see her then,—and have her too?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No; you must at a neighbour's woo.  
So let meanwhile your fancy roam,  
And feed on future joys to come.

FAUST.

Can we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Too early, far.

FAUST.

Go buy a present;—something rare. [Exit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents already. He will do.  
I know where I can get them too.  
The place where treasure's buried deep  
I know. I'll go and take a peep. [Exit.

---



SCENE VIII.

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*Evening.—A small neat Bed Chamber.*

MARGARET (*dressing her hair*).

I would give something, did I know  
Who 't was that did accost me so;  
Well made, and in his manners free,—  
I guess him of good pedigree.  
Nay, I could read it in his face,  
His boldness too bespeaks his race. [Exit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.—FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Step in, but softly enter now.

FAUST (*after a pause*).

Alone, I prithee, me allow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*Prying into every corner of room.*)

Not every damsel is so neat.

FAUST (*looking round*).

O welcome twilight, doubly sweet,  
Which through this sanctuary streams.  
O fill my heart with love's sweet dreams,



Thou, who dost drink from out the rill  
Of languid hope. How all is still!  
What peace, what order reign all o'er!  
O! in this need, how great the store!  
What bliss within this prison-door!  
(*Throws himself into an old arm chair by the  
bed side.*)

O, take me, who a former race  
In joy and sorrow did embrace.  
How oft around this patriarch throne,  
Have little troops of urchins run!  
And gratefully, on Christmas eve,  
With rosy cheeks, I may conceive,  
My fair hath kiss'd the father's hand.  
I feel, sweet maid, my heart expand,  
As sweep'st thy spirit o'er my sense,  
Maternal soul of competence.  
Which daily taught the cloth to spread,  
And sprinkle sand beneath the tread.

O lovely hand whose god-like aid  
Hath of a hut a heaven made.

(*Draws aside a curtain.*)

And here what ecstasies unfold!  
Here could I pass the hours untold.  
In airy dreams, here nature laid  
The model of this lovely maid!  
Here was this infant's place of rest,—  
Here first with life it heav'd its breast.  
The god-like fabric of the loom,  
Took form and feature in this room.  
And thou! what hath thee hither brought?  
My soul is troubl'd at the thought.



What dost thou here? Why 's thy heart sore  
Poor Faust! I do not know thee more!

Does a spell haunt me in this place?  
Much did I long for her embrace!  
Love's dream hath done its best to please;  
Are we the sport of every breeze?

Were her steps here a moment bent,  
How would'st thou of thy crime repent;  
How little would the great man feel,  
When in her presence forc'd to kneel.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Haste, haste! I see them come this way.

FAUST.

Go, go! return I never may.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a casket of some worth,  
From elsewhere I have lugg'd it forth;  
Just place it somewhere near her bed,—  
I warrant you she 'll lose her head.  
'Tis fill'd with trifles, nor in vain,  
For with them you 'll another gain.  
Children are children,—play is play.

FAUST.

I know not! Shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well-a-day!

Would you yourself the casket keep?  
If so, your love is not too deep.



Waste not such precious time in vain,  
And spare me all this fruitless pain.  
You never were a miser bred;  
I rub my hands, and scratch my head.

*(He puts the casket in the toilet-box, and shuts it up.)*

Away! make haste, the child to gain,  
Your heart's best wishes to obtain:

And sit not there,  
Transfix'd to chair;

As bodily should stand in view,  
Physics and metaphysics too.

Away! begone! *[Exeunt.]*

MARGARET *(with a lamp)*.

How close and heavy is this air.

*(Opens casement.)*

Without 'tis cool,—the sky is clear.

Something doth o'er my senses come,—

I wish my mother were at home.

My heart beats wildly in my breast;

I 'm but a silly girl, at best.

*(She begins to sing as she undresses herself.)*

There was a king in Thule,  
And true unto the grave,  
To whom in death his mistress  
A golden goblet gave.

He prized it more than rubies,  
And emptied it each bout;  
His eyes with tears flow'd over  
Whene'er he drank thereout.



And when he came to die,  
He summ'd his cities up,  
And grudg'd nought to his heirs,  
Except this golden cup.

He sate at kingly table,  
With his knights in revelry,  
In his father's ancient castle,  
Which stood the sea hard by.

There stood the old carouser,  
Life's parting drop to sip,  
And then took up the goblet,  
And threw it in the deep.

He saw it fall, and sinking,  
And, filling as it sank,  
His eyes no more beheld it,  
No more his lips e'er drank.

*(She opens the drawers to arrange her clothes,  
and sees the casket there.)*

How came this pretty casket there?

I lock'd the drawers, I do declare.

'Tis wondrous pretty,—what 's within?

Some pledge, perhaps, for money given

Or lent by mother. Here 's a key,—

A chain attach'd!—I will just see.

O what is this, ye powers divine?

I ne'er saw jewels half so fine.

Yes! such might any princess wear

On grand occasions, any where.

How would this pretty chain suit me?

Who can the happy owner be?

*(She puts it on.)*

Oh, if the ear-rings were but mine!—  
One looks another thing!—how fine!  
But what is beauty? youthful blood?  
Well in their way,—all very good.  
With such, alas! will most dispense,  
And pity is our recompense.  
Gold, only gold, doth ope the door,  
Which we can't enter when we're poor.



SCENE IX.  

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*Public Walk.*—FAUST, *deep in thought, walking to and fro.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*accosts him*).

By all the oaths upon record,  
By slighted love, by all abhorr'd,  
I swear——

FAUST.

What now? why all this strife?  
Such mien I ne'er saw in my life.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd sell myself unto the devil,  
But that I am the prince of evil.

FAUST.

What canst thou in thy noddle have,  
Thus does it suit to storm and rave?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just think! the gift for Madge intended,  
A priest to seize, his hands extended  
When the fine things her mother saw,  
She suddenly was seiz'd with awe.  
Her nose is of the finest, too,  
She sniffs all day her ritual through;

Each chair she smells, to ascertain  
If it be holy or profane ;  
And for the jewels, she saw clear,  
No good would be attendant here.

"My child," she said, "such kind of good

"Will hurt the soul, and turn the blood.

"We 'll to the Virgin consecrate

"This gift, and heaven's manna eat."

And then poor Madge began to pout,—

"Dont look a gift-horse in the mouth ;

"He is no impious man, I swear,

"Who handsomely thus brought it here."

But no, the mother call'd a priest,

Who with the sight of it was pleas'd.

"You have judg'd rightly in the case,—

"What's lost in treasure 's won in grace ;

"The church hath appetite enough

"To eat whole territories up.

"The church alone digests the food

"That's ill begot,—her stomach 's good."

FAUST.

Such usage is of general fame ;

A Jew or king can do the same.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He seizes on the chain and rings

As trifles, baubles, childish things.

Scarce saying, "Thank ye," off he struts,

As if he took a bag of nuts.

Bade them on heavenly joys rely,

Which much their souls did edify.



FAUST.

And Margaret?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unhappy quite,  
She scarcely knows what 's wrong or right;  
Dreams of the jewels night and day,  
Of him, who plac'd them in her way,  
Still more.

FAUST.

Poor girl! I much regret—  
But she shall have another yet.  
The first was not so great a prize.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All things are trifles in your eyes.

FAUST.

Go, execute what I propose,  
And stick you to her neighbour close;  
Be worthy of the name you bear,  
Go, devil, place another there.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With all my heart, sir, and that soon.

[Exit FAUST.]

The love-sick fool would puff the moon,  
The sun, the stars and all away,  
T'afford his love an hour's play.

[Exit.]

## SCENE X.

*Neighbour Martha's Lodgings.*MARTHA (*alone*).

WELL, God forgive him, as I do.  
 My husband used me ill, 'tis true;  
 Always inclin'd abroad to roam,  
 He left me on the straw at home.  
 Ne'er made him sorry, for my part;  
 Lov'd him, God knows, with all my heart!

*(She weeps.)*

Perhaps he 's dead! O cruel fate!  
 I would have some certificate.

*Enter MARGARET.*

Good Martha.

MARTHA.

Well, Madge, what d'ye say?

MARGARET.

I feel my very knees give way.  
 I 've found another casket there,  
 Of ebony, and things most rare;  
 The first cannot with it compare.

MARTHA.

Let not your mother know it then,—  
 She 'll take it to the priest again.



MARGARET.

O, look! O, see how very smart!

MARTHA (*puts the jewels on her*).

O, lucky creature, that thou art!

MARGARET.

Still I dare not these jewels wear,  
At church, abroad, scarce any where.

MARTHA.

Come often over here to me,  
And put the things on secretly.  
Look in the glass, yourself admire,—  
How well you look in such attire.  
You need not let occasions fail  
To wear them; only in detail,  
First try the chain, and then the ring;  
Your mother wont perceive the thing.

MARGARET.

Who could have plac'd the casket here?  
There 's something not quite right, I fear.

(*A knock.*)

Is it my mother at the door?

MARTHA (*peeping through the window curtain*).

No; 'tis a stranger.—Walk in, sir.

*Enter* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ladies, forgive if I intrude,  
To enter thus is very rude.

(*Retreats respectfully before* MARGARET.)

I wish to speak to Mrs. A.



MARTHA.

'Tis I. What have you, sir, to say?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*soft in her ear*).

I know you now;—enough for me;—  
Some damsel here of quality?  
Forgive the freedom I have ta'en,  
I will at noon come back again.

MARTHA (*aloud*).

Think, only, child! by all that 's good,  
He takes thee for one of noble blood!

MARGARET.

I 'm a poor girl, and have no blood  
To boast of. Sir, you are too good;  
This dress and jewels are not mine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is not that her dress is fine;  
It is her manners and her mien;  
I am delighted to remain.

MARTHA.

What brings you here? I fain would know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would I had better news for you;  
But be not angry, though 't be true;  
Your husband 's dead, and blesses you.

MARTHA.

Is dead? dear soul! O woe is me!  
My husband dead! O misery!



MARGARET.

My worthy woman, dont despair.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For what I have to tell, prepare.

MARGARET.

Therefore I ne'er will fall in love;  
For such a loss my death would prove.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pleasure and pain alternate here.

MARTHA.

Tell me the last words of my dear.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In Padua his corpse doth lie,  
In cemetry of St. Anthony;  
In holy consecrated ground  
His cold remains are to be found.

MARTHA.

And have you nothing from him brought?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes; something, too, of much import;—  
Three hundred masses you must say  
For him; but he left nought to pay.  
That's all.

MARTHA.

No trinket did you bring?  
No piece of money,—not a ring?

Which, for remembrance of the past,  
Each clown hordes up to give at last;  
Would sooner beg his bread, or die,  
Than spend this last remembrance tie.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm sorry, ma'am, to say you nay;  
He did not throw his means away.  
His misdeeds he repented sore,  
And still his evil fortune more.

MARGARET.

Unhappy mortals! lack-a-day!  
More than one mass for him I'll say.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou 'rt worthy of the marriage bed,  
Thou love-deserving, beauteous maid.

MARGARET.

It is too soon for me to wed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then take a lover, girl, instead.  
The greatest of all earthly charms,  
To have such beauty in one's arms.

MARGARET.

Such things good manners dont allow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Allow or not, they 're done, I vow.

MARTHA.

Proceed.



MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood beside his bed ;  
Of dung, or rotten straw 't was made.  
He died a Christian ; these his words :—  
“O God, I’ve more than my deserts.  
“Myself from inmost soul I hate.  
“Why leave my spouse, why change estate ?  
“’Tis death to think on’t. O my wife,  
“May’st thou forgive me in this life.”

MARTHA (*weeping*).

Good man, forgiveness long is thine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

“’Tis true, ’t was more her fault than mine.”

MARTHA.

What ! lie just as his spirit pass’d ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No doubt he wander’d towards the last,  
If I the truth can half divine.  
“I could not call an hour mine ;  
“First children get, and then get bread,  
“And it was getting bread indeed !  
“I ne’er could get a meal in peace.”

MARTHA.

Forgetful how he used to tease  
Me day and night ; forgetful, too,  
Of love and faith.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good dame, not so ;  
He thought of you,—I heard him say :—  
“When I left Malta I did pray



"For wife, and for my little brood;  
"And thus in heaven's regard I stood.  
"We ran a Turkish ship aground,  
"With treasure for the sultan bound.  
"T was a brave prize, and bravely won;  
"I got my share, when all was done."

MARTHA.

And where's the treasure? is it hid?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who knows what winds have scatter'd it?  
As he in Naples walk'd the street,  
He chanc'd a pretty girl to meet;  
He took her fancy, of her faith  
And love he'd proofs unto his death.

MARTHA.

Could not our penury and need  
Prevent him doing such a deed?  
Must he thus waste his children's bread?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No doubt, for that he now is dead.  
And were I, madam, in your case,  
I'd wear my weeds a year for grace,  
And seek another in his place. }

MARTHA.

O! like the first! Where shall I find  
Another man to suit my mind?  
A right good heart; I know few such.  
'Tis true, he stroll'd about too much;  
With wine and women went astray,  
And with those cursed dice would play.



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well! you know all that might do,  
If he o'erlook'd as much in you.  
If such the case, myself would offer  
To change the ring with you, good mother.

## MARTHA.

Good sir, you please to joke to-day.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to himself*).

It's time to cut;—I must away;  
She will insist on what I've said.

(*TO MARGARET.*)

How feels your heart, my pretty maid?

## MARGARET.

What do you mean?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to himself*).

O guiltless babe!

(*Aloud.*)

Ladies, adieu!

## MARGARET.

Adieu!

## MARTHA.

I crave

Some written document to know  
Where 'tis my husband is laid low.  
I am a friend to etiquette,—  
Would see his name in the gazette.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In every land, good dame as proof,  
Two witnesses are deem'd enough.  
I have a friend, a witness here,  
Before the judge he shall appear.

MARTHA.

O yes, I pray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Will miss attend?  
He is a gallant blade, my friend;  
A ladies' man;—has travell'd much.

MARGARET.

If I should see him, I should blush.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before no king or potentate.

MARTHA.

Behind the house, by garden gate,  
We will to-night their visit wait.

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## SCENE XI.

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*Street.*

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How goes it—well? Say, shall I gain?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! Faust all in a blaze again?

Yes; Madge is ours, if all go right;

We meet at Martha's house to-night.

That is a quean all ready made,

To exercise the . . . . trade.

FAUST.

All right.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But we our part must do.

FAUST.

One turn deserves another; true.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In witness we are call'd to swear

Her husband lies in Padua.

FAUST.

But we must first the journey make.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Sancta simplicitas!* mistake!  
To swear is all that's ask'd of you.

FAUST.

I'm certain that alone wont do.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! would'st be still a holy man?  
And tell me, is't the first time, then,  
That thou hast falsely taken oath?  
Hast thou not God, the world, its growth,  
Mankind, his head and heart, and all  
Defined most systematical,  
With bold audacious confidence?  
And if thou dar'dst impugn thy sense,  
Didst know with all thy loss of breath,  
As much as of this said man's death?

FAUST.

A liar and a sophist too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I see, at least, as far as you.  
Willst not to-morrow, in all truth,  
To simple Margaret swear, forsooth,  
All thy soul's love, and cheat the maid?

FAUST.

My heart is her's.



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

That is well said.  
And when you prate of constant love,  
Th' eternal impulse which doth move,  
Single and evermore, confess,  
Is't from the heart, this tenderness?

## FAUST.

Enough, it is. If I can find  
No words sufficient in their kind  
T' express this feeling so intense,  
Explore the world in every sense,  
Seek after words of high intent,  
Which paint this raging element  
As infinite, eternal. Why?  
Is this a diabolic lie?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Still am I right.

## FAUST.

Hear what I say,  
And spare my lungs and breath, I pray.  
He who maintains his cause is right,  
Wants only words to prove his might.  
But—tush! all lingo to evade—  
You 're right, because I need your aid.

---

## SCENE XII.

---

A Garden.

MARGARET *leaning on FAUST'S arm.*—MARTHA and  
MEPHISTOPHELES *walking up and down.*

MARGARET.

Good sir, you favour me too much,  
And stoop thus low to make me blush.  
All travellers boast a certain ease;  
They are not difficult to please.  
Still do I feel that such a man  
I ne'er can hope to entertain.

FAUST.

A word, a look from thee is more  
Than the world's wisdom, o'er and o'er.

[*Kisses her hand.*]

MARGARET.

Why incommode yourself? enough!  
Dont kiss my hand, it is too rough;  
I've all the household work to do.  
My mother is exigent too. [They cross over.]

MARTHA.

Are you, sir, ever on the roam?



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Our duty forces us from home.  
It costs us many a bitter tear  
To leave a place that's to us dear.

## MARTHA.

When one is young, so may it suit  
To brave the world, and rough it out;  
But let the evil day once come,  
Then find yourself without a home,  
Sink childless, friendless, to the grave,  
Such exit would no mortal crave.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

I see the evil plain enough.

## MARTHA.

Prepare against it then in youth. [*Cross over.*]

## MARGARET.

Yes, out of sight, is out of mind,  
Custom has made you courtiers kind.  
But you have friends of all degree  
In all things much excelling me.

## FAUST.

Sweet girl, what most men reason call  
Is vanity and folly all.

## MARGARET.

How so?

## FAUST.

Why should the guiltless mind  
To its own worth be ever blind?

Humility and low estate  
The highest gifts, which nature's — — —

MARGARET.

O think a moment upon me!  
I've time enough to think of thee.

FAUST.

Art much alone?

MARGARET.

Our household 's small,  
And I indeed must see to all.  
No maid we keep, I cook and sew  
And knit, and spin, on errands go.  
In all these things my mother, too,  
Is most precise.  
'Tis not so much our means to spare,  
We're richer than our neighbours are.  
A patrimony, too, we own—  
A house and garden near the town.  
I have no reason to complain—  
My livelihood's not hard to gain.  
My brother was a soldier bred;  
My little sister 's long since dead;  
She pour'd the bitter in my cup,  
And I would undertake to do  
The same again.—I loved her so.

FAUST.

She was an angel, if like you.

MARGARET.

I brought her up, she lov'd me too.  
My father died some time before  
Her birth. We gave her mother o'er!



She lay so sick upon her bed,  
By slow degrees raised up her head.  
She had no milk at her command,  
I fed the child myself by hand,  
Fed it with milk, and let it rest  
Upon my arm and in my breast;  
It grew, smil'd friendly, it was mine.

FAUST.

The bliss, at least, sweet girl was thine.

MARGARET.

But with it, many a weary hour,  
The cradle stood upon the floor  
Beside my bed. She could not move—  
But I awoke:  
I gave her drink, then on my breast  
I laid her. If she would not rest  
I left my bed; for nought would do  
But dandle her the half-night thro'.  
Must early to the wash tub go,  
The linen wash, to market too;  
Manage the house in ev'ry way—  
The morrow, as the yesterday.  
In such a life there's little sport,  
But sleep and food are better for't.

[Cross over.

MARTHA.

The sex must all the hardships prove  
'Gainst reason; bachelors are proof.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It doth demand but such as you  
By argument to bring me to.



MARTHA.

Be candid, did you ne'er an object find  
To which you could your heart's affection bind?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"Domus et placens uxor" more  
The proverb says—than gold adore.

MARTHA.

To marriage were you ne'er inclin'd?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I ever found the women kind.

MARTHA.

No serious thoughts to take the yoke?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With women one must never joke.

MARTHA.

You do not take——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It gives me pain  
Still I perceive your kindness plain.

*[They cross over.]*

FAUST.

When thro' the garden gate I came,  
Didst recognise me for the same?

MARGARET.

Didst thou not mark my downcast look?



FAUST.

Forgav'st the freedom which I took,  
The rashness of my conduct there,  
Just as you left the house of prayer?

MARGARET.

Abash'd the first time, I confess,  
No one could say I'd done amiss.  
In my behaviour perhaps, thought I,  
Something he's seen unmaidenly,  
For straight it came into his head  
To treat me lightly—like a jade.  
Still I must own that something here  
Did plead for you so very dear.  
Then with myself was angry too  
Because to settle so with you.

FAUST.

Sweet darling.

MARGARET.

Wait a moment so.

*[She plucks a daisy and pulls off the petals one  
by one.]*

FAUST.

What with that flowret will you do?

MARGARET.

A game.

FAUST.

Ah, how?

MARGARET.

You laugh, I wot.  
*(Mumbles and plucks.)*

FAUST.

What say'st?

MARGARET (*in low tone*).

He loves me, loves me not.

FAUST.

Angelic creature that I see.

MARGARET.

(*Plucks petals, and tearing the last one away with joy.*)

Loves, yes; loves, no; he does love me.

FAUST.

May this flower's speech to thee, love, prove  
The voice of Him, who speaks above,  
He loves thee, loves thee; dost thou know  
What 'tis to love?

MARGARET.

I tremble so.

FAUST (*squeezes her hand*).

O do not tremble, child, in vain!  
Let but this look this grasp explain,  
What words cannot express,  
When soul reflects itself in soul—  
The joy of heart without control—  
An endless state of bliss.  
O yes, despair its end would be—  
It hath no end—eternity!



MARGARET.

*(Squeezes his hand and runs off. He remains a moment pensive, then follows her.)*

MARTHA *(coming up)*.

The night 's at hand.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis time to quit.

MARTHA.

I'd ask you, Sir, to tarry yet,  
But 'tis a bad and wicked spot,  
Seems made for vagabonds, I wot,  
To dodge and pry, and look and scout,  
To find what others are about.  
Do what you will, you e'er will be  
The subject of their calumny.  
But where's our couple?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Flown away  
Like butterflies on summer day.

MARTHA.

He seems to take her fancy quite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she takes his, and all is right.

---

SCENE XIII.

---

*Summer House.*

MARGARET.

*(Runs in, and hides herself behind the door, puts her finger to her lips and peeps through the chink.)*

MARGARET.

He comes!

FAUST *(comes)*.

What, monkey, is it so?  
Laugh if you like, I 've got you now.  
*(Kisses her.)*

MARGARET *(returns kiss)*.

Deep from my heart, thou best of men,  
I love thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(knocks)*.

FAUST *(stamping)*.

Who 's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Friend.



FAUST.

What then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis time to part.

MARTHA (*arrives*).

'Tis late, Sir, come!

FAUST.

May not I see the damsel home?

MARGARET.

My mother would me ——. No, pray, no!  
Farewell!

FAUST.

Adieu, if I must go!

MARTHA.

Adieu!

MARGARET.

Soon may we meet again.

(*Exeunt FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.*)

O God of heaven! What a man!

His thoughts would occupy all space;

I stood abash'd before his face,

And answer'd always with a yes,—

But what can make him seek me so,

Poor, silly girl, I do not know.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XIV.

---

*Rocks, Woods, Caverns.*FAUST (*solus*).

SPIRIT sublime! thou gav'st me, gav'st me all  
That I did seek. Thou didst not turn in vain  
Thy radiant visage towards me; but thou  
Gav'st me for empire, Nature's mighty self—  
Power to feel and to enjoy. 'T was not  
A cold unmeaning glance which thou didst grant.  
Nay I did penetrate her deep abyss.  
As in the bosom of a friend did look.  
The animated obain of living things.  
Poss'd in review before me. Thou didst teach  
Me how in wood, in flood, in air, in field,  
My like to know; and when the storm rag'd loud,  
And the huge pine tree, from its root upturn'd—  
Crushed, as it prostrate fell, its fellow trees;  
Making the hills resonant with the fall,  
'T was then thou ledst me to the surer cave,  
And to myself and to my inward breast  
Unfoldedst mysteries before conceal'd.

When the chaste moon doth rise before my view  
Pouring her soothing influence in my soul,



From wall like rocks and from the dewy shrubs  
The silvery shades of times gone by appear  
And by their presence make reflection mild.  
O, that to man perfection 's not vouchsaf'd,  
I sorely feel! Thou gav'st to compensate  
For that which drew me to the godhead self  
This stern companion, whom I now can't bear  
From out my sight; altho' in cold disdain  
He makes me feel abas'd, and doth reduce,  
Maliciously, to nought thy glorious gifts.  
Oh, he doth kindle in my breast a fire,  
Attracting me to that most beauteous shape,  
Thus from desire into enjoyment plunging,  
And in enjoyment panting for desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*approaching*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, of this life hast had enough?  
Such pleasures have their limits too.  
'Tis well anon to take a sup,  
And then again to something new.

FAUST.

I wish you 'd something else to do  
Than when I'm happy tease me so.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well, I'll gladly let you rest,  
If really it is your request.  
With one so churlish and morose,  
One has in fact not much to lose.  
One's hands are full the whole day thro',  
What one must do and must not do;



Is not so easy to divine.  
By what his visage says

FAUST.

Fine, fine;  
He must be thank'd for plaguing me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou son of old mortality,  
How had'st thou liv'd without my aid.  
Awhile have I a cure made  
Of all the fancies of thy head.  
Without me, thou wert long since dead.  
What dost thou promise to thy soul,  
To sit in caverns like an owl,  
Or like a hideous, loathsome toad,  
Suck stones and rotten moss for food.  
Amusing pastime! what a treat!  
You can't lay by the Doctor yet.

FAUST.

The desert's charms thou dost not know,  
This course doth all my strength renew.  
Could'st thou its power but comprehend,  
Arch-fiend! thou wouldst not leisure lend  
T' enjoy it long.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O what delight!  
To rest upon the ground at night,  
To bathe your limbs in evening dew,  
See heaven and earth appear in view,  
Then out of self a God create!  
And in earth's marrow penetrate.



The six days work in bosom feel,  
 And in self-prowess madly reel,  
 Outstrip the bounds of joy and mirth,  
 And lift yourself above the earth,  
 Then finish all with \* \* \* \*

*(Makes hideous gestures.)*

FAUST.

Fie! fie!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This does not satisfy thee;  
 A civil fie I'll not deny thee;  
 Before chaste ears one mayn't let out  
 What the chaste heart cant do without;  
 And to be brief, I give thee leave  
 Thyself at leisure to deceive.  
 Still the deception wont endure—  
 You've lost your reckoning as before,  
 And should it longer last, beware  
 Of anguish, madness, and despair.  
 Enough of this, thy love apart  
 Sits lonely, sorrowful at heart;  
 She cannot chase thee from her thought,  
 Her love for thee makes all else nought.  
 Thine was at first a torrent's flow,  
 A brook outswoll'n by mountain snow,  
 Impetuous pour'd into her breast;  
 Now dry the brook, the stream at rest!  
 Methinks, instead o'er woods to reign,  
 'T were worthier of so great a man  
 To let this piteous maiden prove  
 Some reciprocity of love.  
 How tediously her moments creep  
 Watching the clouds, which slowly sweep



High o'er the old walls ; hear her sigh,  
 The livelong day and night well nigh,  
 "Oh, that I were a bird to fly!"

Sometimes she's cheerful, mostly pines  
 And weeps,—weeps bitterly at times,  
 Then calm again, or seeming so,  
 But ever constant to her vow.

FAUST.

Serpent !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Enough, I'll hold him tight.

FAUST.

Away from hence ! ignoble fright !  
 Dare not the beauteous creature name,  
 Nor thus pour oil into the flame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But what ? she 'll think you 've left her quite,  
 And, truth, she 'll not be far from right.

FAUST.

I'm ever near, if far away ;  
 My mind from her can never stray.  
 I envy in the holy mass  
 The body, which her lips caress.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And I, my friend, would often sip  
 The dew you gather from her lip.

FAUST.

Begone \* \* \* \*



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, rant, I'll smile instead.  
The God, who man and woman made,  
Did understand this noble art  
Of match-making in every part.  
You've mighty reason to deplore  
The fate, which opes your mistress' door,  
Nor leads to death.

## FAUST.

Still, what the joys within her arms!  
Suppose I revel in her charms!  
Shall I her sorrow less bemoan,  
A vagrant without house or home,  
A monster roaming without end  
Or aim, as streams their fury spend  
Upon the rocks o'er which they flow,  
To dash into th' abyss below.  
She by the side in spirit light  
In little cot on mountain height  
Within this world of her's prepares  
For all her little household cares.  
And not for me sufficient then  
To seize and tear the rocks in twain.  
Must I, God-hater! blast her peace,  
Nor let her spirit be at ease.  
Hell! you must have this noble prize;  
Help, Devil, of this sacrifice  
T' abridge the torment. What must be,  
O let it happen speedily!  
O let her fate on me recoil,  
And let me perish with my spoil!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

What, ever boiling, never cool!  
Go—comfort her, thou silly fool;  
When such no exit can descry,  
He thinks the end of all things nigh.  
Long live the brave who pushes thro';  
In some things thou art reckless too.  
Nothing more loathsome do I find  
Than Devil of despairing mind.

---



## SCENE XV.

*Margaret's Chamber.*

MARGARET (*alone, at spinning wheel*).

My peace is gone,  
My heart is sore,  
I shall find it never,  
No, never more.

And where he's not  
I cannot live;  
The world hath nought  
But gall to give.

My brain is turn'd,  
I'm all amaz'd,  
My sense is gone,  
I'm craz'd! I'm craz'd!

My peace is gone,  
My heart is sore,  
I shall find it never,  
No, never more.

To see him pass  
I look without;  
For him alone  
I wander out.

His noble gait,  
And manly style,  
Commanding eye,  
Persuasive smile;

His magic voice,  
And then the bliss  
To press him close!  
And ah! his kiss!

My bosom pants!  
O could I dare  
To clasp him  
And to keep him there.

And kiss and hug him  
All the day.  
And in his kisses  
Melt away.

My peace is gone,  
My heart is sore,  
I shall find it never,  
No, never more.

---



SCENE XVI.

---

*Martha's Garden.*

MARGARET.

PROMISE me, Henry.

FAUST.

All I can.

MARGARET.

Tell me, thou good and noble man,  
What influence religion hath.  
I fear you're not in the right path.

FAUST.

Leave that, my child; for thee I'm good;  
I'd gladly for thee shed my blood!  
I would no faith, no feeling wound.

MARGARET.

'T is not enough, unless you've found  
The narrow way.

FAUST.

Why is it so?

MARGARET.

O had I influence over you!  
The sacraments you dont respect.

FAUST.

I honour them.

MARGARET.

With no effect.

Neither confess, nor go to prayer.

Believ'st in God?

FAUST.

My love, who dare  
Say he believes? Ask sage or priest,  
They seem to laugh at you; at least  
Their answer's such.

MARGARET.

But tell me, pray,  
You dont believe?

FAUST.

My angel, nay,  
Do not mistake what I may say.

Who dare His name pronounce?

Who dare confess,

"In him I have belief?"

Feeling who dare persuade

To say unto himself:—

"In him I dont believe."

The All-Creator,

The All-Sustainer,

Containeth he not all?

You, me, and himself, too?

Is not the sky above,

And the earth fast beneath?

Ascending, peep not forth



The friendly twinkling stars?  
Does not mine eye meet thine?  
And does not all throng fast  
Tow'rds head and heart, sweet maid?  
Mysteries invisible appear  
All visible near thee!  
Great as thy heart may be,  
Fill it with this idea;  
And when thou feelest blest  
In this sensation dear,  
Then name it what thou wilt,  
Good, heart, love, God,  
I have no name for it;  
The feeling's all in all,  
Words are but sound or smoke,  
Obscuring heaven's light.

MARGARET.

All this is beautiful to hear;  
In truth the priest approacheth near  
In his discourse with other words.

FAUST.

Such language every clime affords,  
All living tongues proclaim the same;  
Mine, too, such privilege may claim.

MARGARET.

Though such doth rational appear,  
Still something doubtful strikes the ear,  
For you are not a Christian true.

FAUST.

Sweet love!

MARGARET.

I've long been griev'd for you,  
For your companion's sake.

FAUST.

And why?

MARGARET.

The man who keeps you company,  
I hate him from my inmost soul;  
Ne'er in my life have I felt before  
Such death-like chill at my bosom's core,  
As when I look on his withering scowl!

FAUST.

Sweet puppet! you have nought to fear!

MARGARET.

My blood runs cold when he is near.  
'Tis not my nature; I'm inclin'd  
To be at peace with all mankind;  
And happy as I feel with you,  
His presence chills me through and through.  
I take him for a cringing knave,  
If wrong, I do God's pardon crave.

FAUST.

Such men are useful in their way.

MARGARET.

I would not live with him a day.  
Peeps he by chance the door within,  
There's something mockish in his grin;



He's half in anger. O one sees  
That nought can such a being please.  
'Tis painted on his scowling face,  
That he ne'er felt pure love's embrace.  
I feel so happy on thy breast,  
So free, so warm, when tow'rd's thee prest;  
His presence banishes my rest. }

FAUST (*to himself*).

Angelic prescience! angel bright!

MARGARET.

This thought doth overcome me quite,  
That when he steps between us two,  
Methinks I do not love you so.  
I cannot pray when he is near,  
My heart consumes itself with fear.  
It must be so with you, Henry.

FAUST.

No, child; 'tis mere antipathy.

MARGARET.

I must now go.

FAUST.

One short hour blest,  
May I not lean upon thy breast,  
That both our hearts and souls be one?

MARGARET.

Yes, if I did but sleep alone,  
I'd leave the door unbarr'd this night,  
But then my mother sleeps so light;

And should she find us, O God wot,  
I should fall dead upon the spot.

FAUST.

Angel! you need not fear such ill;  
Three drops of this elixir will,  
If pour'd into her drink, suffice  
To close her eyelids in a trice.

MARGARET.

What can I that thou begg'st refuse?  
It will not harm her, I suppose?

FAUST.

Would I advise it in such case?

MARGARET.

O dearest, when I see thy face,  
I know not what impels me on;  
I have so much for thy sake done,  
Scarce ought remains for me to do.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* MEPHISTOPHELES.

The monkey's gone?

FAUST.

Didst spy there too?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O yes; and all the secrets know.  
That she did catechise you thus,  
Wont be, I hope, without its use;  
'Tis all girls' interest to see  
You stick to old formality;



For if to such things you are true,  
You will to them be constant too.

FAUST.

Thou, monstrous villain! canst not see  
That this dear soul's fidelity,  
Her faith, from which her comfort springs,  
And lifts her above worldly things,  
Provokes, alas! the bitter tear,  
Thinking him lost, who's to her dear.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O sensitive, too feeling soul,  
Which a young girl can thus controul!

FAUST.

Of fire and mud vile progeny.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She's vers'd in phisiognomy;  
She feels, she says, she knows not how  
When I am present; and my brow  
Weareth a mask, which doth conceal  
Some evil genius. She doth feel  
My devil's spirit. Be it so;  
To-night——

FAUST.

What matters it to you?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll have my share of pleasure too.

---

SCENE XVII.

---

*Scene near a Pump.*

MARGARET and LISA (*with pitchers*).

LISA.

HAST nothing heard of Barbara, say?

MARGARET.

Not I; I am not in the way  
Of news.

LISA.

'Tis true; Sybil, to-day,  
Told me that she had gone astray;  
This comes of all such arrogance.

MARGARET.

How so?

LISA.

She'll have a child of chance.

MARGARET.

You dont say so!

LISA.

It serves her right!  
She courted long enough this spright;



Must walk and dance, and be so fine;  
He treated her with cakes and wine.  
Then she presum'd upon her face,  
And took his presents with good grace;  
Gallant at first, and then a kiss,  
And then—what then?—but do amiss.

MARGARET.

Poor thing!

LISA.

You pity her estate.  
When at our spinning-wheel we sate,  
Our mothers kept us in the house;  
Whilst she did with her love carouse  
In the dark alleys, in the court.  
For her the hours were all too short;  
And now she must church penance do,  
Clad in white sheet, expos'd to view.

MARGARET.

He'll take her to his wedded wife?

LISA.

Not such a fool. He knows what's life,  
A lad like that; besides, he's gone.

MARGARET.

O fie! that is not fairly done.

LISA.

Should he espouse her, as'tis known,  
She'll be the jest of all the town.

[Exit.]

MARGARET (*going home*).

How could I once such harsh things say,  
When some poor maiden went astray!  
For others' sins I ne'er could find  
Words bad enough to please my mind;  
How black so'er the terms might be,  
They were not black enough for me.  
I cross'd myself, and thank'd my God,  
And now the same path have I trod!  
All did conspire my soul t' ensnare,  
All seem'd so lovely, good and rare.

---



SCENE XVIII.

---

*The Ramparts.—In a niche in the wall, the image of the Mater dolorosa; Vases of flowers before it.*

MARGARET.

*(Sticks fresh flowers in the vases.)*

Bow down, afflicted one,  
In compassion thine eye;  
Thou, who with sword in heart,—  
Thou, who with thousand smart,  
Seest thy son die!

To the Father on high  
Pour'st forth the sigh  
For his and thy misery!

Who can feel,  
Who can tell,  
What fear, what smart,  
Oppress the heart,  
What pain in bone,  
But thou alone!

Whither soe'er I go,  
An ever waking woe  
Dwells in my breast,

And when I am alone,  
I weep, I weep and moan,  
My heart cannot rest.

My tears, too, in showers  
The casement did wet,  
When I gather'd these flowers  
To lay at thy feet.

The sunbeam's bright ray  
Stream'd full in my room,  
On my bed, as I lay,  
And lamented my doom.

Save, save me from shame;  
Help, help, or I die!  
Bend down, afflicted one,  
Upon me thine eye.



SCENE XIX.

---

*Night.—Street before MARGARET'S door.—*  
*VALENTINE, her brother.*

VALENTINE.

WHEN round the board with jovial glass,  
Each boasted of his favourite lass:  
I rested on my elbows still,  
And let them boast and drink their fill.  
I strok'd my beard, each to his mind,  
Said I; but who a lass can find  
Like sister Margaret so rare;  
Who can with her, I say, compare?  
Top, top! cling, clang! from left to right;  
Bravo! well said, quoth many a wight,  
She is of all the female race  
The fairest type, that man can trace.  
Thus were the boasters silenced all.  
Now, must I run against the wall,  
Hair stand on end to hear her name  
Jeer'd at; must hear each rogue cry shame!  
Now like a debtor must I sit,  
Fearing that every word may hit.  
Nay, could I crush them all, forsooth!  
Still I cant say they've swerv'd from truth.

But who come here? I think there's two,  
If I dont err, who come in view.  
Be it but he, have at his throat—  
Alive he shall not quit this spot.

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

As thro' yon grated bars, this night,  
The vestry lamp shoots up its light,  
And faint and fainter in the dark,  
We lose at length the lucid spark,  
So doth my soul in darkness dwell.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And like a cat, I find all well.  
Slinking along the ladder pole  
He rubs himself against the wall;  
So here I feel quite morally  
'Twixt pilfering and lechery.  
My limbs all tremble with delight  
At thoughts of this Walpurgis-night.  
It happens on to-morrow eve,  
We'll see what's what then by your leave.

FAUST.

Say, will the casket then appear,  
Which I saw glimmer in the air.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You may the pleasure soon command  
Of having it within your hand;  
To take a peep I felt inclin'd,  
And it was rich with ducats lin'd.



FAUST.

No ring, no trinket any where  
To ornament my mistress' hair?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I did see something, I confess,  
A necklace made of pearls, I guess.

FAUST.

'Tis well, 't were sad I should repair  
With empty hands unto my fair.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It will not make you sad, I think,  
From pleasure's fount to take a drink,  
As twinkle now the stars on high,  
Come listen to this melody;  
I'll sing a song in moral strain,  
Her favour surer to obtain.

*(Sings to guitar.)*

What do you there,  
Ere light of day,  
At lover's door,  
Say Kitty, say;  
A blushing maid  
He lets you in,  
Nor lets you out  
A maid again.

Beware, beware!  
If not, adieu!  
And then good night,  
I pity you.

Mistrust yourself,  
And let not linger,  
The thief if there's  
No ring on finger.

VALENTINE (*steps forward*).

Whom dost thou tempt by th' element,  
Thou worrier of rats and mice.  
The devil take the instrument,  
And take the player in a trice.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The chord is broken, sure enough.

VALENTINE.

We'll try now, if your skulls be tough.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Doctor! don't flinch! go to—with speed!  
Closer to me, and let me lead;  
Out with your rapier, push it through!  
Thrust home! I parry off the blow.

VALENTINE.

Then parry!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Surely, and with might.

VALENTINE.

And this.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This too.

VALENTINE.

Doth the fiend fight?  
What's this? I swear my hand is lam'd.



MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Thrust home.

VALENTINE.

O God!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The booby's tam'd;  
Now must we quickly disappear,  
A horrid outcry now I hear;  
For patroles, faith, I am a match,  
But shield us from the lawyer's scratch.

MARTHA (*at window*).

Help! help!

MARGARET.

Quick, bring a light!

MARTHA.

I hear their cry; they fight! they fight!

PEOPLE.

One lies here, dead!

MARTHA.

The murderer's flown?

MARGARET.

Who is't lies here?

PEOPLE.

Thy mother's son.

MARGARET.

Oh God! unhappy wretched maid!

VALENTINE.

I die! but that is quickly said  
And sooner done. Why stand you here  
Whining? approach, and lend an ear.

*(They surround him.)*

My sister, you are young in truth,  
In worldly ways not old enough.  
You act quite wrong in every sense;  
Hear what I say in confidence,  
You are a . . . . be so outright.

MARGARET.

Dost say so, brother? God of might!

VALENTINE.

Let God alone; 'tis done; and so  
Things must go on as they will go.  
First to the lover's voice you trust,  
Then custom urges on to lust;  
So in your conduct looser grown,  
You are the strumpet of the town.

When shame first sees the light of day,  
She comes forth in a secret way;  
Man from dark night the mantle tears,  
And spreads it o'er her head and ears;  
Nay, one would smother her outright;  
But should she strengthen in her might,  
Then launches naked into light.  
Not that her form appear more fair,  
But the more hideous she appear  
The less doth she the daylight fear.  
The time already I foresee,  
When all good citizens shall flee,



As from a thing infected,—far  
From thee, vile creature! and whene'er  
They look thee in the face, thou 'lt feel  
Within thy breast the heart's blood chill!  
No more the golden chain shalt wear,  
Nor dare frequent the house of prayer.  
The dance no more shall give thee joy—  
Tho' deck'd in many a gaudy toy;  
In some dark corner thou shalt hide,  
Mid wretched cripples by thy side;  
And should thy God thy crimes forgive,  
Still by the world accus'd thou 'lt live!

MARTHA.

To mercy recommend thy soul,  
Nor render thus thy crime more foul.

VALENTINE.

O cursed bawd! could I but tear  
Thy shrivell'd body, I would dare  
To think the deed should pardon win  
For all my load of earthly sin!

MARGARET.

What torment, brother! what despair!

VALENTINE.

Weep not! weep not! but go thy way.  
When first from honour thou didst stray,  
Thou thrust me then the hardest blow.  
To death's dark regions now I go,  
And trust in God—a soldier true!

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SCENE XX.  
—

*Cathedral.—Mass, Organ, Singing &c.—*MARGARET  
*among the crowd, EVIL SPIRIT behind her.*

EVIL SPIRIT.

O MARGARET, how different,  
When yet thy heart was innocent,  
Before the altar bending,  
To heaven thy thoughts half lending,  
And half with thoughtless air  
Fumbl'ing thy book of prayer.  
Margaret! where wander now  
Thy thoughts, and in thy heart  
What misdeeds are there!  
Art praying for thy mother, who through thee  
Slept to long years of misery.  
Upon thy sill what blood?  
And now beneath thy heaving breast  
Stirs that, which to thy future rest  
Forebodes more misery—itself unblest. }

MARGARET.

Alas! Alas! could I but flee  
The dreadful thoughts which harass me!



## CHORUS.

Dies iræ, dies illa  
Solvat sæclum in favilla.

## EVIL SPIRIT.

Despair! despair!  
At trumpet's start  
The graves burst open,  
And thy heart  
In dust at rest,  
Again to life, in penal fire,  
Must rise unblest!

## MARGARET.

O were I but away from hence!  
These tones, this chaunt affect my sense!

## CHORUS.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet apparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit.

## MARGARET.

I faint for breath! this vault—these piles!  
I sink exhausted in the aisles.  
O give me air!

## EVIL SPIRIT.

O hide thy head,  
Thy sin and shame cannot be hid.

## CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Cum vix justus sit securus?

## EVIL SPIRIT.

The saints turn from thee where they stand,  
The pure dare not extend their hand.

## CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

## MARGARET.

Neighbour—I faint! Oh, help!

*[She swoons.]*



ACT II.—SCENE XXI.

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*Walpurgis Night.—Harz Mountain.*

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

WOULDST not across a broomstick stride?  
I wish I'd a stout goat to ride;  
For thus the way will prove full long.

FAUST.

I care not, so my legs be strong.  
This knotted stick is all I wish;  
Why shorten thus our pilgrimage?  
To wander through the tortuous dale,  
To climb the mountain's pinnacle,  
From whence the torrent takes its source,  
These are the charms of such a course.  
The pine and birch's oozing bough,  
Gives proofs the sap begins to flow; }  
It should affect our members too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I do not feel its force like you;  
My body's chill'd by winter's blast;  
I rather covet snow and frost.

The moon's imperfect disk doth light  
Too feebly in ascending height,  
Not e'en enough for one t' avoid  
The trees and rocks on either side.  
Let me for other light apply,—  
An Ignis Fatuus I descry.  
Ha, ha! my friend! I beg you stay,  
And light us hither on our way,  
Nor vainly waste your light, I pray.

## IGNIS FATUUS.

I hope, in reverence, to force  
And change this time my wonted course;  
We run in zig-zag, never straight.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

He fancies man to imitate.  
Go forward, sir, in Satan's name,  
Or I will quickly douse your flame.

## IGNIS FATUUS.

I know full well you are at home,  
And at your call I gladly come;  
But, recollect, to-day the hill  
Is under the enchanter's will;  
And if I put you in the way,  
Be not so over nice, I pray.

---



FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, IGNIS FATUUS.

*(Singing in turns.)*

In regions of magic, in dreams of the night,  
We've ventur'd to journey in haste,  
Conduct us straight forward, and lead us aright,  
To the realms of the desolate waste.

See tree follow tree, how quickly they fly,  
And the cliffs from the summits bow down,  
See, too, how the rocks lift their noses on high,  
How they blow, how they snort all around.

O'er sod and o'er shingles the streams from above  
Rush down; but what voice do I hear?  
The voice of some angel, sweet warbling of love,  
Which melodiously falls on the ear.

What we hope, what we love, like a saying of old,  
Who does not remember the strain?  
Though often repeated, as often as told,  
The echo renews it again.

Tu whit, to whoo! the sound draws near,  
Jackdaws, lapwings, owls appear,  
All awake, and waiting here!  
Salamanders, too, a throng,  
Bellies thick, and legs as long.  
Roots push out from rocks and sand,  
And twist, like snakes, a tortuous band,  
To hold us fast and terrify,  
And catch our feet in passing by.  
The polypus, from out the side  
Of speckl'd wood, both far and wide



Stretches its tenters to ensnare  
The passenger who passes near.  
See the mice, of varied hue,  
Creep in swarms the heather through!  
See the dazzling fire-flies,  
Whizzing round in companies.

Tell me are we standing still  
Or moving forward on the hill,  
All appear to change their places;  
Rocks and trees make strange grimaces;  
The Ignis Fatuuses swell,  
And puff their sides, like imps of hell.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hold by my mantle; we are nigh  
A central spot, we may descry  
Old Mammon blazing from on high!

FAUST.

Gleams through the earth, how faintly bright,  
The crepuscule of morning light,  
Which, even in th' abyss below,  
Darts forth its lightnings to and fro.  
Here steam and vapour choke the air,  
The glowing fire fierce reddens there,  
A creeping, tortuous, flickering light;  
Then bursting forth, as meteor bright,  
And foaming in its course, it seems  
To ramify in thousand streams.  
Here press'd and hemm'd in narrow space,  
It scintillates from out the mass;  
See coruscating sparks bursts forth,  
Falling like gold-dust on the earth;



And see, throughout its lengthen'd height,  
The rock itself is burning bright.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Doth not old Mammon for this fête  
His palace halls illuminate?  
Good luck, you've seen the place,  
Marks of the boisterous guests I trace.

## FAUST.

How the wild tempest rends the air,  
My neck can scarce its fury bear.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling to the rock, hold firm and fast,  
Or else you'll not resist its blast.  
It is a dreary, cloudy night!  
The branches crack, and with affright  
The owlet leaves her nest.—D'ye hear?  
The green wood pillars split and tear;  
The yielding branches whirl around;  
The sturdy trunks, with deaf'ning sound,  
Bend to the storm, the roots upturn;  
The trees, too, of their branches shorn, }  
Fall, pell mell, prostrate, all forlorn. }  
Through chinks and chasms doth the air  
Whistle, as if in wild despair.  
D'ye hear those voices from on high,  
In the distance, and hard by?  
Throughout the mountain far and near  
A raving witch song strikes the ear.

## WITCHES IN CHORUS.

The witches tow'rd the Brocken draw,  
Green the corn, and yellow straw;



Lord Urian presides on high,  
The multitude assemble nigh.

\* \* \*  
\* \* \*

VOICE.

Old Baubo comes alone, I vow,  
She rides upon a farrow sow.

CHORUS.

Honour to whom honour is due,  
Go forward, Baubo, hail to you!  
A proper sow, and mother too,  
Then follow all the witches crew.

VOICE.

Which way didst come?

VOICE.

By Ilsenstein;  
I saw an owl in thicket shine,  
With glistening eyes.

VOICE.

To hell, I say!  
Why so quick, pray?

VOICE.

She's bit me! zounds!  
Look at the wounds!

WITCHES IN CHORUS.

The way is broad, the road is long,  
See what a mad tumultuous throng!



The pitchfork sticks, the besom creaks,  
The child is chok'd,—the mother shrieks!

HALF CHORUS.

We come like snails within their house,  
The women have preceded us,  
For when to evil house they speed,  
The women thousand steps precede.

SECOND HALF CHORUS.

Why not, just so; the women may  
A thousand paces forward stray;  
But then the man, as they will find,  
With one good spring, leaves them behind.

VOICES FROM ABOVE.

Come hither, from that rocky sea.

VOICES FROM BELOW.

We'd mount on high most willingly,  
But long in vain our strength we try.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is lull'd, the stars grow dim,  
The visage of the moon is grim;  
With thousand coruscations bright,  
The magic choir leads on the night.

VOICE FROM BELOW.

Halt, halt!

VOICE FROM ABOVE.

Who calls from rocks below?



## VOICE FROM BENEATH.

O take me, pray, along with you.  
Three hundred years I vainly try  
To reach the pinnacle on high.  
My friends are there,—I would be nigh.

## BOTH CHORUSES.

On broomstick, or on pitchfork stride,  
On back of goat, too, you may ride;  
Who cannot mount this night on high,  
Is lost to all eternity.

## HALF WITCH BELOW.

Long have I tripp'd upon my toe,  
And seen the others forward go;  
No rest, no peace,—I ever strive,  
But cannot at the goal arrive.

## CHORUS OF WITCHES.

This salve to strengthen cannot fail;  
A towel makes a ready sail!  
A tub, a boat, go merrily!  
Who flies not now, will never fly.

## BOTH CHORUSES.

So when we reach the topmast round,  
Disperse yourselves upon the ground;  
And let your squadrons, in a throng,  
Stretch far and wide the heath along.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

What squeezing, thrusting, what a noise!  
What twisting, twirling, yells and cries!  
It blazes, flares with noisome scent,  
The witches' very element.



Hold fast, or we shall part; hold on!  
Where art thou?

FAUST.

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Already gone?

I must the *major domo* play.  
Place! Voland comes!—place! sweet ones, pray,  
Hold fast now, doctor,—with one spring,  
Let us escape from out the ring.  
Here 'tis too mad for my own kind,  
And we may other pastime find;  
A little farther towards that bush;  
Let's creep in there,—come with me,—hush!

FAUST.

Spirit of contradiction, go  
Where'er thou wilt, I follow too.  
It seems, forsooth, a little strange,  
When we the Brocken came to range,  
And this Walpurgis night to see,  
That we should quit this company.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See how the blue lights yonder flare,  
Some jovial fellows must be there;  
In a small club one's not alone——

FAUST.

I'd rather mount towards the throne,  
Where the red hot smoke and fire glean  
Toward Urian the people stream:  
Some riddles there must be unloos'd.



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

And many others likewise noos'd.  
Let the great world roll whizzing by,  
Here can we all in peace descry!  
For 'tis well known to one and all,  
That one great world makes many small.  
Here youthful witches charms display,  
And older matrons sneak away.  
Be courteous only for my sake,—  
The pastime's great, and small the stake.  
I hear the sound of music's voice,  
One must be us'd to such d—— noise.  
Come, come along; so must it be!  
I'll lead the way, but follow me: }  
Again you shall my debtor be.  
What say'st thou, friend, not small the space,  
Look round, you cant its limits trace.  
A hundred fires blaze bright around;  
Where have you better pastime found?

## FAUST.

To introduce us to this crew,  
Doth fiend or wizard best suit you?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm chiefly us'd incog t'appear;  
But on occasions as now, here  
To show my orders it doth suit,  
In place of star this cloven foot.  
Dost see the snail come crawling nigh?  
Her feelers tell her it is I!  
I cant remain incognito;  
Come, now to yonder fire we'll go.



*(To a party around embers.)*

Respected elders, why sit here?  
When you may find much better cheer.  
Be merry, revel, and carouse,  
There's time enough to sit in house.

GENERAL.

Trust not that nations for you care,  
Though you have toil'd in every sense.  
'Tis with the folk, as with the fair,  
Youth always has the preference.

MINISTER.

From the right path mankind has stray'd,  
The ancient race deserves my praise:  
When all was gospel that we said,  
Those were the happy golden days.

UPSTART.

We were not idiots in our way,—  
Shuff'd our cards whilst some look'd on;  
But every thing now goes astray:  
We fain would keep what we had won.

AUTHOR.

Who now will deign to read a page,  
Such as is worthy of the press?  
Never before, in any age,  
Were youths such coxcombs as in this.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

*(Appearing as old man.)*

All, all is drawing to a close;  
For the last time I mount the Brocken;



My torch burns dim, and fainter grows,  
The world its last farewell has spoken.

PEDLAR WITCH.

Stop, gentlemen, a moment, pray!  
And see what goods I have to offer;  
Such chances dont come every day,—  
There's choice enough within my coffer.  
And yet there's not a single one  
Without on earth its counterpart.  
Nought, which has not some evil done,  
And made the world and man to smart.  
No dagger not with blood died red,—  
No cup in which some juice infus'd,  
Has not its deadly poison shed,—  
No gem some wife has not seduc'd;  
No sword which has not cut in two  
Some bond, or with a coward's blow  
Behind, hath laid its victim low.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cousin, you do not see things right;  
What's past is past,—what's gone is gone.  
With something new regale our sight,  
'Tis novelty which leads us on.

FAUST.

If I've not lost my senses quite,  
I call this scene a fair outright.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The column presses all above,  
You're shov'd, while you appear to shove.



FAUST.

Who's that?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Observe her close;  
 'Tis Lillith, Adam's pristine spouse.  
 Beware her charms, which she can use;  
 Look at her ringlets, flowing loose,  
 That choice arrangement of her hair,  
 Draw many youngsters in her snare.

FAUST.

Behold two there; the old and young,  
 Who've madly danc'd amongst the throng.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-day no truce to dance or song;  
 Dance follows dance; come, trip along.

*(FAUST dances and sings.)*

\* \* \* \*

PROTOPHANTASMATIST.

Cursed canaille! how do you dare?  
 Have you not had full warning too?  
 The feet of spirits skim the air,  
 Nor touch the ground, as others do.

THE FAIR DANCER.

What does he do at our fair?

FAUST.

He's here, and there, and everywhere.  
 How others dance he must decide,  
 And criticise each step and stride,

Which can he not dilate upon,  
'Twere just as if 't had not been done.  
It vexes him when we advance;  
But if you in a circle dance,  
As he in his old mill doth move,  
Such courtesy he doth approve;  
And still more pleas'd, if you dont spare  
Your bows and curtsies when he's there.

PROTOPHANTASMATIST.

Are you there still?—unheard of quite?  
Begone, I say! How all is light!  
This devil's crew we cant contain,  
We toil and labour all in vain.  
How oft I've tried my wits t'arrange  
And to no end; 'tis passing strange.

FAIR DAMSEL.

Cease to torment us in this place.

PROTOPHANTASMATIST.

I tell you, spirits, to your face,  
I cannot bear this sprite's controul,  
It is tormenting to my soul.

*(Continue dancing.)*

Small profit shall I gain to day,  
'Tis one more journey on the way;  
And still I hope before my last,  
Devils and poets all to blast.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now he will plunge into the mud,  
It is his way to soothe his woes;



And when the leeches draw his blood,  
He feels no more the spirit's throes!

*(To FAUST leaving the dance.)*

Why did you let that syren go,  
Whose dance and song excited so?

FAUST.

Why, as she warbl'd, by my troth,  
A red mouse jump'd from out her mouth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well! well! be not so nice, I pray;  
Lucky enough it was not grey.  
Who minds such things on such a day?

FAUST.

Then I did see——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

See you there,  
A damsel with dishevell'd hair?  
She stands alone with lovely face,  
And moves but slowly from her place,  
Just as if shackles bound her feet.  
I swear she's like my Margaret.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O look not there! it is not good  
To contemplate a block of wood,  
Whose very sight doth chill the blood,  
And may e'en turn you into stone!  
Medusa's tale is to you known.



FAUST.

O God! those are the eyes of death,  
Which friendly fingers never clos'd!  
That is the form of Margaret—  
The bosom where I've oft repos'd.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis magic only, simple man,  
Each thinks his mistress' form to scan.

FAUST.

What transports! Oh, but what dismay!  
I cannot turn my face away.  
That band of red around her neck,  
Not wider than a good knife's back,  
Becomes her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

True, and she may bear  
Her head beneath her arm I swear;  
Perseus has cut her neck in two,  
Why let such objects trouble you?  
Come, mount the hill, or follow after,  
There 'tis as gay, as in the Prater.  
And if I well can trust my eyes,  
I see a stage before me rise.  
What's played to-day?

SERVIBILIS.

They play again,  
The last new piece; 'tis one of seven.  
This number we are wont to play, }  
It is an amateur's essay, }  
And play'd by amateurs to-day.



But I must leave, I pray your grace;  
To raise the curtain is my place.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Should I but find you on the hill,  
The Blocksberg, it will suit me well.

## SCENE XXII.

*Gloomy Weather.—A Waste.*

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

IN misery, in despair, long a pitiable wanderer upon earth, and now a prisoner. Confin'd as a criminal, doomed to cruel torments. Oh, sweet angelic creature! To such, even to such a pitch, traitorous, worthless villain! and this hast thou concealed from me! Stop! hear me! roll thy fiendish eyes within their grim orbits! stay, and insult my sight by thy insupportable presence! In inextricable misery; delivered over to evil spirits and to the unfeeling hands of justice; and thou lulledst me in the mean time by leading me into reckless dissipation, hid from me her increasing misery, and left her to perish without assistance.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first——



## FAUST.

Hound, repulsive beast! Metamorphose him, O eternal Spirit! Change him again to his canine form, such as nightly he was pleas'd to tread in my chamber, tripping up the feet of the harmless wanderer, and jumping upon him, after he had laid him prostrate. Restore to him his favourite form, let him crawl upon his belly, that I may trample upon him with my feet. Infamous wretch! not the first! O woe! woe! woe! incomprehensible to human thought, that more than one such wretched being should have fallen into this depth of misery!—that the first should not by its agonising death have ransomed all others in the eyes of the All-compassionate! Alas! alas! it runs through the marrow of my bones; the thought of this one unhappy creature; and thou grinnest, indifferent to the fate of thousands.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now are we again at our wits' end, just where you men are left in the lurch; why make common cause with us, if you cannot go through with the affair? Why wish to fly, before you are certain that you will not feel giddy? Dost press on me, or I on you?

## FAUST.

Flash not thy grinders thus at me; thou terrifiest me! Great, sublime Spirit! thou who judgest me worthy of thy presence,—thou who knowest my heart and my soul, why associate



me with the shameless, who feeds upon unbelief and revels in human misery!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast finished?

FAUST.

Save her, or beware! Bitter curses on thy head these thousand years.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loosen the bonds of the avenger, nor draw his bolts. Save her! Who hurried her on to destruction? Thou or I? Dost wish to wield the thunder-bolt? It is well that it was not delivered over to the hands of miserable mortals, that they might crush the innocent one who crosses their path. That is the tyrant's art of escape.

FAUST.

Take me to her! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the risk you run? Know that blood is already on thy hand within the walls of this town. Avenging spirits hover over the resting-place of the slain, ready to pounce upon the murderer, when he may return.

FAUST.

Must I still hear this from thee? Death and ruin of an entire world upon the miscreant! Lead me to her, I say, and release her!



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will lead thee, and do my best. Listen!—  
Have I all power in heaven and on earth? I will  
bewilder the jailor's senses. Seize you the keys,  
and bear her off with mortal hands. I shall be  
close by; the magic steeds are ready. I'll shew  
the way; this is all I can do.

## FAUST.

Let us be gone.

SCENE XXIII.  

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*Night.—Open Field.—*FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES  
*galloping on black steeds.*

FAUST.

WHAT 's doing round the gibbet there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot tell what they prepare.

FAUST.

They go and come, and bow and rise.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Witch-pastime—all,

FAUST.

It is some rite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Advance! advance!

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## SCENE XXIV.

*Dungeon.—FAUST with keys and lamp before an iron door.*

FAUST.

UNUSUAL shudders chill my veins,  
Of human woe I feel the pains;  
Here doth she dwell in dungeon drear,  
'T was sweet illusion brought her here.  
Thou dread'st within her cell to go;  
Again to see her tremblest too:  
Thy cowardice but hastes the blow.  
*(He takes one of the keys from the bunch.)*

MARGARET *(singing within)*.

My mother the . . . . .  
Who murder'd me;  
My father the villain  
Who ate me up.

My little sister, a scape-grace,  
Hid my bones in a cold moist place;  
A pretty little bird was I,—  
Fly away! fly away! fly, fly, fly!

FAUST (*unlocking door*).

She dreams not that her lover near,  
Her chains and rustling straw can hear.

(*He enters.*)

MARGARET (*hiding herself in straw*).

They come! they come! my death is nigh!

FAUST.

Hush! hush! I bring thee liberty.

MARGARET (*creeping towards him*).

If thou art human, with me weep.

FAUST.

You'll rouse the jailors from their sleep.

(*He attempts to unlock her chain.*)

MARGARET (*on her knees*).

Jailor, whence hast thou the power  
To seize me thus at midnight hour?  
Have mercy, let me live, forsooth,  
Till morrow's morn, 'tis time enough.

(*She gets up.*)

So young! so young! and must I go?  
I was so fair, and hence my woe.  
My friend was nigh, now he is gone,  
My flower's wither'd, garland torn!  
O do not pull me thus! I'll go!  
Spare me! What have I done to you?  
Let me not vainly thus implore;  
I never saw your face before.



FAUST.

Can I survive this scene of woe?

MARGARET.

I'm in your power, let me go—  
Let me first nurse my child to rest;  
I press'd it all night to my breast;  
They took it just to make me grieve,  
And, that I kill'd it, make believe.  
Never, again, shall I be glad!  
They mock me in their songs: 'tis sad!

FAUST (*throws himself at her feet*).

From sorrow and captivity  
Thy lover waits to set thee free.

MARGARET (*throws herself upon him*).

O let us all the saints implore!

See beneath this very door,—

Under the sill,

Flames of Hell,

The Evil one,

With sad grimace,

Howls in your face.

FAUST (*aloud*).

O Margaret! Margaret!

MARGARET (*attentive*).

That was the voice of my friend! Oh, say!

(*She springs from the ground, her chains fall off.*)

Where is he? I heard him call me away.

I'm free! I'm free! I've burst my chain!

I'll fly into his arms again!

Upon his heart I'll lie me still.  
Marg'ret he call'd. Upon the sill  
He stood 'midst all the flames of hell,  
And 'midst the horrid, hellish tone,  
I knew the voice of my only one.

FAUST.

'Tis I!

MARGARET.

'Tis thou, say it again.  
'Tis he! 'tis he! where is my pain?  
Who cares for jail or jailor now!  
Thou cam'st to save thy love. 'Tis thou;  
And I am sav'd! The street is nigh  
Where first we met. Yes, you and I,  
And here the blooming garden too,  
Where I and Martha staid for you.

FAUST (*trying to force her along*).

Come, come!

MARGARET.

O wait! I cannot part!  
I'd gladly tarry where thou art.  
(*She kisses him.*)

FAUST.

Hasten! hasten! quick, from hence!  
Or we shall rue our negligence.

MARGARET.

What! can'st no longer kiss? I say,  
My friend, so short a time away,  
Forgotten how to kiss? Nay, nay!



Why do I tremble in your arms?  
One former kiss of thine had charms  
To open heaven to my sight.  
You hugg'd me in your arms so tight  
I scarce could draw my breath. 'Tis true.  
Come, kiss me, or I must kiss you!

*(She puts her arm round his neck.)*

Thy lips are cold, nor utterance find,  
Where, where thy love! Is't left behind?

*(She turns from him.)*

FAUST.

Come, courage, dearest, follow me!  
With thousand loves I cherish thee;  
I ask but this! O I implore!

MARGARET.

And is it thou? Art sure, art sure?

FAUST.

'Tis I! Come, come!

MARGARET.

Dost loose my chain,  
And take me to thy arms again?  
And dost not fear to look on me?  
Dost know, my friend, whom thou would'st free?

FAUST.

The morning dawns, come follow me!

MARGARET.

I've brought my mother to her grave,  
And I have drown'd my little babe.



Was it not sent to me and you?  
'T was your's as well as mine. Is 't thou?  
Give me thy hand. It is no dream!  
Thy dear, dear hand! How moist doth seem!  
O wipe it dry! Do I see right?  
There's blood upon it. God of might!  
What hast thou done? put up thy sword—  
I bid thee do it; mind my word.

FAUST.

O talk not thus of times gone by!  
What's past is past; you'll make me die.

MARGARET.

No, thou must live! Be it your care  
To dig the graves to-morrow there  
Upon the spot, which I shall trace.  
Our mother claims the noblest place;  
Next to her let my brother rest;  
Then me, my babe upon my breast,  
Near to his side,  
And not too wide;  
None else will e'er repose by me,  
What happiness to rest by thee!  
O what delight in that sweet thought  
It ne'er again will be my lot;  
I ever try to cling to thee,  
Thou tear'st thyself away from me.  
O why in such repulsive mood?  
Still it is you; you look so good.

FAUST.

Dost feel 'tis I? O come with me.



MARGARET.

And where to go?

FAUST.

To liberty!

MARGARET.

The grave is there, death lowers! Come,  
Th' eternal couch is my last home.  
Henry, dost leave me? Could I go?

FAUST.

Thou can'st, if thou would'st but think so.  
The door is open.

MARGARET.

Not for me!

What hope have I, e'en should I flee?  
They lay wait for me. What to do?  
Turn beggar with bad conscience too?  
Seek foreign countries in despair?  
'Tis sad! besides, they'll find me there!

FAUST.

I'll quit thee not.

MARGARET.

Quick! quick! save thy child! Go straight  
along the path by the river side, and follow  
the foot path through the wood till you come  
to the plank by the side of the pond. Seize it!  
seize its hand! It struggles still! O save it!  
save it!

FAUST.

Just think! one step to liberty!

MARGARET.

O were we from this mountain free!  
There sits my mother on a stone,  
Shaking her weary head, alone.  
She makes no sign, nor bows her head;  
She sleeps so long;—nor wakes;—she's dead!  
Once she slept long for our joy;  
Those happy times are now gone by.

FAUST.

If prayers and tears will not avail,  
I'll try if force may not prevail.

MARGARET.

Leave me! I ne'er will yield, I say.  
O take that murderous hand away!  
I yielded all to love and you.

FAUST.

Come, Margaret, come! day breaks anew.

MARGARET.

Yes, day,—'tis day! the last day,—true!  
It should have been my bride day, too.  
Say not that you have been before;  
Shall I not find my garland more?  
Yes! we shall meet again, perchance,  
But never in the merry dance.  
The throng press on,—one hears them not  
In square, in street, in every spot



They break the wand, they bind me fast.  
The bell has toll'd, the hour is past!  
On scaffold doth my head recline.  
Alas! the blow that's meant for mine,  
Each neck doth threaten. How forlorn!  
The world is mute.

FAUST.

Why was I born?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Begone, or soon 't will be too late.  
Why lose your time in useless chat?

The horses neigh

At break of day.

MARGARET.

What rises up from earth beneath?  
'Tis he,—the evil one! O death!  
Send him away; what doth he here?  
Will he my soul from body tear?

FAUST.

No, live!

MARGARET.

O God! my spirit search!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come, or I leave you in the lurch.

MARGARET.

Thine am I, Father! save thy child!  
Protect me, angels, with your shield.  
I tremble, Henry, when you're near.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She's judg'd.

VOICE FROM ABOVE.

She's spar'd.


MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come to me here!

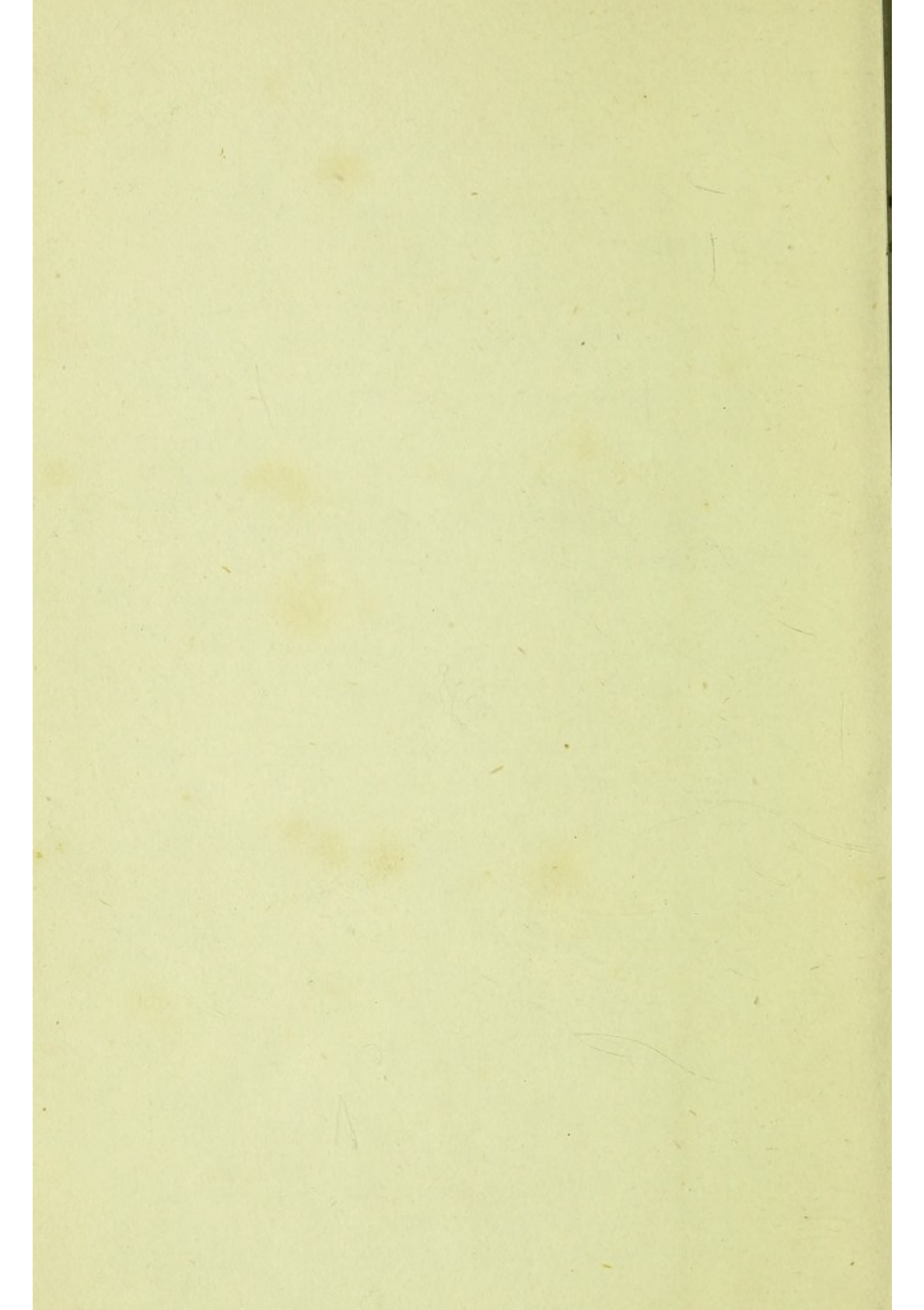
[*Disappears with FAUST.*]

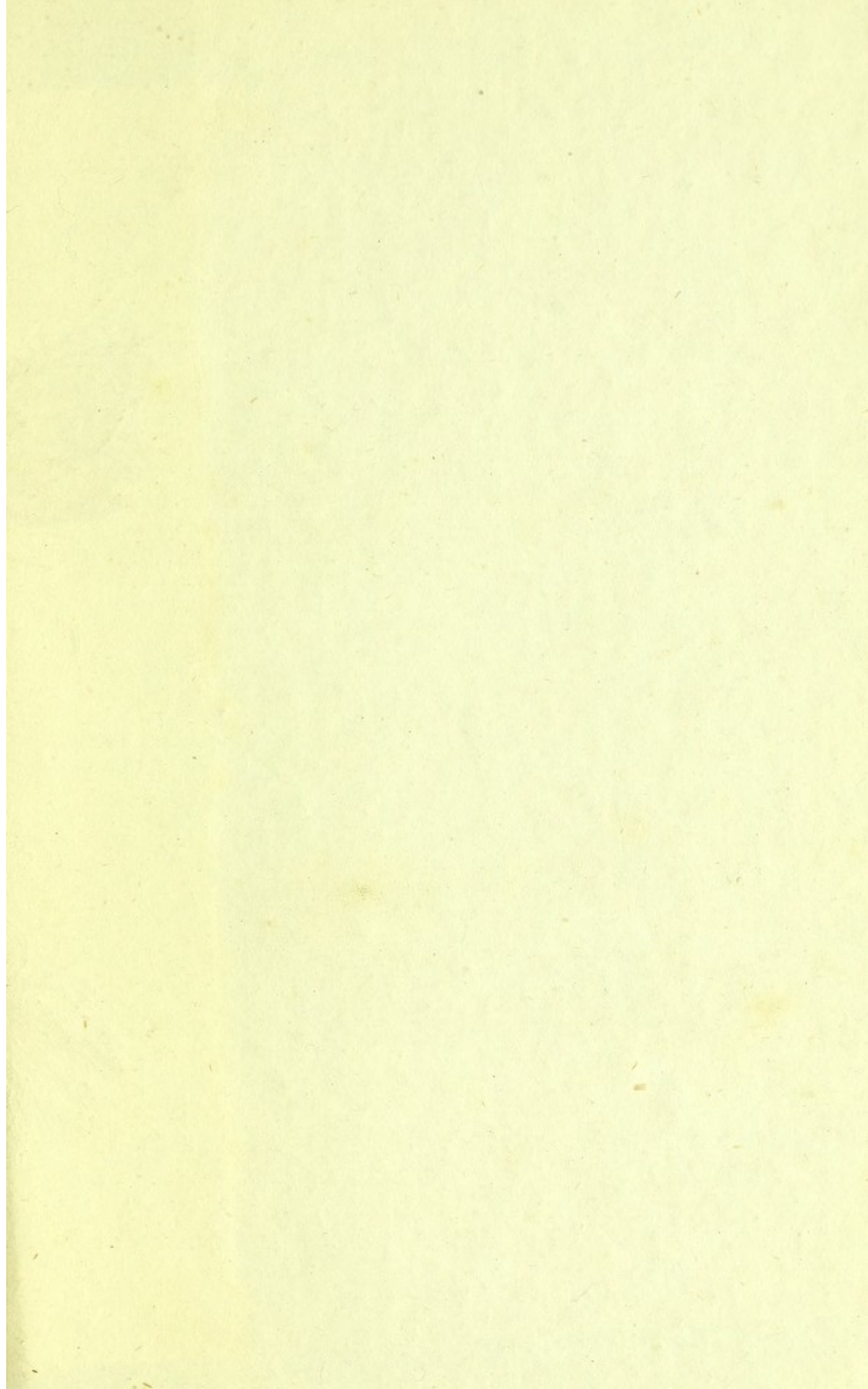
VOICES FROM WITHIN (*dying away*).

Henry! Henry!











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