

1808

FAUST

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
translated by **George Madison Priest**

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang Von (1749-1832) - German poet, writer, and playwright who was a dominant influence in German literature. His primary focus was on the natural evolution of things rather than abstract theories. Faust (1808) A play about the legend of Faust who promises his soul to the destructive spirit Mephistopheles in order to fulfill his desire of encountering life through experiences rather than through the study of Philosophy.

DEDICATION

Ye wavering forms draw near again as ever
When ye long since moved past my clouded eyes.
To hold you fast, shall I this time endeavour?
Still does my heart that strange illusion prize?
Ye crowd on me! 'Tis well! Your might assever
While ye from mist and murk around me rise.
As in my youth my heart again is bounding,
Thrilled by the magic breath your train surrounding.
Ye bring with you glad days and happy faces.
Ah, many dear, dear shades arise with you;
Like some old tale that Time but half erases,
First Love draws near to me and Friendship too.
The pain returns, the sad lament retraces
Life's labyrinthine, erring course anew
And names the good souls who, by Fortune cheated
Of lovely hours, forth from my world have fled.
They do not hear the melodies I'm singing,
The souls to whom my earliest lays I sang;
Dispersed that throng who once to me were clinging,
The echo's died away that one time rang.
Now midst an unknown crowd my grief is ringing,
Their very praise but gives my heart a pang,
While those who once my song enjoyed and flattered,
If still they live, roam through the wide world scattered.
And I am seized with long-unwonted yearning
Toward yonder realm of spirits grave and still.
My plaintive song's uncertain tones are turning
To harps aeolian murmuring at will.
Awe binds me fast; tear upon tear falls burning,
My stern heart feels a gentle, tender thrill;
What I possess, as if far off I'm seeing,
And what has vanished, now comes into being.

PRELUDE ON THE STAGE MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. JESTER.

Manager Ye two that have so often stood by me
In time of need and tribulation, Come, say: what hope in
any German nation For what we undertake have ye?
I much desire to give the crowd a pleasure,
In chief, because they live and let us live.
The posts, the boards are up, and here at leisure
The crowd expects a feast in what we'll give.
They're sitting now with eyebrows raised,
Quite calmly there, would gladly be amazed.
I know how one can make all minds akin,
Yet so embarrassed I have never been.
In truth, accustomed to the best they're not,
But they have read a really awful lot.
How shall we plan that all be fresh and new
And with a meaning, yet attractive too?
For I do like to see them crowding, urging,
When toward our booth the stream sets in apace
And with its powerful, repeated surging
Pours through the strait and narrow gate of grace,
When still in broad daylight, ere it is four,
They fight and push their way up to the wicket
And as the famine-stricken at the baker's door
They nearly break their necks to get a ticket.
This miracle, upon such varied folk, the poet
Alone can work; today, my friend, oh, show it!
Poet I beg you, of that motley crowd cease telling
At sight of whom the spirit takes to flight!
Enveil from me the billowing mass compelling
Us to its vortex with resistless might.
No, lead me to the tranquil, heavenly dwelling
Where only blooms for poets pure delight,
Where Love and Friendship give the heart their blessing,
With godlike hand creating and progressing.

Ah, all that from the bosom's depths sprang flowing, All that from shy and stammering lips has passed,
Sometimes success and sometimes failure knowing, To each wild moment's power a prey is cast.
Oft only after years, in credit growing,
Doth it appear in perfect form at last.
What gleams is born but for the moment's pages; The true remains, unlost to after-ages.
Jester Could I but hear no more of after-ages!
Suppose the thought of them my mind engages, Who'd give the present world its fun? That will it have
and ought to have it too.
The presence of a gallant chap, revealed to you, I think, is also worth while being shown.
Who pleasantly can just himself impart, Is not embittered by the people's whim; He likes to have a crowd
surrounding him, More certainly to stir and thrill each heart.
So do be good, show you can set the fashion.
Let Fantasy be heard with all her chorus:
Sense, Reason, Sentiment, and Passion; Yet mark you well! bring Folly too before us!
Manager But, more than all, do let enough occur!
Men come to look, to see they most prefer.
If, as they gaze, much is reeled off and spun, So that the startled crowd gapes all it can, A multitude you
will at once have won; You then will be a much-loved man.
You can compel the mass by mass alone; Each in the end will seek out something as his own.
Bring much and you'll bring this or that to everyone And each will leave contented when the play is done.
If you will give a piece, give it at once in pieces!
Ragout like this your fame increases.
Easy it is to stage, as easy to invent.
What use is it, a whole to fashion and present? The Public still will pick it all to pieces.
Poet You do not feel how bad such handiwork must be, How little that becomes the artist true!
I see, neat gentlemanly botchery Is now a sovereign rule with you.
Manager Reproof like this leaves me quite unoffended!
A man who does his work, effectively intended,
Must stick to tools that are the best for it.
Reflect! You have a tender wood to split; And those for whom you write, just see!
If this one's driven hither by ennui, Another leaves a banquet sated with its vapours; And- what the very
worst will always be Many come fresh from reading magazines and papers.
Men haste distraught to us as to the masquerade, And every step but winged by curiosity; The ladies give a
treat, all in their best arrayed, And play their part without a fee.
Why do you dream in lofty poet-land? Why does a full house make you gay? Observe the patrons near at
hand!
They are half cold, half coarse are they.
One, when the play is over, hopes a game of cards; A wild night on a wench's breast another chooses.
Why then, with such an aim, poor silly bards, Will you torment so much the gracious Muses? Give only
more and ever, ever more, I say.
Then from the goal you nevermore can stray.
Seek to bewilder men- that is my view.
But satisfy them? That is hard to do. What is attacking you? Pain or delight? Poet Go hence and seek
yourself another slave!
What! Shall the poet take that highest right, The Right of Man, that Right which Nature gave, And
wantonly for your sake trifle it away? How doth he over every heart hold sway? How doth he every
element enslave? Is it not the harmony that from his breast doth start, Then winds the world in turn back
in his heart? When Nature forces lengths of thread unending In careless whirling on the spindle round,
When all Life's inharmonic throngs unblending In sullen, harsh confusion sound, Who parts the
changeless series of creation, That each, enlivened, moves in rhythmic time? Who summons each to join
the general ordination, In consecrated, noble harmonies to chime? Who bids the storm with raging
passion lower? The sunset with a solemn meaning glow? Who scatters Springtime's every lovely flower

Along the pathway where his love may go? Who twines the verdant leaves, unmeaning, slighted, Into a wreath of honour, meed of every field? Who makes Olympus sure, the gods united? That power of Man the Poet has revealed!

Jester Then use these handsome powers as your aid And carry on this poet trade As one a love-adventure carries!

By chance one nears, one feels, one carries!

And, bit by bit, one gets into a tangle.

Bliss grows, then comes a tiff, a wrangle; One is enrapt, now one sees pain advance, And ere one is aware, it is a real romance!

So let us also such a drama give!

Just seize upon the full life people live!

Each lives it though it's known to few, And grasp it where you will, there's interest for you.

In motley pictures with a little clarity, Much error and a spark of verity, Thus can the best of drinks be brewed To cheer and edify the multitude.

Youth's fairest bloom collects in expectation Before your play and harks the revelation.

Then from your work each tender soul, intent, Absorbs a melancholy nourishment.

Then now one thought and now another thought you start; Each sees what he has carried in his heart.

As yet they are prepared for weeping and for laughter; They still revere the flight, illusion they adore.

A mind once formed finds naught made right thereafter; A growing mind will thank you evermore.

Poet Then give me back the time of growing When I myself was growing too, When crowding songs, a fountain flowing, Gushed forth unceasing, ever new; When still the mists my world were veiling, The bud its miracle bespoke; When I the thousand blossoms broke, Profusely through the valleys trailing.

Naught, yet enough had I when but a youth, Joy in illusion, yearning toward the truth.

Give impulse its unfettered dower,

The bliss so deep 'tis full of pain, The strength of hate, Love's mighty power, Oh, give me back my youth again!

Jester Youth, my good friend, you need most in the fight When enemies come on, hard pressing, When, clinging to your necks so tight, The dearest maidens hang caressing, When, from afar, a wreath entrances, Luring to hard-won goal the runner's might, When, after madly whirling dances, A man carousing drinks away the night.

But on the lyre's familiar strings To play with grace and spirit ever And sweep with lovely wanderings Toward goals you choose for your endeavour, That is your duty, aged sirs, And we revere you for it no less dearly.

Age makes not childish, as one oft avers; It finds us still true children merely.

Manager Words have been interchanged enough, Let me at last see action too.

While compliments you're turning- idle stuff!

Some useful thing might come to view.

Why talk of waiting for the mood? No one who dallies ever will it see.

If you pretend you're poets- good!

Command then, poets, poetry!

What we're in need of, that full well you know, We want to sip strong drink, so go And start the brew without delay!

Never is done tomorrow what is not done today And one should let no day slip by.

With resolution seize the possible straightway By forelock and with quick, courageous trust; Then holding fast you will not let it further fly And you will labour on because you must.

Upon our German stage, you are aware, Each tries out what he wishes to display, So in your work for me today Scenes, mechanism you are not to spare.

Use both the lights of heaven, great and small; The stars above are yours to squander; Nor water, fire, nor rocky wall, Nor beasts nor birds are lacking yonder.

Thus in our narrow house of boards preside And on through all Creation's circle stride; And wander on, with speed considered well, From Heaven, through the world, to Hell!

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

The LORD. The HEAVENLY HOSTS. Afterwards MEPHISTOPHELES. The THREE ARCHANGELS come forward.

Raphael The Sun intones, in ancient tourney With brother-spheres, a rival song, Fulfilling its predestined journey, With march of thunder moves along.

Its aspect gives the angels power, Though none can ever solve its ways; The lofty works beyond us tower, Sublime as on the first of days.

Gabriel And swift beyond where knowledge ranges, Earth's splendour whirls in circling flight; A paradise of brightness changes To awful shuddering depths of night.

The sea foams up, widespread and surging Against the rocks' deep-sunken base, And rock and sea sweep onward, merging In rushing spheres' eternal race.

Michael And rival tempests roar and shatter, From sea to land, from land to sea, And, raging, form a circling fetter Of deep, effective energy.

There flames destruction, flashing, searing, Before the crashing thunder's way; Yet, Lord, Thy angels are revering The gentle progress of Thy day.

The Three Its aspect gives the angels power, Since none can solve Thee nor Thy ways;

And all Thy works beyond us tower, Sublime as on the first of days.

Mephistopheles Since you, O Lord, once more draw near And ask how all is getting on, and you Were ever well content to see me here, You see me also midst your retinue.

Forgive, fine speeches I can never make, Though all the circle look on me with scorn; Pathos from me would make your sides with laughter shake, Had you not laughter long ago forsworn.

Of suns and worlds I've naught to say worth mention.

How men torment them claims my whole attention.

Earth's little god retains his same old stamp and ways And is as singular as on the first of days.

A little better would he live, poor wight, Had you not given him that gleam of heavenly light.

He calls it Reason, only to pollute Its use by being brutaler than any brute.

It seems to me, if you'll allow, Your Grace, He's like a grasshopper, that long-legged race That's made to fly and flying spring

And in the grass to sing the same old thing.

If in the grass he always were reposing!

But in each filthy heap he keeps on nosing.

The Lord You've nothing more to say to me? You come but to complain unendingly? Is never aught right to your mind? Mephistopheles No, Lord! All is still downright bad, I find.

Man in his wretched days makes me lament him; I am myself reluctant to torment him.

The Lord Do you know Faust? Mephistopheles The Doctor? The Lord Yes, my servant!

Mephistopheles He!

Forsooth, he serves you most peculiarly.

Unearthly are the fool's drink and his food; The ferment drives him forth afar.

Though half aware of his insensate mood, He asks of heaven every fairest star And of the earth each highest zest, And all things near and all things far Can not appease his deeply troubled breast.

The Lord Although he serves me now confusedly, I soon shall lead him forth where all is clear.

The gardener knows, when verdant grows the tree, That bloom and fruit will deck the coming year.

Mephistopheles What will you wager? Him you yet shall lose, If you will give me your permission To lead him gently on the path I choose.

The Lord As long as on the earth he shall survive, So long you'll meet no prohibition.

Man errs as long as he doth strive.

Mephistopheles My thanks for that, for with the dead I've never got Myself entangled of my own volition.

I like full, fresh cheeks best of all the lot.

I'm not at home when corpses seek my house; I feel about it as a cat does with a mouse.

The Lord 'Tis well! So be it granted you today!

Divert this spirit from its primal source And if you can lay hold on him, you may Conduct him downward on your course, And stand abashed when you are forced to say:

A good man, though his striving be obscure, Remains aware that there is one right way.

Mephistopheles All right! But long it won't endure!
I have no fear about my bet, be sure!
When I attain my aim, do not protest, But let me triumph with a swelling breast.
Dust shall he eat, and that with zest,
As did the famous snake, my near relation.
The Lord In that too you may play your part quite free; Your kind I never did detest.
Of all the spirits of negation The wag weighs least of all on me.
Mankind's activity can languish all too easily, A man soon loves unhampered rest; Hence, gladly I give
him a comrade such as you, Who stirs and works and must, as devil, do.
But ye, real sons of God, lift up your voice, In living, profuse beauty to rejoice!
May that which grows, that lives and works forever, Engird you with Love's gracious bonds, and aught
That ever may appear, to float and waver, Make steadfast in enduring thought!
Heaven closes, the ARCHANGELS disperse.
Mephistopheles [alone] I like to see the Old Man not infrequently, And I forbear to break with Him or be
uncivil;
It's very pretty in so great a Lord as He To talk so like a man even with the Devil.
The First Part OF THE TRAGEDY

NIGHT

In a high-vaulted, narrow Gothic chamber FAUST, restless in his chair by his desk.
Faust I've studied now Philosophy And Jurisprudence, Medicine, And even, alas! Theology All through
and through with ardour keen!
Here now I stand, poor fool, and see I'm just as wise as formerly.
Am called a Master, even Doctor too, And now I've nearly ten years through Pulled my students by their
noses to and fro And up and down, across, about, And see there's nothing we can know!
That all but burns my heart right out.
True, I am more clever than all the vain creatures, The Doctors and Masters, Writers and Preachers; No
doubts plague me, nor scruples as well.
I'm not afraid of devil or hell.
To offset that, all joy is rent from me.
I do not imagine I know aught that's right; I do not imagine I could teach what might Convert and
improve humanity.
Nor have I gold or things of worth, Or honours, splendours of the earth.
No dog could live thus any more!
So I have turned to magic lore, To see if through the spirit's power and speech Perchance full many a
secret I may reach, So that no more with bitter sweat I need to talk of what I don't know yet, So that I may
perceive whatever holds The world together in its inmost folds, See all its seeds, its working power, And
cease word-threshing from this hour.
Oh, that, full moon, thou didst but glow Now for the last time on my woe, Whom I beside this desk so oft
Have watched at midnight climb aloft.
Then over books and paper here To me, sad friend, thou didst appear!
Ah! could I but on mountain height
Go onward in thy lovely light, With spirits hover round mountain caves, Weave over meadows thy
twilight laves, Discharged of all of Learning's fumes, anew Bathe me to health in thy healing dew.
Woe! am I stuck and forced to dwell Still in this musty, cursed cell? Where even heaven's dear light
strains But dimly through the painted panes!
Hemmed in by all this heap of books, Their gnawing worms, amid their dust, While to the arches, in all
the nooks, Are smoke-stained papers midst them thrust, Boxes and glasses round me crammed, And
instruments in cases hurled, Ancestral stuff around me jammed That is your world! That's called a world!
And still you question why your heart Is cramped and anxious in your breast? Why each impulse to live
has been repressed In you by some vague, unexplained smart? Instead of Nature's living sphere
In which God made mankind, you have alone, In smoke and mould around you here, Beasts' skeletons
and dead men's bone.
Up! Flee! Out into broad and open land!
And this book full of mystery, From Nostradamus' very hand, Is it not ample company? The stars' course
then you'll understand And Nature, teaching, will expand The power of your soul, as when One spirit to
another speaks. 'Tis vain To think that arid brooding will explain The sacred symbols to your ken.
Ye spirits, ye are hovering near; Oh, answer me if ye can hear!
He opens the book and perceives the sign of the Macrocosm.
What rapture, ah! at once is flowing Through all my senses at the sight of this!
I feel a youthful life, its holy bliss, Through nerve and vein run on, new-glowing.
Was it a god who wrote these signs that still My inner tumult and that fill My wretched heart with
ecstasy? Unveiling with mysterious potency The powers of Nature round about me here? Am I a god? All
grows so clear to me!
In these pure lineaments I see Creative Nature's self before my soul appear.
Now first I understand what he, the sage, has said:
"The world of spirits is not shut away; Thy sense is closed, thy heart is dead!
Up, Student! bathe without dismay Thy earthly breast in morning-red!"
He contemplates the sign.
Into the whole how all things blend, Each in the other working, living!
How heavenly powers ascend, descend, Each unto each the golden vessels giving!

On pinions fragrant blessings bringing, From Heaven through Earth all onward winging,
 Through all the All harmonious ringing!
 What pageantry! Yet, ah, mere pageantry!
 Where shall I, endless Nature, seize on thee? Thy breasts are- where? Ye, of all life the spring, To whom
 both Earth and Heaven cling, Toward whom the withering breast doth strainYe gush, ye suckle, and shall
 I pine thus in vain?
 He turns the book over impatiently and perceives the sign of the EARTH-SPIRIT.
 How differently upon me works this sign!
 Thou, Spirit of the Earth, I feel, art nigher.
 I feel my powers already higher, I glow already as from some new wine.
 I feel the courage, forth into the world to dare; The woe of earth, the bliss of earth to bear; With storms to
 battle, brave the lightning's glare; And in the shipwreck's crash not to despair!
 Clouds gather over meThe moon conceals her lightThe lamp fades out!
 Mists rise- red beams dart forth
 Around my head- there floats A horror downward from the vault And seizes me!
 Spirit invoked! near me, I feel, thou art!
 Unveil thyself!
 Ha! how it rends my heart!
 To unknown feeling All my senses burst forth, reeling!
 I feel my heart is thine and to the uttermost!
 Thou must! Thou must! though my life be the cost!
 He clutches the book and utters the sign of the SPIRIT in a tone of mystery. A ruddy flame flashes up; the
 SPIRIT appears in the flames.
 Spirit Who calls to me? Faust [turning away].
 Appalling apparition!
 Spirit By potent spell hast drawn me here, Hast long been tugging at my sphere, And now-
 Faust Oh woe! I can not bear thy vision!
 Spirit With panting breath thou hast implored this sight, Wouldst hear my voice, my face wouldst see;
 Thy mighty spirit-plea inclineth me!
 Here am I!- what a pitiable fright Grips thee, thou Superman! Where is the soul elated? Where is the
 breast that in its self a world created And bore and fostered it? And that with joyous trembling Expanded
 as if spirits, us, resembling? Where art thou, Faust, whose voice rang out to me, Who toward me pressed
 with all thy energy? Is it thou who, by my breath surrounded, In all the deeps of being art confounded? A
 frightened, fleeing, writhing worm? Faust Am I, O form of flame, to yield to thee in fear? 'Tis I, I'm
 Faust, I am thy peer!
 Spirit In the tides of life, in action's storm, Up and down I wave, To and fro weave free, Birth and the
 grave, An infinite sea, A varied weaving, A radiant living, Thus at Time's humming loom it's my hand
 that prepares The robe ever-living the Deity wears.
 Faust Thou who dost round the wide world wend, Thou busy spirit, how near I feel to thee!
 Spirit Thou art like the spirit thou canst comprehend, Not me!
 Vanishes.
 Faust [collapsing] Not thee!
 Whom then? I, image of the Godhead!
 And not even like to thee!
 Somebody knocks.
 O death! I know it- 'tis my famulusThus turns to naught my fairest bliss!
 That visions in abundance such as this Must be disturbed by that dry prowler thus!
 WAGNER in dressing-gown and night-cap, a lamp in his hand.FAUST turns round impatiently.
 Wagner Pardon! I've just heard you declaiming.
 'Twas surely from a Grecian tragic play? At profit in this art I'm also aiming; For much it can effect
 today.
 I've often heard the boast: a preacher Might take an actor as his teacher.
 Faust Yes, if the preacher is an actor, there's no doubt, As it indeed may sometimes come about.

Wagner Ah! if thus in his study one must stay, And hardly sees the world upon a holiday, Scarce through a telescope, and far off then, How through persuasion shall one lead one's fellow-men? Faust Unless you feel, naught will you ever gain; Unless this feeling pours forth from your soul With native, pleasing vigour to control The hearts of all your hearers, it will be in vain.

Pray keep on sitting! Pray collect and glue, From others' feasts brew some ragout; With tiny heaps of ashes play your game And blow the sparks into a wretched flame!

Children and apes will marvel at you ever, If you've a palate that can stand the part; But heart to heart you'll not draw men, no, never, Unless your message issue from your heart.

Wagner Yet elocution makes the orator succeed.

I feel I am still far behind indeed.

Faust Seek for the really honest gain!

Don't be a fool in loudly tinkling dress!

Intelligence and good sense will express Themselves with little art and strain.

And if in earnest you would say a thing, Is it needful to chase after words? Ah, yes, Your eloquence that is so glittering, In which you twist up gewgaws for mankind, Is unrefreshing as the misty wind, Through withered leaves in autumn whispering.

Wagner Ah, God! how long is art!

And soon it is we die.

Oft when my critical pursuits I ply, I truly grow uneasy both in head and heart.

How hard to gain the means whereby A man mounts upward to the source!

And ere man's ended barely half the course, Poor devil! I suppose he has to die.

Faust Parchment! Is that the sacred fountain whence alone There springs a draught that thirst for ever quells? Refreshment? It you never will have won If from that soul of yours it never wells.

Wagner Excuse me! But it is a great delight To enter in the spirit of the ages and to see How once a sage before us thought and then how we Have brought things on at last to such a splendid height.

Faust Oh, yes! Up to the stars afar!

My friend, the ages of aforetime are To us a book of seven seals.

What you call "spirit of the ages" Is after all the spirit of those sages In which the mirrored age itself reveals.

Then, truly, that is oft a sorry sight to see!

I vow, men do but glance at it, then run away.

A rubbish-bin, a lumber-garret it may be, At best a stilted, mock-heroic play

With excellent, didactic maxims humming, Such as in puppets' mouths are most becoming.

Wagner But, ah, the world! the mind and heart of men!

Of these we each would fain know something just the same.

Faust Yes, "know"! Men call it so, but then Who dares to call the child by its right name? The few who have some part of it descried, Yet fools enough to guard not their full hearts, revealing To ruffraff both their insight and their feeling, Men have of old burned at the stake and crucified.

I beg you, friend, it's far into the night, We must break off our converse now.

Wagner I'd gladly keep awake for ever if I might Converse with you in such a learned way; Tomorrow, though, our Easter-Sunday holiday, This and that question you'll allow.

I've studied zealously, and so I know much now, but all I fain would know.

Exit.

Faust [alone] How strange a man's not quitted of all hope, Who on and on to shallow stuff adheres, Whose greedy hands for hidden treasure grope, And who is glad when any worm appears!

Dare such a human voice resound Where spirits near me throng around? Yet still I thank you, poorest one Of all the sons of earth, for what you've done.

Torn loose by you, from that despair I'm freed That nearly drove my senses frantic.

That vision, ah! was so gigantic, I could but feel myself a dwarf indeed.

I, image of the Godhead, and already one Who thought him near the mirror of the Truth Eternal, Who revelled in the clearness, light supernal, And stripped away the earthly son; I, more than cherub, whose free force Presumed, prophetic, even now to course, Creating, on through Nature's every vein, To share the life of gods: that!- how must I atone!

A voice of thunder swept me back again.

I may not dare to call myself thy peer!
What though I had the might to draw thee near, To hold thee I possessed no might.
At that ecstatic moment's height I felt so small, so great; Thou cruelly didst thrust me back as one
Doomed to uncertain human fate.
Who will instruct me? And what shall I shun? Shall I that impulse then obey? Alas! the deeds that we
have done Our sufferings too- impede us on life's way.
To what the mind most gloriously conceives, An alien, more, more alien substance cleaves.
When to the good of this world we attain, We call the better a delusion vain.
Sensations glorious, that gave us life, Grow torpid in the world's ignoble strife.
Though Fantasy with daring flight began And hopeful toward Infinity expanded, She's now contented in a
little span When in Time's eddy joy on joy's been stranded.
For Worry straightway nestles deep within the heart, There she produces many a secret smart.
Recklessly rocking, she disturbs both joy and rest.
In new disguises she is always dressed; She may appear as house and land, as child and wife, As fire, as
water, poison, knife.
What never will happen makes you quail, And what you'll never lose, always must you bewail.
I am not like the gods! Feel it I must.
I'm like the worm that burrows through the dust, That in the dust in which it lived and fed, Is crushed and
buried by a wanderer's tread.
Is it not dust that narrows in this lofty wall Made up of shelves a hundred, is it not all The lumber,
thousandfold light frippery, That in this world of moths oppresses me? Here shall I find what is my need?
Shall I perchance in a thousand volumes read That men have tortured themselves everywhere, And that a
happy man was here and there? Why grinnest thou at me, thou hollow skull? Save that thy brain, confused
like mine, once sought bright day
And in the sombre twilight dull, With lust for truth, went wretchedly astray? Ye instruments, ye surely
jeer at me, With handle, wheel and cogs and cylinder.
I stood beside the gate, ye were to be the key.
True, intricate your ward, but no bolts do ye stir.
Inscrutable upon a sunlit day, Her veil will Nature never let you steal, And what she will not to your mind
reveal, You will not wrest from her with levers and with screws.
You, ancient lumber, that I do not use, You're only here because you served my father.
On you, old scroll, the smoke-stains gather, Since first the lamp on this desk smouldered turbidly.
Far better had I spent my little recklessly Than, burdened with that little, here to sweat!
All that you have, bequeathed you by your father, Earn it in order to possess it.
Things unused often burden and beset; But what the hour brings forth, that can it use and bless it.
Why does my gaze grow fixed as if a spell had bound me? That phial there, is it a magnet to my eyes?
Why does a lovely light so suddenly surround me As when in woods at night the moonbeam drifts and
lies? Thou peerless phial rare, I welcome thee And now I take thee down most reverently.
In thee I honour human wit and art.
Thou essence, juice of lovely, slum'brous flowers, Thou extract of all deadly, subtle powers, Thy favour to
thy Master now impart!
I look on thee, and soothed is my distress; I seize on thee, the struggle groweth less.
The spirit's flood-tide ebbs away, away.
I'm beckoned out, the open seas to meet, The mirror waters glitter at my feet To other shores allures
another day.
A fiery chariot floats on airy pinions Hither to me! I feel prepared to flee Along a new path, piercing
ether's vast dominions To other spheres of pure activity.
This lofty life, this ecstasy divine!
Thou, but a worm, and that deservest thou? Yes! turn thy back with resolution fine Upon earth's lovely
sun, and now
Make bold to fling apart the gate Which every man would fain go slinking by!
Here is the time to demonstrate That man's own dignity yields not to gods on high; To tremble not before
that murky pit Where fantasies, self-damned, in tortures dwell; To struggle toward that pass whose narrow

mouth is lit By all the seething, searing flames of Hell; Serenely to decide this step and onward press,
Though there be risk I'll float off into nothingness.

So now come down, thou goblet pure and crystalline!

From out that ancient case of thine, On which for many a year I have not thought!

Thou at my fathers' feasts wert wont to shine, Didst many a solemn guest to mirth incline, When thee, in
pledge, one to another brought.

The crowded figures, rich and artful wrought, The drinker's duty, rhyming to explain them, The goblet's
depths, at but one draught to drain them, Recall full many a youthful night to me.

Now to no neighbour shall I offer thee, Upon thy art I shall not show my wit.

Here is a juice, one's quickly drunk with it.

With its brown flood it fills thy ample bowl.

This I prepared, I choose this, high upborne; Be this my last drink now, with all my soul, A festal, lofty
greeting pledged to morn!

He puts the goblet to his lips. The sound of bells and choral song.

Chorus of Angels.

Christ is arisen!

Joy to mortality, Whom earth's carnality, Creeping fatality, Held as in prison!

Faust What a deep humming, what a clarion tone, Draws from my lips the glass with mighty power!

Ye deep-toned bells, make ye already known The Easter-feast's first solemn hour? Ye choirs, do ye the
hymn of consolation sing, Which angels sang around the grave's dark night, to bring Assurance of new
covenant and dower?

Chorus of Women.

Rare spices we carried And laid on His breast; We tenderly buried Him whom we loved best; Cloths and
bands round Him, Spotless we wound Him o'er; Ah! and we've found Him, Christ, here no more.

Chorus of Angels.

Christ is ascended!

Blessed the loving one Who endured, moving one, Trials improving one, Till they were ended!

Faust Ye heavenly tones, so powerful and mild, Why seek ye me, me cleaving to the dust? Ring
roundabout where tender-hearted men will hear!

I hear the message well but lack Faith's constant trust; The miracle is Faith's most cherished child.

I do not dare to strive toward yonder sphere From whence the lovely tidings swell; Yet, wonted to this
strain from infancy, Back now to life again it calleth me.

In days that are no more, Heaven's loving kiss In solemn Sabbath stillness on me fell; Then rang
prophetical, full-toned, the bell; And every prayer was fervent bliss.

A sweet, uncomprehending yearning Drove me to wander on through wood and lea, And while a thousand
tears were burning, I felt a world arise for me.

Of youth's glad sports this song foretold me, The festival of spring in happy freedom passed; Now
memories, with childlike feeling, hold me Back from that solemn step, the last.

Sound on and on, thou sweet, celestial strain!

The tear wells forth, the earth has me again!

Chorus of Disciples.

Though He, victorious, From the grave's prison, Living and glorious,

Nobly has risen, Though He, in bliss of birth, Creative Joy is near, Ah! on the breast of earth We are to
suffer here.

He left His very Own Pining for Him we miss; Ah! we bemoan, Master, Thy bliss!

Chorus of Angels.

Christ is arisen Out of Corruption's womb!

Burst bonds that prison, Joy over the tomb!

Actively pleading Him, Showing love, heeding Him, Brotherly feeding Him, Preaching, far speeding Him,
Rapture succeeding Him, To you the Master's near, To you is here!

OUTSIDE THE GATE OF THE TOWN

All sorts of people are walking out.

Some Young Workmen Why are you going off that way? Other We're going to the Hunters' Lodge today.

The Former But toward the Mill we'd like to wander.

Workman Go to the River Inn, that's my advice.

A Second The road that way is far from nice.

The Others What will you do? A Third Go with them yonder.

A Fourth Come up to Burgdorf! There you'll surely find The prettiest girls and beer, the finest kind,
Besides a first-rate sort of scrap.

A Fifth How you do swagger! What a chap!

Does your skin itch a third time for a row? I will not go, I fear that place somehow.

Servant-Girl No, no, I'll go back toward the town.

Another We'll find him by those poplars certainly.

The First But that is no great luck for me!

At your side he'll go walking up and down; He never dances but with you.

With your fun what have I to do? The Second Today he's surely not alone; he said His friend would be
with him, the curly-head.

Student By thunder! how the whacking wenches stride!

We must go with them, brother, come along.

Strong beer, tobacco with a bite, and, on the side, A servant-maid decked out, for these I long.

Citizen's Daughter I say, just see those fine young blades!

It really is an insult. See!

They could have had the best of company And run here after serving-maids!

Second Student [to the first] Not quite so fast! There come two others, there behind, Quite neatly dressed
and rather striking.

One of them is my neighbour too, I find, And she is greatly to my liking.

They go their way now quite demurely, Yet in the end, they'll take us with them surely.

The First No friend! To feel constrained is too depressing.

Quick then! lest we should lose the wilder prey.

The hand that wields the broom on Saturday

Will Sunday treat you with the best caressing.

Citizen No, that new burgomaster I don't like a bit.

Now since he's in, he's daily bolder every way, And for the town, what does he do for it? Are things not
growing worse each day? Now more than ever we must all submit, And more than ever must we pay.

Beggar [sings] Good gentlemen and ladies pretty, So flushed of cheek and fine of dress, May it please you,
look on me with pity, And see and soften my distress!

Let me not vainly grind here waiting!

Who likes to give, alone is gay.

A day all men are celebrating, Be it for me a harvest day.

Another Citizen I know naught better on a Sunday or a holiday Than chat of wars and warlike pother,
When off in Turkey, far away,

The people clash and fight with one another.

We stand beside the window, drain our glasses, And see how each gay vessel down the river passes, Then
in the evening homeward wend our ways, Blessing with joy sweet peace and peaceful days.

Third Citizen Yes, neighbour! I would leave things so; Each other's skulls they well may crack, And
everything may topsyturvy go, If only things at home stay in the old, old track.

Old Woman[to two CITIZENS' DAUGHTERS] My! How dressed up! You beautiful young dears!

Who would not gape now if he met you? But not so haughty! Have no fears!

What you desire I know well how to get you.

Citizen's Daughter Come, Agatha, away! I take great heed That with such witches no one sees me go; Yet
to me on St. Andrew's night, indeed, My future lover she did really show.

The Other She showed me mine too in the crystal ball, So soldier-like, with others swift to dare; I look
about, I seek him everywhere, But I can't find him, not at all.

Soldiers Castles with lofty Ramparts retaining, Maids who are haughty, Scornful, disdainful, Fain I'd be gaining!

Bold is the venture, Grand is the pay!

We let the trumpet Summon us, wooing, Calling to pleasure, Oft to undoing.

That is a storming!

Life in its splendour!

Maidens and castles Both must surrender.

Bold is the venture,

Grand is the pay!

Then are the soldiers Off and away.

FAUST and WAGNER.

Faust From the ice they are freed, the stream and brook, By the Spring's enlivening, lovely look; The valley's green with joys of hope; The Winter old and weak ascends Back to the rugged mountain slope.

From there, as he flees, he downward sends An impotent shower of icy hail Streaking over the verdant vale.

Ah! but the Sun will suffer no white, Growth and formation stir everywhere, 'Twould fain with colours make all things bright, Though in the landscape are no blossoms fair.

Instead it takes gay-decked humanity.

Now turn around and from this height, Looking backward, townward see.

Forth from the cave-like, gloomy gate

Crowds a motley and swarming array.

Everyone suns himself gladly today.

The Risen Lord they celebrate, For they themselves have now arisen From lowly houses' mustiness, From handicraft's and factory's prison, From the roof and gables that oppress, From the bystreets' crushing narrowness, From the churches' venerable night, They are all brought out into light.

See, only see, how quickly the masses Scatter through gardens and fields remote; How down and across the river passes So many a merry pleasure-boat.

And over-laden, almost sinking, The last full wherry moves away.

From yonder hill's far pathways blinking, Flash to us colours of garments gay.

Hark! Sounds of village joy arise; Here is the people's paradise, Contented, great and small shout joyfully:

"Here I am Man, here dare it to be!"

Wagner Doctor, to walk with you is ever An honour and a profit, though I'd here not care to stray alone- no, never Because to all that's vulgar I'm a foe.

This fiddling, shrieking, bowling- all this revel To me's a sound detested long; They riot as if driven by the Devil, And call it a pleasure, call it a song.

Peasants under the linden tree. [Dance and song].

The shepherd decked him for the dance, In ribbons, vest, and wreath to prance, Adorned with fine arraying.

Now round the linden lass and lad Were thronging, dancing there like mad.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Hurrah-a-rah-a-rah!

Thus fiddle-bow was playing.

He crowded and he pushed in haste, Then bumped into a maiden's waist, Elbow against her laying.

The lively damsel turned her head:

"I find that stupid, now!" she said.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Hurrah-a-rah-a-rah!

"Don't be so rude and swaying!" Then round and round they winged their flight, They danced to left, they danced to right, All petticoats displaying.

They grew so red, they grew so warm, Then rested panting, arm in arm, Hurrah! Hurrah!

Hurrah-a-rah-a-rah!

On hip the elbow staying.

"I say, don't make so free with me!

How many fooled his bride-to-be, Deceiving and betraying!" And yet he coaxed her to one side, And from the linden far and wide:

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Hurrah-a-rah-a-rah!

Rang shouts and fiddle-playing.

Old Peasant Good Doctor, this is fine of you,

That you don't scorn us here today, And now amid this crowding throng, A highly-learned man, you stray.

Hence take in turn the finest mug That with a fresh, cool drink we've filled.

I pledge you, sir, and wish aloud Not only that your thirst be stilled:

For every drop the mug conveys, A day be added to your days!

Faust I take the refreshing drink and thus I too Return the health with thanks to all of you.

The people gather round in a circle.

Old Peasant Forsooth, it is indeed well done That you on happy days appear.

You have aforesaid with us too Been kind when days were evil here!

Full many a one stands here alive, Whom your good father still did wrest

From burning fever's deadly rage When he set limits to the pest.

And you as well, a young man then, To every sick man's house you went around.

Many a corpse did men bring forth, But from within you came out sound, Withstanding many a test severe; The Helper over us helped our helper here.

All Health to the man whom we have tried, Long may he be our help and guide!

Faust To Him on High with reverence bend, Who teaches help and help doth send!

He goes on with WAGNER.

Wagner Oh, what a feeling you must have, great man, Thus venerated by this multitude!

Oh, happy he who, through his own gifts, can Draw such a gain, such gratitude!

The father shows you to his brood, Each asks and hastes and nearer draws; The fiddle stops, the dancers pause.

You go, they stand in rows to see.

The caps are quickly lifted high; A little more and they would bend the knee As if the Holy Sacrament came by.

Faust Only a few steps farther, up to yonder stone!

Here let us rest a little from our straying.

Here often, wrapped in thought, I sat alone And tortured me with fasting and with praying.

In hope full rich, firm in the faith possessed, With tears, sighs, wringing hands, I meant To force the Lord in Heaven to relent And end for us the fearful pest.

The crowd's applause now sounds like scorn to me.

Oh, could you but within me read How little, son and father, we Were worthy such a fame and meed!

My father was a simple, worthy man, Who over Nature and her every sacred zone,

Quite honestly, in his odd plan Mused with a wayward zeal that was his own, Who, with adepts their presence lending, Shut him in that black kitchen where he used, According to receipts unending, To get the contraries together fused.

There was a lover bold, a lion red, Who to the lily in a tepid bath was wed.

Both, tortured then with flames, a fiery tide, From one bride-chamber to another pass.

Thereon appeared, with motley colours pied, The youthful queen within the glass.

Here was the medicine; the patients died, And no one questioned: who got well? Thus we with hellish nostrums, here Within these mountains, in this dell, Raged far more fiercely than the pest.

I gave the poison unto thousands, ere They pined away; and I must live to hear The shameless murderers praised and blessed.

Wagner How can you give yourself to such lament?

Does not a good man do his part In practising transmitted art Exactly and with good intent? If you revere your father as a youth, Gladly from him you will receive; If as a man you further knowledge and the truth, Then can your son a higher goal achieve.

Faust Oh, happy he who still hopes that he can Emerge from Error's boundless sea!

What man knows not, is needed most by man, And what man knows, for that no use has he.

But what fair blessing that this hour can show Let's not with mournful thoughts like these embitter!
 Behold how in the evening sunset-glow The green-encircled hamlets glitter.
 The sun retreats- the day, outlived, is o'erIt hastens hence and lo! a new world is alive!
 Oh, that from earth no wing can lift me up to soar And after, ever after it to strive!
 I'd see in that eternal evening beam, Beneath my feet, the world in stillness glowing,
 Each valley hushed and every height a gleam, The silver brook to golden rivers flowing.
 The mountain wild with all its gorges Would hinder not the godlike course for me; Before astounded eyes
 already surges, With bays yet warm, the open sea.
 And yet at last the god seems to be sinking; But new impulse awakes, to light I hasten on, eternal
 brightness drinking, Before me day, behind me night, Above me heaven, and under me the billow.
 A lovely dream, the while the glory fades from sight.
 Alas! To wings that lift the spirit light No earthly wing will ever be a fellow.
 Yet 'tis inborn in everyone, each fancies His feeling presses upward and along, When over us lost amid
 the blue expanses The lark sings down his showering song, When over rough heights of firs and larches
 The outspread eagles soaring roam, And over lakes and over marshes The crane strives onward toward his
 home.
 Wagner I've often had capricious, odd hours of my own, Yet such an impulse I have never known.
 One's sated soon if on the woods and fields he look; I'll never envy any bird his wing.
 How differently the joys of spirit bring Us on from page to page, from book to book!
 Then winter nights become so sweet and fair, A blessed life warms up our every limb; And ah! if one
 unrolls a parchment really rare, The whole of Heaven descends on him.
 Faust By one impulse alone are you impressed.
 Oh, never learn to know the other!
 Two souls alas! are dwelling in my breast; And each is fain to leave its brother.
 The one, fast clinging, to the world adheres With clutching organs, in love's sturdy lust; The other
 strongly lifts itself from dust To yonder high, ancestral spheres.
 Oh, are there spirits hovering near, That ruling weave, twixt earth and heaven are rife,
 Descend! come from the golden atmosphere And lead me hence to new and varied life!
 Yea! were a magic mantle only mine, To bear me to strange lands at pleasure, I would not barter it for
 costliest treasure, Not for the mantle of a king resign.
 Wagner Oh, call them not, the well-known swarms That streaming spread throughout the murky air; In
 every quarter they prepare A danger for mankind in a thousand forms, Sharp spirit-fangs press from the
 north Upon you here with arrow-pointed tongues; And from the east, now parching, they come forth And
 feast themselves upon your lungs; And when the south wind from the desert drives Those that heap glow
 on glow upon your brain, The west wind brings the swarm that first revives, Then drowns you and the
 field and plain.
 They like to hear, on mischief gaily bent, They like to hearken, for they like to try To fool us, pose as if
 from Heaven sent,
 And lisp like angels when they lie.
 But let us go! The world's already grey, The air grows chill, the mists of evening fall!
 'Tis now we treasure home the most of all Why do you stand and stare? What is the trouble? What in the
 gloaming seizes you in such a way? Faust You see that black dog streaking through the grain and stubble?
 Wagner I saw him long since; not important did he seem to me.
 Faust Observe him well! What do you take the beast to be? Wagner Why, just a poodle; in his way he's
 worrying In his attempt to find his master's traces.
 Faust But do you note how in wide spiral rings he's hurrying Around us here and ever nearer chases? And
 if I err not, there's a trail behind him!
 Along his path a fiery eddy flies.
 Wagner Only a plain black poodle do I see. Don't mind him!
 I think it's an illusion of your eyes.
 Faust He seems in magic nooses to be sweeping Around our feet, a future snare to bind.
 Wagner I see he doubts, he's timidly around us leaping, Two strangers- not his master- does he find.
 Faust The circle narrows; he's already near!
 Wagner You see a dog! It is no spectre here.

He snarls and doubts, now on his belly see him crawl, He wags his tail, dog-habits all.
 Faust Come here! And be a friend with us!
 Wagner It is a beast and, poodle-like, ridiculous.
 Stand quiet and he'll sit up too; Speak to him and he'll scramble up on you; Lose something and he'll bring it back again, Leap into water for your cane.
 Faust You're likely right. I find no trace remaining Of any spirit; it is all mere training.
 Wagner By any dog, if he but be well trained, Even a wise man's liking may be gained, Yes, he deserves your favour thoroughly, A clever pupil of students, he.
 They go into the gateway of the town.
 STUDY Faust [entering with the poodle].
 Meadow and field have I forsaken, That deeps of night from sight enroll; A solemn awe the deeps awaken, Rousing in us the better soul.
 No wild desires can longer win me, No stormy lust to dare and do; The love of all mankind stirs in me, The love of God is stirred anew.
 Be quiet, poodle! Don't make such a riot!
 Why at the threshold do you sniff the air? Lie down behind the stove in quiet!
 My best of cushions I will give you there.
 As on the hillside pathway, leaping And running about, you amused us best, So take now too from me your keeping, But as a welcome, silent guest.
 Ah, when the friendly lamp is glowing Again within our narrow cell, Through heart and bosom light comes flowing If but the heart knows itself well.
 Then Reason once again discourses And Hope begins to bloom again; Man yearns to reach life's flowing sources, Ah! to the Fount of Life attain.
 Snarl not, you poodle! To the sacred strain That now doth all my soul surround, Is suited not that bestial sound.
 We know full well that men deride whate'er They do not understand And that before the Good and Fair, Which of is hard for them, they grumble; And will the dog, like them too, snarl and bumble? But ah! I feel already, with a will the best, Contentment wells no longer from my breast.
 But wherefore must the stream so soon run dry And we again thus thirsting lie? I have experienced this in ample measure.
 And yet this feeling has its compensation; We learn the supernatural to treasure.
 Our spirits yearn toward revelation That nowhere glows more fair, more excellent, Than here in the New Testament.
 To open the fundamental text I'm moved, With honest feeling, once for all, To turn the sacred, blest original Into my German well-beloved.
 He opens a volume and applies himself to it.
 'Tis written: "In the beginning was the Word!" Here now I'm balked! Who'll put me in accord? It is impossible, the Word so high to prize, I must translate it otherwise If I am rightly by the Spirit taught.
 'Tis written: In the beginning was the Thought!
 Consider well that line, the first you see, That your pen may not write too hastily!
 Is it then Thought that works, creative, hour by hour? Thus should it stand: In the beginning was the Power!
 Yet even while I write this word, I falter, For something warns me, this too I shall alter.
 The Spirit's helping me! I see now what I need And write assured: In the beginning was the Deed!
 If I'm to share this room with you, Poodle, then leave off howling, Then leave off growling!
 Such a distracting fellow I can't view Or suffer to have near me.
 One of us two, or I or you,
 Must quit this cell, I fear me.
 I'm loath your right as guest thus to undo.
 The door is open, you've a passage free.
 But what is this I now must see!
 Can that happen naturally? Is it phantom? Is it reality? How long and broad the poodle grows!
 He rises up in mighty pose, 'Tis not a dog's form that he shows!
 What spectre have I sheltered thus? He's like a hippopotamus With fiery eyes, jaws terrible to see.

Oh, mine you are most certainly.
 For such as your half-hellish crew The Key of Solomon will do.
 Spirits[in the corridor] Captured is someone within!
 Stay without, none follow in!
 Like a fox in a snare Quakes an ancient hell-lynx there.
 But now give heed!
 Hover hence, hither hover, Under, over, And he soon himself has freed.
 Can ye avail him, Oh, do not fail him!
 For he has already done Much to profit us, each one.
 Faust First, to deal with this beast's core, I will use the Spell of Four:
 Salamander must be glowing, Undine self-coiling, Sylph vanish in going, Kobold keep toiling.
 Who would ignore The elements four, Their powers And dowers, No master he
 Over spirits can be.
 Vanish in fiery glow, Salamander!
 Gurgling, together flow, Undine!
 In meteoric beauty shine, Sylph!
 Bring homely help, Incubus! Incubus!
 Step forth and end the charm for us.
 None of the Four Hides in the beast.
 He lies quite calmly, grins evermore; I've not yet hurt him in the least.
 Thou'lt hear me longer Conjure thee stronger!
 Art thou, fellow, one That out of Hell has run? Then see this Sign!
 Before which incline Black cohorts e'er!
 It swells up now with bristling hair.
 Thou reprobated, Canst rede His token? The Ne'er-originated, The Never-spoken, Who every Heaven has
 permeated, He! wantonly immolated!
 Behind the stove, held by my spells, Like an elephant it swells, And all the space it fills complete.
 In vapour it will melt away.
 Mount not up to the ceiling! Lay Thyself down at thy Master's feet!
 I threaten not in vain as thou canst see.
 With holy fire I'll shrivel thee!
 Do not await The light thrice radiate!
 Do not await
 The strongest art at my command!
 MEPHISTOPHELES steps forth from behind the stove while the vapour is vanishing. He is dressed as a
 travelling scholar.
 Mephistopheles Wherefore this noise? What does my lord command? Faust So this, then, was the kernel
 of the brute!
 A travelling scholar it is? The casus makes me smile.
 Mephistopheles To you, O learned sir, I proffer my salute!
 You made me sweat in vigorous style.
 Faust What is your name? Mephistopheles The question seems but cheap From one who for the Word has
 such contempt, Who from all outward show is quite exempt And only into beings would delve deep.
 Faust The being of such gentlemen as you, indeed, In general, from your titles one can read.
 It shows itself but all too plainly when men dub You Liar or Destroyer or Beelzebub.
 Well now, who are you then? Mephistopheles Part of that Power which would The Evil ever do, and ever
 does the Good.
 Faust A riddle! Say what it implies!
 Mephistopheles I am the Spirit that denies!
 And rightly too; for all that doth begin Should rightly to destruction run; 'Twere better then that nothing
 were begun.
 Thus everything that you call Sin, Destruction- in a word, as Evil represent That is my own, real element.
 Faust You call yourself a part, yet whole you're standing there.
 Mephistopheles A modest truth do I declare.

A man, the microcosmic fool, down in his soul Is wont to think himself a whole, But I'm part of the Part which at the first was all, Part of the Darkness that gave birth to Light, The haughty Light that now with Mother Night Disputes her ancient rank and space withal, And yet 'twill not succeed, since, strive as strive it may, Fettered to bodies will Light stay.

It streams from bodies, it makes bodies fair, A body hinders it upon its way, And so, I hope, it has not long to stay And will with bodies their destruction share.

Faust Now I perceive your worthy occupation!
You can't achieve wholesale annihilation And now a retail business you've begun.

Mephistopheles And truly there by nothing much is done.
What stands out as the opposite of Naught-
This Something, this your clumsy world- for aught I have already undertaken, It have I done no harm nor shaken With waves and storms, with earthquakes, fiery brand.
Calm, after all, remain both sea and land.
And that accursed trash, the brood of beasts and men, A way to get at them I've never found.
How many now I've buried in the ground!
Yet fresh, new blood forever circulates again.
Thus on and on- one could go mad in sheer despair!
From earth, from water, and from air A thousand germs evolving start, In dryness, moisture, warmth, and cold!
Weren't it for fire which I withhold, I'd have as mine not one thing set apart.

Faust So to that Power never reposing, Creative, healing, you're opposing Your frigid devil's fist with might and main.
It's clenched in spite and clenched in vain!
Seek something else to undertake, You, Chaos' odd, fantastic son!

Mephistopheles We'll really ponder on what can be done When my next visits here I make.
But may I for the present go away? Faust Why you should ask, I do not see.
Though we have only met today, Come as you like and visit me.
Here is a window, here a door, for you, Besides a certain chimney-flue.

Mephistopheles Let me own up! I cannot go away; A little hindrance bids me stay.
The witch's foot upon your sill I see.

Faust The pentagram? That's in your way? You son of Hell explain to me, If that stays you, how came you in today? And how was such a spirit so betrayed? Mephistopheles Observe it closely! It is not well made; One angle, on the outer side of it, Is just a little open, as you see.

Faust That was by accident a lucky hit!
And are you then my captive? Can that be? By happy chance the thing's succeeded!

Mephistopheles As he came leaping in, the poodle did not heed it.
The matter now seems turned about; The Devil's in the house and can't get out.

Faust Well, through the window- why not there withdraw? Mephistopheles For devils and for ghosts it is a law:
Where they slipped in, there too must they go out.
The first is free, the second's slaves are we.

Faust Does Hell itself have its laws then? That's fine! A compact in that case might be Concluded safely with you gentlemen?

Mephistopheles What's promised, you'll enjoy with naught subtracted, With naught unduly snipped off or exacted.
But that needs more than such a brief consideration And we'll discuss it soon in further conversation.
But now, most earnestly I pray, For this time let me go away.

Faust One moment longer do remain; Tell me at last some pleasant news.

Mephistopheles Let me go now, I'll soon be back again; Then you may question as you choose.

Faust I've never set a snare for you; You walked, yourself, into this net tonight.
Let him who holds the Devil hold him tight!
He'll not so soon catch him anew.

Mephistopheles If it so please you, I'm prepared, indeed, To lend you company, but take good heed:
It's on condition that my arts beguile The time for you in worthy style.

Faust I'll gladly see your arts, in that you're free, Though only if you please with artistry!
Mephistopheles More for your senses, friend, you'll gain In this one hour than you'd obtain In a whole year's monotony.

All that the tender spirits sing you, The lovely images they bring you, Are not an empty sorcery.
They will delight your sense of smell, They will refresh your palate well, And blissful will your feeling swell.

Of preparation there's no need, We're here together, so proceed!

Spirits Vanish, ye darkling Vaultings above him!

More lovely gleaming, Blue ether beaming, Gaze down, benign!

Now are the darkling Clouds disappearing!

Faint stars are sparkling, Gentler suns nearing Hitherward shine.

Graces, adorning Sons of the morning, Spirit-like, bending, Wavering, hover.

Yearning unending Follows them over; Ribbons a-trailing, Fluttering, veiling, Wide spaces cover, Cover the bower, Where, with deep feeling,

Lovers are dreaming, Life-pledges sealing.

Bower by bower!

Tendrils out-streaming!

Heavy grape's gushing, In the vats plunging; Out from the cushioning Winepresses lunging, Wine-streams are whirling; Foaming and purling Onward o'er precious Pure stones they wind them, Leave heights behind them, Broad'ning to spacious Fair lakes, abounding Green hills surrounding.

Winged creation, Sipping elation, Sunward is fleeting, Bright islands meeting, Flying to meet them On the waves dancing,

Rhythmic, entrancing, Where we, to greet them, Hear a glad chorus, See o'er the meadows Dancers like shadows, Flitting before us, Playing, regaling, Hills some are scaling; Others are swimming, Lakes swiftly skimming; Playfully trailing, Other ones flutter, All for existent, All for the distant Stars as they glitter Rapturous Love.

Mephistopheles He sleeps! Well done, ye tender, airy throng!

Ye truly lulled him with your song, And for this concert I am in your debt.

You're not the man to keep the Devil captive yet!

Enchant him with a dream's sweet imagery,

Plunge him into an ocean of untruth!

But now, to break this threshold's sorcery, I have to get a rat's sharp tooth.

To conjure long I do not need; Already one is rustling and it soon will heed.

The lord of all the rats and mice, Of flies and frogs and bugs and lice, Bids you now venture to appear And gnaw upon this threshold here Where he is dabbing it with oil.

Already you come hopping forth. Now to your toil!

Quick to the work! The point that held me bound There on the outer edge is found.

Just one bite more- 'tis done! Begone!

Now, Faustus, till we meet again, dream on!

Faust awakening. Am I again a victim of delusion? That streaming throng of spirits- gone are they?

Dreamt I the Devil through some mere illusion? Or did a poodle only leap away?

STUDY

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust A knock? Come in! Who now will bother me? Mephistopheles 'Tis I.

Faust Come in!

Mephistopheles Full three times must it be.

Faust Come in, then? Mephistopheles Fine! I like that! All is well!

I hope we'll bear with one another and agree!

For I, your every crotchet to dispel, Am here all dressed up like a noble squire, In scarlet, gold-betrimmed attire:

A little cloak of heavy silk brocade,

Here on my hat a tall cock's-feather too, Here at my side a long and pointed blade; And now, to make it brief, I counsel you That you too likewise be arrayed, That you, emancipated, free, Experience what life may be.

Faust I'll feel, whatever my attire, The pain of life, earth's narrow way I am too old to be content with play, Too young to be without desire.

What can the world afford me now? Thou shalt renounce! Renounce shalt thou!

That is the never-ending song Which in the ears of all is ringing, Which always, through our whole life long, Hour after hour is hoarsely singing.

I but with horror waken with the sun, I'd fain weep bitter tears, because I see Another day that, in its course, for me Will not fulfil one wish- not one, Yea, that the foretaste of each joy possessed

With carping criticism half erases, That checks creation in my stirring breast With thousands of life's grinning faces.

I too, when darkness sinks down o'er me, Must anxious stretch me on my bed; There, too, no rest comes nigh my weary head, For savage dreams will rise before me.

The god that dwells within my soul Can stir to life my inmost deeps.

Full sway over all my powers he keeps, But naught external can he ever control.

So Being like a load on me is pressed, I long for death, existence I detest.

Mephistopheles And yet Death never is a wholly welcome guest.

Faust Ah, happy he around whose brow Death binds The blood-stained wreath mid victory's blaze, Whom in a maiden's arms Death finds After a dance's maddening maze.

Oh, would that I, beneath the lofty Spirit's sway,

Enrapt, had rendered up my soul and sunk away!

Mephistopheles And yet that night, those juices brown A certain man did not drink down.

Faust Spying is your delight, is that not so? Mephistopheles Omniscient am I not, yet many things I know.

Faust Though, from the frightful frenzy reeling, A sweet, familiar tone drew me away, Though what remained of childlike feeling Was duped by echoes of a happier day, I now curse all that, round the soul,

enfolds it With dazzling lures and jugglery, And, banned within this cave of sorrows, holds it With blinding spells and flattery.

Cursed, before all, the high adherence To some opinion that ensnares the mind!

Cursed be the blinding of appearance That holds our senses thus confined!

Cursed be dissembling dream-obsessions, The fraud of fame, a name's enduring life!

Cursed all that flatters as possessions, As slave and plough, as child and wife!

Cursed too be Mammon, when with treasures He stirs us on to deeds of might, When he, for lazy, idle pleasures, Lays down for us the cushions right!

Cursed be the grape's sweet juice deceiving!

Cursed Love's supreme, delicious thrall!

A curse on Hoping! on Believing!

And cursed be Patience most of all!

Chorus of Spirits [invisible].

Woe! Woe!

Thou hast destroyed The beautiful world, With powerful fist; 'Tis smashed, downward hurled!

A demigod dashed it to bits!

We're trailing The ruins on to the Void, And wailing

Over the beauty lost and gone!

Mighty one Midst the sons of earth, Splendider Build it again, Build it aloft in thy breast!

And life's new quest Commence With clearer sense, And songs of cheer Anew shalt hear!

Mephistopheles These are the little folk Of those whom I evoke.

Hark how they to joy and deed Sagely bid you to give heed!

Into life they would, Far from solitude There stagnate sap and sense, Persuade and lure you hence.

Cease with your brooding grief to play

That, like a vulture, eats your life away.

The worst of company will let you find That you're a man among mankind.

But yet I don't mean that I'll thrust You midst the rabble men don't trust.

I'm not one of the Great; Still, if through life you'll go with me, In that case I'll agree With pleasure to accommodate You, on the spot belong to you.

I'll be your comrade true And if to your liking I behave, I'll be your servant, be your slave!

Faust And what in turn am I to do for you? Mephistopheles That is a long way off! Pray don't insist.

Faust No, no! The Devil is an egoist And not “for God’s sake!” only will he do What will another’s needs assist.

Tell me your terms both plain and clear!

Such servants in the house bring danger near.

Mephistopheles Here to your service I will bind me; Beck when you will, I will not pause or rest; But in return when yonder you will find me, Then likewise shall you be at my behest.

Faust The yonder is to me a trifling matter.

Should you this world to ruins shatter, The other then may rise, its place to fill.

‘Tis from this earth my pleasure springs, And this sun shines upon my sufferings; When once I separate me from these things, Let happen then what can and will.

And furthermore I’ve no desire to hear Whether in future too men hate and love, And whether too in yonder sphere There is an under or above.

Mephistopheles In this mood you can dare to go my ways.

Commit yourself; you shall in these next days Behold my arts and with great pleasure too.

What no man yet has seen, I’ll give to you.

Faust Poor devil! What have you to give? Was any human spirit, struggling to ascend, Such as your sort could ever comprehend? Still, have you food on which no man can live? Have you red gold that runs through, without rest, Quicksilver-like, the hand it’s in? A game at which men never win? A maiden who while on my breast Will with my neighbour ogle and conspire? The joys divine of honour, once possessed, Which vanish like a meteor’s fire? Show me the fruit which, ere it’s plucked, will rot, And trees that every day grow green anew!

Mephistopheles Such a commission frights me not; Such treasures I can serve to you.

But, my good friend, the time approaches when we could

In peace and quiet feast on something good.

Faust If ever I lay me on a bed of sloth in peace, That instant let for me existence cease!

If ever with lying flattery you can rule me So that contented with myself I stay, If with enjoyment you can fool me, Be that for me the final day!

That bet I offer!

Mephistopheles Done!

Faust Another hand-clasp! There!

If to the moment I shall ever say:

“Ah, linger on, thou art so fair!” Then may you fetters on me lay, Then will I perish, then and there!

Then may the death-bell toll, recalling Then from your service you are free; The clock may stop, the pointer falling, And time itself be past for me!

Mephistopheles Consider well, we’ll not forget it.

Faust Your perfect right to that I’ll not deny.

My action was not rash, I’ll not regret it.

As soon as I stagnate, a slave am I, And whether yours or whose, why should I ask? Mephistopheles Then at a Doctor’s-feast this very day I’ll act as servant and fulfil my task.

But one thing still: in case of life or death, I pray, Give me a written line or two.

Faust What, pedant! Something written do you ask of me? Was neither man nor word of man yet known to you? Is it not enough that this my spoken word Disposes of my days for all eternity? Does not the world rush on, in all its currents stirred, And should a promise have a hold on me? Yet to our hearts we’ve taken this conceit.

Who gladly would its hold undo?

Blest he whose bosom is with breachless faith replete, No sacrifice will that man ever rue.

But any stamped and written parchment sheet Is like a ghost that all men shrink to view.

The spoken word dies forthwith in the quill; Leather and wax remain our masters still.

What, Evil Spirit, do you want of me? Brass, marble, parchment, paper? Name it then!

Am I to write with graver, chisel, pen? I offer you your choice quite free.

Mephistopheles How can you talk so heatedly, Exaggerate in such a way? Just any little sheet will do, it’s all the same.

With one wee drop of blood you sign your name.

Faust If this will satisfy you, then I say:

Let us agree and put the farce to this odd use.
 Mephistopheles Blood is a quite peculiar juice.
 Faust Fear not! This league with you I shall not break!
 The aim and goal of all my energy Is to fulfil the promise I now make.
 I've puffed myself too high, I see; Only within your ranks do I deserve to be.
 The Mighty Spirit spurned me with a scoff, And Nature turns herself away from me.
 The thread of thought is broken off, To me all learning's long been nauseous.
 In depths of sensuality Let us our glowing passions still!
 In magic's veils impervious Prepared at once be every marvel's thrill!
 Come, let us plunge into Time's rushing dance, Into the roll of Circumstance!
 There may then pain and joyance, Successes and annoyance, Alternately follow as they can.
 Only restlessly active is a man!
 Mephistopheles To you no goal is set, nor measure.
 If you should like to nibble everything, To snatch up something on the wing, May all agree with you that gives you pleasure!
 Fall to, I say, and don't be coy.
 Faust You hear indeed, I do not speak of joy.
 Life's wildering whirl be mine, its painfulest enjoyment, Enamoured hate, and quickening annoyance.
 My bosom, of all thirst for knowledge cured, Shall close itself henceforth against no woe; Whatever to all mankind is assured, I, in my inmost being, will enjoy and know, Seize with my soul the highest and most deep; Men's weal and woe upon my bosom heap; And thus this self of mine to all their selves expanded, Like them I too at last be stranded.
 Mephistopheles Oh, trust me who for many a thousand year Have chewed this crust, it is so hard at best That twixt the cradle and the bier That ancient leaven no man can digest.
 Trust one like me: this Whole is wrought And fashioned only for a God's delight!
 He dwells in an eternal light; Us into darkness He has brought; To you are suited only day and night.
 Faust Ah, but I will!
 Mephistopheles Well said and right!
 And yet I fear there is but one thing wrong; For life is short and art is long.
 I'd think you'd let yourself be taught.
 Associate you with a poet; then, in thought, You leave the gentleman full sweep, Upon your honoured head to heap Each good and noble quality:
 The lion's mood, The stag's rapidity, The fiery blood of Italy, The Northman's hardihood.
 The secret for it? Let him find
 How magnanimity and cunning are combined, How with a youth's hot impulse you may fall In love according to a plan.
 Might I myself know such a gentleman, Him Mr. Microcosm I would call.
 Faust What am I if I strive in vain To win the crown of all mankind which, though afar, All senses struggle to obtain? Mephistopheles You at the end are- what you are.
 Put on your head perukes with a million locks, Put on your feet a pair of ell-high socks, You after all will still be- what you are.
 Faust I feel that I have made each treasure Of human mind my own in vain, And when at last I sit me down at leisure, No new-born power wells up within my brain.
 I'm not a hair's-breadth more in height Nor nearer to the infinite.
 Mephistopheles My good sir, you observe this matter As men these matters always see; But we must manage that much better Before life's pleasures from us flee.
 Your hands and feet too- what the devil! Your head and seed are yours alone!
 Yet all with which I gaily revel, Is it on that account the less my own? If for six stallions I can pay, Aren't all their powers added to my store? I am a proper man and dash away As if the legs I had were twenty-four!
 Quick, then! Let all reflection be, And straight into the world with me!
 A chap who speculates- let this be said Is very like a beast on moorland dry, That by some evil spirit round and round is led, While fair, green pastures round about him lie.
 Faust But how shall we begin?

Mephistopheles We'll just get out, so come!
Bah! what a place of martyrdom!
What kind of life is this you lead? Boring the youngsters and yourself indeed!
Leave that to Master Paunch, your neighbour!
Why plague yourself by threshing straws? The best that you can know with all your labour, You dare not tell the striplings raw.
Right now I hear one in the passageway.
Faust I cannot possibly see him today.
Mephistopheles He's waited long the poor young chap; Uncomforted, he must not go away.
Come, let me have your gown and cap; I in that costume? What a precious fit!
He dresses himself up.
Now you can leave things to my wit!
I only need a quarter of an hour.
And then our lovely tour, meanwhile prepare for it!
Exit FAUST Mephistopheles [in FAUST'S long robe] Humanity's most lofty power, Reason and knowledge, pray despise!
Let but the Spirit of all Lies With works of dazzling magic blind you; Then, absolutely mine, I'll have and bind you!
To him has Fate a spirit given That, uncurbed, ever onward sweeps, Whose striving, by too hasty impulse driven, The joys of this earth overleaps.
Him will I drag through wild life whirling past, Through all that is unmeaning, shallow stuff; I'll see him struggle, weaken, and stick fast!
Before his greedy lips that can not feast enough Shall hover food and drink as if for some grand revel; Refreshment will he all in vain implore; And had he not surrendered to the Devil, Still were he lost forevermore.
A STUDENT enters Student I've been here just a little while or so And come to pay an humble call, To talk with you, a man to know, One who is named with reverence by all.
Mephistopheles You please me greatly by your courtesy!
A man like many another one you see.
Have you already looked about elsewhere? Student I beg you, take me in your kindly care!
I come with every good intention, Fresh blood, and money, though not much to mention.
My mother scarcely would permit my going.
I'd fain learn here abroad something worth knowing.
Mephistopheles Well, now you're at the proper place.
Student Yet, frankly, would I could my steps retrace!
Within these walls the lecture hall, I do not like it here at all.
It is a space that's so confined; One sees no green nor any tree, And in the halls with benches lined, Sight, hearing, thought, all go from me.
Mephistopheles That only comes with habit, so A child takes not its mother's breast Quite willingly in the beginning, though Soon nourishes itself with zest.
So at the breasts of Wisdom nursed, Each day you'll lust for them the more athirst.
Student I'll cling about her neck with joy, But say what means thereto I shall employ.
Mephistopheles Ere you go on, explain your views.
Which is the faculty you choose? Student I'd like right learned to become; what is
On earth I'd gladly comprehend, To heaven itself my range extend, Know all of nature and the sciences.
Mephistopheles Then you are on the proper way But must not let yourself be lured astray.
Student Body and soul I'm for it bent; Yet there would please me, I must say, A little freedom and divertimento Upon a pleasant summer holiday.
Mephistopheles Make use of time, its course so soon is run, Yet system teaches you how time is won.
I counsel you, dear friend, in sum, That first you take collegium logicum.
Your spirit's then well broken in for you, In Spanish boots laced tightly to, That you henceforth may more deliberately keep The path of thought and straight along it creep, And not perchance criss-cross may go, A- will-o'-wisping to and fro.

Then you'll be taught full many a day
 What at one stroke you've done alway,
 Like eating and like drinking free,
 It now must go like: One! Two! Three!

In fact, when men are fabricating thought,
 It goes as when a weaver's masterpiece is wrought.
 One treadle sets a thousand threads a-going,
 And to and fro the shuttle flies; Quite unperceived the
 threads are flowing, One stroke effects a thousand ties.

Then some philosopher steps in, and he
 Will demonstrate to you it so must be:
 The first was so, the second so, And thus the third and fourth are so; And if no first nor second had been
 there, The third and fourth one would be never.

All students prize that everywhere,
 But are they weavers? No, they're not that clever.
 Who'll know aught living and describe it well,
 Seeks first the spirit to expel.
 He then has the component parts in hand
 But lacks, alas! the spirit's band.

Encheirisis naturae, Chemistry names it so,
 Mocking herself but all unwitting though.
 Student I can't quite understand you, I confess.

Mephistopheles Next time, be sure, you will have more success,
 When you have learned how to reduce
 And classify all by its use.

Student I feel as stupid after all you've said
 As if a miller's wheel were whirling in my head.

Mephistopheles And next- the first of all worth mention
 To Metaphysics you must give attention, And see
 that you profoundly strive to gain
 What is not suited for the human brain.
 For what goes in or won't go in the head,
 A brilliant phrase will serve you in good stead.
 Yet, first of all for this half-year,
 Observe the best of systems here
 You take five lectures daily- understand?
 And when the clock strikes, be on hand!
 Be well prepared before the start,
 With paragraphs well got by heart,
 So later you can better look
 And see he says naught save what's in the book;
 But write away as unabated
 As if the Holy Ghost dictated!

Student You will not need to say that to me twice!

I can foresee how much I'll gain from this advice;
 Because what one has down in black and white
 It is a comfort to take home at night.

Mephistopheles But come now, choose a faculty!

Student I can't adjust myself to Law- not possibly.

Mephistopheles I can't blame that in you, it's no demerit.
 This science as it really is I see.
 Statutes and laws that we inherit
 Like an eternal malady
 Go trailing on from race to race
 And furtive shift from place to place.
 To nonsense reason turns, and benefit to worry.
 Woe unto you that you're a grandchild, woe!
 For of the law that was born with us, no!
 Of that, alas! there never is a query.

Student You have increased my own disgust.
 The youth Whom you instruct is blessed in sooth!
 I'm now almost inclined to try Theology.

Mephistopheles I would not wish to lead you so astray.
 In what this science teaches, it would be
 So hard to shun the false, misleading way;
 So much of hidden poison lies therein,
 You scarce can tell it from its medicine.
 'Tis best here too that only one be heard
 And that you swear then by the master's word.
 Upon the whole- to words stick fast!
 Then through a sure gate you'll at last
 Enter the templed hall of Certainty.

Student Yet in each word some concept there must be.

Mephistopheles Quite true! But don't torment yourself to anxiously;
 For at the point where concepts fail,
 At the right time a word is thrust in there.
 With words we fitly can our foes assail,
 With words a system we prepare,
 Words we quite fitly can believe,
 Nor from a word a mere iota thief.

Student Pardon, I keep you here with many a question,
 But I must cause more trouble still.
 Concerning Medicine as well you will
 Not make some pithy, keen suggestion?
 Three years! how quickly they are past!

And, God! the field is far too vast.
If but some sign is indicated, A man can sooner feel his way.
Mephistopheles [aside] With this dry tone I am now satiated; The downright devil I must once more play.
Aloud.
Medicine's spirit one can grasp with ease.
The great and little world you study through, To let things finally their course pursue As God may please.
It's vain that you in search of knowledge roam and drift, Each only learns what learn he can; Yet he who grasps the moment's gift, He is your proper man.
You are moreover quite well-built, beside, Will never lack for boldness too; And if you only in yourself confide, All other souls confide in you.
Learn chiefly how to lead the women; be assured That all their "Ohs" and "Ahs," eternal, old, So thousandfold, Can at a single point be cured;
And if you half-way decorously come, You have them all beneath your thumb.
A title first must make them comprehend That your art many arts doth far transcend.
By way of welcome then you touch all matters For sake of which, long years, another flatters.
Learn how the little pulse to squeeze And then with sly and fiery glances seize Her freely round the slender hips to see How firmly laced up she may be.
Student Now that looks better! Now one sees the where and how!
Mephistopheles Dear friend, all theory is grey, And green the golden tree of life.
Student I vow, It's all just like a dream to me.
Another time I'll bore you, if I may, To hear your wisdom through and through.
Mephistopheles All that I can I'll gladly do.
Student It is impossible for me to go away Before I hand my album here to you.
Will your grace grant this favour to me too? Mephistopheles Oh, very well!
He writes and gives it back.
Student [reads] ERITIS SICUT DEUS, SCIENTES BONUM ET MALUM.
He closes the book reverently and takes his leave.
Mephistopheles Follow the ancient text and heed my coz the snake; With all your likeness to God you'll sometimes tremble and quake.
FAUST enters.
Faust Now whither shall we go?
Mephistopheles Whither it pleases you.
We'll see the little world and then we'll see the great.
With how much joy and how much profit too You'll sponge the whole course through until you graduate.
Faust But with my beard so long I may Quite lack life's free and easy way.
In this attempt no luck will come to me; I never fitted in society at all.
With other men I feel myself so small; I'll feel embarrassed constantly.
Mephistopheles For that, good friend, this is the remedy I give:
Just trust yourself, then you'll know how to live.
Faust We'll leave the house but how shall we set out? Have you a horse, a servant, carriage, anywhere?
Mephistopheles We'll only spread this mantle out And have it bear us through the air.
You'll take upon this daring flight No heavy luggage, only light.
A bit of fiery air- I'll have it ready here Will lift us from this earth without ado, And if we're light, we'll go up swiftly too.
I must congratulate you on your new career.
AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPSIK DRINKING-BOUT OF JOLLY COMPANIONS.
Frosch Will no one drink? and no one laugh? I'll teach you how to look so wry!
You're everyone like sodden chaff And always used to blaze sky-high!
Brander That's your fault; you don't add a single stroke, No beastliness and not one silly joke.
Frosch [pours a glass of wine over BRANDER'S HEAD].
There you have both!
Brander You twofold beast!
Frosch That's what you asked me for, at least!
Siebel If any quarrel, throw 'em out!

Come, sing with all your lungs, boys, swill and shout!
 Up! Holla! Ho!
 Altmayer My God! I'm done for! Here!
 Some cotton wool! The fellow bursts my ear.
 Siebel When vaulted ceilings echo back our song, Then first we feel the bass is deep and strong.
 Frosch Quite right! Then out with him who takes a thing amiss!
 Ah! tara lara da!
 Altmayer Ah! tara lara da!
 Frosch The throats are tuned for this!
 He sings.
 Dear Holy Roman Empire! Say, How does it stick together? Brander A nasty song! Shame! a political song!
 A wretched song! Thank God each morning, brother, That for the Roman Empire you don't need to bother!
 There is at least one gain I am most thankful for, That I'm not Kaiser and not Chancellor.
 And yet we must not fail to have a ruler. Stay!
 Let us elect a Pope! What do you say? You know the kind of quality that can Bear down the scale and elevate the man.
 Frosch [sings].
 Soar aloft, Dame Nightingale, Ten thousand times my sweetheart hail!
 Siebel No greeting to a sweetheart! I'll not hear of this!
 Frosch You will not hinder me! My sweetheart, hail! A kiss!
 He sings.
 Lift the latch! In silent night.
 Lift the latch! The lover wakes.
 Drop the latch! The morning breaks.
 Siebel Yes, sing on, praise and brag of her with all your might!
 I will in my own time be sure to laugh at you.
 She once led me astray, she'll do it to you too.
 Give her a kobold for her lovesick yearning!
 At some cross-road let him go woo her.
 Let some old buck, from Blocksberg' homeward turning, Still on the gallop, bleat "Good Evening!" to her.
 A gallant fellow of real flesh and blood Is for that wench a deal too good.
 I'll hear no greetings to that lass But such as smash her window-glass.
 Brander [pounding on the table].
 Give heed Give heed! Lend me your ear!
 You, sirs, confess that I know what is what.
 Some lovesick folk are sitting here, And so in honour due their present lot
 I must contribute to their night's good cheer.
 Give heed! A brand-new song 'twill be!
 And sing the chorus lustily!
 He sings.
 There once in a cellar lived a rat, Had a paunch could scarce be smoother, For it lived on butter and on fat,
 A mate for Doctor Luther.
 But soon the cook did poison strew And then the rat, so cramped it grew As if it had love in its body.
 Chorus [shouting].
 As if it had love in its body.
 Brander It flew around, and out it flew, From every puddle swilling, It gnawed and scratched the whole house through,
 But its rage was past all stilling.
 It jumped full of in anguish mad, But soon, poor beast, enough it had,
 As if it had love in its body.
 Chorus.
 As if it had love in its body.

Brander By anguish driven in open day It rushed into the kitchen, Fell on the hearth and panting lay,
Most pitiably twitchin'.

Then laughed the poisoner: "Hee! hee! hee!

It's at its last gasp now," said she, "As if it had love in its body." Chorus.

"As if it had love in its body." Siebel How these dull chaps enjoy themselves! Now that's A fine old art, so
it would seem, To scatter poison for poor rats!

Brander They stand so high in your esteem?

Altmayer See the old tub, so bald and fat!

Misfortune makes him mild and tame; He sees in any bloated rat His very own image, quite the same.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES enter.

Mephistopheles Before all else I now must let you view The doings of a jovial crew, That you may see how
smoothly life can flow along.

To this crowd every day's a feast and song.

With little wit and much content, Each, on his own small round intent, Is like a kitten with its tail.

While no sick headache they bewail And while their host will still more credit give, Joyous and free from
care they live.

Brander Those people come directly from a tour, You see it in their strange, odd ways;

They've not been here an hour, I'm sure.

Frosch In truth, you're right! My Leipsic will I praise!

A little Paris, one that cultivates its people.

Siebel Who are these strangers, do you think? Frosch Leave it to me! Give me a brimming drink And
from these chaps I'll worm the truth As one draws out a young child's tooth.

To me they seem of noble family, So proud and discontented they appear to be.

Brander They're mountebanks, I'll lay a bet with you!

Altmayer Perhaps!

Frosch Pay heed, I'll make them feel the screw!

Mephistopheles [to FAUST]. These chaps don't scent the Devil out
And would not if he had them by the snout!

Faust We greet you, sirs!

Siebel Thanks and to you the same!

In a low tone, looking at MEPHISTOPHELES askance.

Why is that fellow's one foot lame? Mephistopheles We'll sit with you if you'll permit the liberty.

Instead of some good drink which is not here, We shall enjoy your company's good cheer.

Altmayer A very pampered man you seem to be.

Frosch I guess you started late from Rippach on your way.

Can you have supped with Master Hans tonight? Mephistopheles We passed him by without a stop today!

We spoke with him last time. He'd quite A lot about his cousins to convey, Charged us with greetings to
each one.

He bows toward FROSCH.

Altmayer [in a low tone].

You got it then! He knows!

Siebel A cunning fellow, he!

Frosch Just wait a bit, I'll get him on the run.

Mephistopheles If I mistake not, didn't we Hear practised voices sing in chorus? In truth, a song must
perfectly Reecho from this vaulted ceiling o'er us!

Frosch Are you perchance a virtuoso? Mephistopheles Oh no! The zest is great, ability but so-so.

Altmayer Give us a song!

Mephistopheles A lot, if that way you incline.

Siebel But let it be a brand-new strain!

Mephistopheles We have returned quite recently from Spain, The lovely land of melody and wine.

He sings.

A king there once was reigning, Who cherished a great big flea Frosch Hear that! A flea! Did you quite
grasp the jest? I say, a flea's a tidy guest.

Mephistopheles [sings].

A king there once was reigning, Who cherished a great big flea; No little love attaining, As his own son loved he.

He called his tailor hireling, The tailor to him flew:

"Ho, measure now the squireling For coat and breeches too." Brander Be sure to tell that man of stitches That he must measure to a hair, And if his head is dear to him, I swear, No wrinkles must be in those breeches!

Mephistopheles In silk and velvet splendid He now was always dressed, By ribbons gay attended, A cross upon his breast.

Was minister created, A mighty star did sport; Then all his kin, elated, Became great lords at court.

Lord, lady, and dependent Were plagued and sore distressed;

The queen and her attendant Were bitten by the pest.

And yet they dared not whack them Nor scratch by day or night.

We smother and we crack them Whenever we feel them bite.

Chorus [shouting].

We smother and we crack them Whenever we feel them bite.

Frosch Bravo! Bravo! That was splendid!

Siebel And so should every flea be ended!

Brander Point your fingers and squeeze them fine!

Altmayer Long live freedom! Long live wine!

Mephistopheles A glass to honour freedom I would gladly clink

If but your wines were better fit to drink.

Siebel We do not want to hear such talk again!

Mephistopheles I only fear the landlord might complain; Else I would treat each worthy guest With what our cellar offers of the best.

Siebel Do bring it on! The risk be mine.

Frosch Produce a good glass and we'll praise your wine.

But don't give us a sample all too small; If I'm to play the solemn judge at all, A right good mouthful I require.

Altmayer [in a low tone]. They're from the Rhine, I scented that before.

Mephistopheles Fetch me a gimlet!

Brander Say, why that desire? You haven't got the casks outside the door? Altmayer Back there the landlord keeps his tool-kit placed.

Mephistopheles [taking the gimlet to FROSCH].

Now say, what do you want to taste? Frosch What do you mean? Have you so many kinds?

Mephistopheles I leave the choice to each. Make up your minds!

Altmayer [to FROSCH].

You're licking your chops now! Be careful, steady!

Frosch 'Tis well! If I'm to choose, it's Rhine wine I propose.

The best of gifts is what the fatherland bestows.

Mephistopheles [boring a hole in the edge of the table at the place where FROSCH is sitting]. Get us some wax at once, to have the stoppers ready!

Altmayer Ah! These are tricks! It's jugglery!

Mephistopheles [to BRANDER]. And you? Brander Champagne's the stuff for me, And bubbling, sparkling, must it be.

MEPHISTOPHELES is boring holes; one of the others has meanwhile made the stoppers and plugged the holes.

Brander What's foreign we can't always shun, So far from us must good things often be.

A genuine German can't abide the French, not one, But of their wines he drinks most cheerfully.

Siebel [as MEPHISTOPHELES comes near his place].

I do not like the sour, I'd have you know; Give me a glass that's really sweet!

Mephistopheles [boring]. You'll see, at once Tokay will flow.

Altmayer No, gentlemen, just look me in the face! I see't, You're only fooling us, it is a jest.

Mephistopheles Oh! Oh! With such a noble guest That were a bit too much to dare!

Be quick about it and declare!

What kind of wine then shall I serve? Altmayer Oh, any! Don't keep asking! I don't care!
After all the holes are bored and plugged.
Mephistopheles [with strange gestures].
Clustered grapes the vine bears!
And horns the he-goat wears!
The wine is juicy, wood the vine; The wooden table too can give forth wine.
A view of nature, deep and clear!
Only believe! A miracle's here!
Now draw the stoppers and enjoy your fill!
All [while they pull out the stoppers and the wine desired runs into each one's glass]. O beautiful fountain
flowing at our will!
Mephistopheles But watch, I say, that not a drop you spill!
They drink repeatedly.
All [sing].
We're just as happy as cannibals, As if we were five hundred swine!
Mephistopheles Behold how happy is this folk- it's free!
Faust I think now I would like to go away.
Mephistopheles But first give heed to a display Of glorious bestiality.
Siebel [drinks carelessly; the wine is spilt upon the ground and turns into flame]. Help! Hell's on fire! It's
burning me!
Mephistopheles [conjuring the flame]. Be quiet, friendly element!
To the young men.
This time 'twas but a flame that Purgatory sent.
Siebel What's that? Just wait! For that you will pay dear.
You don't know who we are, that's clear.
Frosch Don't try that game a second time, I say!
Altmayer I think we'd better bid him gently go away.
Siebel What, sir! You venture to provoke us And carry on your hocus-pocus?
Mephistopheles Silence, old wine-butts!
Siebel Broomstick, you!
Will you insult me to my nose? Brander Just wait a bit, 'twill soon be raining blows!
Altmayer [draws a stopper out of the table; fire leaps out at him].
I burn! I burn!
Siebel It's sorcery!
The rogue's an outlaw! Come, thrust home with me!
They draw their knives and rush at Mephistopheles.
Mephistopheles [with solemn gestures].
False form and word appear, Change place and sense's sphere!
Be there and here!
They stand amazed and look at each other.
Altmayer Where am I? What a lovely land!
Frosch Vineyards! Do I see right? Siebel Grape clusters close at hand!
Brander Here underneath this foliage green, See, what a bunch! What grapes are to be seen!
He seizes SIEBEL by the nose. The others do the same, one to the other, and raise their knives.
Mephistopheles [as before].
Error, loose from their eyes the band!
And mark you how the Devil's jesting goes.
He vanishes with FAUST. The fellows start back from one another.
Siebel What's up?
Altmayer How's this? Frosch Was that your nose? Brander [to SIEBEL]. And yours I'm holding in my
hand!
Altmayer That was a blow, it staggered me down to my toes!
I can't stand up, get me a chair!

Frosch Out with it, say, what's happened? Siebel Where, Oh, where's that rascal? If I find him now, He shan't escape alive, I vow.

Altmayer With my own eyes I saw him riding through The cellar-door- upon a wine-cask too!

I feel a weight like lead about my feet!

Turning toward the table.

My God! I wonder if the wines still flow? Siebel It was a swindle, lies, 'twas all a cheat.

Frosch Yet I drank wine or thought it so.

Brander But how about the grapes? What was that anyway? Altmayer One should believe no miracles?

Oh, say!

WITCH'S KITCHEN

A great cauldron stands over the fire on a low hearth. In the steam which rises from it, various figures become visible. A Female Ape sits by the cauldron and skims the foam off it, taking care that it does not run over. The Male Ape, with the Young Apes sits beside it and warms himself. Walls and ceiling are decked out with the strangest articles of witches' furniture.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust I am repelled by this mad sorcery.

I shall get well, you promise me, In this chaotic craziness? Shall I demand an old crone's remedy? And will the dirty, boiling mess Divest my body of some thirty years? Woe's me, if there's naught better you can find!

For now my hope already disappears.

Has nature not, has not a noble mind, Discovered somewhere any balm? Mephistopheles My friend, you talk once more as if you're calm.

By natural means you can acquire a youthful look, But it is in another book And is a chapter strange to see.

Faust Still I will know it.

Mephistopheles Good! To have a remedy Without physician, money, sorcery:

Betake yourself into the fields without delay, Begin to dig and hack away, Maintain yourself, your thought and feeling, Within a circle quite confined and fixed; Take nourishment of food that is not mixed; Live with the beasts as beast, nor deem it base To spread the field you reap with your own dung.

Be sure, this method's best in any case, Though eighty years of age, still to be young.

Faust I am not used to that; I can't submit To take the spade in hand and dig and ditch.

For me a narrow life is quite unfit.

Mephistopheles So then there is no help save from the witch.

Faust But why the old beldame? What is your notion? Can you yourself not brew the potion?

Mephistopheles That were a lovely pastime on my part!

Meanwhile a thousand bridges I could rear.

We can't depend alone on science or on art, The work demands a deal of patience too.

A quiet spirit's busy many a year, For time alone produces potent brew.

And all that is a part of it Is wondrous as one must admit!

It's true, the Devil taught her how to do it, And yet the Devil can not brew it.

Catching sight of THE BEASTS.

How delicate the breed! Just see!

That is the maid! The man is he!

To THE BEASTS.

It seems the dame is not at home with you.

The Beasts To a rollicking crew Out she flew By the chimney-flue!

Mephistopheles How long is it her wont to roam from here? The Beasts As long as it takes to warm a paw.

Mephistopheles [to FAUST].

How do you think the dainty beasts appear? Faust Absurd as anyone I ever saw.

Mephistopheles I say, this kind of conversation I carry on with greatest delectation.

To THE BEASTS.

Accursed puppets! Come and tell, What are you querling in that stuff? The Beasts A beggars' soup that's watered well.

Mephistopheles Then you've a public large enough.

The Male Ape [sidles up to MEPHISTOPHELES and fawns on him].
Oh, do throw the dice, Make me rich in a trice, And do let it win me!
It all is so bad, If money I had, Good sense would be in me.
Mephistopheles How fortunate the ape would think himself, could he But also risk some money in a lottery!
Meanwhile THE YOUNG APES have been playing with a great globe which they now roll forward.
The Male Ape.
That is the world!
It mounts, now whirled,
Its fall will follow, Like glass it rings.
Soon break such things!
Within it's hollow.
Here bright it gleams, Here brighter beams.
I am alive!
My dear son, strive To keep away!
For you must die!
'Tis made of clay, In bits 'twill fly.
Mephistopheles What means the sieve? The Male Ape [takes it down].
Came you to thieve, I would know you directly.
He runs to THE FEMALE APE and makes her look through it.
Look through the sieve!
Know you the thief? Dare not name him exactly? Mephistopheles [going nearer to the fire].
And then this pot? Male Ape and Female Ape.
The half-witted sot!
He knows not the pot, He knows not the kettle!
Mephistopheles Unmannerly beast!
The Male Ape.
Take the brush at least And sit on the settle!
He makes MEPHISTOPHELES Sit down.
Faust [who all this time has been standing before a mirror, now going near it, now going away from it].
What do I see? What form divinely fair Within this magic mirror is revealed?
Oh lend me, Love, thy swiftest wing and bear Me hence into her wondrous field!
Alas! If from this spot I dare But stir, or if I venture to go near, Then dim as through a mist doth she appear!
The fairest image of a woman! Can it be, Is it possible? Can woman be so fair? Must I in that recumbent body there Behold of all the heavens the epitome? Can one so fair be found on earth? Mephistopheles Well, if a God for six whole days, my friend, Toils hard and says "Ah, bravo!" at the end, Then something rather neat must come to birth.
For this time gaze till you are satiate.
I know how I can find you such a treasure And he who as a bridegroom has the happy fate To lead her home, is blessed beyond all measure!
FAUST continues to look in the mirror. MEPHISTOPHELES, stretching himself on the settle and playing with the brush, continues to speak.
I sit here like a king upon his throne; I hold the sceptre here, I lack the crown alone.
The Beasts [who meanwhile have been playing all sorts of odd confused antics, bring a crown TO MEPHISTOPHELES with a loud outcry].
Oh, please be so good With sweat and with blood The crown to belime!
They handle the crown awkwardly and shatter it into two pieces with which they jump about.
It's done for! and we, We speak and we see, We hear and we rhyme.
Faust [facing the mirror]. Woe's me! How nearly crazy do I feel!
Mephistopheles [pointing to THE BEASTS].
Now my head too almost begins to reel.
The Beasts And if we succeed And all fits indeed, Will thoughts in it be!
Faust [as above].

My breast begins to burn in me!
 Let's go away immediately!
 Mephistopheles [in the same attitude as above].
 Well, now at least one has to say, There are some honest poets anyway.
 The cauldron which THE FEMALE APE has neglected, begins to boil over; a great flame arises which streams up the chimney. THE WITCH comes careering down through the flame with horrible cries.
 The Witch Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!
 You damned beast! Accursed sow!
 Neglecting kettle, scorching me now!
 Accursed beast!
 Espying FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.
 What is that here? Who are you here? What will you wreak? Who is the sneak? May pangs of hell Burn your bones well!
 She plunges the skimming-ladle into the cauldron and sprinkles flames toward FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and THE BEASTS. THE BEASTS whimper.
 Mephistopheles [who reverses the brush which he has been holding and strikes among the glasses and pots].
 In two! In two!
 There lies the brew!
 There lies the glass!
 Let the joke pass As beat, you ass, To melodies from you!
 As THE WITCH steps back full of rage and horror.
 Do you know me? You skeleton! You fright!
 Do you know me, your lord and master? What holds me back that I don't smite And crush you and your ape-sprites with disaster? Have you no more respect before the doublet red? Can you not recognize the tall cock's-feather? Was this my face hid altogether? My name forsooth I should have said? The Witch My rough salute, sir, pardon me!
 But yet no horse's-foot I see.
 Your pair of ravens, where are they? Mephistopheles This time I'll pardon you that you were rough, For it's a long time, sure enough, Since we have crossed each other's way.
 Culture that licks and prinks the world anew, Has reached out to the Devil too.
 The northern phantom now is seen nowhere; Where do you see the horns, the claws, and tail? And as concerns the foot which I can't spare, My credit socially it would impair;
 So I, as many young men do, avail Myself of false calves now for many a year.
 The Witch [dancing].
 I almost lose my senses and my brain- oh, dear!
 To see Squire Satan once more here!
 Mephistopheles That title, woman, I forbid it me!
 The Witch Why? Has it done you any injury? Mephistopheles That's been known as a fable many a season; But men have things no better for that reason.
 Free are they from the Evil One; the evil are still here.
 Just call me Baron, that will satisfy me.
 Like other cavaliers I am a cavalier.
 My noble blood you don't deny me; This is the coat of arms I bear, see here!
 He makes an indecent gesture.
 The Witch [laughs immoderately].
 Ha! Ha! That is your very way!
 Just as you ever were, you are a rogue today!
 Mephistopheles [to FAUST].
 My friend, learn well and understand, This is the way to take a witch in hand.
 The Witch Now, gentlemen, what say you I shall do? Mephistopheles A good glass of the well-known juice, Yet I must beg the oldest sort of you.
 A double strength do years produce.

The Witch With pleasure! Here I have a bottle From which I sometimes wet my throttle, Which has no more the slightest stink; I'll gladly give a little glass to you.

In a low tone.

And yet this man, if unprepared he drink, He can not live an hour, as you know too.

Mephistopheles He is a friend of mine whom it will profit well; I would bestow your kitchen's best on him.

So draw your circle, speak your spell, Give him a cup full to the brim!

THE WITCH with curious gestures draws a circle and places marvellous things in it; meanwhile the glasses begin to ring, the cauldron to sound and make music.

Lastly, she brings a large book and places the APES in a circle so as to make them serve as reading-desk and hold the torch. She beckons FAUST to come near her.

Faust [to MEPHISTOPHEILES]. What is to come of all this? Say!

These frantic gestures and this crazy stuff? This most insipid, fooling play, I've known and hated it enough.

Mephistopheles Nonsense! She only wants to joke us; I beg you, do not be so stern a man!

Physician-like, she has to play some hocus-pocus So that the juice will do you all the good it can.

He obliges FAUST to step into the circle.

The Witch [begins to declaim, with great emphasis, from the book].

This you must ken!

From one make ten, And two let be, Make even three, Then rich you'll be.

Skip o'er the four!

From five and six, The Witch's tricks, Make seven and eight, 'Tis finished straight; And nine is one, And ten is none, That is the witch's one-time-one!

Faust I think the old hag's talking in delirium.

Mephistopheles Much more of it is still to come.

I know it well, thus doth the whole book chime;

I've squandered over it much time, For perfect contradictions, in the end, Remain mysterious alike for fools and sages.

The art is old and new, my friend.

It was the way in all the ages, Through Three and One, and One and Three, Error instead of truth to scatter.

Thus do men prate and teach untroubledly.

With fools who'll bandy wordy chatter? Men oft believe, if only they hear wordy pother, That there must surely be in it some thought or other.

The Witch [goes on].

The lofty power Of Wisdom's dower From all the world is hidden!

Who takes no thought, To him it's brought, Without a care, unbidden.

Faust What nonsense is she chanting here before us? My head's near splitting from her shrieking.

I seem to hear a whole, great chorus, A hundred thousand idiots speaking.

Mephistopheles Enough, O Sibyl excellent, enough!

Give us your drink, the precious stuff, And fill the goblet quickly to the brim.

Since he's my friend, the drink will not hurt him.

A man of numerous degrees, he's quaffed Already many a goodly draught.

THE WITCH with many ceremonies pours the drink into a goblet. As FAUST lifts it to his mouth, a light flame rises.

Mephistopheles Quick, down with it! And make an end!

Your heart will be delighted by the drink.

You are the Devil's bosom friend, And yet, afraid of fire, you shrink?

THE WITCH breaks up the circle. FAUST steps out.

Mephistopheles Quick, now, away! You must not rest.

The Witch May you enjoy the small gulp's savour!

Mephistopheles [to THE WITCH]. If I can do you any favour, Then on Walpurgis Night make your request.

The Witch Here is a song! If sometimes sung, you'll see In what a special way it will affect you.

Mephistopheles [to FAUST]. Come quickly and let me direct you; You must perspire- that needs must be So that the potent juice all through you flow.

I'll teach you afterward to value noble leisure, And soon you'll feel with thrilling pleasure How Cupid stirs and leaps and trips it to and fro.

Faust Let me but briefly gaze once more into the glass, Ah, too fair seemed that woman's form!

Mephistopheles No, no! A model that no woman can surpass,

You'll see anon alive and warm.

In a low tone.

With this drink in your body, soon you'll greet A Helena in every girl you meet.

A STREET FAUST. MARGARET [passing by].

Faust My fair young lady, may I make so free As to lend you my arm and company? Margaret I'm not a lady, am not fair; I can go home without your care.

She frees herself and exits.

Faust By heaven, but this child is fair!

I've never seen her equal anywhere!

So virtuous, modest, through and through,

Yet with a bit of curtness too.

Her ruby lips, her cheek's clear bloom, I'll not forget till the day of doom!

And then how she casts down her eyes, Stamped deeply in my heart it lies!

How curt and short were her replies, That fills me with sheer ecstasy!

MEPHISTOPHELES appears.

Faust Hear, you must get that girl for me!

Mephistopheles Well, which one, then? Faust She just went by.

Mephistopheles That one? She was just coming from her priest, Absolved from every sin, down to the least.

Hard by the chair I stole quite nigh.

She's innocent in deed and thought And went to confession all for naught.

Over her I have no power.

Faust She's over fourteen years old even so.

Mephistopheles My word! You talk like gay Lothario Who covets for himself each lovely flower And fancies, puffed up, there's no honour, no, Nor favour that he may not cull; But yet that is not always possible.

Faust Sir Master Worshipful, I beg you, pause And leave me in peace with all your laws!

And this I say- few words are best Unless that sweet young maiden lays Her head this night upon my breast, At midnight we've gone different ways.

Mephistopheles Consider well what can and can not be.

I'll need at least some fourteen days But to scent out an opportunity.

Faust Had I but seven hours' rest, no need Of devil would I have, to lead A little creature such as this astray.

Mephistopheles You're talking almost like a Frenchman. Pray Don't let yourself be vexed beyond due measure.

What good is it to reap immediate pleasure? The joy's not near so great, I say, As if you first prepare the ground With every sort of idle folly, Knead and make ready your pretty dolly, As many Romance tales expound.

Faust I've appetite without that too.

Mephistopheles Now jests aside, no more ado.

With that good, lovely child, indeed, I tell you once for all, we can't use speed.

There's nothing here to take by storm; To strategy we must conform.

Faust Get something that the angel owns for me!

Oh, lead me to her place of rest!

Get me a kerchief from her breast, A garter to my ecstasy!

Mephistopheles Now just to prove that I will be Of helpful service in your agony, We'll lose no moment in delay.

I'll lead you to her room this very day.

Faust And shall I see her? have her? Mephistopheles No!
For she'll be at a neighbour's for a chat or so.
While she is gone, all by yourself you may Enjoy her atmosphere till you are sated And feast on all the
hope of joys anticipated.
Faust Can we go there?
Mephistopheles It is too early yet.
Faust Provide a gift for her and don't forget.
Exit.
Mephistopheles Ah, gifts at once? That's good! He'll make a hit!
Full many a lovely place I know And many a treasure buried long ago.
I must survey the ground a bit.
Exit.
EVENING A NEAT LITTLE ROOM Margaret [plaiting and binding up her braids of hair].
I would give something, could I say Who was that gentleman today!
Right gallant did he seem to be And of some noble family.
That from his brow I could have told-
Else he would not have been so bold.
Exit.
MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST.
Mephistopheles Come! come in! and on tiptoe!
Faust [after a silence]. Leave me alone here, I entreat!
Mephistopheles [peering about].
Not every girl keeps things so neat.
Exit.
Faust [looking up and around]. Welcome, O thou sweet twilight glow That through this shrine art stirring
to and fro.
Sweet agony of love, possess this heart of mine, Thou who on dews of hope dost live and yet dost pine.
What sense of quiet breathes around, Of order, of contentedness!
What riches in this poverty abound!
Within this prison, ah! what blessedness!
He throws himself on the leather arm-chair by the bed.
Oh, welcome me, thou who the world now gone Didst once receive in joy and sorrow, open-armed!
How often, ah! around this fathers'-throne A flock of children clinging swarmed!
And, thankful for the Christmas gift, maybe My darling here, her childish cheeks filled out, Kissed
grandsire's withered hand devotedly.
I feel, O maid, thy spirit radiate Abundance, order, round about, That, motherly, instructs thee day by day,
Bids thee the cloth upon the table neatly lay, Even make the sand at thy feet decorate.
O darling hand! So godlike in thy ministry!
The hut becomes a realm of Heaven through thee.
And here!
He lifts one of the bed curtains.
What bliss and awe lay hold on me!
Here for whole hours I fain would tarry.
O Nature! Here didst thou in visions airy Mould her, an angel in nativity.
Here lay the child; with warm life heaving The tender bosom filled and grew; And here, with pure and
holy weaving, The image of the gods was wrought anew!
And thou, O Faust, what led thee here? I feel My very inmost being reel!
What wouldst thou here? What weights thy heart so sore? O wretched Faust! I know thee now no more.
Does magic play about me, sweet and rare? Some force impelled me to enjoy without delay, And now in
dreams of love I seem to float away!
Are we the sport of every puff of air? And if this very moment she might enter here, For thy rash conduct
how wouldst thou atone!
Thou, great big lout, how small wouldst thou appear!
How, melted at her feet, thou wouldst lie prone!

Mephistopheles [enters]. Be quick! I see her coming down the lane.
 Faust Away! I'll never come back here again!
 Mephistopheles Here is a casket, of some weight, Which I got elsewhere as a bait.
 Here, put it in the press, this minute; She'll lose her senses, I swear it to you.
 In fact, I put some trinkets in it, Enough another nobler maid to woo; But still a child's a child, and play is play.
 Faust I don't know if I should? Mephistopheles Why ask you, pray? Do you perhaps intend to hoard the treasure? Then I'd advise you in your lustfulness To waste no more sweet hours of leisure And spare me further strain and stress.
 I hope that you're not greedy!
 I rub my hands, I scratch my head-
 He puts the casket in the press and turns the lock again.
 Away and speedy! To turn the sweet young child that she be led To satisfy your heart's desire and will;
 And you look around As if to a lecture you were bound, As if before you, living still, Stood Physics and Metaphysics grey!
 But off! away!
 Exeunt.
 Margaret [with a lamp].
 Here is such close such sultry air!
 She opens the window.
 And yet it's really not so warm out there.
 I feel so strange- I don't know how I wish that Mother came home now.
 From head to foot I'm shuddering I'm but a foolish, fearsome thing!
 She begins to sing while she undresses.
 There was in Thule olden A king true till the grave, To whom a beaker golden His dying mistress gave.
 Naught prized he more, this lover, He drained it at each bout; His eyes with tears brimmed over, As oft he drank it out.
 And when he came to dying, His towns and his lands he told, Naught else his heir denying Except the beaker of gold.
 Around him knight and vassal, At a royal feast sat he In his fathers' lofty castle, The castle by the sea.
 There the old pleasure-seeker Drank, standing, life's last glow, Then hurled the sacred beaker Into the waves below.
 He saw it plunging, drinking, And sinking in the sea, And so his eyes were sinking, Never one drop more drank he.
 She opens the press to put away her clothes and catches sight of the little jewelcasket.
 How came this lovely casket in my press? Indeed I turned the lock most certainly.
 It's very strange! What's in it I can't guess.
 Someone has brought it as a pledge maybe, And on it Mother loaned a bit.
 Here on the ribbon hangs a little key, I really think I'll open it.
 What is that? God in Heaven! See!
 I've never seen such things as here!
 Jewels! A noble lady might appear With these on any holiday.
 This chain- how would it look on me? Ah, whose can all this splendour be?
 She adorns herself with it and steps before the mirror.
 Were but the earrings mine! I say One looks at once quite differently.
 What good is beauty? blood of youth? All that is nice and fine, in truth; However, people pass and let it be.
 They praise you- half with pity, though, be sure.
 Toward gold throng all, To gold cling all, Yes, all! Alas, we poor!
 A PROMENADE
 FAUST walking thoughtfully up and down. MEPHISTOPHELES joins him.
 Mephistopheles By every despised love! By the red-hot fires of Hell!
 Would I knew something worse, to curse by it as well!
 Faust What is the matter? What's so badly vexing you? I've never seen before a face that looked that way.
 Mephistopheles Off to the Devil I'd betake myself this day If I myself were not a devil too!

Faust What has gone wrong? Why thus behave? It suits you well to rant and rave!
Mephistopheles Just think, the gems for Gretchen that I got, A wretched priest has bagged the lot!
The mother gets to see the stuff And starts at once to feel a secret shuddering.
The woman has a scent that's fine enough, Forever in her prayer-book she delights to snuff, And smells it
out in every single thing If it be sacred or profane; So in those gems she noses till it's plain That they held
little blessing, little good.
"My child," she cried, "to keep unrighteous gain Perturbs the soul, consumes the blood.
We'll dedicate it to the Mother of our Lord, With heavenly manna She'll reward!"
Then Gretchen drew her mouth askew; She thought: "It is a gift-horse, it is true, And surely godless is not
he Who brought it here so handsomely." The mother summoned in a priest who came And when he'd
scarce perceived the game, Got much contentment from the sight.
He said: "So one is minded right!
Who overcometh, winneth a crown.
The Church hath a good stomach ever, Whole countries hath she gobbled down, And yet hath over-eaten
never; The Church alone, dear ladies, best Can all unrighteous goods digest." Faust That is a custom that
men oft pursue; A Jew and king can do it too.
Mephistopheles With that he bagged brooch, chain, and rings, As if mere toadstools were the things, And
thanked them neither less nor more
Than were it a basketful of nuts he bore.
He promised them all heavenly pay And greatly edified thereby were they.
Faust And Gretchen? Mephistopheles Now sits restless. What she would She knows not, neither what she
should, Thinks of the jewels night and day, Still more on him who brought them to her.
Faust The darling's grief distresses me.
Quick! get new ornaments to woo her.
The first ones were not much to see.
Mephistopheles Oh yes, Milord thinks all is mere child's-play!
Faust Make haste and do things as I like them done.
Into her neighbour's graces win your way!
Devil, don't be like mush and move so slow.
Fetch some new ornaments- up, now, and run!
Mephistopheles Yes, gracious sir, with all my heart I'll go.
Exit FAUST.
Such an enamoured fool would puff and blow Sun, moon, and stars into thin air Just as a pastime for his
lady fair.
Exit.
THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE Martha [alone].
God pardon my dear husband! He Has truly not done well by me!
Off in the world to go and roam And leave me on the straw at home!
Sure, I did naught to vex him, truly, And, God knows, always loved him duly.
She weeps.
Perhaps he's even dead!- Oh, cruel fate!
If I but had a death-certificate!
MARGARET enters.
Margaret Dame Martha!
Martha Gretchen dear, what can it be? Margaret My knees almost sink under me!
There in my press I've found again Just such a casket- and of ebony, And things! magnificent they are,
Much richer than the first, by far!
Martha You must not tell that to your mother; She would confess it like the other.
Margaret Ah, only look! ah, see now, do!
Martha [decking her out]. You lucky, lucky creature, you!
Margaret Alas, these jewels I can never wear At church or on the street, I'd never dare!
Martha Come often over here to me And here put on the jewels secretly.
Stroll up and down before the mirror for a season; We'll have our own sweet joy of it.
And then there'll be a feast-day or some other reason When one lets people see them, bit by bit.

A chain at first, a pearl then in your ear; your mother Scarce will see it, we'll coin some fib or other.
Margaret But both the caskets! Who could bring Them both? Some wrong is in this thing!
Someone knocks.
Good Heaven! My mother- can that have been? Martha [peeping through the curtain].
It's some strange gentleman! Come in!
MEPHISTOPHELES enters.
Mephistopheles I'm very bold to walk in right away; The pardon of the ladies I must pray.
He steps back respectfully in the presence of MARGARET.
Dame Martha Schwerdtlein I would like to find!
Martha I'm she! What has the gentleman upon his mind? Mephistopheles [aside to her]. I know you now,
that is enough for me.
You have a most distinguished guest, I see.
Excuse the liberty I took! If it is not too soon, I'll come again this afternoon.
Martha [aloud]. Imagine, child, of all things on this earth!
The gentleman thinks you of noble birth.
Margaret I am a poor, young thing, as you can see.
The gentleman is far too kind to me.
The ornaments and jewels aren't my own.
Mephistopheles Ah, it is not the ornaments alone; You've such a manner, so refined a way!
How glad I am that I may stay!
Martha What is your errand? I would like to hear Mephistopheles I wish my tidings brought more cheer!
I hope you'll not make me repent this meeting:
Your husband's dead and sends a greeting.
Martha Is dead? That faithful heart! Oh, woe!
My husband's dead! I'm dying! Oh!
Margaret Ah! don't despair, Dame Martha dear!
Mephistopheles Prepare the mournful tale to hear!
Margaret That's why I would not love while I draw breath; Such loss as this would make me grieve to
death.
Mephistopheles Joy must sorrow, sorrow joy must know.
Martha Relate the ending of his life to me!
Mephistopheles In Padua he's buried, midst a row Of graves close to St. Anthony, In holy ground that was
well blessed, Forever cool his bed of rest.
Martha Did you bring nothing else beside? Mephistopheles Oh yes, a weighty, great petition:
Three hundred masses are you to provide!
My pockets? They have naught. Thus endeth my commission!
Martha What? Not a medal? Not a trinket? Such As every journeyman deep in his pouch doth hide, As a
remembrance puts aside, And rather hungers, rather begs, than touch? Mephistopheles Madame, that
grieves me much, but let me say, He truly did not throw his cash away; And deeply did he all his faults
deplore, Yes, and bewailed his ill luck still much more.
Margaret Alas, the bad luck men do meet!
Full many a requiem for him will I pray.
Mephistopheles You're fit, I think, to wed this very day; You are so lovable and sweet.
Margaret That would not do as yet. Ah, no!
Mephistopheles If not a husband, be it for the while a beau.
For, of the greatest gifts of Heaven, it is one To have within our arms a lover dear.
Margaret That's not the custom of the country here.
Mephistopheles Custom or not! At any rate it's done.
Martha Tell on, oh, please!
Mephistopheles I stood where dying he was laid.
'Twas not a dung-heap; somewhat better it was made Of rotting straw; but as a Christian did he die,
Thinking he owed far greater penance for his life.
"How deeply must I hate myself," I heard him cry, "To leave my business so, my wife!
Alas, the recollection's killing me.

If she could but forgive me in this life!"

Martha [weeping].

The good man! I forgave him long sincerethfully!

Mephistopheles "But she, God knows, was more to blame than I!" Martha He lies! What! at the grave's brink- so to lie!

Mephistopheles He fabled as he breathed his last, be sure, If I am only half a connoisseur.

"I could not gape for pastime," so he said; "First children, then to get them bread, And bread in all the broadest sense, I swear; Yet never could I eat in peace my share." Martha To all my love, fidelity, he gave no thought, Nor to my drudgery by night and day? Mephistopheles Not so; he thought of it most warmly as he ought.

He said: "From Malta once I sailed away

And ardently for wife and children did I pray.

Then Heaven favoured us in gracious measure Because our ship a Turkish vessel caught Which to the mighty Sultan bore a treasure.

Then valour was rewarded as was fit, And I received moreover, as one ought, My own well-measured share of it." Martha Oh what? Oh where? Perhaps he buried it? Mephistopheles Who knows where the four winds have carried it? A pretty miss adopted him as her dear friend When he, in Naples strange, was circulating; She gave him love and troth so unabating That he felt the results until his blessed end.

Martha The scamp! The robber of his children, he!

And all that want and all that misery Could not prevent the shameful life he led!

Mephistopheles Well, he has paid for it and now he's dead.

If I were now in your place here, I'd mourn for him a well-bred year, Meanwhile be on the lookout for a sweetheart new.

Martha Ah, God! Another like the first I knew, I'll hardly find on earth again!

There scarce could be a dearer little fool than mine.

Only to roam he was too much inclined, and then He loved those foreign women, also foreign wine, And that accursed dice-throwing.

Mephistopheles Now, now, things could have gone and still be going, If he perchance as much in you Had overlooked on his part too.

I swear, on terms like these, if you'd agree, I'd ask you to exchange a ring with me.

Martha The gentleman is pleased to jest.

Mephistopheles [aside]. Now to make off betimes were best!

She'd hold the very Devil to his word.

To GRETCHEN.

How is your heart? Has it been stirred? Margaret What means the gentleman? Mephistopheles [aside]. You innocent, sweet dear!

Aloud.

Ladies, good-by!

Margaret Good-by!

Martha Oh, quickly let me hear The evidence I'd like to have and save:

Where, how, and when my darling died and where his grave.

Of order I have always been a friend, And in our Weekly I would like to read his end.

Mephistopheles Yes, my good woman, what two witnesses attest

Is always known as truth made manifest, And with me I've a splendid mate.

I tell you, I'll take him before a magistrate.

I'll bring him here.

Martha Oh, do that, do!

Mephistopheles And this young lady, will she be here too? A gallant chap! and travelled far has he And shows young ladies every courtesy.

Margaret Before the gentleman I'd flush with shame.

Mephistopheles Before no king this earth could name.

Martha Behind my house and in my garden then, This evening we'll await the gentlemen.

A STREET

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust How goes it? Will it work? soon win the game? Mephistopheles Ah, bravo! Do I find you all aflame? Gretchen will in a brief time be your own.

This evening you will see her all alone At Neighbour Martha's; that's a woman made For go-between and gypsy trade.

Faust 'Tis well Mephistopheles Yet something's wanted from us too.

Faust One service may demand another as its due.

Mephistopheles We have in form only to attest That her good spouse's outstretched limbs repose In Padua, in consecrated soil at rest.

Faust Most wise! We first must make the journey, I suppose!

Mephistopheles Sancta Simplicitas! Of that there is no need; You don't know much, but still depose.

Faust If that's your best, I tear your plan asunder.

Mephistopheles O saintly man! Then you would be a saint indeed!

Is it the first time in your life You've borne false witness? Well, I wonder!

Of God, the world, and what therein is rife, Of man, what stirs within his heart and brain, Have you no definition given with might and main? With brazen brow and dauntless breast? And if you'll only probe things truly, You knew of them- you must confess it duly No more than of this Schwerdtlein's death and place of rest!

Faust You are and you remain a liar, sophist too.

Mephistopheles Yes, if one did not have a little deeper view.

Will you not presently cajole Poor Gretchen- in all honour too- and swear To her the love of all your soul?

Faust Aye, swear it from my heart.

Mephistopheles Fine, I declare!

Then there'll be talk of love, fidelity eternal, Of one almighty force supernal Will that too issue from your heart alone? Faust Have done! It will!- And when I'm feeling, When for the feeling, for my senses' reeling, I seek for names and yet find none, Then through the world with every sense sweep on, Toward all the loftiest phrases, grasping, turn, And this the glow from which I burn,

Endless, eternal, aye, eternal name, Is that a devilish, lying game? Mephistopheles And yet I'm right!

Faust Take heed! Mark this from me, I beg of you, and spare my lungs:

He who maintains he's right- if his the gift of tongues Will have the last word certainly.

So come, this prating rouses my disgust; I'll say you're right, especially since I must.

A GARDEN

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

Margaret I feel the gentleman is only sparing me, So condescends that I am all confused.

A traveller is so much used To bear with things good-naturedly.

I know too well, my poor talk hardly can Amuse you, an experienced man.

Faust One glance from you, one word, more entertains Than all the wisdom that this world contains.

He kisses her hand.

Margaret Don't incommode yourself! How can my hand be kissed by you? It is so ugly and so rough!

What work is there that I've not had to do? My mother's more than strict enough.

They pass on.

Martha And you, sir, are you always on the go? Mephistopheles Alas, that business, duty, drive us so!

With how much pain one goes from many a place, And even so, one simply must not stay.

Martha In active years perhaps 'tis well this way, Thus freely round and round the world to race; But then the evil times come on apace, And as a bachelor to drag on to the grave alone, That has been good for no one, you must own.

Mephistopheles With dread I see it far away.

Martha Then, worthy sir, consider while you may!

They pass on.

Margaret Yes, out of sight is out of mind!

To you so easy is this courtesy; But many friends you always find, More sensible than I can be.

Faust O dear one! Trust me, that which men call sense Is oft but vanity and narrowness.

Margaret But why? Tell me.

Faust Ah, that simplicity, that innocence, That neither its own sacred value knows!

That lowliness, humility, those gifts supreme That loving Nature's bounteous hand bestows
Margaret Though you may think of me a moment only, I'll have, ah, time enough to think of you and dream.

Faust You are then often lonely? Margaret Yes, for our household is but small, And yet one has to look to all.

We have no maid- must cook, sweep, sew, and knit, And early run about and late; And Mother is in all of it
So accurate!

Not that in spending she must feel confined; We could branch out far more than many do.

My father left a pretty property behind, A house outside the town, a little garden too.

Yet now I've pretty quiet days. My brother, He is a soldier lad.

My little sister's dead.

A deal of trouble with the child did I go through; Yet once more would I gladly undertake the bother, I loved the child so much.

Faust An angel, if like you.

Margaret I brought it up and it was fond of me.

Father had died when it was born; We gave our mother up for lost, so worn And wretched, lying there, was she.

And she grew well so slowly, bit by bit, She could not think of suckling it Herself, the poor babe pitifully wee, And so I brought it up, and quite alone, With milk and water; so it became my own.

Upon my arm and in my lap it threw

Itself about, was friendly too, and grew.

Faust You've surely felt the purest happiness.

Margaret But also many weary hours, I must confess.

The wee thing's cradle stood at night Beside my bed; it scarcely might Just stir; I was awake; Sometimes I had to give it drink, sometimes to take It in with me, sometimes from bed arise And dandle up and down the room to hush its cries; And at the wash-tub stand at daylight's break, Then to the marketing and to the hearth attend.

Tomorrow too just like today, so without end.

Thus, sir, one's spirits are not always of the best, But in return one relishes both food and rest.

They pass on.

Martha Poor women have things hard, it's true; A bachelor's not easy to convert.

Mephistopheles It but depends upon the like of you, For then my present ways I might desert.

Martha Speak out, sir, is there none you've ever met? Has your heart never bound itself as yet?

Mephistopheles One's own good wife and hearth, we're told, Are worth as much as pearls and gold.

Martha I mean, if you have never felt a passion? Mephistopheles I've always been received in very courteous fashion.

Martha I mean: has love in earnest never stirred your breast? Mephistopheles With ladies one should never dare to jest.

Martha Ah, you don't understand me!

Mephistopheles That distresses me!

And yet I understand- most kindly would you be.

They pass on.

Faust Did you, O little angel, straightway recognize Me when I came into the garden? Margaret Did you not see that I cast down my eyes? Faust That liberty I took, you'll pardon? The daring impudence that day When coming from the church you went your way? Margaret I was confused; to me it never had Occurred; no one could say of me what's bad.

Ah, thought I, in your manner, then, has he Seen something bold, unmaidenly? It seemed to strike him right away To have some dealings with this girl without delay.

Yet I confess I know not why my heart Began at once to stir to take your part.

But with myself I was right vexed, it's true, That I could not become more vexed toward you.

Faust Sweet darling!

Margaret Wait a bit!

She plucks a star-flower and picks off the petals, one after the other.

Faust What's that? A nosegay? Margaret No, It's just a game.

Faust What? Margaret You will laugh at me, do go!

She pulls off the petals and murmurs.
 Faust What are you murmuring? Margaret [half aloud]. He loves me- loves me not!
 Faust Sweet, heavenly vision!
 Margaret [goes on].
 Loves me- not- loves me- not Plucking off the last petal with lovely joy.
 He loves me!
 Faust Yes, my child! and let this blossom's word Be oracle of gods to you! He loves you!
 You understand that word and what it means? He loves you!
 He seizes both her hands.
 Margaret I'm all a-tremble!
 Faust Oh, shudder not! But let this look, Let this hand-pressure say to you What is unspeakable:
 To give one's self up wholly and to feel A rapture that must be eternal!
 Eternal!- for its end would be despair.
 No! no end! no end!
 MARGARET presses his hands, frees herself, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought and then follows her.
 Martha [coming]. The night comes on.
 Mephistopheles Yes, and we must away.
 Martha I'd ask you make a longer stay; But it's a wicked place, here roundabout, As if no one had naught to carry through And naught to do But gape at all the neighbours going in and out.
 One's talked about, do all one may.
 And our dear couple? Mephistopheles Up that walk I saw them whirr, The wanton butterflies!
 Martha He seems to take to her.
 Mephistopheles And she to him. So runs the world away.
 A GARDEN HOUSE
 MARGARET runs in, hides behind the door, holds the tip of her fingers to her lips, and peers through the crevice.
 Margaret He's coming!
 Faust [enters]. Rogue, it's thus you tease!
 I've caught you!
 He kisses her.
 Margaret [embracing him and returning the kiss].
 Best of men, I love you from my heart?
 MEPHISTOPHELES knocks.
 Faust [stamping]. Who's there? Mephistopheles A friend!
 Faust A beast!
 Mephistopheles I think it's time to part.
 Martha [enters]. Yes, sir, it's late.
 Faust Mayn't I escort you, please? Margaret My mother would- Good-by!
 Faust Must I go then? Good-by!
 Martha Adieu!
 Margaret But soon to meet again!
 FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES exeunt.
 Margaret Dear God! The things that such a man Can think of! Everything! I only can Stand there before him shamed and quivering And answer "Yes" to everything.
 I am a poor unknowing child, and he I do not see what he can find in me.
 Exit.
 FOREST AND CAVERN Faust [alone]. Spirit sublime, thou gav'st me, gav'st me all
 For which I prayed. Thou hast not turned in vain Thy countenance to me in fire and flame.
 Thou gav'st me glorious nature as a royal realm, The power to feel and to enjoy her. Not Amazed, cold visits only thou allow'st; Thou grantest me to look in her deep breast Even as in the bosom of a friend.
 Thou ledest past a series of the living Before me, teaching me to know my brothers In silent covert and in air and water.

And when the storm roars screeching through the forest, When giant fir tree plunges, sweeping down And crushing neighbouring branches, neighbouring trunks, And at its fall the hills, dull, hollow, thunder: Then leadest thou me to the cavern safe, Show'st me myself, and my own heart becomes Aware of deep mysterious miracles.

And when before my gaze the stainless moon Soothing ascends on high: from rocky walls And from damp covert float and soar about me The silvery forms of a departed world And temper contemplation's austere joy.

Oh, that for man naught perfect ever is, I now do feel. Together with this rapture That brings me near and nearer to the gods, Thou gav'st the comrade whom I now no more Can do without, though, cold and insolent, He lowers me in my own sight, transforms With but a word, a breath, thy gifts to nothing.

Within my breast he fans with busy zeal A savage fire for that fair, lovely form.

Thus from desire I reel on to enjoyment And in enjoyment languish for desire.

Mephistopheles [appears].

Have you now led this life quite long enough? How can it long have any charm for you? 'Tis well, indeed, for once to try the stuff, But then, in turn, away to something new!

Faust I wish that you had something else to do Than on a happy day to plague me like a pest.

Mephistopheles Now, now! I'll gladly let you rest!

You do not dare to say this seriously.

A comrade mad, ungracious, cross, Would truly be a trifling loss.

The livelong day one's hands are full as they can be.

What he would like for one to do or leave alone, His lordship's face will never let one see.

Faust So! That is just, the proper tone:

You now want thanks for boring me.

Mephistopheles Without me how would you, Earth's wretched son, Have kept on living? What would you have done? Your hodge-podge of imagination- balderdash!

At least I've cured you now and then of all that trash.

In fact, if I had not been here at all, You'd long since sauntered off this earthly ball.

Why here within the cavern's rocky rent Thus sit your life away so owl-like and alone? Why from the sodden moss and dripping stone

Sip, like a toad, your nourishment? A fine sweet way to pass the time. I'll bet The Doctor's in your body yet.

Faust Can you conceive what new vitality This walking in the desert works in me? Yes, could you sense a force like this, You would be devil enough to grudge my bliss.

Mephistopheles It's more than earthly, such delight!

To lie in night and dew on mountain height, Embracing earth and heaven blissfully, Puffing one's self and deeming one a deity; To burrow through earth's marrow, onward pressed By prescient impulse, feel within one's breast All six days' work, in haughty power enjoy and know I can't tell what, soon all creation overflow In rapturous love, lost to all sight the child of clay, And then the lofty intuition

With a gesture.

Ending- I dare not say in what fruition!

Faust Shame on you!

Mephistopheles That's not to your liking, eh? You have the moral right to cry out "Shame!

Before chaste ears one must not name What chaste hearts can't dispense with, just the same!

In short, I grudge you not the pleasure of evasion, Of lying to yourself upon occasion; But you will not stick long to that, it's clear.

Again you are already spent, And if this goes on longer, you'll be rent To shreds by madness or by agony and fear.

Enough of this! Your darling sits at home apart And more and more she's feeling caged and sad.

Your image never leaves her mind and heart, The all-consuming love she bears you is half mad.

First came your passion like the furious current Of brooklets swollen high from melted snow.

Into her heart you poured the torrent,

And now again your brooklet's running low.

I think, instead of sitting throned in forests wild It would become so great a lord To seek the poor, young, silly child And give her for her love some due reward.

To her the time grows pitiably long.
 She stands beside the window, sees the clouds that stray Over the old town wall and far away.
 "Were I a little bird!" so goes her song, All day long and half the night long.
 She's mostly sad, at times is gay, At times is quite wept out, and then, It seems, is calm again, And is in love always.
 Faust Serpent! Serpent!
 Mephistopheles [aside]. Good! I'll bet That I will get you yet!
 Faust Infamous fiend! Off, get you hence!
 And do not name that lovely woman!
 Nor yet desire for her sweet body summon Again before my half-distracted sense!
 Mephistopheles What would you then? She thinks that you have flown, And half and half you are, as you must own.
 Faust I'm near to her, however far I were, I never can forget nor yet lose her; I envy even the Body of the Lord Whenever her sweet lips touch the Adored.
 Mephistopheles Well said, my friend! Oft have envied you indeed The twin-pair that among the roses feed.
 Faust Off, pander!
 Mephistopheles Fine! You rail and it's a joke to me.
 The God who fashioned youth and maid
 At once perceived the noblest trade Was that He make them opportunity.
 Be off! That is a cause of woe!
 It's to your darling's chamber you're to go, Not to your death, indeed!
 Faust How am I, in her arms, by Heaven blessed? Though I grow warm upon her breast, Do I not always feel her need? Am I not still the fugitive? unhousted and roaming? The monster without goal or rest That like a cataract from rock to rock roared foaming To the abyss, by greed and frenzy headlong pressed? She at one side, still with her childlike senses furled, Upon the alpine meadow in the cottage small, With all her homely joys and cares, her all, Within that little world; And I, the God-detested, Not enough had I That all the rocks I wrested And into pieces made them fly!
 Her did I have to undermine, her peace!
 Thou, Hell, didst have to have this sacrifice!
 Help, Devil, make it brief, this time of agony!
 What must be done, let it at once be so!
 Then may her fate plunge crushing down on me, And she with me to ruin go!
 Mephistopheles How it seethes again and how again it glows!
 You fool, go and console your pretty dear!
 When such a brain as yours no outlet knows, It straightway fancies that the end is near.
 Long life to him who bravely dares!
 At other times you've been of quite a devilish mind.
 Naught more absurd in this world can I find Than is a devil who despairs.
 GRETCHEN'S ROOM Gretchen [at her spinning-wheel, alone].
 My peace is gone, -My heart is sore I'll find it, ah, never, No, nevermore!
 When he is not near, My grave is here; My world is all Turned into gall.
 My poor, poor head Is all a-craze, And my poor wits All in a maze.
 My peace is gone, -My heart is sore I'll find it, ah, never, No, nevermore!
 To see him only At the window I stay, To meet him only From home I stray.
 His noble form, His bearing so high, And his lips so smiling, And the power of his eye, His flowing speech's Magic bliss,
 His hands' fond clasp, And, ah, his kiss!
 My peace is gone, -My heart is sore I'll find it, ah, never, No, nevermore!
 My bosom yearns Toward him to go.
 Ah! might I clasp him And hold him so, And kiss his lips As fain would I, Upon his kisses To swoon and die!
 MARTHA'S GARDEN
 MARGARET. FAUST.

Margaret Promise me, Henry!

Faust What I can!

Margaret How do you feel about religion? Tell me, pray.

You are a dear, good-hearted man, But I believe you've little good of it to say.

Faust Hush, hush, my child! You feel my love for you.

For those I love, I'd give my blood and body too, Would no one of his feelings or of church bereave.

Margaret That's not enough. We must believe!

Faust Must we? Margaret Ah, could I but impress you, Henry dear!

The Holy Sacraments you also don't revere.

Faust I do revere them.

Margaret But without desire, alas!

It's long since you confessed or went to mass.

Do you believe in God? Faust My darling, who dare say:

"I believe in God"? You may Ask priest or sage, and you'll receive What only seems to mock and stay The asker.

Margaret So you don't believe? Faust Sweet vision, don't misunderstand me now!

Who dare name Him? And who avow:

"I believe in Him?" Who feels and would Have hardihood To say: "I don't believe in Him?" The All-Enfolder,

The All-Upholder, Enfolds, upholds He not You, me, Himself? Do not the heavens over-arch us yonder? Does not the earth lie firm beneath? Do not eternal stars rise friendly Looking down upon us? Look I not, eye in eye, on you, And do not all things throng Toward your head and heart, Weaving in mystery eternal, Invisible, visible, near to you? Fill up your heart with it, great though it is, And when you're wholly in the feeling, in its bliss, Name it then as you will, Name it Happiness! Heart! Love! God!

I have no name for that!

Feeling is all in all; Name is but sound and smoke, Beclouding Heaven's glow.

Margaret That's all quite nice and good to know;

Much the same way the preacher talks of it, Only in words that differ just a bit.

Faust Wherever the light of Heaven doth shine, All hearts repeat it, everywhere, and each In its own speech; Then why not I in mine? Margaret To hear it thus, it's passable, and still I doubt it; In spite of it all there is some hitch about it, For you have no Christianity.

Faust Dear child!

Margaret It long has been a grief to me That I see you in such company.

Faust How so? Margaret The man who is with you as your mate,

Deep in my inmost soul I hate.

In all my whole life there's not a thing That's given my heart so sharp a sting As that man's hostile face has done.

Faust Don't fear him, my precious one!

Margaret His presence makes my blood run so chill, And toward all others I bear good-will; But although to see you I yearn and long, With uncanny horror that man makes me shrink.

He is a knave, I really do think!

God forgive me if I'm doing him wrong!

Faust Such queer birds there must also be.

Margaret I'd not like to live with one like him!

If he but comes inside the door, you see Him look always so scoffingly And so half grim.

For nothing has he any real sympathy;

It's written on his forehead, one can see That in his sight no soul can be dear.

I feel so happy in your arm, So free, so yielding, and so warm, And yet my heart grows stifled whenever he is near.

Faust O you foreboding angel, you!

Margaret It overcomes me so much too, That when he but only comes our way, I even think I've no more love for you, And when he's there, I nevermore could pray; That eats into my heart; and so you too Must feel, dear Henry, as I do.

Faust You simply have antipathy!

Margaret I must go now.
Faust Ah, can there never be
Upon your bosom one calm, little hour of rest, To mingle soul with soul, press breast to breast? Margaret
Ah, if I only slept apart!
For you I'd gladly leave the bolt undrawn tonight, But then my mother's sleep is light; And were we
found by her, dear heart, I would fall dead upon the spot!
Faust No need of that! You angel, fear it not!
Here is a little phial Only three Drops in her drink, and pleasantly Deep slumber will enfold her like a
charm!
Margaret For your sake what would I not do? I hope it will not do her harm!
Faust If so, my love, would I thus counsel you? Margaret If I but look at you, O best of men,
I know not what compels me to your will.
I've done so much, your wishes to fulfil, There's almost nothing left for me to do.
Exit. MEPHISTOPHELES appears.
Mephistopheles The little monkey! Is she gone? Faust You've spied again!
Mephistopheles I've heard it all and understood, The Doctor was put through the catechisms.
I hope that it will do you good.
Girls have a great desire to know, it's true, If one is sleek and pious, true to ancient isms.
They think: if there he knuckles, us he'll follow too.
Faust You monster, you've not seen How this soul true and dear, Full of the faith she hath, That quite
alone must mean
Eternal bliss to her, torments herself with awful fear To think the man she loves is doomed by endless
wrath.
Mephistopheles You lover super-sensual, sensual too, A damsel leads you by the nose.
Faust O monstrous progeny of fire and filthy spew!
Mephistopheles And physiognomy quite masterly she knows.
She feels she knows not how when I'm about, And in my mask a hidden meaning sees.
She feels that I'm a daemon, without doubt, Perhaps the very Devil, if you please!
Well now- tonight? Faust What's that to you? Mephistopheles I have my pleasure in it too!
AT THE WELL
GRETCHEN and LISBETH with jugs.
Lisbeth Of our friend Babbie you've not heard? Gretchen I seldom go where people are- no, not a word.
Lisbeth It's true, Sibylla told me so today!
So after all she's played the fool, I say.
That comes of all her airs!
Gretchen How so? Lisbeth It stinks.
She's feeding two now when she eats and drinks.
Gretchen Ah!
Lisbeth So now it's served her right, in truth.
How long she's hung upon that youth!
That was a promenading, To village and to dance parading!
Had ever as the first to shine, He always courted her with tarts and wine; She fancied her beauty was
something fine, Was yet so lost to honour she had no shame To take his presents as they came.
'Twas cuddling and kissing, on and on; And now, you see, the floweret's gone!
Gretchen The poor thing!
Lisbeth What! You pity her? I don't!
When girls like us were spinning, mother's wont At night was never to let us out, But she! With her sweet
love she'd stand about.
On the door-bench, in the hallway dim, No hour became too long for her or for him.
Now she can knuckle under in full view And in a sinner's shift do penance too.
Gretchen He'll take her of course to be his wife.
Lisbeth He'd be a fool! A lively lad Has plenty elbow-room elsewhere.
Besides, he' gone.
Gretchen That is not fair!

Lisbeth If she gets him, she'll find her luck is bad.

The boys will dash her wreath on the floor, And we will strew chaff before her door.

Exit.

Gretchen [going home]. How could once so stoutly flay When some poor maiden went astray!

How I could find no words enough At others' sins to rail and scoff!

Black as it seemed, I made it blacker still, But never black enough to suit my will; I blessed myself! So proud I've been!

Now I'm myself laid bare to sin!

Yet- all that drove me, all I would, God! was so dear! ah, was so good!

THE RAMPARTS

In a niche of the wall a devotional image of the Mater Dolorosa with jugs for flowers in front of it.

Gretchen [is putting fresh flowers in the jugs].

Oh, bend Thou, Mother of Sorrows; send Thou A look of pity on my pain.

Thine heart's blood welling With pangs past telling, Thou gazest where Thy Son hangs slain.

Thou, heavenward gazing, Art deep sighs raising On high for His and for Thy pain.

Who feeleth

How reeleth This pain in every bone? All that makes my poor heart shiver, Why it yearneth and doth quiver, Thou dost know and Thou alone!

Wherever I am going, How woe, woe, woe is growing, Ah, how my bosom aches!

When lonely watch I'm keeping, I'm weeping, weeping, weeping, My heart within me breaks.

The plants before my window I wet with tears- ah, me As in the early morning I plucked these flowers for Thee.

Ah, let my room but borrow The early sunlight red, I sit in all my sorrow Already on my bed.

Help! rescue me from death and stain!

Oh, bend Thou, Mother of Sorrows; send Thou A look of pity on my pain!

NIGHT

The street before GRETCHEN'S door.

Valentine [a soldier, Gretchen's brother].

When I've sat with a jovial crowd Where many a man has boasted loud And fellows then have praised to me The beauty of maidens noisily And drowned the praises with full cup, Upon my elbow well propped up Secure in my repose I've sat and so Heard all the braggadocio.

I've stroked my whiskers, smiling, bland, And grasped the full cup in my hand And said: "Let each man have his way!

But is there one in all the land Like my dear Gretchen, who can hold

A candle to my sister? Say!" Hear! hear! clink-clink! about it went; Some cried: "He's right! She is of all Her sex the pride and ornament!" Then dumb sat all the boasters bold.

And now!- I could tear out my hair And try to run straight up a wall!

With stinging speeches, nose in air, Each scurvy knave may taunt and sneer!

I'll sit like one accursed by debt And at each casual word I'll sweat!

Though I would like to smash and maul them, Still, liars I could never call them.

What's coming here? What sneaks in view? If I mistake not, there are two.

If he is one, swift at his hide I'll drive!

He shall not leave this spot alive!

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust How from the window of yon sacristy

Upward the glow of that eternal taper shimmers, And weak and weaker sideward glimmers, And darkness round it presses nigh!

So in my bosom do night shadows gather.

Mephistopheles I'm like a sentimental tom-cat, rather, That stealthy sneaks by fire-escapes, Along the walls quite softly scrapes.

I feel quite like myself in this, I must confess:

A bit of thievish greed, a bit of rammishness.

So even now, I feel, through every vein Is spooking glorious Walpurgis Night.

Just two days hence it comes again.

Then why one keeps awake, one knows aright!
 Faust Meanwhile does not a treasure rise in air That I see glimmering back there? Mephistopheles Ere long you can proceed with pleasure To raise the kettle and its treasure.
 Not long ago I took a squint,
 Saw splendid lion-dollars in't.
 Faust But not a trinket, not a ring, To ornament my darling girl? Mephistopheles I saw among them some such thing, A kind of necklace made of pearl.
 Faust So it is well! I do not find it pleasant To go to her without a present.
 Mephistopheles It should not really trouble you To have some pleasure gratis too.
 Now since the sky glows with a starry throng, A very masterpiece you'll hear.
 I'll sing to her a moral song, More surely to beguile her ear.
 He sings to his guitar.
 What dost before
 Thy lover's door, Katrin, before The world with light is laden? Let, let it be!
 He lets in thee As maid, but he Will let thee out no maiden.
 Maids, heed aright!
 Is it done quite? Ah, then good-night!
 Poor things, he will not linger!
 For your own sake, No robber take, When love he'd make, Save with the ring on finger!
 Valentine [steps forth].
 Whom lure you here? God's-element!
 O you rat-catcher, cursed slinger!
 To the Devil first the instrument!
 To the Devil afterwards the singer!
 Mephistopheles He's broken my guitar! There's no more use in it.
 Valentine A skull's now going to be split!
 Mephistopheles [to FAUST]. Don't give way, Doctor! Quick! Don't tarry!
 Keep close by as I lead the way.
 Out with your duster, out, I say!
 Thrust hard at him and I will parry.
 Valentine Then parry that!
 Mephistopheles And why not, pray? Valentine That too!
 Mephistopheles Sure!
 Valentine I believe the Devil's in the fray!
 What's this? My hand's already going lame.
 Mephistopheles [to FAUST]. Thrust home!
 Valentine [falls].
 O woe!
 Mephistopheles Now is the lubber tame!
 But quick away! We must at once be gone, For even now a murd'rous cry arises.
 With the police quite nicely I get on But fare but ill with the assizes Martha [at a window]. Out, neighbours, out!
 Gretchen [at a window]. Here, bring a light!
 Martha [as above]. They rail and scuffle, yell and fight.
 People Already one is lying there! He's dead!
 Martha [coming out]. The murderers! Where have they run?
 Gretchen [coming out].
 Who's lying here? People Your mother's son!
 Gretchen Almighty One! What misery!
 Valentine I'm dying! That is quickly said And quicker still can be.
 Why, women, stand and howl and wail? Come here and listen to my tale!
 They all come around him.
 My Gretchen, see! Young are you still And shrewd enough by no means quite.
 You manage your affairs but ill.

In confidence I tell you, what is more, Since once for all now you're a whore, So be one then outright!
Gretchen My brother! God! What words to me!
Valentine In this game let our Lord God be!
Now what is done is done, alas!
And as things can, so will they come to pass.
With one you started secretly, And more of them there soon will be.
When a dozen men have had you down, You're common then to all the town.
When Shame at first is given birth, She is smuggled in upon this earth, And then the veil of night is
thrown Around her cars and head; Yes, one would gladly murder her instead.
But when both proud and great she's grown, By daylight then she goes forth openly, And yet has not
become more fair to see.
The loathsomer her face, straightway The more she seeks the light of day.
I see the time already nearing When townsfolk, honest and God-fearing,
As from an infectious body shrinking, Past you, you whore, will hurry slinking.
In heart and body you'll despair If they but look you in the face!
No more a golden chain you'll wear, No more beside the altar take your place!
In fine lace collar to your pleasure You'll dance no more a happy measure.
In some dark corner you will hide Among beggars and cripples, side by side.
Even if God His pardon give, On earth you shall accursed live!
Martha Commend your soul to God! Can it then be You'll cap your other sins with blasphemy? Valentine
Could I but to your withered body limp, You shameless woman, coupling pimp!
Then I indeed might hope to win Forgiveness plenty for each sin.
Gretchen My brother! Oh, what agony!
Valentine I tell you, let the weeping be!
When you from honour went apart, You stabbed me to the very heart.
Now through the slumber of the grave I go to God, a soldier brave.
Dies.

CATHEDRAL

Mass, Organ, and Singing. GRETCHEN among many people, EVIL SPIRIT behind GRETCHEN. Evil Spirit

How different, Gretchen, it was with thee, When thou, still full of innocence, Here to the altar cam'st, Out
of the well-worn, little book Didst prattle prayers, Half childhood's play, Half God in thy heart!

Gretchen!

Where are thy thoughts? Within thy heart What foul misdeed? Is it for thy mother's soul thou prayest,
who Through thee to long, long torment fell asleep? Upon thy door-sill, whose the blood? -Beneath thy
heart already Is there not stirring swelling life That tortureth itself and thee With its foreboding presence?
Gretchen Woe! Woe!

Would I were free of thoughts That go within me hither and thither Against my will!

Choir. Dies irae, dies illa Solvet saeculum in favilla.

Sound of the organ.

Evil Spirit Wrath grips thee!

The last trumpet sounds!

The graves are trembling!

And thy heart, From rest in ashes To flaming torments Raised up, re-created, Trembling ascends!

Gretchen Would were away from here!

It seems to me as if the organ Would stifle my breathing, As if my inmost heart Were melted by the
singing.

Choir.

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

Gretchen I'm stifling here!

The walls and pillars Imprison me!

The vaulted arches Crush me!- Air!

Evil Spirit Hide thyself! Sin and shame Remain not hidden.

Air? Light? Woe's thee!

Choir. Quid sum miser tunc dicturus? Quem patronum rogaturus, Cum vix justus sit securus? Evil Spirit
The faces of the Glorified Will turn away from thee; To thee their hands to offer Will the Pure shudder.
Woe!

Choir. Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Gretchen Neighbour! Your smelling-salts!
She falls in a swoon.

WALPURGIS NIGHT

THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS Region of Schierke and Elend FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles If you'd a broomstick, wouldn't that be fine? I wish the sturdiest he-goat were mine.
Our goal's still far off and this way is rough.

Faust As long as I feel fresh afoot, I say For me this knotted staff's enough.

What good is it when one cuts short the way? To loiter through the labyrinth of valleys And then to mount
these cliffs, whence sallies The ever bubbling, leaping spring, That is the spice that makes such paths
worth wandering!

Already springtime in the birches stirs, It's even felt already by the firs; Should not our members also feel
effect? Mephistopheles Forsooth, no trace of that can I detect!

I'm feeling wintry in my every limb; Upon my path I should like frost and snow.

How sadly rises, red and incomplete, the dim Moon's disc with its belated glow Lighting so ill that at each
step or so One runs against a rock, against a tree!

Let's ask a will-o'-the-wisp to lend his flicker!

I see one there just flaming merrily.

Hey, friend! May I bid you to help us get on quicker? Why will you blaze away so uselessly? Do be so
good and light us up the hill!

Will-o'-the-Wisp.

Out of respect for you I hope I'll find A way to curb my nature's flighty will; Our course, as heretofore, is
zigzag still.

Mephistopheles Ho! Ho! You think you'll imitate mankind.

Go on and in the Devil's name, but straight! Now mind!

Or else I'll blow your flickering light clean out.

Will-o'-the-Wisp. You are the master of the house, I have no doubt, And I'll accommodate myself to you
with glee.

But do reflect! The mountain's magic-mad today, And if a will-o'-the-wisp must show the way, You must
not take things all too seriously.

Faust, Mephistopheles, Will-o'-the-Wisp [in alternating song].

Spheres of dream and necromancy, We have entered them, we fancy.

Lead us well, for credit striving, That we soon may be arriving In the wide and desert spaces.

I see trees there running races.

How each, quickly moving, passes, And the cliffs that low are bowing, And the rocks, long nose-like
masses,

How they're snoring, how they're blowing!

Over stones and grass are flowing Brook and brooklet downward fleeting.

Hear I murmuring? Hear I singing? Hear sweets plaints of love entreating, Voices of those blest days
ringing? What we're loving, hopeful yearning!

And the echo, like returning Tales of olden times, rousondest!

Hoo-hoo! Shoo-hoo! Nearer soundest Cry of owlet, jay, and plover!

Are they all awake remaining? Salamanders, through the cover, Long-limbed, fat-paunched, are they
straining? And the roots, like serpents, winding Out of rock and sand, unbinding, Stretch out fetters
strange to scare us, To affright us and ensnare us.

Living, sturdy gnarls uncanny Stretch out polypus-antennae Toward the wanderer. Mice are teeming In a
thousand colours, streaming

Through the moss and through the heather!

And the glow-worms fly, in swarming Columns, ever forming A bewildering escort hither.

Tell me, do we stay or whether We are going onward thither? All, all seems to be gyrating, Rocks and
trees that make grimaces, Lights that wander, changing places, Multiplying, self-inflating.

Mephistopheles Grab my mantle's hem, hold tightly!
Here's a midway peak where nightly Man, astounded, sees and knows How in the mountain Mammon glows.
Faust How strangely glimmers through the gorges, Like morning's red, a turbid glow!
Down the abyss itself it forges, Cleaving its way through gulfs far, far below.
Vapour floats yonder, there is steam up-leaping,
Here shines a glow through mist and haze, Then like a slender thread it's creeping, Then forth it breaks like fountain-sprays.
Here for a long way it goes winding Along the vale in a hundred veins And here- a corner crowding, binding
In sudden isolation wanes.
There sparks are sprinkling like a shower Of widely scattered golden sand.
And see the rocky walls! They tower, They kindle and like ramparts stand.
Mephistopheles Does not Sir Mammon splendidly Light up the palace for his revelry? You see all this!
What luck you've had!
But hark! Now come the guests in tumult mad.
Faust How through the air the tempest raves!
It smites my neck, shock after shock!
Mephistopheles You must lay hold on these old ribs of rock;
Else it will hurl you down to these abysses' graves.
A mist is making night more dark.
How through the woods it crashes! Hark!
Scared away, the owls are flying.
Hearken! Columns split and quiver In palaces of green undying.
The branches sigh and breaking shiver!
The tree-trunks' mighty groaning!
The roots are creaking and moaning!
In frightfully entangled fall They crash together, one and all, And through the wreck-over-strewn abysses
The tempest howls and hisses.
Voices over us! Do you hear? Now far off and now more near? All the mountain-side along Streams a
furious magic song!
Witches [in Chorus].
The witches to the Brocken go; The grain is green, the stubble aglow.
There gathers all the mighty host; Sir Urian' sits uppermost.
So goes it over stone and stock; The witch breaks wind, and stinks the buck.
A Voice Alone old Baubo's coming now; She's riding upon a farrow sow.
Chorus.
So honour to whom honour is due!
In front, Dame Baubo! Lead the crew!
A sturdy sow with mother astride, All witches follow in a tide.
A Voice Which way did you come here? A Voice The Ilsenstein way.
I peeped in the owl's nest there today.
She made great eyes at me!
A Voice Oh, fare on to Hell!
Why ride so pell-mell?
A Voice Just see how she's flayed me!
The wounds she has made me!
Witches [Chorus].
The way is broad, the way is long; What is that mad and crazy throng? The broomstick pokes, the
pitchfork thrusts, The infant chokes, the mother busts.
Wizards [Half Chorus].
We steal along, like snails' our pace; All women beat us in the race.
If toward Hell we set our pace, By a thousand steps they win the race.
Other Half Not so precisely do we take it, In a thousand steps may woman make it; Yet though she hastes
as ever she can, In a single leap it's done by man.

A Voice [from above]. Come with us from the cliff-bound mere!
A Voice [from below].
We'd like to go with you up there.
We wash and we're scoured all bright and clean, But sterile still as we've always been.
Both Choruses The wind is stilled, the stars take flight, The dismal moon fain hides its light; In whiz and whirr the magic choir By thousands sputters out sparks of fire.
A Voice [from below].
Halt there! Ho, there! Ho!
A Voice [from above].
Who calls out from the cleft below? A Voice [below]. Take me too! Take me too!
I'm climbing now three hundred years And I can never reach the summit.
I want to be among my peers.
Both Choruses The broomstick bears, and bears the stock,
The pitchfork bears, and bears the buck.
Who cannot lift himself today, Is a lost man for aye and aye.
Half-Witch [below]. I've tripped behind so many a day, And now the others are far away!
I've no repose at home, and yet Here too there's none for me to get.
Chorus of Witches.
Salve puts a heart in every hag, Good as a sail is any rag; A good ship every trough is too.
You'll fly not 'less today you flew.
Both Choruses And when we glide the peak around, Then sweep along upon the ground; Bedeck both far and wide the heather With all your witchdom's swarm together.
They settle down.
Mephistopheles They crowd and shove, they rush and clatter,
They hiss and whirl, they pull and chatter, They sputter, stink and burn and flare!
A real witch-element, I swear!
Keep close or soon we'll be a parted pair.
Where are you? Faust [at a distance]. Here!
Mephistopheles Already snatched up there? Then I must exercise my rightful sway.
Make way! Squire Voland comes! Make way, sweet folk, make way!
Here, Doctor, hold to me! and now in one quick rush Let us get out of all this crush; It is too crazy even for the likes of me.
Hard by there something gleams with a quite peculiar glare; A something draws me to that shrubbery.
Come, come! We'll go and slip in there.
Faust Spirit of Contradiction! On! and lead the way!
It was a very clever notion, I must say;
We seek the Brocken on Walpurgis Night, Yet choose to isolate ourselves when near the height!
Mephistopheles What motley flames! Just look along the heather!
There is a jolly club together.
In little circles one is not alone.
Faust I'd rather be up yonder, I must own.
Already whirling smoke and glow come into view.
A host is streaming to the Devil! See them ride!
Full many a riddle there must be untied.
Mephistopheles Yet many a riddle will be tied anew.
Just let the great world whiz and riot; We'll house us meanwhile here in quiet.
We've known it as a fact of ancient date That men make little worlds within the great.
I see young witches stripped and naked over there And old ones wisely veiled, they don't go bare.
For my sake be a friend to all; The fun is great, the trouble small.
I hear the sound of instruments arise!
Accursed din! One must get used to that ado.
Come! Come with me! It can't be otherwise.
I'll step up here; I'll introduce you too, And thus in debt to me bind you anew.
That is no little space. What say you, friend? Just look out there! You scarce can see the end.

A hundred fires are burning, tier on tier.
They dance, they cook, they drink, make love, and chat.
Now say, where's something better than all that? Faust In introducing us, will you appear As devil or magician here? Mephistopheles True, I'm much used to go incognito, But on a gala day one lets one's orders show.
No garter have I to distinguish me, But here the horse's foot is honoured and in place.
You see that snail there? See her groping face!
Already, creeping hither steadily, She's scented something out in me.
Though I should wish it, I cannot belie me here.
But come! From fire to fire we'll make a tour, I'll be the go-between and you the wooer.
To some who are sitting around dying embers.
You aged sirs, what are you doing in the rear? I'd praise you if right nicely in the midst I found you, With riot, youthful revelry around you.
At home there's solitude enough for everyone.
General. What trust in nations can one place? However much for them one may have done.
In peoples' as in women's grace Youth stands supreme over everyone.
Minister. Now all too far away from right are men, I praise the good and old, and duly; When we were all-in-all, ah, truly, The real, real golden age was then.
Parvenu.
We too weren't stupid, I'll be bound.
Oft what we did, we shouldn't rightly; But now the world turns round and round, And just when we would hold things tightly.
Author. Who now in any case will read A book with contents middling clever? And as for dear young folks, indeed, They're pert and saucy now as never.
Mephistopheles [who all at once appears very old].
I feel that men are ripe for Judgment Day, Since no more up the witches' mount I'll climb; And since my cask drains turbidly away, So too the world declines in dregs and slime.
Huckster-Witch.
You gentlemen, don't pass by so!
Let such an opportunity not go!
Look at my wares attentively; Here are all sorts of things to see.
Yet in my shop, sirs, there is naughtIts like on earth you will not findThat at some time or other has not wrought
Dire harm both to the world and to mankind.
No dagger's here which has not streamed with blood, No cup which has not poured a hot, consuming flood Of poison into some quite healthy frame, No gem that has not brought some lovely maid to shame, Nor sword that has not made a truce miscarry Or, from behind maybe, has stabbed no adversary.
Mephistopheles Dear Coz, you understand but badly times like these:
What's done is past! What's past is done!
Provide yourself with novelties!
By novelties alone can we be won.
Faust If I'm not to forget myself, I must watch out!
That's what I call a fair beyond all doubt.
Mephistopheles Upward strives the whirling throng; You think you shove, and you are shoved along.
Faust Who can that be?
Mephistopheles Observe her with great care!
That's Lilith.
Faust Who? Mephistopheles Adam's first wife. Beware That lovely hair of hers, those tresses Which she incomparably delights to wear!
The young man whom she lures into their snare She will not soon release from her caresses.
Faust Yonder sit two, one old and one young thing.
They have already done some right good capering.
Mephistopheles There is no rest today for young or old.
A new dance starts; come now let us take hold!

Faust [dancing with THE YOUNG WITCH].
 Once came a lovely dream to me.
 I saw therein an apple tree;
 Two lovely apples on it shone, They charmed me so, I climbed thereon.
 The Beauty.
 The little apples man entice Since first they were in Paradise.
 I feel myself with pleasure glow That such within my garden grow.
 Mephistopheles [with THE OLD WITCH].
 Once came a wanton dream to me.
 I saw therein a riven tree; It had a monstrous hole; 'Twas huge, yet I was pleased with it.
 The Old Witch.
 I proffer now my best salute To you, the knight with horse's foot!
 Let me a proper cork prepare, If him a big hole does not scare.
 Proctophantasmist. Accursed folk! how dare you then? Have you not long had proof complete, A spirit
 never stands on ordinary feet?
 And now you're dancing like us other men!
 The Beauty [dancing].
 Why is he at our ball? that fellow there? Faust [dancing].
 Ha! He is simply everywhere.
 He must appraise what others dance.
 If over each step he can't make a din, The step's as good as if it had not been.
 It irks him most the moment we advance.
 If you'd but turn around in endless repetition As he is wont to do in his old mill, That, to be sure, he'd call
 not ill, Especially if you asked his permission.
 Proctophantasmist.
 You are still here! This is unheard-of, on my word!
 Vanish! We brought enlightenment as you have heard!
 This devilish crew cares not for rules or books.
 We are so wise, and yet in Tegel there are spooks!
 How long I've swept and swept at this conceit absurd And can't sweep clean- this is unheard-of, on my
 word!
 The Beauty. Then do stop boring us in such a place!
 Proctophantasmist. I say it, Spirits, to your face, This spirit despotism I will not endure; My spirit can not
 act that way.
 The dancing goes on.
 I see that I have no success today; But anyway I'll take along "A Tour" And hope still, ere my last step, to
 subdue The devils and the poets too.
 Mephistopheles He'll straightway in a puddle set him.
 That's how he gets relief, of solace well assured.
 When leeches, feasting on his rump, beset him, Of spirits and of spirit he is cured.
 To FAUST who has left the dance.
 Why do you let the pretty maiden go Who sang so sweetly as you danced along?
 Faust Ugh! in the very middle of her song A mouse sprang from her lips- 'twas small and red.
 Mephistopheles That's quite all right. There's naught in that to dread.
 It is enough you did not find the mouse was grey.
 Who in a lover's hour will bother anyway? Faust I saw then Mephistopheles What? Faust Mephisto, see
 you there Far off she stands, alone- a girl so pale and fair? She drags herself but slowly from that place.
 She seems to move with shackled feet.
 I must confess, I thought it was the face That she looks like my Gretchen sweet.
 Mephistopheles Do let that be! That is of good to none.
 It is a magic image, lifeless eidolon.
 It is not well to meet that anywhere; Man's blood grows frigid from that rigid stare; And he is turned
 almost to stone.
 The story of Medusa you of course have known.

Faust In truth, the eyes of one who's dead are those, Which there was no fond, loving hand to close; That is the breast that Gretchen offered me, That is the body sweet that I enjoyed.

Mephistopheles It's sorcery, you fool, you're easily decoyed!

She seems to each as though his love were she.

Faust What rapture! Ah, what misery!

Yet from this vision I can't turn aside.

How strange that such a lovely neck A single band of crimson must bedeck!

A knife's edge scarcely seems less wide.

Mephistopheles Quite right! I see it likewise, it is true!

And she can bear her head twixt side and elbow too, For Perseus struck it off for her I vow, illusion's still bewitching you!

Do come on up the little height!

The Prater is not livelier; And if someone has not bewitched me quite, I truly see a theatre.

What's going on? Servililis. They're starting now. The play Will be the last of seven, one that's new; To give so many is the usual way.

A dilettante wrote the play And dilettanti will enact it too.

Excuse me, gentlemen, if I must disappear; With dilettant delight I raise the curtain.

Mephistopheles I find that all is well, to find you here; Your proper place is on the Brocken, that is certain.

WALPURGIS NIGHT'S DREAM OR, OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING

INTERMEZZO.

Theatre Manager.

Now for once we'll rest today, Valiant sons of Miedling.

Misty vale and mountain grey Are all the scene we're needing!

Herald.

Golden wedding cannot be Till fifty years have vanished; And yet golden is't to me When the strife is banished.

Oberon.

Are ye spirits to be seen, Come forth and show it duly!

Fairy king and fairy queen, They are united newly.

Puck.

Now comes Puck and whirls about

And slides his foot a-dancing; After come a hundred out, Themselves and him entrancing.

Ariel.

Ariel awakes the song With pure and heavenly measure; Many frights he lures along, And fair ones too, with pleasure.

Oberon.

Spouses who would live in peace, Learn from our example!

When a pair would love increase, To separate them's ample.

Titania.

Sulks the husband, carps the wife, Just seize them quickly, harry Her away far to the south And him to far north carry.

Orchestra Tutti [fortissimo].

Snout of fly, mosquito-bill, With kin of all conditions,

Frog in leaves and crickets shrill, These are the musicians!

Solo.

See, here comes the bagpipe's sack!

Soapbubble-like, it's blowing.

Hear the snecke-snicke-snack Through its snub nose flowing!

A Spirit that is just taking form.

Spider's foot and paunch of toad And wings the wight doth grow him!

True, a beastie 'twill not be But yet a little poem.

A Little Couple.

Short step here and high leap there Through honey-dew and sweetness; Yet you'll soar not through the air, With all your tripping fleetness.

Inquisitive Traveller.

Is that not mummers' mocking play? Shall I trust to my vision? Fair god Oberon today

Is here on exhibition? Orthodox.

Claws or tail I do not see And yet, beyond a cavil, Just like "The Gods of Greece" is he Likewise a very devil.

Northern Artist.

What I may grasp today may be But sketches of this tourney, Yet I'm betimes preparing me For my Italian journey.

Purist.

Woe! bad luck has led me here.

How decency they're mocking!

Of all the witches' host, dear! dear!

But two are powdered! Shocking!

Young Witch.

Powder is like a petticoat, For grey hags hoddody-doddy; So I sit naked on my goat And show a strapping body.

Matron.

We are too well-behaved by far, With you to snarl a lot here; Yet, young and tender as you are, I hope that you will rot here.

Leader of the Orchestra.

Snout of fly, mosquito-bill, Don't swarm around the naked!

Frog in leaves and cricket shrill, Do mark the time and take it!

Weather-Vane [turning in one direction].

The comp'ny's all one can wish for, Each one a bride, I swear it!

And man by man a bachelor, Most prom'sing, I declare it!

Weather-Vane [turning in the other direction].

And will the ground not open out To swallow all who're dancing, Then I will swiftly leave this rout And straight to Hell go prancing.

Xenia.

See us here as insects! Ha!

Each one with sharp shears on her, That Lord Satan, our papa, We fittingly may honour.

Hennings.

Just see them all, a crowding throng, Naively jesting, playing!

That they had kind hearts all along, They'll in the end be saying.

"Leader of the Muses." Amid this witches' host, indeed, One's way one gladly loses; For, sure, I could these sooner lead Than I can lead the Muses.

The Quondam "Spirit of the Times." With proper folk one can all do.

Come, cling close, none can pass us!

The Blocksberg has a broad top too, Like Germany's Parnassus.

Inquisitive Traveller.

What's the name of that stiff man? He goes with haughty paces; He snuffles all he snuffle can.

"He scents the Jesuits' traces." Crane.

If water clear or muddy be, I fish with pleasure, really; That's why this pious man you see With devils mixing freely.

Worldling.

By pious people, I speak true, No vehicle's rejected; Conventicles, more than a few, On Blocksberg are erected.

Dancer.

Another chorus now succeeds!

I hear a distant drumming.

"Don't be disturbed! It's, in the reeds, The herons' changeless booming." Dancing Master.

How each his legs kicks up and flings!

Somehow gets on, however!

The clumsy hops, the crooked springs, And how it looks, ask never!

Fiddler.

They hate each other well, that crew, And they would like to rend them.

As Orpheus' lyre the beasts all drew, The bagpipe here will blend them.

Dogmatist.

I'll not let screams lead me to war With doubts and critics-cavils.

The Devil must be something, or Else how could there be devils? Idealist.

For once, as I see phantasy, It is far too despotic.

In truth, if I be all I see, Today I'm idiotic.

Realist.

This riot makes my torture sheer And greatly irks me surely;

For the first time I'm standing here On my feet insecurely.

Supernaturalist.

With much delight I join this crew And share with them their revels; For that there are good spirits too I argue from these devils.

Skeptic.

They go to track the flamelets out And think they're near the treasure.

Devil alliterates with Doubt, So I am here with pleasure.

Leader of the Orchestra.

Frog in leaves and cricket shrill, Cursed dilettants! Perdition!

Fly-snout and mosquito-bill, You're each a fine musician!

The Adroit.

Sans-souci, we call us so, Gay creatures free from worry; We afoot no more can go,

So on our heads we hurry.

The Ne'er-Do-Wells.

We once sponged many a bite, 'tis true, God help us! That is done now!

We've danced our shoes entirely through, On naked soles we run now.

Will-o'-the-Wisps.

From the marshes we come out, Where we arose from litter; Yet here in dancing roundabout We're gallants all a-glitter.

A Falling Star.

From the heights above plunged I, With star- and fire-light o'er me; Crooked now in grass I lie, Who'll to my feet restore me? The Heavy Ones.

Room! more room! All round us too!

Thus downward go the grasses.

Spirits come and they, it's true, Are clumsy, heavy masses.

Puck.

Bloated, enter not the fray, Like elephant-calves about one!

And the clumsiest today Be Puck himself, the stout one!

Ariel.

If kind Nature gave you wings, If them Mind uncloses, Follow my light wanderings To yon hill of roses!

Orchestra [pianissimo].

Cloud and mist drift off with speed, Aloft 'tis brighter growing.

Breeze in leaves and wind in reed, And all away is blowing.

A DISMAL DAY. A FIELD.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust In misery! Despairing! Long pitiably astray upon the earth

and now imprisoned! That lovely, ill-starred creature locked up in a prison as a criminal, to suffer horrible tortures. To that has it come! to that!- Treacherous, contemptible spirit, and that you have concealed from me!- Stay, then, stay! Roll your devilish eyes ragingly in your head! Stay and defy me with your intolerable presence! Imprisoned! In irreparable misery!

Delivered up to evil spirits and to condemning, feelingless mankind! And me, meanwhile, you cradle in insipid diversions, hide from me her increasing wretchedness, and let her, helpless, go to ruin!

Mephistopheles She's not the first one.

Faust Dog! Detestable monster! Turn him, Thou Spirit Infinite, turn the worm back into his dog's-form, as at night it often pleased him to trot along before me, to roll in a heap before the feet of the innocent wanderer, and as he fell, to spring upon his shoulders. Turn him back into his favourite form, that he may crawl on his belly, before me in the sand, that I may trample him beneath my feet, the outcast!- Not the first one!

-Woe! Woe! that no human soul can grasp it, that more than one creature has sunk down into the depths of this misery, that the first one, in writhing, deathly agony, did not atone for the guilt of all the others in the sight of the Eternal Pardonner!

The misery of this single one pierces the marrow of my life; and you are calmly grinning at the fate of thousands!

Mephistopheles Now we are again at our wits' end, there where the reason of you mortals snaps from over-stretching. Why do you enter into fellowship with us if you can not carry it through? Will you fly and are not safe from dizziness? Did we force ourselves on you, or you on us? Faust Bare not so your greedy fangs at me! It fills me with loathing! Great, glorious Spirit, Thou who didst deign to appear to me, Thou who knowest my heart and my soul, why fetter me to the infamous comrade who feeds on mischief and slakes his thirst in destruction? Mephistopheles Have you ended? Faust Save her! or woe to you! The most hideous curses be on you for thousands of years!

Mephistopheles I can not loose the bonds of the avenger, nor undo his bolts. Save her! Who was it that plunged her into ruin? I or you?

FAUST looks around wildly.

Mephistopheles Will you reach for the thunder? 'Tis well that it was not given to you miserable mortals! To smash to pieces the man who blamelessly answers back, that is the tyrant's way of venting himself when embarrassed.

Faust Take me to her! She shall be free!

Mephistopheles And the danger to which you will expose yourself? Know that the guilt of blood, from your hand, still lies upon the town. Over the spot where a man was slain, avenging spirits hover and lie in wait for the returning murderer.

Faust That too from you? The murder and death of a world be upon you, monster! Lead me to her, I say, and set her free!

Mephistopheles I will lead you, and what I can do, hear! Have I all power in Heaven and on earth? The warder's senses I will becloud; make yourself master of the keys and lead her forth with human hand. I'll watch! The magic horses are ready, I will carry you away. That I can do.

Faust Up and away!

NIGHT. AN OPEN FIELD.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES storming along on black horses.

Faust What weaving are they round the Ravenstone? Mephistopheles I know not what they are brewing and doing.

Faust Hovering up, hovering down, bending low, bowing down.

Mephistopheles A witches' guild.

Faust They strew and dedicate.

Mephistopheles On! On!

A PRISON Faust [with a bunch of keys and a lamp, in front of an iron wicket].

A long-unwonted shudder over me falls, The woe of human lot lays hold on me.

Here then she dwells, within these humid walls, And all her crime was a fond fantasy.

You hesitate to go her? You fear Again to see her near? On! Your faltering brings death lingering here!

He grasps the lock. Someone is singing [inside].

My mother, the whore, She has murdered me!

My father, the rogue, He has eaten me, My sister, so small, My bones, one and all, In a cool place did lay.

A forest bird fair I became that day; Fly away! Fly away!

Faust [unlocking the wicket].

She does not dream her lover listens, near again, And hears the rustling straw, the clanking chain.

He steps in.

Margaret [hiding herself on her pallet].
Woe! Woe! They come! How bitter 'tis to die!
Faust [softly]. Hush! Hush! I come to set you free!
Margaret [grovelling at his feet].
If you're a man, then feel my misery!
Faust You will wake the warders with your cry!
He takes hold of the chains, to unlock them.
Margaret [on her knees]. Who, headsman, ever had this power Over me to give? You fetch me at the midnight hour!
Be merciful and let me live!
Will it not be soon enough when the matin's rung?
She stands up.
Ah! I am still so young, so young!
And now to die!
It was my ruin that so fair was I.
My love was near, now he is far; Torn lies the wreath, scattered the flowers are.
Seize me not thus so violently!
What have I done to you? Oh, pity me!
Let me not in vain implore!
I've never, my life long, seen you before!
Faust Can I survive this misery? Margaret You now have power over me.
Let me but nurse my baby once again.
I fondled it the livelong night; They took it from me, just to give me pain, And now they say I murdered it outright.
I never shall again be glad.
They're singing songs about me! That is bad Of people! An old story ends just so.
Who bids them tell it of me, though? Faust [throws himself down].
Here at your feet a lover lies, To loose the bondage of these miseries.
Margaret [throws herself beside him].
Oh, let us kneel, call on the saints to hear us!
See! under these steps near us And the threshold's swell, Seething all Hell!
The Devil, In fearful brawling, Holds awful revel!
Faust [loudly].
Gretchen! Gretchen!
Margaret [listening attentively].
That was my lover calling!
She springs up. The chains fall off.
Where is he? I heard him calling! I am free!
No one shall hinder me.
To his neck will I fly, On his bosom lie!
He called "Gretchen!" He stood at the door of my cell.
Through the midst of the howl and clatter of Hell, Through the anger and scorn of the devilish crew, The tones of that sweet, loving voice I knew.
Faust It's I!
Margaret It's you! Oh, say it once again!
Embracing him.
It's he! It's he! Where's all my misery? And where the anguish of the gaol? the chain? It's you! You've come to save me!
And I am saved!
The very street is here anew Where for the first time I saw you, And the cheerful garden too Where I and Martha wait for you.
Faust [urging her to go]. Come! Come with me!
Margaret Oh, tarry!
So gladly do I tarry where you tarry!

Caressing him.
 Faust Hurry!
 Unless you hurry, We must pay for it dearly.
 Margaret What? And can you kiss no more! Is this My love, away from me a short while merely, And yet forgotten how to kiss? Why do I cling about your neck so fearfully? When once but at a glance, a word, from you, All Heaven swept me through and through, And you kissed me as if you'd smother me.
 Kiss me! Do!
 Or I'll kiss you!
 She embraces him.
 Oh, woe! Your dear lips are so cold, Are still!
 Where has your loving Been roving? Who did me this ill?
 She turns away from him.
 Faust Come! follow me, love, have courage, be bold!
 I'll press you to my heart with warmth a thousandfold; I only beg you now to follow me!
 Margaret [turning toward him].
 And is it you, then? You, quite certainly? Faust It's I! Come with me!
 Margaret You unlock the chain, You take me in your lap again!
 How is it that you do not shrink from me? And do you know, my love, whom you set free? Faust Come! come! The depths of night already wane.
 Margaret My mother I have slain.
 My child I've drowned! It's true!
 Was it not given to me and you? To you as well! It's you! I scarce can deem
 It real. Give me your hand! It is no dream!
 Your darling hand! But ah, it's wet!
 Quick wipe it off! It seems that even yet I see blood run.
 Ah, God! What have you done? Oh, put away The sword, I pray!
 Faust Let what is done and over, over be!
 You're killing me.
 Margaret No, you must stay alive, you must indeed!
 I'll tell you how the graves must be.
 For them you must take heed Tomorrow morn for me.
 The best place give to my mother, And close beside her my brother, Me a little to one side, A space- but not too wide!
 And put the little one here on my right breast.
 No one else will lie beside me!
 Ah, in your arms to nestle and hide me, That was a sweet, a lovely bliss!
 But now, much as I try, it seems to go amiss.
 It seems to me as if I must Force myself on you and you thrust Me back, and yet it's you, so kind, so good to see.
 Faust If you feel it is I, then come with me!
 Margaret Out there? Faust To freedom!
 Margaret If the grave's out there, Death lurking near, then come with me!
 From here to the eternal bed of rest And no step further- No!
 You go away now? Henry! Oh, that I could go!
 Faust You can! Just will it! Open stands the door.
 Margaret I dare not go; for me there's no hope any more.
 Why flee? They'll surely lie in wait for me.
 It is so wretched to beg one's way And with an evil conscience too.
 It is so wretched, in unknown parts to stray, And they will seize me anyway.
 Faust I shall remain with you.
 Margaret Quick! Quick! Begone!
 Save your poor child! On! On!
 Keep to the way Along the brook, Over the bridge To the wood beyond, To the left where the plank is In the pond.

Quick! Seize it! Quick!
It's trying to rise, It's struggling still!
Save it! Save it!
Faust Collect your thoughts! And see, It's but one step, then you are free!
Margaret If we were only past the hill!
There sits my mother upon a stone, My brain is seized by cold, cold dread!
There sits my mother upon a stone, And to and fro she wags her head; She becks not, she nods not, her
head's drooping lower, She has slept long, she'll wake no more.
She slept and then we were so glad.
Those were happy times we had.
Faust No prayers help here and naught I say, So I must venture to bear you away.
Margaret Let me alone! No, I'll not suffer force!
Don't pounce so murderously on me!
I have done all for love of you.
Faust My darling! See!
The day is dawning! Darling!
Margaret Day! Yes, day is dawning! The last day breaks for me!
My wedding-day this was to be!
Tell no one you have been with Gretchen.
My wreath's gone forever!
It is gone and in vain.
We'll see one another again, But at dances never.
The crowd comes surging, no sound it makes, The street and square Cannot hold all there.
The death-bell tolls, the white wand breaks.
How they seize me, bind me with lashes!
Away and to the block I'm sped.
Each neck is wincing at the flashes As swift the keen blade flashes over my head.
Hushed lies the world as the grave.
Faust Oh! had I never been born!
Mephistopheles [appears outside]. Off! or you're lost and lorn.
What vain delaying, wavering, prating!
My shivering steeds are waiting, The morning twilight's near.
Margaret What rises up from the threshold here? He! He! Thrust him out!
In this holy place what is he about? He seeks me!
Faust You shall live!
Margaret Judgment of God! My all to thee I give!
Mephistopheles [to FAUST].
Come! Come! Along with her I will abandon you.
Margaret Thine am I, Father! Rescue me!
Ye angels! Ye heavenly hosts! Appear, Encamp about and guard me here!
Henry! I shrink from you!
Mephistopheles She is judged!
A Voice [from above]. She is saved!
Mephistopheles [to FAUST]. Here to me!
He disappears with FAUST.
A Voice [from within, dying away].
Henry! Henry!
The Second Part OF THE TRAGEDY
ACT I
PLEASING LANDSCAPE TWILIGHT
FAUST, reclining on flowery turf, weary, restless, trying to sleep. SPIRITS, charming little figures
forming a circle, hovering about.
Ariel [song accompanied by Aeolian harps].

When in spring the rain of flowers Hovering sinketh over all, When the meadows, bright with showers,
 Unto all the earth-born call, Tiny elves with souls propitious Haste to help where help they can; Be he
 blameless, be he vicious, They lament the luckless man.
 Hovering around this head in circles airy, Look that ye show the noble law of fairy:
 Appease the furious conflict in his heart!
 Draw out the burning arrows of remorse,
 From suffered horrors cleanse his inmost part!
 Four pauses makes the night upon its course:
 Hasten to fill them with your kindly art!
 His head upon a cooling pillow lay, Then bathe him in the dew from Lethe's stream!
 His limbs, cramp-stiffened, soon will freely play When rest has made him strong for morn's new beam.
 Perform the fairest elfin rite, Restore him to the holy light!
 Chorus [singly, or two or more, alternating and together].
 When the breezes, warmth exhaling, Fill the green-encircled plain, Twilight sinks its mists enveiling,
 Brings sweet fragrance in its train, Softly whispers peace to mortals, Rocks the heart to childlike rest,
 Closes eyelids, daylight's portals, Of the weary and oppressed.
 Night already sinks and darkles, Holy follows star on star, Light now bright, now fainter sparkles, Glitters
 near and gleams afar,
 Glitters, in the lake reflecting, Gleams in night's clear canopy; Deepest slumber's bliss perfecting, Reigns
 the moon's full majesty.
 Now the hours are passed and over, Pain and bliss have fled away.
 Feel it now! Thou wilt recover!
 Trust the gleam of new-born day!
 Vales grow green and hills are swelling, Lure to bowers of rest again; Harvest's coming now foretelling,
 Roll the silvery waves of grain.
 If thou every wish wouldst gain thee, Gaze at yonder glory wide!
 Lightly do the bonds restrain thee; Sleep's a shell, cast it aside!
 Be the crowd faint-hearted, quailing, Falter not, but be thou bold!
 All is his who never-failing Understands and swift lays hold.
 A tremendous tumult announces the approach of the sun.
 Ariel Hark! The storm of hours is nearing!
 Sounding loud to spirit-hearing, Is the new-born day appearing.
 Rocky portals grate and shatter, Phoebus' wheels roll forth and clatter.
 What a tumult Light brings near!
 Trumpets, trombones are resounding, Eyes are blinking, ears astounding; The unheard ye shall not hear.
 Slip into a flowery bell Deeper, deeper; quiet dwell Under the leaf, in the cliff, If it strikes you, ye are deaf.
 Faust Refreshed anew life's pulses beat and waken To greet the mild ethereal dawn of morning; Earth,
 through this night thou too hast stood unshaken And breath'st before me in thy new adorning, Beginst to
 wrap me round with gladness thrilling, A vigorous resolve in me forewarning, Unceasing strife for life
 supreme instilling.-
 Now lies the world revealed in twilight glimmer, The wood resounds, a thousand voices trilling; The vales
 where mist flows in and out lie dimmer, But in the gorges sinks a light from heaven, And boughs and
 twigs, refreshed, lift up their shimmer From fragrant chasms where they slept at even; Tint upon tint
 again emerges, clearing Where trembling pearls from flower and leaf drip riven:
 All round me is a Paradise appearing.
 Look up!- The peaks, gigantic and supernal, Proclaim the hour most solemn now is nearing.
 They early may enjoy the light eternal That later to us here below is wended.
 Now on the alpine meadows, sloping, vernal, A clear and lavish glory has descended And step by step
 fulfils its journey's ending.
 The sun steps forth!- Alas, already blinded, I turn away, the pain my vision rending.
 Thus is it ever when a hope long yearning Has made a wish its own, supreme, transcending, And finds
 Fulfillments portals outward turning; From those eternal deeps bursts ever higher
 Too great a flame, we stand, with wonder burning.
 To kindle life's fair torch we did aspire And seas of flame- and what a flame!- embrace us!

Is it Love? Is it Hate? that twine us with their fire, In alternating joy and pain enlase us, So that again toward earth we turn our gazing, Baffled, to hide in youth's fond veils our faces.

Behind me therefore let the sun be blazing!

The cataract in gorges deeply riven I view with rapture growing and amazing.

To plunge on plunge in a thousand streams it's given, And yet a thousand, downward to the valleys, While foam and mist high in the air are driven.

Yet how superb above this tumult sallies The many-coloured rainbow's changeful being; Now lost in air, now clearly drawn, it dallies, Shedding sweet coolness round us even when fleeing!

The rainbow mirrors human aims and action.

Think, and more clearly wilt thou grasp it, seeing Life is but light in many-hued reflection.

THE EMPEROR'S PALACE THE THRONE-ROOM

The State Council awaiting the EMPEROR. Trumpets. Courtiers of all kinds enter, splendidly dressed. The EMPEROR ascends the throne, at his right hand the ASTROLOGER.

Emperor. I greet you, faithful friends and dear, Assembled here from far and wide.

I see the wise man at my side, But wherefore is the Fool not here? A Squire.

A pace behind your mantle's sweep There on the stairs he fell in a heap; They bore away that load of fat, But dead or drunk? No one knows that.

A Second Squire. Now at a swift, amazing pace Another's pushing to his place.

He's quaintly primped, in truth, and smart, But such a fright that all men start.

The guards there at the doorway hold Their halberds crosswise and athwart But here he is. The Fool is bold!

Mephistopheles [kneeling before the throne].

What is accursed and welcomed ever? What's longed for, ever chased away? What's always taken into favour? What's harshly blamed, accused each day? Whom don't you dare to summon here? Whose name hears gladly every man? What to your throne is drawing near? What's placed itself beneath your ban?

Emperor. Your words you may present spare!

The place for riddles is not here; They are these gentlemen's affair.

Solve them yourself! I'd like to hear.

My old fool's gone far, far away, I fear me; Take you his place and come and stand here near me.

MEPHISTOPHELES mounts the steps and stations himself on the left.

Murmurs of the Crowd.

A brand-new fool- new pains begin Whence did he come?- how came he in? The old one fell- he's spent and done A barrel he- a lath this one Emperor. And so, ye faithful whom I love, Be welcome here from near and far.

Ye meet beneath a favouring star; Fortune is written for us there above.

Yet wherefore in these days, oh, say, When all our cares we'd thrust away And wear the mummer's mask in play And gaiety alone enjoy, Why should we let state councils us annoy? But since the task seems one we may not shun, All is arranged, so be it done.

Chancellor. The highest virtue like an aureole Circles the Emperor's head; alone and sole, He validly can exercise it:

'Tis justice!- All men love and prize it; 'Tis what all wish, scarce do without, and ask; To grant it to his people is his task.

But ah! what good to mortal mind is sense, What good to hearts is kindness, hands benevolence, When through the state a fever runs and revels, And evil hatches more and more of evils? Who views the wide realm from this height supreme, To him all seems like an oppressive dream, Where in confusion is confusion reigning And lawlessness by law itself maintaining, A world of error evermore obtaining.

This man steals herds, a woman that, Cross, chalice, candlestick from altar; For many years his boastings never falter, His skin intact, his body sound and fat.

Now plaintiffs crowd into the hall, The judge, encushioned, lords it over all.

Meanwhile in billows, angry, urging, A growing tumult of revolt is surging.

Great crimes and shame may be the braggart's token, On worst accomplices he oft depends;

And "Guilty!" is the verdict often spoken Where Innocence only itself defends.

To pieces is our world now going, What's fitting loses all its might; How ever shall that sense be growing
Which, only, leads us to the Right? At last will men of good intent To briber, flatterer incline; A judge
who can impose no punishment, At last with culprits will combine.

I've painted black, and yet a denser screen I'd rather draw before the scene.

Pause.

Decisions cannot be evaded; When all do harm and none are aided, Majesty too becomes a prey.

Commander-in-Chief.

In these wild days what riots quicken!

Each strikes and he in turn is stricken, And no command will men obey.

The citizen behind his wall, The knight upon his rocky nest,

Have sworn to last us out, and all Maintain their power with stubborn zest.

The mercenaries, restless growing, Blusteringly demand their pay, And if to them no more were owing,
They would be quick to run away.

Let one forbid what all men fain expect, He's put his hand into a hornet's nest; The empire which they
should protect Lies plundered, desolate, and waste.

This furious riot no one is restraining, Already half the world's undone; Outside the realm kings still are
reigning, But no one thinks it his concern- not one.

Treasurer Who will depend upon allies!

The funds they pledged as subsidies, Like leaking pipe-borne water, do not flow.

Then, Sire, of these wide states- yours by succession Who now has come into possession? A new lord rules
wherever one may go, Insist on living independently;

How he keeps house, we must look on and see.

Of rights we've given up so many, We're left without a claim to any.

And as to parties, of whatever name, There's been no trust in them of late; They may give praise or they
may blame, Indifferent are their love and hate.

To rest them well from all their labour Lie hidden Ghibelline and Guelph.

Who is there now who'll help his neighbour? Each has enough to help himself.

Barred are the gates where gold is stored, And all men scratch and scrape and hoard, And empty all our
coffers stay.

Steward. What ills I too must learn to bear!

We want each day to save and spare, And more we're needing every day, And daily do I see new trouble
growing.

The cooks lack nothing, they've no woes; For boars and stags and hares and roes And fowls, geese, ducks,
and turkeys too,

Allowances-in-kind, sure revenue, They still are not so badly flowing.

The flow of wine? That, to be sure, is slowing.

Where once in cellars cask on cask was nuzzling, The best of brands and vintages befuzzling, Our noble
lords' eternal guzzling Is draining every last drop out.

The City Council's store must now be opened up.

A basin, bowl, is seized as drinking-cup And under the table ends the drinking-bout.

Now I'm to pay, give each his wages.

The Jew will spare me no outrages, He'll make advances which for ages Will put our revenues to rout.

The swine are no more fatten fed, Pawned is the pillow on the bed, At table we eat bread for which we
owe.

Emperor [after some reflection, to MEPHISTOPHELES].

Say, Fool, can you not add a tale of woe? Mephistopheles Indeed, not I! I see this ambient splendour,

Yourself and yours!- Should one his trust surrender Where Majesty holds undisputed sway And ready
might sweeps hostile force away? Where honest purpose holds command And wisdom guides the active
hand? What can the powers of evil do, combining To make a darkness where such stars are shining?

Murmurs.

That is a rogue- full well he knows Sneaks in by lying- while it goes I know for sure- what lurks
behind What then?- he has some scheme in mind Mephistopheles Where in this world does not some lack
appear? Here this, there that, but money's lacking here.

One can not pick it off the floor, that's sure, But what lies deepest, wisdom can procure.

In veins of mountains, walls far underground, Gold coined and uncoined can be found; And do you ask me who'll bring it to light? A man endowed with Mind's and Nature's might!

Chancellor. Nature and Mind- don't talk to Christians thus!

Men burn up atheists, fittingly, Because such speeches are most dangerous.

Nature is sin, and Mind is devil, They nurture doubt, in doubt they revel, Their hybrid, monstrous progeny.

That's not for us!- Our Emperor's ancient land Has seen arise two castes alone Who worthily uphold his throne:

The saints and knights. Firm do they stand, Defying every tempest day by day And taking church and state in pay.

In rabble minds that breed confusion Revolt arises like a tide.

Heretics, wizards! Imps of delusion!

They ruin town and country-side.

Them will you now with brazen juggle Into this lofty circle smuggle, While in a heart depraved you snuggle.

Fools, wizards, heretics are near allied.

Mephistopheles I see the learned man in what you say!

What you don't touch, for you lies miles away; What you don't grasp, is wholly lost to you; What you don't reckon, you believe not true; What you don't weigh, that has for you no weight; What you don't coin, you're sure is counterfeit.

Emperor. That's not the way to help or aught determine.

What do you mean now with this Lenten sermon? I'm sated of this endless "If" and "How." There is no money. Well, then, get it now!

Mephistopheles I'll furnish what you wish and more. It's true, It is a light task, yet the light's a burden too.

The gold lies there and yet to win it, That is the art- who knows how to begin it? Recall those fearful times when roving bands Poured like a deluge drowning men and lands, How many men, so greatly did they fear, Concealed their dearest treasure there and here.

So it was of old when mighty Rome held sway, So it was till yesterday, aye, till today.

It all lies buried in the earth, to save it; The earth's the Emperor's, and he should have it.

Treasurer. Now for a fool, his words are nowadays trite.

That is, in truth, the old Imperial Right.

Chancellor. Satan is laying his golden nooses; We're dealing with no right and pious uses.

Steward.

If he brings welcome gifts to court, I'm sure, A little wrong with them I can endure.

Commander-in-Chief. Shrewd fool to promise each what will befit; Whence it may come, no soldier cares a whit.

Mephistopheles Perhaps you think I'm trying to betray you; Well, here's the astrologer; ask him, I pray you.

Circle on circle, hour and house he knows.

Tell us then what the heavenly aspect shows.

Murmurs.

Two rogues- each to the other known Dreamer and Fool- so near the throne An ancient ditty- worn and weak The Fool will prompt- the Sage will speak Astrologer [MEPHISTOPHELES prompting him].

The Sun himself is gold of purest ray, The herald Mercury serves for love and pay; Dame Venus has bewitched you all, for she, In youth and age, looks on you lovingly.

Chaste Luna has her humours whimsical; The strength of Mars, though striking not, threats all; And Jupiter is still the fairest star.

Saturn is great, small to our eyes and far; Him as a metal we don't venerate, Little in worth but heavy in his weight.

Ah, when with Sol chaste Luna doth unite, Silver with gold, the world is glad and bright.

It's easy then to get all that one seeks:

Parks, palaces, and breasts and rosy cheeks.

All these procures the highly learned man Who can perform what one of us never can.

Emperor. All that he says I hear twice o'er, And yet I'm not convinced the more.

Murmurs.

What's all this smoke- a worn-out joke
Astrology- or alchemy
An oft-heard strain- hope stirred in vain
If he appear- a rogue is here
Mephistopheles They stand around and gape in wonder; They won't believe that a great prize is found.

Of mandrakes one appears to maunder, Another of the sable hound.

What though one's wit make others prickle, Another cry out: "Sorcery!"
If still he sometimes feels his sole a-tickle
And his stride is not what it used to be!

You feel the secret operation Of Nature's endless ruling might,
And from earth's undermost foundation A living trace steals up to light.

When in your limbs you're feeling twitches, When something lays uncanny hold, Be swift to delve, dig up the riches, There lies the fiddler, lies the gold!

Murmurs.

My foot's like lead, can't move about
Cramp's in my arm- that's only gout
A tickle's jerking my big toe
All down my back it hurts me so
From signs like these it should be clear
The richest gold-preserve is here.

Emperor. Make haste! You shan't escape today.

Prove now your scummy, lying phrases And show at once those noble spaces.

My sword and sceptre I will put away; If you're not lying, I will lend
My own exalted hands, this work to end, But if you're lying, I'll send you to hell!

Mephistopheles That pathway I could find full well!

But I've not words enough to tell What, ownerless, is waiting everywhere.

The farmer, ploughing furrows with his share, Turns with the clods a pot of gold; He seeks saltpetre in a clay wall, and He finds a golden, golden roll to hold, Scared and rejoiced, in his own wretched hand.

Who would explore the earth-hid wonder, What vaultings must he burst asunder, What dark ways burrow through and under Near neighbouring on the world below!

In cellars vast, preserved of old, Plates, dishes, beakers too, of gold He sees displayed there, row on row.

There goblets, made of rubies, stand, And if he'll put them to a use, Beside them is an ancient juice.

Yet- you'll believe my master-hand
The wooden staves are long since rotten; A cask of tartar has the wine begotten.

Not only gold and jewels rare, Proud wines of noble essences are there, Enveiled in horror and in gloom.

The wise seek here without dismay.

A fool can recognize a thing by day; In darkness mysteries are at home.

Emperor. What is the gain of dark? You can have that!

If aught has value, it must come to light.

Who can detect a rogue in dead of night? All cows are black, and grey is every cat.

The pots down there, heavy with golden freight
Drive your plough on, unearth them straight.

Mephistopheles Take hoe and spade yourself, dig on!

You'll grow great, through this peasant-toil.

A herd of golden calves anon Will wrench their way out of the soil.

Then with delight, without delay, Yourself you can, you will your love array.

A jewel in which light and colour dance

Both Majesty and Beauty can enhance.

Emperor Be quick, be quick! How long are we to wait? Astrologer [as above] Such urgent longing, Sire, pray moderate!

Let first the motley, joyous play proceed, To no fair goal can minds distracted lead.

First, penance in a calm mood doth behoove us, Earn what's beneath us by what is above us.

Who wishes good, should first be good, Who wishes joy, should mollify his blood, Who asks for wine, the ripe grape should he press, Who hopes for miracles, more faith possess.

Emperor.

So let the time in merriment be spent!

Ash-Wednesday's coming to our heart's content.

Meanwhile we'll celebrate, whate'er befall, All the more merrily mad Carnival.

Trumpets, exeunt.

Mephistopheles How closely linked are Luck and Merit, Is something fools have never known.

Had they the Wise Man's Stone, I swear it, There'd be no Wise Man for the Stone.

A SPACIOUS HALL

With adjoining apartments decorated and adorned, for a masquerade.

Herald. Don't think ye'll here see German revels, A Dance of Death, of Fools and Devils!

A cheerful festival awaits you here.

Our ruler, when to Rome he went campaigning, His profit and your pleasure gaining, The perils of the Alps disdain, Won for himself a realm of cheer.

First, at the holy feet bowed down, A grant of power he besought, And when he went to fetch his crown, The fool's-cap too for us he brought.

Now we are all new-born in years,

And every well-sophisticated man Happily draws it over head and ears.

Akin to crazy fools he now appears, Under it acting wisely as he can.

I see the crowds are coming yonder, Some pair in love, some swing asunder, Crowd presses crowd, like youth let of school.

Come in or out, let naught be daunting!

Now too as ever holds the rule:

A hundred thousand follies vaunting, The world remains one great, big fool!

Flower Girls [song accompanied by mandolins].

That ye may approval tender We're adorned tonight in sport; Florentines, we joined the splendour Of this festive German court.

Flowers in our chestnut tresses We are wearing gay and bright, Silken threads and silken jesses Also play their part tonight; For we think we are deserving All your praises full and clear.

See the flowers we made, preserving All their bloom throughout the year.

Scraps of every tint we've taken, Each with due symmetric form; Though each may your wit awaken, See the whole and feel its charm.

Fair are we in every feature, Flower maidens gay of heart; For the ways of women's nature Are so near akin to art.

Herald.

Let us see your baskets' riches; Head and arms bear lovely treasure, Bear gay beauty that bewitches.

Let each choose what gives him pleasure.

Hasten till we see appearing Gardens in each nook and alley.

Pedlars, wares, such beauty bearing, Well the throng may round them rally.

Flower Girls.

Barter in these cheery places,

But don't haggle as ye go!

And in brief and pithy phrases, What he has, let each one know.

An Olive Branch with Fruits.

Flowery sprays I do not covet, Strife I shun, I am above it; To my nature it is strange.

Yet I am the nation's marrow, Pledge secure 'gainst spear and arrow, Sign of peace where men may range.

And today I'm hoping, fleetly To adorn a fair head meetly.

A Wreath of Golden Ears.

To bedeck you, gifts of Ceres Will be lovely, sweet, and rare; What for us most wished and dear is Be for your adornment fair.

A Fancy Wreath.

Mallow-like, these gay-hued flowers, From the moss, a wondrous bloom!

They are rare, in Nature's bowers, But Dame Fashion gives them room.

A Fancy Nosegay.

Name me? Theophrastus never Would a name for me assever!

If to some scarce worth a penny, Still I hope I may please many If she'll take whom she possesses, If she'll twine me in her tresses, Or the fairest fate deciding, On her heart grant me abiding.

Rosebuds, a Challenge.

Let fantastic gaudy flowers Bloom as Fashion oft empowers Wondrous- strange and finely moulded, Such as Nature ne'er unfolded.

Green stalks, gold bells, look entrancing From rich locks, their charm enhancing!
 But we hide from mortal eyes.
 Happy he who us espies? When anew the summer beameth As the rosebud, kindling, gleameth, From such
 bliss who'd be abstaining? Sweet the promise and attaining
 Which in Flora's fair domain Rule over vision, heart, and brain.
 Under green, leafy arcades the FLOWER GIRLS adorn their wares daintily.
 Gardeners [song accompanied by theorbos].
 See the flowers sprout unhasting, Charms around your head they're weaving? Fruits lead not astray,
 deceiving; One enjoys them in the tasting.
 Sun-burnt faces offer gladly Cherries, royal plums, and peaches.
 Buy! The tongue, the palate, teaches That your eye can judge but badly.
 Come! The ripest fruit entices, Eat it, with glad relish smitten; Over a rose one poetizes, But an apple
 must be bitten.
 Grant us, prithe, to be mated With your youth so flowery-fair!
 Neighbourly so decorated Be our plenteous ripe ware.
 Under garlands gay that wind them
 In adorned and leafy bowers, All are here for you to find them:
 Buds and leaves and fruit and flowers.
 Midst alternating songs, accompanied by guitars and theorbos, both choruses continue to set their wares
 out attractively in tiers and to offer them for sale.
 MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.
 Mother.
 Maiden, when thou cam'st to light, Little caps I wove thee:
 Body tender, face so bright, How they made me love thee!
 Thought of thee as quickly won, Wedded to the richest son, Thought as wife wouldst prove thee.
 Ah, already many a year Hence, unused, has fled; Motley host of wooers here Swiftly past has speeded.
 With the one didst nimbly dance, Gav'st the other nudge and glance
 Which he might have heeded.
 Every fete that we might plan, Vain it was to match one; Forfeit games and "Hindmost Man," Naught
 availed to snatch one.
 Each fool wears today his cap; Darling, open now thy lap, Haply wilt thou catch one.
 Girl playmates, young and fair, join the group; a confidential chatter is heard.
 Fishers and fowlers with nets, fishing-rods, limed twigs, and other gear enter and mingle with the pretty
 girls. Reciprocal attempts to win, catch, escape, and hold fast give opportunity for the most agreeable
 dialogues. Woodcutters [enter boisterously and boorishly].
 Make room! A clearing!
 Spaces for revel!
 Trees that we level Crash in their falling; And when we're hauling, We hit what's nearing.
 Our praises grudge not, This truth pray nourish:
 Did rough folk drudge not In every county, Could fine folk flourish, Come by their bounty, However they
 fretted? Learn this in season!
 For ye'd be freezing, Had we not sweated.
 Pulcinelli [awkward, almost silly].
 Oh, fools that ye are, Born bent, and we are The really clever, Loads bearing never.
 Our caps and jackets And rags are packets Quite light to carry.
 And we are merry, Forever lazy, In slippers easy, In them to shuffle Through market and scuffle, To gape
 at the pother,
 Croak at each other.
 Heeding the racket, Through crowds that pack it, Like eels we're slipping, Together tripping, All mad
 together.
 We care not whether Ye blame or praise us, Nothing can faze us.
 Parasites [fawningly lustful].
 Of you, stout porters, And your supporters, The charcoal-burners, We are not spurners.

For all the bending And nods assenting, Phrases too flowing, And two-ways blowing, They're warming and chilling Just as one's feeling, Yet what the profit? Heaven might send fire, Enormous, dire, But, then, what of it, Were there no billets Or coal in barrows To grill your skillet Through to their marrows? There's sizzling, broiling, There's bubbling, boiling. True taster, picker, The platter-licker, He smells the roasting, He sniffs the fishes, With gusto accosting His patron's dishes.

A Drunken Man [maudlin].

'Sdeath today to all my worry!

For I feel so frank and free; Fresh delight and ditties merry, These I brought along with me.

So I'm drinking, drink ye, drink ye!

Clink your glasses, clink ye, clink ye!

Ye behind there, now come on!

Clink your glasses, so it's done.

Angrily my wife shrieked loudly, Sneering at my piebald suit, And although I swaggered proudly, "Scarecrow, scarecrow!" did she hoot.

Yet I'm drinking, drink ye, drink ye!

Clink your glasses, clink ye, clink ye!

Clink them, scarecrows, every one!

Clinking, clinking, so it's done.

Say not that my way I'm losing, I am where my worries fade.

If mine host lend not, refusing, Hostess lends, or eke the maid.

Still I drink on! Drink ye, drink ye!

Up, ye others! Clink ye, clink ye!

Each to each! Thus on and on!

Now methinks that it is done.

How and where I'm pleasure plying, Still may it always be at hand.

Let me lie where I am lying, For I can no longer stand.

Chorus.

Brothers all, now drink ye, drink ye!

Toast ye gaily, clink ye, clink ye!

Sit ye firm on bench and board!

Under the table lies one floored.

The HERALD announces various poets, poets by nature, courtly and knightly minstrels, sentimentalists as well as enthusiasts. In the throng of competitors of all kinds no one allows another to begin a speech. One slips past with a few words.

Satirist.

Know ye what my soul as poet Chiefly would delight and cheer? Sing and say, if I dared do it, That which none would like to hear.

The poets of night and churchyards excuse themselves, because they are just engaged in a most interesting conversation with newly-arisen vampire, and from it a new school of poetry may perhaps arise; the HERALD is obliged to accept their apologies and meanwhile he calls forth Greek mythology which, in modern masks, loses neither its character nor its charm.

THE GRACES.

Aglaia.

Charm we're bringing into living, So be charming in your giving!

Hegemone.

Charming be ye in receiving!

Lovely is desire's achieving.

Euphrosyne.

And when peacefully ye're living, Be most charming your thanksgiving!

THE FATES.

Atropos.

I, the eldest Fate, from yonder For the while to spin am bidden.

Much to think of, much to ponder, In life's tender thread is hidden.

Finest flax I winnow featly That your thread be supple, tender; Fingers shrewd will twirl it neatly, Make it even, smooth, and slender.

Ye who, warm with dance and pleasure, All too wanton, snatch a token, Think that this thread has a measure, Have a care! It might be broken.

Clotho.

Know ye that the shears were lately Given to my care to ply; For our Ancient's conduct greatly Did, in truth, none edify.

She drags on most useless spinnings On and on in air and light, Promise of most glorious winnings Clips and drags to realms of night.

Yet when I was young and reigning, I, too, erred oft in those years; Now I yield to curb restraining, In their case I keep the shears.

So I gladly wear a bridle, And this scene with joy survey.

In these hours so gay and idle, Revel, riot, sport, and play!

Lachesis.

Unto me, alone discerning, Was the thread's control decreed; For my reel, forever turning, Never erred through too great speed.

Threads are coming, threads are reeling, Each one in its course I guide; None may slip from spindle wheeling, Each must in its orbit glide.

Could I once forget in leisure, For the world I'd fear with pain; Hours, they count, and years, they measure, And the Weaver takes the skein.

Herald. Those coming now, ye'd never recognize them, However learned ye were in ancient letters.

To look at them- the world's worst ill-abettors Ye'd call them welcome guests and prize them.

They are the Furies, no one will believe us.

Fair are they, well-made, friendly, young moreover; But if ye lend them ear, ye will discover How serpent-like such doves can wound and grieve us.

Malicious are they- true!- and with effront'ry, But now when each fool boasts his reputation, They too ask not angelic exaltation; They know they are the pests of town and country.

THE FURIES.

Alecto.

What boots it? For to trust us ye'll not stickle, For each is young and fair, a coaxing kitten.

If one among you by a girl is smitten, We shall not cease, his ears to scratch and tickle, Until we dare to tell him, to his loathing, That for this man and that one she is primping, Crooked in her back, all wit doth lack, and limping, And if betrothed to him, she's good-for-nothing!

And the betrothed- we know the way to sting her.

Why scarce a week ago her precious lover To such-and-such a girl spoke basely of her; Though they be reconciled, a sting will linger.

Megaera.

That's but a jest! For when they once are married,

I go to work in every case to fritter The fairest bliss away with fancies bitter.

The moods of men are varied, hours are varied.

None holds embraced what his desire has chosen, But seeks a More-desired with foolish yearning And from long-wonted, highest blessings turning, Flees a warm love and tries to warm a frozen.

I'm skilled in managing such household troubles, And Asmodeus, comrade true, I summon To scatter strife betimes twixt man and woman; Thus I destroy the human race in couples.

Tisiphone.

Poison, steel- not words malicious Mix I, whet I, for the traitor.

Lov'st thou others? Sooner, later, Overwhelms thee ruin vicious.

What the sweetest moment offers, Turns perforce to wormwood galling!

Here no haggling, pulling, hauling; As one sins, one always suffers.

None shall sing about forgiving!

To the rocks my cause I'm crying.

Echo, hark! "Revenge!" replying.

For the unstable, death! not living!

Herald.

Now, if it please you, stand aside a pace, For what comes now is not your kind or race.
Ye see a mountain pressing through the throng, Its flanks with brilliant housings proudly hung, A head
with long tusks, snake-like snout below.
A mystery! but soon the key I'll show.
A dainty woman on his neck is sitting And with her wand subjects him to her bidding; Another stands
aloft, sublime to see, Girt by a radiance dazzling, blinding me.
Beside them chained, two noble women near, Fearful the one, the other blithe of cheer.
One longs for freedom and one feels she's free.
Let each declare now who she be.
Fear.
Lamps and lights and torches smoking Through this turmoil gleam around; Midst these faces, shamming,
joking,
I, alas, in chains am bound.
Hence, ye throngs absurdly merry!
I mistrust your grins with right; Every single adversary Presses nearer in this night.
Friend turned foe would here bewray me, But his mask I know well. Stay, Yonder's one who wished to
slay me; Now revealed, he slinks away.
Through the wide world I would wander, Following every path that led, But destruction threatens yonder,
Holds me fast twixt gloom and dread.
Hope Hail, beloved sisters, hail!
Though today and yesterday Ye have loved this maskers' play, Yet tomorrow ye'll unveil.
This I know of you quite surely.
If beneath the torches' flaring We can't find our special pleasure, Yet in days of cheerful leisure,
As our will doth bid us purely, Now in groups, now singly faring, We'll roam over lovely leas, Resting,
doing, as we please, In a life no cares assailing, Naught forgoing, never failing.
Everywhere as welcome guest Let us enter, calm in mind, Confident that we shall find Somewhere,
certainly, the best.
Prudence.
Two of man's chief foes, behold them, Fear and Hope, in fetters mated; From this crowd I'll keep and
hold them.
Room, make room! Ye're liberated.
I conduct the live colossus, See the burden that it carries, And the steepest pass it crosses, Step by step,
and never wearies.
But upon the summit of it Yonder goddess with her pinions Broad and agile, seeking profit,
Turns to spy all man's dominions.
Girt is she by splendour glorious Shining far along all courses, Victory her name! Victorious Goddess of
all active forces.
Zoilo-Thersites.
Ho, ho! Just right I've reached this spot, We're one and all a wretched lot!
And yet the goal I've chosen me Is she up there, Dame Victory.
She with her snowy wings spread out Thinks she's an eagle, past all doubt, And wheresoever she may stir,
Thinks men and lands belong to her.
But when some glorious deed is done, At once I put my armour on.
Up with the low, down with the high, The crooked straight, the straight awry That, only, makes me feel
aglow, And on this earth I'll have it so.
Herald. Then take thou that, a master-blow From my good staff, thou wretched hound, Then straightway
writhe and twist around! How swift the two-fold dwarfish clump Balls up into a loathsome lump! But see!
lump turns to egg- a wonder!
Puffs itself up and bursts asunder.
Thence comes a pair of twins to earth, Adder and bat- a wondrous birth!
On in the dust one crawls and creeps, The black one round the ceiling sweeps, And where they haste to
join again, To be the third I am not fain.
Murmuring.

Come! they're dancing now back there! No! I want to flee from here
Feel ye not the ghost-like breed
Creeping, wheeling, round us speed?
Something whizzes past my hair
My foot felt a something there
Still not one of us is harmed-

But we all have been alarmed
Now all ruined is our fun
This, the beasts! they wanted done.

Herald. Since on me, when masquerading, Herald's duties ye've been lading,
Stern I guard the portal,
wary Lest into your revels merry Aught may slink of harmful savour;
Neither do I shrink nor waver.

Yet I fear lest spectres erring
Through the windows may be faring;
If black arts and spooks beset you,
From them I could never get you.

Of the dwarf we were suspicious.

Lo! Back there a pageant issues!

As a herald, it's my duty
To explain those forms of beauty,
But what's past all comprehending,
For that I've no explanation.

Help ye, all, my education!
See what hitherward is tending!

Lo! a four-yoked chariot splendid
Through the crowd its way has wended,
Yet the crowd it does not
sunder; I can see no crushing yonder.

In the distance colours shimmer,
Stars gay-coloured beam and flimmer,
Magic-lantern-like they glimmer.

All storm on as to assault.

Clear the way! I shudder!

A Boy Charioteer.

Halt!

Steeds, let now your wings fall idle,
Feel the well-accustomed bridle;
Master self as you I master;
When I thrill you, on! and faster!

Let us honour now these spaces!

Look around at all the faces;
More and more admirers cluster.

Herald, up! Take wonted muster!

Ere we flee, tell thou our stories,
Name us and describe and show us;
For we all are allegories,
Therefore thou shouldst surely know us.

Herald.

There's no name I could ascribe thee,
But I rather might describe thee.

Boy Charioteer. Try it then!

Herald I must avow,
Firstly, young and fair art thou.

A half-grown boy thou art; but women rather
Would see thee full-grown altogether.

It seems that thou wilt be a fickle wooer,
Right from the start a real undoer.

Boy Charioteer. That's well worth hearing!
On with thee, Discover now the riddle's happy key.

Herald. Thy flashing ebony eyes, locks black and glowing,
More radiant from the jewelled diadem!

And what a graceful robe doth stream

From shoulder down to buskin flowing,
With glittering gaud and purple hem!

Now might we flouting "Maiden!" deem thee,
Yet, good or ill as it might be,
Already maidens would esteem thee.

They'd teach thee soon thine A B C.

Boy Charioteer. And yonder one, in splendour glowing,
Who proudly sits on chariot throne? Herald. A
king he seems, of wealth o'erflowing;
Happy the man who has his favour won!

He has naught more to earn and capture,
He swift espies where aught's amiss,
And has in giving more
pure rapture Than in possessing and in bliss.

Boy Charioteer.

To stop with this will not avail;
Thou must describe him in far more detail.

Herald.

There's no describing Dignity.

The healthy, full-moon face I see,
The lips so full, the cheeks so blooming
Beneath the turban's beauty
looming,
The flowing robe he's richly wearing
What shall I say of such a bearing?
He seems a ruler known
to me.

Boy Charioteer. Plutus, the god of wealth, is he.

Hither he comes in gorgeous trim;
Sorely the Emperor longs for him.

Herald. Now thine own What and How relate to me!

Boy Charioteer. I am Profusion, I am Poesy!
 The poet who's attained his goal When he's poured out his inmost soul.
 I too am rich with untold pelf And value me the peer of Plutus' self, Adorn, enliven, make his revels glow;
 And what he lacks, that I bestow.
 Herald. Bragging becomes thee charmingly, But now thine arts, pray, let us see.
 Boy Charioteer. Here see me snap my fingers. Lo!
 Around the chariot gleam and glow!
 And now a necklace of pearls appears!
 Continuing to snap his fingers in every direction.
 Here spangled gold for neck and ears And flawless comb and coronet And rings with precious jewels set.
 Flamelets I scatter too in turn, Waiting to see where they may burn.
 Herald.
 How the dear mob is snatching, seizing, Even the giver almost squeezing!
 Dream-like he's scatt'ring gems where all Are snatching in the spacious hall.
 But what is this? A brand-new juggle!
 However busily one snatch and struggle, His trouble really does not pay; The gifts take wing and fly away.
 The pearls are loosened from their band And beetles scrabble in his hand; He shakes them off, the poor
 biped, And then they hum around his head.
 Others, instead of solid things, Catch butterflies with flimsy wings.
 How much he promises, the knave!
 Glitter of gold was all he gave.
 Boy Charioteer.
 Of masks, I note, thou canst proclaim each feature.
 Beneath the shell to fathom out the nature Is not the herald's courtly task; A keener eye for that we ask.
 But feuds I shun, if only in suggestion; To thee, lord, I address my speech and question.
 Turning to PLUTUS.
 Didst thou not give me charge supreme
 Over the four-yoked, whirlwind team? Guide I not happily as thou leadest? Am I not everywhere thou
 biddest? And on bold pinions did I not for thee Bear off the palm of victory? However oft for thee as I've
 contended, Success was ever my portion; and when now The laurel decorates thy brow, Did not my hand
 and art entwine and blend it? Plutus.
 If need be that I testify, then hear it!
 I say with joy: Thou art spirit of my spirit!
 Thy deeds are ever after my own will; Rich as I am, thou art richer still.
 Thy service to reward in fitting measure, The laurel more than all my crowns I treasure.
 This truth in all men's hearts I would instill:
 In thee, dear son, I have much pleasure.
 Boy Charioteer [to the crowd].
 The greatest gifts my hand deals out, Lo! I have scattered roundabout.
 On this head and on that one too There glows a flamelet that I threw.
 From one to other head it skips, To this one cleaves, from that one slips; It seldom flares up like a plume,
 And swiftly beams in transient bloom.
 Ere many its worth recognize, It burns out mournfully and dies.
 Women's Chatter.
 There on the chariot sits a man Who surely is a charlatan, Hunched up behind, a perfect clown, By thirst
 and hunger so worn down As naught before, and if ye'd pinch, He has no flesh to feel and flinch.
 Starveling.
 Away from me, ye odious crew!
 Welcome, I know, I never am to you.
 When hearth and home were women's zone, As Avaritia I was known.
 Then did our household thrive throughout,
 For much came in and naught went out!
 Zealous was I for chest and bin; 'Twas even said my zeal was sin.

But since in years most recent and depraving Woman is wont no longer to be saving And, like each tardy payer, collars Far more desires than she has dollars, The husband now has much to bore him; Wherever he looks, debts loom before him.

Her spinning-money is turned over To grace her body or her lover; Better she feasts and drinks still more With all her wretched lover-corps.

Gold charms me all the more for this:

Male's now my gender, I am Avarice!

Leader of the Women.

With dragons be the dragon avaricious, It's naught but lies, deceiving stuff!

To stir up men he comes, malicious, Whereas men now are troublesome enough.

Women [en masse].

The scarecrow! Box his ears, the japer!

Why does the wooden cross threat here? As if his ugly face we'd fear!

Dragons are made of wood and paper.

Have at him, crowd him, scoff and jeer!

Herald. Peace! By my staff! Peace or begone!

And yet my aid's scarce needed here.

In yonder space so quickly won See the grim monsters moving on, Swift to unfold their pinions' double pair.

The dragons shake themselves in ire; Their scaly jaws spew smoke and fire.

The crowd has fled, the place is clear.

PLUTUS descends from his chariot.

Herald.

He's stepping down, what royal grace!

He becks, the dragons move apace; Down from the chariot they've borne the chest

With all its gold, and Avarice thereon.

There at his feet it stands at rest; A marvel how it was ever done.

Plutus [to the CHARIOTEER].

Now art thou rid of thy too heavy burden, Free art thou! Off to thine own sphere and guerdon!

Thy sphere's not here! Here shapes most hideous, Distorted, motley, wild, press in on us.

Where thou see'st naught but lovely clarity, Where thine own vision is enough for thee, Thither where only Good and Beauty please and wait, Away to Solitude! there thine own world create!

Boy Charioteer. Thus I esteem myself a worthy envoy of thee, And as my nearest kinsman do I love thee.

Where thou art, Plenty is; where I remain, Each feels himself enriched by glorious gain.

Oft in the clash of life a man doth waver:

Shall he in thee or me seek favour? Thy followers can idly rest, it's true; Who follows me always has work to do.

My deeds in darkness never are concealed; If I but breathe, I am at once revealed.

And so, farewell My bliss thou grantest me, But whisper low and I am back with thee.

Exit as he came.

Plutus. It's time now to unloose the precious metals.

I strike the padlocks with the herald's rod.

The chest flies open! See in brazen kettles A boiling, bubbling up of golden blood.

First, ornaments of crowns, chains, rings will follow!

Seething, it threatens all to melt and swallow.

Alternating Cries from the crowd.

See here! and there! how treasures brim!

The chest is filling to the rim Vessels of gold are grilling there, And coins in rolls are milling there. As if just minted, ducats jump, Oh, how my heart begins to thump! All that I want I see and more!

They're rolling there along the floor. It's yours, they say- appease your itch, Just stoop a bit and rise up rich. Swift as the lightning, we, the rest, Will take possession of the chest.

Herald.

What does this mean? Ye silly folk!

It's but a masquerading joke.

Naught more can be desired tonight; Think ye we give you gold outright? Verily in this game for such As ye, yes, vouchers were too much.

Blockheads! A pleasant show, forsooth, Ye take at once as solid truth.

What's truth to you?- Delusion vain, Catch where ye can, ye clutch amain.

Plutus, chief mummer, hero of the masque, Drive from the field this folk, I ask.

Plutus Thy staff is apt for it, I see; Lend it a little while to me.

I'll dip it swift in seething glare.

Now, on your guard, ye masks, beware!

Snaps, sparks, and flashes, see it throw!

Thy staff already is aglow.

Whoever crowds too close to me I'll straightway singe relentlessly.

And now upon my rounds I'll go.

Cries and Crowding.

Alas! it's up with us, oh woe! Away, escape! Escape who can! Fall back, fall back, thou hindmost man!

Hot sparks are flying in my face. I stagger from the glowing mace! Lost are we all, we all are lost! Back, back, ye masquerading host!

Back, senseless mob, don't come so nigh!

Had I but wings, away I'd fly! Plutus.

Backward the circle round us shrinks, And no one has been scorched, methinks.

Scattered by fright,

The crowd takes flight.

Yet, symbol of the reign of law, A ring invisible I'll draw.

Herald.

A glorious deed hast done tonight.

How can I thank thy sapient might? Plutus My noble friend, be patient yet; Many a tumult still doth threaten.

Avaritia Here, if we like, we can look on And view this circle at our leisure; To stand in front always gives women pleasure Where gaping or where nibbling's to be done.

Not yet so wholly rusty are my senses But that a woman fair is always fair; And since today it costs me no expenses, We'll go a-courting with an easy air.

Because, though, in such over-crowded places Not every ear distinctly hears all phrases, I'll wisely try- I hope not vainly-

In pantomime to show my meaning plainly.

Hand, foot, and gesture will not now suffice, So I must use a farcical device.

I'll treat the gold as were it mere wet clay; This metal I can turn in any way.

Herald The skinny fool! What is that he began? Can he have humour, such a starveling man? He's kneading all the gold to dough; Beneath his hands it's soft, yet though He squeeze it, roll it, as he will, Misshapen is it even still.

He turns to the women there, and they All scream and want to get away, With gestures of disgust and loathing.

The mischievous rogue will stop at nothing.

I fear a joyous man is he When he's offended decency.

Through silence I'll not lend my backing; Give me my staff to send him packing.

Plutus What threatens from without he does not see.

Let him go on with his tom-fooling; There'll be no room soon for his drooling; The Law is mighty, mightier Necessity.

Tumult and Song.

The wild host comes in all its might, From woodland dell and mountain height.

They stride along- resist who can!

They celebrate their great god Pan.

They know indeed what none can guess; Into the vacant ring they press.

Plutus I know you well, you and your great god Pan!

Together ye've performed a daring plan.

I know right well what is not known to all And ope the circle duly to their call.

Oh, may good fortune be decreed them!

The strangest thing may now befall, They know not where their steps may lead them; they have not looked ahead at all.

Savage Song.

Ye folk bedight, ye tinsel-stuff!

They're coming rude, they're coming rough; In lofty leap, in speedy chase, They come, a stout and sturdy race.

Fauns The faun-host flocks In merry round, The oak-wreath bound On curly locks; A pair of finely pointed ears Out from the curly head appears, A stubby nose, face broad and flat.

With women no one's harmed by that; And if the faun his paw advance, The fairest will hardly refuse to dance.

A Satyr The satyr now comes hopping in With foot of goat and withered shin; He needs to have them wiry-thin, For chamois-like on mountain heights

To look around him he delights.

Braced by the air of freedom then, He jeers at children, women, and men, Who deep in the valley's smoke and stew Fondly imagine they're living too, While pure and undisturbed and lone The world up there is all his own.

Gnomes Tripping, a little crowd appears.

They do not like to go in pairs; In mossy garb, with lamplet bright, They move commingling, swift and light, Where each his task can best perform, Like firefly-ants, a crowding swarm.

They scurry, busy, here and there, Bustling and working everywhere.

Kinship to kind "Good-men" we own, As surgeons of the rocks are known, The mountains high, go sapping them, The swelling veins, go tapping them; Metals we hurl on pile on pile, With cheery hail- "Good Luck while,"- the while,

A greeting well-meant through and through.

We're friends of all good men and true.

Yet gold we bring and gold reveal That men may pander and may steal, That iron fail not his proud hand Who ever wholesale murder planned.

He whom these three commandments fail to bother Will pay no heed to any other.

For all that we are not to blame; As we are patient, so be ye the same!

Giants "The Wild Men of the Woods"- their name, In the Hartz Mountains known to fame.

In nature's nakedness and might They come, each one of giant height, A fir tree's trunk in each right hand, Around their loins a bulging band, Apron of twigs and leaves uncouth; Such guards the Pope has not, in truth.

Nymphs in chorus [surrounding GREAT PAN].

He's really here!-

Of this world-sphere The All we fete In Pan the Great.

Ye gayest ones, surround him here, Dance madly, hov'ring round him here, For since he's solemn and yet kind, Man's happiness he has in mind.

Even beneath the azure, vaulted roof He ever kept slumber far aloof; Yet purling brooks seek him in quest And soft airs cradle him to rest.

And when he sleeps at mid of day, No leaflet stirs upon its spray; Health-giving plants with balsam rare Pervade the still and silent air.

Then may the nymph in joy not leap And where she stood, she falls asleep.

But when at unexpected hour, His voice is heard in all its power, Like crack of lightning, roar of sea, Then no one knows which way to flee.

Brave warriors into panic break,

And in the tumult heroes quake.

Hence honour to whom honour's due, Hail him who led us here to you!

Deputation of Gnomes [to GREAT PAN].

When the treasure rich and shining, Winds through clefts its thread-like way And naught but the rod's divining Can its labyrinths display, Troglodytes in caverns spacious, Under vaulted roofs we bide, While in day's pure air thou, gracious, All the treasures dost divide.

We discover here quite near us Treasure rich, a fountain vein, Aptly promising to bear us More than one could hope to gain.

This thou mayst achieve at pleasure, Take it, Sire, into thy care!

In thy hands doth every treasure Yield the whole world blessings rare.

Plutus [to THE HERALD].

We must possess ourselves, serene in spirit, And come what may must confidently bear it.

Still hast thou shown indeed a valiant soul, But soon a thing most horrible will try it.

Stoutly men now and later will deny it.

Inscribe it truly in thy protocol.

Herald [grasping the staff which PLUTUS keeps in his hand].

The dwarfs lead Pan, the great god, nigher, Quite gently, to the well of fire.

It seethes up from the deepest maw, Then down again the flames withdraw, And gloomy gapes the open jaw.

The foam and flame roll up again.

Complacent doth Great Pan remain, Rejoicing in the wondrous sight, While pearls of foam spurt left and right.

How can he in such wizardry confide? He stoops down low to look inside. But now his beard is falling in! Whose can it be, that beardless chin? His hand conceals it from our gaze.-

A great mishap is taking place.

The beard flies backward, all ablaze, And kindles wreath and head and breast; Turned into sorrow is the jest. To quench the fire they race and run, But free from flames there is not one, And as they slap and beat it too, They only stir up flames anew; In fiery flames entangled, caught, A maskers' group is burned to naught.

But hark! what news is spreading here From mouth to mouth, from ear to ear!

O evermore ill-fated Night, How thou hast turned our bliss to blight!

Tomorrow morn will everywhere Proclaim what no one likes to hear.

Yet everywhere I'll hear the cry:

"The Emperor suffers agony!" Oh, would that something else were true!

The Emperor burns, his escort too.

Accursed who led him so astray, Who bound about them resined spray,

Raging around with boisterous song, Bringing to ruin all the throng.

O Youth, O Youth, and wilt thou never Keep within proper bounds thy pleasure? O Highness, Highness, wilt thou never Use might and reason in due measure? The mimic woods are catching fire, The tongues of flame lick higher, higher, Where netted rafters interlace; A fiery doom threatens all the place.

Now overflows our cup of woe, And who shall save us I don't know.

The ashes of a night will be All that was once rich majesty.

Plutus Terror has enough been spread, Let us now bring help instead!

Strike, thou hallowed staff, the ground Till earth quiver and resound!

Fill thyself, O spacious air, With cool fragrance everywhere.

Hither come, around us steaming,

Mist and clouds with moisture teeming, Come and veil the rampant flame; Cloudlets, whirl ye, drizzling, purl ye, Hither glide ye, softly drenching, Quelling everywhere and quenching; Ye, who're moist, allaying, bright'ning, Change to harmless summer lightning All this empty fiery game!

And when spirits threat and lower, Then let Magic show its power!

PLEASURE GARDEN MORNING SUN

EMPEROR. COURTIERS. FAUST and Mephistopheles, dressed becomingly, not conspicuously, according to the mode; both kneel.

Faust Pardon you, Sire, the flames and wizardry? Emperor [beckoning him to rise].

Many such pleasantries I would like to see.

Presto! I stood within a glowing zone,

It seemed almost Pluto and I were one.

In coal-black night and yet with fires aglow Lay an abyss. From many a vent below Thousands of savage flames were upward whirling, Into a single vault above me swirling, Licking their tongues of flame against the dome's far height Which now appeared and now was lost to sight.

Far, far away, through spiral shafts of flame Peoples I saw, in moving files they came, In a wide circle pressing on and on And paying homage as they've always done.

Courtiers I recognized amid the splendour, I seemed a prince over many a salamander.

Mephistopheles That are you, Sire, since every element Doth own you absolute to all intent.

Obedient have you now proved fire to be.

Where waves heave wildest, leap into the sea!

The pearl-strewn bottom you will scarcely tread Ere a glorious billowing dome forms overhead.

You'll see there light-green rolling billows swelling, Their edges purple, forming the fairest dwelling

Round you, the centre. Wander at your will, The palaces attend you even still.

The very walls rejoice in life, in teeming, Arrowy swarming, hither, thither streaming.

Sea-wonders push and dart along to win The new soft glow but none may enter in.

The dragons, mottled, golden-scaled, are playing; There gapes the shark but you laugh at his baying.

Though now the court surrounds you in delight, Still such a throng has never met your sight.

Yet long you're not deprived of forms endearing; The Nereids come curiously nearing Your splendid

palace in the cool of ocean, The young with fish-like, shy, and wanton motion, The old ones prudent.

Thetis learns of this, Gives her new Peleus hand and mouth to kiss. The seat, then, on Olympus' wide domain...

Emperor. Over the air I leave to you to reign; Quite soon enough does one ascend that throne.

Mephistopheles Earth, Lord Supreme, already is your own.

Emperor What brought you here to ravish us with sights Directly out of the Arabian Nights? If like Scheherazade you are inventive, Be sure of every favour and incentive.

Be near whenever- as is oft the case I grutch at this poor world of commonplace.

Steward [enters in haste]. Ah, Most Serene, in all my life I never Thought I could give you news of such high favour As this which richly blesses me And drives me here almost in ecstasy.

Bill upon bill has now been squared, The usurers' talons have been pared.

From hellish worry I am free!

In Heaven life can not happier be.

Commander-in-Chief [follows in haste].

Arrears are paid as they were due And all the army's pledged anew;

The soldier feels his blood made over.

Landlords and wenches are in clover.

Emperor.

How free you breathe, with breasts so lightened!

Your wrinkled foreheads, how they're brightened!

How you come in with eager speed!

Treasurer [appears].

Inquire of these who did the deed.

Faust It's for the Chancellor to tell the story.

Chancellor [approaching slowly].

I'm blessed enough now when I'm old and hoary.

So hear and see the fateful, solemn leaf Which into joy has transformed all our grief.

He reads.

"To all whom it concerns, let it be known:

Who hath this note, a thousand crowns doth own.

As certain pledge thereof shall stand Vast buried treasure in the Emperor's land.

Provision has been made that ample treasure,

Raised straightway, shall redeem the notes at pleasure." Emperor. I sense a crime, a monstrous, cheating lure!

Who dared to forge the Emperor's signature? Is still unpunished such a breach of right? Treasurer.

Remember, Sire, yourself it was last night That signed the note. You stood as mighty Pan, The Chancellor came and spoke in words that ran:

"A lofty festal joy do for thyself attain:

Thy people's weal- a few strokes of the pen!" These did you make, then thousand-fold last night Conjurers multiplied what you did write; And that straightway the good might come to all, We stamped at once the series, large and small; Tens, twenties, thirties, hundreds, all are there.

You can not think how glad the people were.

Behold your city, once half-dead, decaying, Now full of life and joy, and swarming, playing!

Although your name has blessed the world of yore, So gladly was it never seen before.

The alphabet is really now redundant; In this sign each is saved to bliss abundant.

Emperor My people take it for good gold, you say? In camp, in court, sufficient as full pay? Although amazed, still I must give assent.

Steward. The flight of notes we could nowise prevent; Like lightning notes were scattered on the run.

The changers' shops open wide to everyone; And there all notes are honoured, high and low, With gold and silver- at a discount, though.

From there to butcher, baker, tavern hasting, One-half the world seems thinking but of feasting, The other in new raiment struts and crows; The draper cuts the cloth, the tailor sews.

In cellars "Long live the Emperor!" is the toasting; There platters clatter, there they're boiling, roasting.

Mephistopheles Who all alone will down the terrace stray Perceives the fairest in superb array;

With her proud peacock-fan she hides one eye And looking for a note goes simpering by; More swiftly than through eloquence and wit Love's richest favour can be gained by it.

With purse and scrip one is no longer harried.

A notelet in one's breast is lightly carried; With billets-doux quite snugly will it nestle.

The priest bears it devoutly in his missal.

The soldier, that he may the faster haste, Lightens the girdle quickly round his waist.

Pardon, Your Majesty, if I may seem To mete a lofty work but slight esteem.

Faust Treasures in superfluity still sleep Within your borders, buried deep, And lie unused. Thought in its widest measure Gives the most meagre bounds to such a treasure.

Imagination in its highest flight, Strain as it may, can't soar to such a height.

Yet spirits, fit to fathom the unsounded, Have boundless confidence in the unbounded.

Mephistopheles Nor gold nor pearls are half as handy as Such paper. Then a man knows what he has.

There is no need of higgling or exchanging; In love and wine one can at will be ranging.

If you want metal, changers are at hand; If lacking there, dig for a while the land.

Goblet and chain are auctioned off and sold; Paper redeemed without delay in gold Confounds the doubter who had scoffed and taunted.

This men demand, to metals they are wanted.

Ready at hand the Emperor's realm will hold Henceforth enough of paper, jewels, gold.

Emperor.

Our realm owes you this great prosperity; As is the service, the reward should be.

Our empire's soil be trusted to your care, The worthiest guardians of the treasures there.

You know the vast and well-preserved hoard, And when men dig, it's you must give the word.

Become as one, ye masters of our treasure, Fulfil your stations' dignities with pleasure

Here where in blest accord and unity The upper and the lower world agree.

Treasurer.

Twixt us no slightest strife shall cause division; I love to have as colleague the magician.

Exit with FAUST.

Emperor. If now I shall endow each man of you, Let each confess what use he'll put it to.

A Page [receiving]. I'll joy to live, be glad and gay.

Another Page [likewise].

My love shall have a chain and rings today.

A Chamberlain [accepting].

Wine twice as good shall henceforth down me trickle.

Another Chamberlain [likewise]. I feel the dice inside my pocket tickle.

A Banneret [thoughtfully].

From debt I'll make my land sand castle free.

Another Banneret [likewise] I'll add this treasure to my treasury.

Emperor I hoped for joy and heart for new emprise, But knowing you one can your course surmise.

Well do I see, with all this treasure-store You still remain just as you were before.
 Fool [approaching] You're scattering favours, grant me some, I pray.
 Emperor Alive again? You'd soon drink them away.
 Fool The magic leaves! I don't quite comprehend Emperor Of course, for you'd put them to some bad end.
 Fool Still more drop there, I don't know what to do.
 Emperor Just pick them up, I let them fall for you.
 Exit.
 Fool.
 Five thousand crowns are mine? How unexpected!
 Mephistopheles Two-legged wineskin, are you resurrected? Fool. That happens oft but like this never yet.
 Mephistopheles You are so glad you're breaking out in sweat.
 Fool. Is that the same as cash? Look, are you sure? Mephistopheles What throat and belly want it will procure.
 Fool. And cattle can I buy and house and land? Mephistopheles Of course! Just bid and they will be at hand.
 Fool. Castle with wood, chase, fish-brook?
 Mephistopheles On my word!
 I'd like to see you as a stern Milord!
 Fool. Tonight a landed owner I shall sit!
 Exit.
 Mephistopheles [solus] Who still will have a doubt of our fool's wit?
 A DARK GALLERY
 FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.
 Mephistopheles Why draw me into this dark gallery? Is not in there enough of sport, Enough of fun and fraud and raillery Amid the crowded motley of the court? Faust Don't speak of tricks! Your jests are old and hoary; Down to the very soles you've worn that story;
 But now you're going to and fro to flee From having any talk with me.
 I am tormented further things to do; The Chamberlain is urging and the Steward too.
 The Emperor orders- straightway must it be Both Helena and Paris will he see, Of man and woman in their true ideal Demands to see the forms distinct and real.
 To work! I gave my word- I must not break it.
 Mephistopheles A foolish promise- fool you were to make it.
 Faust Whither your powers lead us, friend, You have not well reflected; We first have made him rich- no end!
 Now to amuse him we're expected.
 Mephistopheles You fancy these things easy to arrange.
 Here where we stand, the steps are steeper.
 You grapple with a realm most strange, And wantonly will plunge in debt still deeper.
 You think that Helena is summoned here As quickly as the paper spectres were.
 With witches' witchery and ghostly ghost, With changeling dwarfs I'm ready at my post; But devils' darlings, though one may not flout them, As heroines no one goes mad about them.
 Faust There you go harping on the same old chord!
 Into uncertainty you always lead us, Sire of all hindrances that can impede us; For each new help you want a new reward.
 Mutter a little and the deed is done; She will be here ere I can turn me.
 Mephistopheles The heathen-folk do not concern me.
 They occupy a hell that's all their own.
 But help there is.
 Faust Quick! Tell its history!
 Mephistopheles Not glad do I reveal a loftier mystery-
 Enthroned sublime in solitude are goddesses; Around them is no place, a time still less; To speak of them embarrasses.
 They are the Mothers!
 Faust [terrified] Mothers!

Mephistopheles Do you fear? Faust The Mothers! Mothers! Strange the word I hear.
Mephistopheles Strange is it. Goddesses, to men unknown, Whom we are loath to name or own.
Deep must you dig to reach their dwelling ever; You are to blame that now we need their favour.
Faust Whither the way? Mephistopheles No way! To the Unexplorable, Never to be explored; to the Unimplorable,
Never to be implored. Are in the mood? There are no locks, no bars are to be riven; Through solitudes you will be whirled and driven.
Can you imagine wastes and solitude? Faust I think that you might save yourself such chatter; It savours of the witch's-kitchen patter After a long, long interlude.
Was I not forced to live with men? Learn the inane teach the inane? If I spoke wisely, true to my conviction, Then doubly loud resounded contradiction.
Indeed, from mankind, so perversely given, To solitude and deserts I was driven; Till not to be too lone and all-forsaken, At last to devil's company I've taken.
Mephistopheles And had you swum to ocean's farthest verge And utter boundlessness beheld, Still yonder you'd have seen surge upon surge; Although impending doom your fear compelled,
You'd have seen something. Dolphins you'd have seen Cleaving the hushed ocean's emerald-green, Have seen the moving clouds, sun, moon, and star.
Naught will you see in that vast Void afar, Nor hear your footstep when it's pressed, Nor find firm ground where you can rest.
Faust You speak as of all mystagogues the chief, Whoever brought trustful neophytes to grief; Only reversed. Into the Void I'm sent, That art and power I may there augment.
You treat me like the cat's-paw you desire To snatch the chestnuts for you from the fire, Come, let us fathom it, whatever may befall, In this your Naught I hope to find my All.
Mephistopheles I praise you, truly, ere you part from me, Since that you understand the Devil I can see.
Here, take this key.
Faust That tiny, little thing!
Mephistopheles Seize and esteem it, see what it may bring!
Faust It's growing in my hand! it flashes, glows!
Mephistopheles Will you see now what blessing it bestows? The key will scent the right place from all others; Follow it down, 'twill lead you to the Mothers.
Faust [shuddering]. The Mothers! Like a blow it strikes my ear!
What is that word that I don't like to hear? Mephistopheles So narrow-minded, scared by each new word? Will you but hear what you've already heard? Let naught disturb you, though it strangely rings, You! long since wanted to most wondrous things.
Faust And yet in torpor there's no gain for me; The thrill of awe is man's best quality.
Although the world may stifle every sense, Enthralled, man deeply senses the Immense.
Mephistopheles Descend, then! I might also tell you: Soar!
It's all the same. Escape from the Existent To phantoms' unbound realms far distant!
Delight in what long since exists no more!
Like filmy clouds the phantoms glide along.
Brandish the key, hold off the shadowy throng.
Faust [inspired]. Good! Gripping it, I feel new strength arise, My breast expands. On, to the great emprise!
Mephistopheles When you at last a glowing tripod see, Then in the deepest of all realms you'll be.
You'll see the Mothers in the tripod's glow, Some of them sitting, others stand and go, As it may chance.
Formation, transformation, Eternal Mind's eternal re-creation.
Images of all creatures hover free, They will not see you, only wraiths they see.
So, then, take courage, for the danger's great.
Go to that tripod, do not hesitate,
And touch it with the key!
FAUST assumes a decidedly commanding attitude with the key.
Mephistopheles [observing him]. So- it is well 'Twill come and like a slave obey your spell.
Calmly you'll rise, upborne by fortune rare, And have the tripod here ere they're aware.

And when you've brought it hither, you can cite Hero and heroine from the realms of night, The first to face that deed and venture on it.

It's done and you're the one who will have done it.

Then must the incense-cloud, by magic hand, Turn into gods, as gods before you stand.

Faust And now what? Mephistopheles Downward let your being strain!

Stamping, sink hence and, stamping, rise again!

FAUST stamps and sinks out of sight.

Mephistopheles I only hope he'll profit from the key!

Will he come back? I'm curious to see.

BRIGHTLY LIGHTED HALLS

EMPEROR and PRINCES. The Court moving about.

Chamberlain [to MEPHISTOPHELES].

The spirit-scene you promised still is owing.

To work! Impatient is our master growing.

Steward. A moment since His Grace inquired of me.

Delay not! Don't disgrace His Majesty!

Mephistopheles Upon that errand has my comrade gone; He surely knows what's to be done.

He works secludedly and still, And all his powers he perforce engages.

Who'd raise that treasure, Beauty, at his will, Requires the highest art, Magic of Sages!

Steward The kind of arts you need, that is all one;

It is the Emperor's will that it be done.

A Blonde [to MEPHISTOPHELES].

One word, sir! See my face without a spot, But thus in tiresome summer it is not!

Then brownish-red there sprout a hundred freckles Which vex my lily skin with ugly speckles.

A cure!

Mephistopheles You radiant darling, what a pity, Spotted in May-time like a panther-kitty.

Take frog-spawn, toads' tongues, cohobate them, And carefully, at full moon, distillate them.

When the moon's waning, spread the mixture on, And when the spring has come, the spots are gone.

A Brunette To fawn around you, see the crowd advancing!

I beg a remedy! A chilblained foot Hinders me much in walking and in dancing And makes me awkward even when I salute.

Mephistopheles Pray let me tread upon it with my foot.

Brunette Well, I suppose that happens between lovers.

Mephistopheles In my tread, child, a greater meaning hovers.

Like unto like, whatever pain one undergo!

Foot healeth foot, so is it with each member.

Come here! Give heed! Don't you tread me, remember!

Brunette [Screaming]. Oh, how that stings! you did tread hard!

Oh! Oh!

'Twas like a horse's hoof.

Mephistopheles With this cure you can go.

Dance to your heart's content, now you are able, Or foot it with your sweetheart 'neath the table.

Lady [pressing forward] Let me go through! Too painful are my sorrows; Deep in my heart this anguish burns and burrows.

Till yesterday his bliss hung on my glances But now he turns his back; only her talk entrances.

Mephistopheles That's serious, but listen carefully.

Press up to him quite softly, take This bit of charcoal, and then on him make A mark on sleeve or cloak or shoulder as may be; Remorse will pierce him to the very core.

The coal, however, you must straightway swallow, Nor let a drop of wine or water follow; Tonight you'll have him sighing at your door.

Lady It is not poison, is it? Mephistopheles [indignant] Respect where it is due!

For such a coal you'd travel many a mile; It comes here from a funeral pile Such as whose flames we once more fiercely blew.

Page I am in love, they do not take me seriously.

Mephistopheles [aside] Whom I am now to listen to, I do not see.

To the PAGE.

Let not the youngest maid your fancy fetter; Those on in years know how to prize you better.

Others crowd up.

Still more and more? It is a brawl, in sooth!

I'll help myself at last with naked truth, The worst of aids! Great is my misery. O Mothers, Mothers! Do let Faust go free!

Gazing around him.

The lights are burning dimly in the hall, At once the Court starts forward, one and all.

I see them file according to their grades Through distant galleries and long arcades.

Now they're assembling in that ample space, The old Knight's Hall; yet hardly all find place.

The spacious walls with tapestries are rich, While armour decorates each nook and niche.

Here is no need, methinks, of magic incantation,

Ghosts will come here without an invitation.

HALL OF THE KNIGHTS

Dim illumination. The EMPEROR and Court have entered.

Herald. Mine ancient office of announcing plays Is marred by spirits' mystic interference; In vain one dares in reasonable ways To fathom their mysterious appearance.

The chairs are placed, the seats are ready all; The Emperor is seated just before the wall; Upon the arras there he may with ease behold The glorious battles that men fought of old.

Now Emperor and Court are seated here; The benches crowd together in the rear; And lovers in this spirit-hour's uncanny gloom Have found beside their loved ones lovely room.

And so, since all have duly taken places, We're ready, let the spirits come and face us!

Trumpets.

Astrologer Now let the drama start without delay.

Our Sire commands! Ye walls, give way!

Naught hinders now. Here magic doth conspire; The arras rolls away as if by fire.

The wall is splitting, turning in the gloom, A deep stage seems to be appearing, A light mysterious to be nearing, And I ascend to the proscenium.

Mephistopheles [rising to view in the prompter's box].

I hope for favour here from all and each, For promptings are the Devil's art of speech.

To the ASTROLOGER.

You know the tempo of the stars on high; You'll understand my whispering masterly.

Astrologer By magic might before us doth appear, Massive enough, an ancient temple here.

Like Atlas who upheld the sky of old,

Columns enough, in rows, you can behold.

Well for the weight of stone may they suffice, Since two could bear a mighty edifice.

Architect So that's antique! I can't say I would praise it; Top-heavy, clumsy, is the way to phrase it.

Rude is called noble, awkward great; far more I love slim shafts that boundless soar.

High pointed arches lift the soul on high, Such edifices most do edify.

Astrologer Receive with reverent awe star-granted hours By magic's spells enthralled be Reason's powers, And in its stead, arising far and free, Reign glorious, daring Phantasy!

What you desired so boldly, be it now perceived; It is impossible, therefore to be believed.

FAUST rises to view on the other side of the proscenium.

Astrologer In priestly robe and wreathed, a wonder-man!

Who'll now fulfil what he in faith began, A tripod with him from the depths below.

Now from the bowl the incense-perfumes flow.

He girds himself, the lofty work to bless; Henceforth there can be nothing but success.

Faust [in the grand manner].

In your name, Mothers! ye who have your throne In boundless space, eternally alone, Yet not alone. Around your heads there waver Life's images, astir, yet lifeless ever.

What once has been, in radiance supernal, It's stirring there, for it would be eternal, And ye allot it, Powers who all things sway, To vaulted night, to canopy of day.

On some the lovely stream of life lays hold, Others are sought by the magician bold; Boldly in rich profusion he displays The marvel whereon each would like to gaze.

Astrologer The glowing key doth scarcely touch the bowl, Over the prospect misty vapours roll; They creep along, then cloud-like on they fare, Spread out, round off, entwined, they part, they pair.

Now note a mystic masterpiece! For lo!

The vaporous clouds make music as they go.

Aerial tones bring forth- what can it be? While they proceed, all turns to melody.

The columned shaft, the very triglyph, rings; Yea, I believe that all the temple sings.

The mist is sinking; from the filmy haze A handsome youth steps forth with measured pace.

Here ends my task, I do not need to name him; As gentle Paris who would not proclaim him? PARIS steps forth.

A Lady What glorious, blooming youth and strength I see!

A Second Lady Fresh as a peach, as full of juice, is he!

A Third Lady The finely chiselled, sweetly swelling lip!

A Fourth Lady From such a cup how would you like to sip?

A Fifth Lady He's handsome, yes, and yet not quite refined.

A Sixth Lady A bit more graceful might he be, I find.

A Knight I think I see him when a shepherd boy. He's wearing No traces of a prince and naught of courtly bearing.

Another Knight Oh, well! Half nude the youth is fair to look upon, But we must see him with his armour on.

A Lady He seats him gently and with easy grace.

A Knight You'd find his lap, perchance, a pleasant place? Another Lady. He lays his arm so lightly over his head.

A Chamberlain That's not allowed! How thoroughly ill-bred!

A Lady You lords can always find some fault to cavil at.

Chamberlain Before the very Emperor to stretch himself like that!

A Lady He's only playing, thinks he's quite alone.

Chamberlain A play too should be courteous near the throne.

A Lady Sleep captures now the charming youth completely!

Chamberlain And now he'll snore, quite properly and meetly!

A Young Lady [enraptured].

What fragrance with the incense-stream is blending, Refreshment to my inmost bosom sending!

An Older Lady A zephyr pierces deep into my soul, in truth!

It comes from him.

A Very Old Lady It is the bloom of youth, Ambrosia-like within the boy distilling And all the atmosphere around us filling.

HELENA appears.

Mephistopheles So that is she! She'd not disturb my rest; Pretty indeed, but still I'm not impressed.

Astrologer For me right now there's nothing more to do; I see and honourably confess it true.

The Fair One comes, and had I tongues of fire! Always did Beauty many songs inspire.

Who sees her is enrapt! and far too blessed For human lot the man who her possessed.

Faust Have I still eyes? Is Beauty's spring, outpouring, Revealed most richly to my inmost soul? My dread path brought me to this loftiest goal!

Void was the world and barred to my exploring!

What is it now since this my priesthood's hour? Worth wishing for, firm-based, a lasting dower!

Vanish from me my every vital power If I forsake thee, treacherous to my duty!

The lovely form that once my fancy captured,

That in the magic glass enraptured, Was but a foam-born phantom of such beauty! To thee alone I render up with gladness The very essence of my passion, Fancy, desire, love, worship, madness!

Mephistopheles [from the prompter's box].

Be calm! Don't drop your role in such a fashion!

An Elderly Lady Tall, well-formed, but her head's too small for me.

A Fairly Young Lady Just see her foot! How could it clumsier be? A Diplomat I have seen princesses of this same kind!

She's beautiful from head to foot, I find.

A Courtier She nears the sleeper, cunningly demure.

A Lady How hideous by that form so young and pure!

A Poet By her rare beauty he is beamed upon.

A Lady A picture! Luna and Endymion!

A Poet Quite right! and now the goddess seems to sink, Bends over him as if his breath to drink.

How enviable!- A kiss!- The cup is full.

A Duenna Before the crowd! My word! That is too cool.

Faust A fearful favour for the youth!

Mephistopheles Be still And let the phantom do all that it will.

A Courtier She steals away, light-footed. He awakes.

A Lady Just as I thought, another look she takes.

A Courtier He is astounded, thinks a wonder doth occur.

A Lady But what she sees, no wonder is to her.

A Courtier She turns around to him with charming grace.

A Lady I see, she'll take him now into her school; Stupid is every man in such a case.

He thinks, I guess, that he's the first- the fool!

A Knight She'll pass with me! A fine, majestic air!

A Lady The courtesan! How vulgar, I declare!

A Page Where he is now, oh, would that I were there!

A Courtier In such a net who would not fain be caught? A Lady Through many hands has gone that jewel rare; Even the gilding's rather worse for wear.

Another Lady From her tenth year she has been good for naught.

A Knight Each makes the best his own as chance obtains; I'd be contented with these fair remains.

A Dryasdust Scholar I see her plainly and yet, frankly, I can see That one may doubt if she the right one be.

What's present always causes obfuscation; I like to cling to written attestation.

And there I read that, soon as she was sighted, The Trojan greybeards all were most delighted.

Methinks, that fits the case here perfectly.

I am not young and yet she pleases me.

Astrologer A youth no more! A man, heroic, brave, Embraces her who scarce herself can save.

Strong-armed, he lifts her high in air.

Will he, then, bear her off? Faust Rash fool, beware!

You dare? You hear not? Halt! It is too much!

Mephistopheles Why, this mad phantom-play, you've made it such!

Astrologer. But one word more! From all we've seen today, I call the piece The Rape of Helena.

Faust What! "Rape?" Fellow, am I for naught here? This key do I not hold it in my hand, I whom through stormy solitudes it brought here, Through waves of horror to this solid land? Here do I plant my foot! Realities are here, Here strife with spirits may the spirit dare And for itself the great twin-realm prepare.

Though she was far, how can she nearer be? I'll save her and then doubly mine is she.

I dare! Ye Mothers, Mothers! grant this favour!

Who once has known her can renounce her never!

Astrologer What are you doing, Faustus, Faustus! With what might He seizes her! The form is fading from our sight.

Toward the youth he turns the key, and lo!

He's touching him!- Now! it is done! Ah, woe on woe!

Explosion. FAUST lies on the ground. The phantoms dissolve in vapour.

Mephistopheles [taking FAUST on his shoulder].

So there it is! To deal with fools is evil And in the end it even harms the Devil.

Darkness, tumult.

ACT II

A HIGH-VAULTED, NARROW, GOTHIC CHAMBER FORMERLY FAUST'S, UNALTERED Mephistopheles [appears from behind a curtain. As he raises the curtain and looks back, FAUST is seen stretched out on an old-fashioned bed].

Lie there, poor wretch! seduced, unwise, Scarce to be rescued from Love's chain!

Whom Helena doth paralyze, His reason he'll not soon regain.

Looking around him.

I look around and through the glimmer Unchanged, uninjured all appears; Methinks the coloured window-panes are dimmer, The cobwebs have increased with years.

The ink is dry, the paper brown and sere, Yet all is in its place, in very fact;

Even the pen's still lying here Which Faust used when he signed the pact.

Aye, deeper in the pen is lurking still A trace of blood I lured him on to spill.

To find a relic so unique as this Would be some great collector's highest bliss.

From its old hook the old fur coat's half falling, Those merry jests of mine recalling Which once I taught that lad as truth, Which still may nourish his ingenuous youth.

Rough, fur-warm cloak, encased in you, A great desire comes on me truly To show off as a proud professor newly, As men think they've a perfect right to do.

The learned know how to attain that level; It is an art long since lost by the Devil.

He shakes the fur coat which he has taken down. Crickets, beetles, and moths fly out.

Chorus of Insects.

Hail! welcome thy coming, Thou patron of yore!

We're flying and humming

And know thee once more.

All singly, in quiet, Didst plant us, and lo!

In thousands, O Father, We dance to and fro.

The rogue in the bosom Is deeply concealed; The insects in fur coats Are sooner revealed.

Mephistopheles With what surprising joy this youthful brood I view!

Aye, only sow, you'll harvest when the time is due.

I'll give the old fur coat a second clout; Still here and there another flutters out.

Up and about, ye darlings, helter-skelter, And quickly in a thousand nooks seek shelter:

Where ancient pasteboard boxes stand, In yellowed parchment here at hand, Where dusty shards of old pots lie, In yonder death's-head's hollow eye.

Amid such trash and mouldering life

Crickets and crotchets must be rife.

He slips into the fur coat.

Come, cloak my shoulders as of yore, Head of the house as heretofore.

Yet boots it little so to name me; Where are the people to acclaim me?

He pulls the bell which gives out a shrill, penetrating sound, making the halls tremble and the doors fly open.

Famulus [tottering down the long, dark corridor].

What a clanging! What a quaking!

Stairs are rocking, walls are shaking!

Through the windows' motley quiver I see summer lightning shiver.

Over me cracks the ancient flooring, Down come lime and rubbish pouring; And the door, securely bolted, Magic power has open jolted.

There! How terrible! A giant

Stands in Faust's old fur, defiant!

At his look, his beck, his winking, On my knees I'm near to sinking.

Shall I stay? or shall I flee? Oh, what will become of me? Mephistopheles [beckoning].

Come here, my friend! Your name is Nicodemus.

Famulus Most worthy sir! That is my name- Oremus.

Mephistopheles That we'll omit!

Famulus You know me! What a thrill!

Mephistopheles I know you well, old and a student still, Moss-covered sir! Also a learned man Still studies on since there's naught else he can.

A moderate house of cards one builds him so; The greatest mind does not complete it, though.
And yet your master! Great his gifts and fame;
Who does not know good Doctor Wagner's name? First in the learned world! 'Tis he alone, they say, Who
holds the world together; every day He proves that he is wisdom's multiplier.
Hearers and listeners who eagerly aspire To universal knowledge, round him flock.
None from the rostrum can shine meeter; He handles keys as doth St. Peter; Lower and Upper, both he
can unlock.
Like his- as Wagner glows and sparkles No other's fame can hold its ground.
The very name of Faustus darkles; Wagner alone has sought and found.
Famulus Pardon, good sir, for asking your attention The while I make an humble intervention:
With what you've said there can be no dissension, But modesty is his allotted part.
Since that great man's mysterious disappearing He knows not where to turn in his despairing; For Faust's
return he prays with all his heart, And thence for weal and solace. None may enter
The room which Doctor Faustus left. Forlorn, Untouched, it waits its lord's return.
To enter it I scarcely dare to venture.
What aspect of the stars must now appear? It seemed to me as if the stout walls quivered, The door-posts
trembled, bolts were shivered, Else you yourself could not have come in here.
Mephistopheles Where has the man gone? Where is he? Lead me to him! Bring him to me!
Famulus Ah, sir! Too strict his orders are a bit, I know not if I dare to venture it.
Month after month to great work he's been giving, In stillest stillness he's been living.
The daintiest of men of learning Looks now as if he had been charcoal-burning, His face all black from
ears to nose, His eyes all red from flames he blows.
Each moment for the next he longs; His music is the clang of tongs.
Mephistopheles And shall he entrance now deny me? I'll speed his luck- just let him try me!
FAMULUS goes out, MEPHISTOPHELES Sits down gravely.
Scarce am I settled here at rest, When yonder stirs a well-known guest.
But now most up-to-date is he; He'll brag and swagger boundlessly.
Bachelor of Arts [storming along the corridor].
Gate and door I find are opening!
Well, at least one can be hoping That no more in mould unfitting Men alive, yet dead, are sitting, Pining,
rotting, mortifying, And of living still be dying.
Here each wall and each partition Bends down, sinking to perdition.
If we hence don't soon betake us, Ruin dire will overtake us.
I am bold, no one can match me,
Yet no farther will one catch me.
But today what am I learning!
Many years ago, a yearning Freshman, I came hither, fluttering, Anxious and abashed and stuttering.
Here I trusted long-beards' tattle, Edified me on their prattle.
Into heavy, dry tomes reaching, What they knew they lied in teaching, Taught without themselves
believing, Me, themselves, of life bereaving.
What! there in the cell off yonder, Dimly-lit, one sits asunder!
Stranger still, as I draw nearer, Sits he there, the brown fur-wearer, As I left him, piece for piece, Still in
that old shaggy fleece!
Subtle then he seemed to be, Not yet understood by me, But today 'twill not avail him.
Up and on now to assail him!
If, ancient sir, your bald head, sideways bending, Has into Lethe's dreary waters not been drawn,
Acknowledge now your pupil hither wending Who academic rods has quite outgrown.
I find you still as then when I began; But I am here again, another man!
Mephistopheles I'm glad brought you with my tinkling.
The other time I valued you quite high; Even in the worm, the chrysalis, an inkling Is of the future, gaily-
coloured butterfly.
Curls and a fine lace-collar wearing, You showed a child-like pleasure in your bearing.
I guess you never wore a queue? I see, today cropped like a Swede are you.
You look quite brave and resolute, But pray don't go home absolute.

Bachelor of Arts.

Old sir! there on the same old desk you're leaning, But think how time runs on today And spare your words of double meaning;

We watch now in a very different way.

Then with an honest stripling you were toying, Succeeded too, but little art employing.

Today no one will venture that, in sooth.

Mephistopheles If, unadulterate, one says to youth What does not please the callow brood- the truth!

And later after many a tide They learn it painfully on their own hide, Each fancies then it came from his own head; "The Master was a fool!" is what is said.

Bachelor of Arts.

Or rogue perhaps! What teacher has the grace To tell the truth directly to our face? To simple children each knows what to say, Add or subtract, now grave, now wise and gay.

Mephistopheles There is, indeed, a time to learn; You're ready now to teach, as I discern.

For many a moon and now and then a sun A rich experience you have doubtless won.

Bachelor of Arts Experience! Mere foam and fluff!

A peer of mind? No trace of that is showing.

Confess: what men have ever known is stuff And absolutely not worth knowing...

Mephistopheles [after a pause].

I long have thought so, but I was a fool; Now to myself I seem right flat and dull.

Bachelor of Arts Good! That has a reasonable sound; A greybeard talking sense at last is found!

Mephistopheles I sought a hidden treasure, one of gold; 'Twas hideous coals when all my search was done.

Bachelor of Arts Confess it then! Your skull, now bald and old, Is worth no more than yonder hollow one.

Mephistopheles [good-humouredly].

You're ruder, friend, perhaps than you mean quite.

Bachelor of Arts In German people lie when they're polite.

Mephistopheles [moving nearer and nearer toward the proscenium in his wheeled-chair, to the spectators].

Here I'm deprived of light and air. I wonder Could I find refuge with you people yonder? Bachelor of Arts

It is presumption that men old and hoar Seek to be something when they are no more.

Man's life lives in his blood and where, forsooth, Does blood so stir as in the veins of youth? Ah, that is living blood, with vigour rife, Creating newer life from its own life.

There all is stirring, there is something done, The weak fall out, the capable press on.

While half the world we've brought beneath our sway, What have you done? Thought, nodded, dreamed away, Considered plan on plan- and nothing won.

It's certain! Age is but an ague cold, Chill with its fancies of distress and dread.

Once a man's thirty, he's already old, He is indeed as good as dead.

'Twere best to kill him right away.

Mephistopheles The Devil, here, has nothing more to say.

Bachelor of Arts Unless I will it, no devil can there be.

Mephistopheles [aside] The Devil, though, will trip you presently.

Bachelor of Arts This is youth's noblest message and most fit!

The world was not till I created it.

'Twas I that led the sun up from the sea; The moon began its changeful course with me.

The day put on rich garments, me to meet; The earth grew green and blossomed, me to greet.

At my behest in that primeval night The stars unveiled their splendour to my sight.

Who, if not I, your own deliverance wrought From fetters of Philistine, cramping thought? I, as my spirit bids me, with delight

I follow onward mine own inner light.

Swift I proceed with mine own raptured mind, Glory before me, darkness far behind.

Exit.

Mephistopheles Original, in all your glory take your way!

How would true insight make you grieve!

What wise or stupid thing can man conceive That was not thought in ages passed away? Danger from him will cause us little bother, He will be changed when a few years have passed; Though must within the cask may raise a pother, It turns to wine no less at last.

To the younger portion of the audience who do not applaud.

I see my words have left you cold; Good children, I'll not take it evil.

Remember that the Devil's old; Grow old, to understand the Devil.

LABORATORY In the style of the Middle Ages; scattered, clumsy apparatus for fantastic purposes
Wagner [at the furnace] The bell resounds with fearful clangour, The sooty walls thrill its vibration.

No longer can remain uncertain My great, most earnest expectation.

Darkness is lifting like a curtain.

Within the phial's inmost chamber It's glowing like a living ember, Yea, like a glorious carbuncle, gleaming And flashing, through the darkness streaming.

A clear white light comes into view!

Oh, may it not escape once more! Ah, God! what's rattling at the door? Mephistopheles [entering]

Welcome! I mean it well with you.

Wagner [anxiously] Welcome in this auspicious hour!

Softly.

Don't speak or even breathe, though, I implore!

Achieved is soon a glorious undertaking.

Mephistopheles [more softly] What is it, then? Wagner [more softly] A man is in the making!

Mephistopheles A man? And, pray, what lovesick pair Have you shut in the chimney-flue? Wagner May God forbid! Begetting, as men used to do, Both vain and senseless we declare.

The tender point whence life used to begin, The gracious outward urgency from within, To take and give, to have its likeness known, Near and remote alike to make its own All that has lost its former dignity.

Whereas delighted with it still the beast may be, A man with his great gifts must henceforth win A higher, even higher origin.

Turning toward the furnace.

It flashes, see! Now truly we may hold That if from substances a hundredfold, Through mixture- for on mixture all depends Man's substance gently be consolidated, In an alembic sealed and segregated,

And properly be cohobated, In quiet and success the labour ends.

Turning toward the furnace again.

'Twill be! The mass is working clearer, Conviction gathers, truer, nearer.

What men as Nature's mysteries would hold, All that to test by reason we make bold, And what she once was wont to organize, That we bid now to crystallize.

Mephistopheles Whoever lives long learns full many things; By naught in this world can he ever be surprised.

I've seen already in my wanderings Many a mortal who was crystallized.

Wagner [hitherto constantly attentive to the phial].

It rises, flashes, gathers on; A moment, and the deed is done.

A great design at first seems mad; but we Henceforth will laugh at chance in procreation,

And such a brain that is to think transcendently Will be a thinker's own creation.

Looking at the phial rapturously.

The glass resounds with lovely might; It dims, it clears; life must begin to be.

A dainty figure greets my sight; A pretty manikin I see.

What more do we or does the world want now? The mystery's within our reach.

Come, hearken to this sound, and listen how It turns to voice, it turns to speech.

Homunculus [in the phial, to WAGNER].

Well, Daddy! how are you? It was no jest.

Come, press me tenderly upon your breast, But not too hard, for fear the glass might shatter.

That is the property of matter:

For what is natural the All has place; What's artificial needs restricted space.

To MEPHISTOPHELES.

How now, Sir Cousin, rogue, are you here too? And at the proper moment? Many thanks to you!

You've been led here by some good destiny.

The while I'm living, active must I be.
Fain would I gird me for the work straightway; You are adroit and can curtail my way.
Wagner But one word more! I'm shamed that answers fail me, When with their problems young and old assail me.
For instance: no one's grasped how, each with either, Body and soul can fit so well together, Hold fast as if not to be separated, Yet each by other daily vexed and hated.
And then-
Mephistopheles Stop? I would rather ask if he Can say why man and wife so ill agree? This point, my friend, will nevermore be clear.
The little chap wants work to do and it is here.
Homunculus What's to be done? Mephistopheles [pointing to a side door].
Your talents here you're to employ!
Wagner [looking steadfastly into the phial].
In truth you are the very loveliest boy!
The side door opens and FAUST is seen stretched out on the couch.
Homunculus [astonished].
Significant!
The phial slips out of WAGNER'S hands, hovers above FAUST and illumines him.
'With beauty girt!- Clear waters moving In a dense grove and women who undress;
Fairest of forms!- The picture is improving.
But one outshines the rest in loveliness, From noblest heroes, nay, from gods, descended.
In the translucent pool her foot she laves; The living flame of her sweet form is blended With th' cooling, clinging crystal of the waves.
But what a noise of pinions swiftly dashing, And in the pool what swishing, splashing!
The maidens flee abashed, but she, the queen, With calm composure gazes on the scene.
With pleasure proud and womanly she sees The swan-prince nestle fondly at her knees, Importunate, yet tame. He grows more daring.
But swiftly upward floats a vapour pale And covers with its closely woven veil A scene most lovely and beyond comparing.
Mephistopheles How many tales you can relate!
Small as you are, in fancies you are great.
I can see naught-
Homunculus Of course. You from the North, In ages dark and drear brought forth, In all the murk of knighthood and of papistry, How could your vision, then, be clear and free? Only in gloom are you at home.
Looking around.
Bemouldered stone-work, dingy, horrid, With pointed arches low and florid!
If this man wakes, there'll be new things to dread; At once upon the spot he will lie dead.
Prophetic dreams of wood and springs beguile him, Of swans and naked beauties. Here, In such a place, how could he reconcile him, Which I, the most adaptable, scarce bear? Now off with him!
Mephistopheles Whither I'll hear with pleasure.
Homunculus Command the warrior to the fight, Lead forth the maid to tread a measure; Then all is fitting, all is right.
Just now- my memory brings to light Is Classical Walpurgis Night.
For him could be no happier event Than to be taken to his element.
Mephistopheles Of that I've never chanced to hear.
Homunculus How would it come, pray, to your ear? Only romantic ghosts are known to you; A ghost that's genuine must be classic too.
Mephistopheles But whither, then, are we to travel? Tell me!
Your antique cronies now repel me.
Homunculus Satan, northwest is where you're wont to play, But to the southeast we will sail today.
Along a great plain is Peneus flowing free,
Its silent bays shadowed by bush and tree.
To mountain gorges sweeps the level view, Above it stands Pharsalus old and new.

Mephistopheles Alack! have done! and call not old dissension 'Twixt tyranny and slavery to my attention.
It wearies me, no sooner is it done.

When once more is the same old fight begun.

And no one notes that he is but the game Of Asmodeus who still fans the flame.

They're fighters, so they say, for freedom's rights; More closely scanned, it's slave with slave that fights.

Homunculus Oh, leave to men their fractious being.

Each must defend himself as best he can, From boyhood up; thus he becomes a man.

To this man's cure we must be seeing.

Come, prove it here if you've a remedy; If you have not, then leave the cure to me.

Mephistopheles Many a Brocken-game I might essay,

But heathen bolts, I'll find, will block my way.

The Greeks were never worth much, it is true, Yet their free play of senses dazzles you, The heart of man
to happy vices winning.

Gloomy will always seem our ways of sinning.

What now? Homunculus I know you're free of squeamish twitches!

And if I touch upon Thessalian witches, I think I have not talked for naught.

Mephistopheles [lustfully] Thessalian witches! They are personswell, For them I long have asked and
sought.

Night after night with them to dwell Is not, I'd say, a pleasant thought; Let's spy them, try them,
thoughHomunculus The mantle there!

Come, wrap it straightway round the knight!

As heretofore the rag will bear

You both upon your novel flight.

I'll light the way.

Wagner [anxiously] And I? Homunculus Well, you Will stay at home, most weighty work to do.

Open the parchment-sheets, collect Life-elements as the recipes direct, With caution fitting each to other.

Ponder The What- to solve the How still harder try, While through a little piece of world I wander To find
the dot to put upon the i.

Accomplished then will the great purpose be.

Striving earns high requital: wealth, Honour and fame, long life and perfect health, Knowledge and virtue
too- well, possibly.

Farewell!

Wagner [sorrowfully] Farewell! My heart is wrung with pain.

I fear that I will see you never again.

Mephistopheles Now to Peneus, quick, descend!

Sir Coz shall not be meanly rated.

To the spectators.

It's true, at last we all depend On creatures we ourselves created.

CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT

PHARSALIAN FIELDS Darkness.

Erichtho To this night's awful festival, as oft before, I stride in view, Erichtho, I the gloomy one, Not so
atrocious as the tiresome poet-crew Calumniate me to excess... They never end In praise and censure...

Even now the vale appears Far, over-whitened with the billows of gray tents, Spectres of that most dire
and most appalling night.

How oft it has recurred already! Evermore

It will recur forever... No one grants the realm Unto another, none to him who through his might Has won
and rules it. For each one who knows not how To rule his own, his inborn self, is all too fain To rule his
neighbour's will, as prompts his own proud mind...

Here was a great example fought even to the end:

How violence opposes greater violence, How freedom's lovely, thousand-blossomed wreath is rent, And
the stiff laurel bends around the ruler's head.

Here of an early budding greatness Pompey dreamed, There Caesar by the wavering balance watchful lay!

Strength will they measure. And the world knows now who won.

The watch-fires glow and flash, diffusing ruddy flames; The ground where blood was shed exhales reflected light; And by the night's most rare and wondrous splendour lured, The legion of Hellenic myths assembles here.

Round all the watch-fires fabled forms of ancient days Hover uncertain to and fro or sit at ease...
In truth, not fully orbed, yet radiant bright, the moon Is rising, spreading gentle splendour everywhere;
The tents' illusion vanishes, the lights burn blue.

But lo! above my head what sudden meteor!

It beams and it illumines a corporeal ball.

'Tis life I scent. Becoming is it not for me That I approach the living, doing harm to them.

That brings me evil fame and benefits me not.

Already it sinks down. Discreetly I withdraw.

Moves away. The AERONAUTS overhead.

Homunculus.

Once again around I hover, Flames and horrors dire I follow; Spectral all that I discover In the vale and in the hollow.

Mephistopheles As through my old window looking Midst far northern waste and gloom, Ghosts revolting I see spooking, Here as there I am at home.

Homunculus.

See! a woman tall is stalking In long strides before us there.

Mephistopheles As if scared, it seems, she's walking, Saw us coming through the air.

Homunculus.

Let her stalk! Set down the burden Of your knight, for near at hand Are the new life and the guerdon That he seeks in fable-land.

Faust [touching the soil] Where is she? Homunculus That's a question over-tasking, But here you'll learn, I think, by asking.

Make ready, go ere it is day; From flame to flame inquiring wander.

Who to the Mothers dared the way, Has nothing more to fear or ponder.

Mephistopheles Here I too claim a part to play, Yet for our weal naught better can I say Than that each one amid the fires

Should seek his own adventures and desires.

Then as a sign to reunite us, Let, little friend, your lantern sound and light us.

Homunculus Thus shall it ring and light display.

The glass resounds and emits a powerful light.

Now to new wonders, quick away!

Exit.

Faust [alone] Where is she?- now no further question make...

Though it be not the soil on which she stepped, Nor this the wave that to her coming leapt, Yet 'tis the air that speaks the tongue she spake.

Here by a wonder! Here in Grecian land!

I felt at once the earth on which I stand.

As, while I slept, new strength my limbs was steeling, I rise renewed, Antaeus in my feeling.

And while the strangest things assembled here I find, I'll search this labyrinth of flames with serious mind.

Goes away.

BY THE UPPER PENEUS Mephistopheles [peering around].

As mid these little fires I wander aimless, I find myself quite strange and disconcerted.

Naked are almost all, some few are shirted; The griffins impudent, the sphinxes shameless, Winged, curly things- who'll ever dare to name them? Seen fore and aft, they're crude enough to shame them...

It's true, indecency is our ideal, But the antique is too alive and real.

By modern taste the nude should be controlled And overlaid in fashions manifold.

A loathsome folk! yet so I must not treat them; As new-come guest I should politely greet them...

Hail, ye wise grizzlies, hail, ye ladies fair!

A Griffin [snarling] Not grizzlies! Griffins! No one likes to hear Himself called grizzly. In each word there rings An echo of the source from which it springs.

Graves, growling, grumpy, gruesome, grim, and grey, All of one sort in etymology are they,
And put us out of sorts.
Mephistopheles Yet- not to leave this thesis The gri in your proud title Griffin pleases.
Griffin [as above and continuously so].
Of course! The kinship has been proved to hold.
'Tis true, it's oft rebuked but oftener extolled.
Let one but grip at maidens, crowns, and gold; Fortune is mostly gracious to the Gripper bold.
Ants of the colossal kind.
You speak of gold! In great heaps did we hoard it, In rocky caverns secretly we stored it; The Arimaspians
have nosed it out, They bore it off so far they laugh and shout.
Griffin We'll bring them to confess their deed.
Arimaspians But not in this free night of jubilee.
Ere morning all will squandered be; This time we'll probably succeed.
Mephistopheles [who has seated himself between the SPHINXES].
How pleasantly I grow familiar here; I understand them one and all.
A Sphinx We breathe our spirit-tones into your ear, And then you render them material.
Until we know you better, tell your name.
Mephistopheles Men think that many a title I may claim.
Are Britons here? Such travellers are they; Cascades and battlefields they love to trace, Ruins and many a
musty classic place; A worthy goal they would find here today.
They testified that in the old stage-play I was seen there as "Old Iniquity." A Sphinx How did they hit on
that? Mephistopheles It puzzles even me.
A Sphinx Perhaps!- Do you know planets and their power? What say you to the aspect of the hour?
Mephistopheles [looking upward].
Star courses star, I see the clipped moon glide And feel quite happy at your cosy side; I'll warm myself
against your lion's-hide.
'Twould hurt to soar up, I'd but go astray.
Propound some riddles or charades to play.
A Sphinx Express yourself; that too will be a riddle.
See if your inmost essence you can rede:
"What both the pious and the wicked need:
For those a breastplate for ascetic fencing, For these a comrade crazy pranks advancing, Both but the joy
of Zeus enhancing." First Griffin [snarling] I don't like him.
Second Griffin [snarling more loudly] What is it he wants here? Both. The nasty wretch belongs not in
our sphere!
Mephistopheles [brutally].
You think perhaps the guest's nails do not scratch And with your sharp claws cannot match? Just try it!
A Sphinx [gently] Here you might forever stay, But from our midst you'll drive yourself away.
At home you think to do just as you please, But if I err not, here you're ill at ease.
Mephistopheles Right appetizing are you upward from the bosom, But further down your beastly part is
gruesome.
A Sphinx These words, you hypocrite, you'll surely rue, Because our paws are sound; but I can see That
with that shrunken horse's-foot you do Not feel at ease in our society.
SIRENS prelude overhead.
Mephistopheles What birds are they who're cradled yonder
On boughs beside the poplared river? A Sphinx Beware! The best of men have ever Been led by that
singsong to wander.
Sirens.
Ah, why mar thy taste completely, Mid these hideous wonders dwelling? Hear our notes accordant
swelling, See our hosts come singing sweetly As becometh sirens meetly.
Sphinxes [mocking them in the same melody].
Force them down! And so reveal them!
Mid the branches they conceal them; Nasty falcon-claws they're wearing And will fall on thee, unsparing,
If thou lendest willing ear.

Sirens.

Hence with hate, let envy perish!

We the purest pleasures cherish Strewn beneath the sky's blue sphere!

On the earth and on the ocean

Let him see in every motion Sign of welcome and of cheer.

Mephistopheles What novelties and how assuring When both from string and voice alluring The tones about each other twine.

But lost on me is all the trilling, Tickling my ears but never thrilling Down in its depths this heart of mine.

Sphinxes Speak not of heart! Vain so to call it!

A shrivelled-up, old leathern wallet Would better with your face combine.

Faust [approaching] How strangely satisfying are these creatures!

Repulsive, yet what big, compelling features!

I feel now the approach of some good chance; Whither is hailing me that earnest glance?

Referring to the SPHINXES.

Before such Oedipus once stood his ground;

Referring to the SIRENS.

Before such did Ulysses writhe, in hemp fast bound;

Referring to the ANTS.

By such was noblest treasure once amassed;

Referring to the GRIFFINS.

By these 'twas kept inviolate to the last.

New spirit thrills me when I see all these; Great are the figures, great the memories.

Mephistopheles In former times such creatures you'd have scouted Which now it seems that you approve;

Aye, when one seeks his lady-love, Monsters themselves are welcome and not flouted.

Faust [to the SPHINXES]

Ye forms like women, answer me and say:

Has anyone of you seen Helena? Sphinxes We did not last till Helena's generation; Hercules slew the last ones of our nation.

From Chiron you might get the information.

This ghostly night he's galloping around; If he will stop for you, you've gained much ground.

Sirens.

With us too thou wouldst not miss it!...

When Ulysses, with us whiling, Sped not past us, unreviling, Much he told made bright his visit; All his tales we'd tell to thee If thou camest to renew thee To our meadows by the sea.

A Sphinx Sir, hark not to trickery!

Whereas Ulysses to the mast, Let us now with good counsel bind thee.

If lofty Chiron thou canst find thee,

What I have sworn, thou wilt learn at last.

FAUST goes away.

Mephistopheles [vexed] What croaks on pinions rushing by? So fast that they elude the eye? Swiftly in single file they fly.

A hunter tires of such as these.

A Sphinx Like to the storm that winter harrows, Reached scarcely by Alcides' arrows, They are the swift Stymphalides.

They mean well with their croak-salute, Their vulture's-beak, their goose's-foot.

Here in our midst they'd like to be And prove they're of our pedigree.

Mephistopheles [as if intimidated].

Some other things are hissing shrill.

A Sphinx For fear of these you need not quake; They are the heads of the Lernaean snake;

Cut from the trunk, they think they're something still.

But say, what's wrong? why so distressful? Why this behaviour so unrestful? Where would you go? Be off, good-by! I see, that chorus twists your neck awry.

Don't force yourself to stay! Go, leave this place, Greet yonder many a charming face.

The Lamiae, wanton wenches, you'll find there, Their foreheads brazen, faces smiling, As when the satyrs they're beguiling.

There all things may a goat's-foot dare.

Mephistopheles You'll stay here and I'll find you here again? Sphinxes Yes! Go and mingle with the airy train.

We long ago are wont, from Egypt coming here, To sit enthroned to the thousandth year.

Respect to our position you must pay.

Thus rule we lunar, rule we solar day.

At the pyramids our station, We look on the doom of races,

War and peace and inundation, With eternal changeless faces.

BY THE LOWER PENEUS

PENEUS surrounded by waters and nymphs.

Peneus Wake and stir, ye whispering bushes, Softly breathe, ye reeds and rushes, Rustle, willows by the river, Lisp, ye poplar sprays a-quiver, To my interrupted dream!...

Fearful, stirring breezes wake me And mysterious tremors shake me From my rippling, restful stream.

Faust [stepping to the edge of the river].

If I dare such fancies harbour, Deep within the tangled arbour Of these twigs and bushes noises Sounded as of human voices.

Wave doth seem a very chatter,

Zephyr sounds a jesting patter.

Nymphs [to FAUST].

Ah, best were it for thee To lie here, reviving In coolness thy members Worn out by their striving, The rest thus enjoying That from thee doth flee; We'll rustle, we'll murmur, We'll whisper to thee.

Faust I am awake! Oh, let them stay me, Those peerless forms, and let them sway me As mine eye sees them in its quest.

What thrills run through my every member!

Do I but dream? Do I remember? Ah, once before was I so blessed.

A cooling stream is softly gliding, Amid the trembling copse half hiding; It scarcely murmurs in its flow.

From every side, clear and delighting,

A hundred streamlets are uniting To fill a bath-like pool below.

The fair young limbs of women trouble The liquid mirror, showing double, And double so the eye's delight!

Bathing with joy, each other aiding, Now boldly swimming, shyly wading, Ending in screams and water-fight.

These should content me, here with pleasure My sight should be restored at leisure; Yet toward yonder leafy screen My vision ever further presses; The verdant wealth of those recesses Surely enveils the lofty queen.

Strange and marvellous! Swans are swimming From the inlets, hither skimming In their stately majesty, Calmly floating, sweetly loving, Heads and beaks uplifted moving In proud self-complacency.

But among them one seems peerless, In his self-love proud and fearless;

Through the throng he sails apace, Swells his plumage like a pillow, He, a billow breasting billow, Speeds on to the sacred place...

The others to and fro, together, Swim with unruffled, radiant feather, Or soon in stirring, splendid fray Seek to divert each timid beauty Away from any thought of duty To save herself if save she may.

Nymphs Sisters, hearken, lend a hearing At the river's verdant shore; If I err not, more and more Sounds of horse's hoofs are nearing.

Would I knew who in swift flight Brings a message to this night!

Faust I believe the earth's resounding To a steed that's hither bounding.

Turn there, my glance!

A most auspicious chance, Can it be hither faring? O marvel past comparing!

A rider's trotting on toward me.

Spirited, strong, he seems to be; Borne on a snow-white steed he's nearing...

I do not err, I know him now, The famous son of Philyra! Halt, Chiron, halt! and give me hearing!

Chiron What now? What is it? Faust Check your pace and stay!

Chiron I do not rest.
 Faust Take me along, I pray!
 Chiron Then, mount! and I can question you at leisure:
 Whither your way? You're standing on the shore
 And I will bear you through the stream with pleasure.
 Faust [mounting] Whither you will, I'll thank you evermore...
 The noble pedagogue, so great in name, Who reared full many a hero, to his fame, The troop of
 Argonauts, renowned in story, And all who built the poets' world of glory.
 Chiron Let us not talk of that. As mentor, none, Not Pallas' self, is venerated.
 For, after all, in their own way men carry on As if they never had been educated.
 Faust The doctor who can name each plant, who knows All roots, even that which deepest grows, Who
 soothes the wounded, makes the sick man whole, You I embrace with all my might and soul.
 Chiron If at my side a hero felt the smart, I knew the aid and counsel to be tendered!
 But in the end all of my art
 To parsons and herb-women was surrendered.
 Faust Upon a true, great man I gaze!
 Who will not hear a word of praise, Modestly strives to shut his ears And acts as had he many peers.
 Chiron You are well-skilled, I see, in idle patter, Princes and common folk alike to flatter.
 Faust At least confess that you have seen The greatest men that in your time have been.
 You've with the noblest vied in earnest strife And like a demigod have lived your life.
 Of all the figures of heroic mould Whom as the ablest did you hold? Chiron Among the Argonauts, superb
 procession!
 Each one was worthy after his own fashion, And by the special power that he possessed, Could do what
 lay beyond the rest.
 Castor and Pollux ever did prevail Where youthful bloom and beauty turned the scale.
 In swift resolve and act for others' good The sons of Boreas proved their hardihood.
 Reflective, strong and shrewd, in council wise, Thus Jason ruled, a joy to women's eyes.
 Then Orpheus, gentle, still, and contemplating, But, when he smote the lyre, all subjugating; Keen-
 sighted Lynceus who by day and dark Past reef and shallow steered the sacred bark.
 Danger is tested best by banded brothers:
 When one achieves, then praise him all the others.
 Faust I beg, of Hercules I would be learning!
 Chiron.
 Oh, woe! Awaken not my yearning!...
 Phoebus I ne'er had seen, nor yet Seen Ares, Hermes, as they're called, in fine, When my enraptured
 vision met A form that all men call divine.
 A king by birth as was no other,
 A youth most glorious to view, A subject to his elder brother And to the loveliest women too.
 His like will Gaea bring forth never Nor Hebe lead to Heaven again; Songs struggle in a vain endeavour,
 Men torture marble all in vain.
 Faust Though men may strive in stone and story, Never has he appeared in all his glory.
 You now have spoken of the fairest man; Tell of the fairest woman all you can!
 Chiron What! Woman's beauty? That is not worth telling, Too oft a rigid image do we see; I praise alone
 a being welling With love of life and gaiety.
 Self-blest is beauty, cold and listless, 'Tis winsomeness that makes resistless, Like that of Helena whom
 once I bore.
 Faust You bore her? Chiron.
 Aye, upon this back.
 Faust Was I not crazed enough before? And here to sit! Such bliss I do not lack!
 Chiron She also grasped me by the hair, Seizing it just as you are doing now.
 Faust I'm losing all my senses! Tell me how, Whence, whither? Ah, you really did her bear? She only is
 my whole desire!
 Chiron Easy it is to tell what you require.
 Castor and Pollux had at that time freed Their darling sister from base robbers' greed.

The robbers, wonted not to be subdued, Took heart and in a storm of rage pursued.
Brothers and sister, speeding on their way, Were checked by swamps that near Eleusis lay; The brothers waded, but I splashed, swam over; Then off she sprang, she stroked and pressed me On my wet mane, thanked and caressed me Sweetly self-conscious, affectionate and sage.

How charming was she! young, the joy of age!

Faust Just ten years old!

Chiron The doctors of philology Have fooled you like themselves, I see.

Peculiar is it with a mythologic dame; The poet brings her, as he needs, to fame; She never grows adult and never old, Always of appetizing mould, Ravished when young, still wooed long past her prime.

Enough, the poet is not bound by time.

Faust Then, here too, be no law of time thrown round her!

On Pherae's isle indeed Achilles found her

Beyond the pale of time. A happiness, how rare!

In spite of fate itself love triumphed there.

Is it beyond my yearning passion's power To bring to life the earth's most perfect flower? That deathless being, peer of gods above, Tender as great; sublime, yet made for love!

You saw her once, today I've seen her too, Charming as fair, desired as fair to view.

My captured soul and being yearn to gain her; I will not live unless I can attain her.

Chiron Strange person! As a man you feel an ecstasy, But to us spirits you seem mad to be.

Now, as it haps, good fortune meets you here, Since for some moments every year I'm wont to Manto to repair Who, Aesculapius' child, in silent prayer Implores her father, for his honour's gain, To throw some light in the physicians' brain That from rash slaughter may their hands refrain.

I love her most of all the guild of sybils, Gentle and kind, nor prone to shifty quibbles.

If but a while you stay, her art secure By powerful roots will work your perfect cure.

Faust I'm sound in mind. A cure is not my aim; Else, like to others, I'd be base and tame Chiron The noble fountain's cure, neglect it not!

Be quick, dismount! We've reached the spot.

Faust Say, whither have you in this gruesome night Borne me through pebbly waters in our flight? Chiron

Here Rome and Greece each bearded each in fight, Olympus on the left, Peneus on the right.

The greatest realm that ever was lost in sand; The monarch flees, the conquering burghers stand.

Look up! Here stands, significantly near, The eternal temple in the moonlight clear.

Manto [dreaming within].

From horse-hoofs bounding

The sacred stairs are resounding; Demigods are drawing near.

Chiron.

Quite right!

Raise your eyes; behold who's here!

Manto [awakening] Welcome! I see you do not fail to come.

Chiron Likewise for you still stands your temple-home.

Manto Are you still roaming, never weary? Chiron Well, you abide in stillness eerie, The while I circle joyously.

Manto I wait here, time encircles me.

And this man? Chiron Him hath this ill-fated night Caught in its whirl and brought here to your sight.

Helena, go his wits a-spinning, Helena he has dreams of winning, But knows no way to make beginning, Most worthy, Aesculapian cure to prove.

Manto Who yearns for the impossible I love.

CHIRON is already far away.

Manto Enter, audacious one, glad shall you be; The gloomy way leads to Persephone.

Within Olympus' cavern foot She lists in secret for prescribed salute.

Here did I smuggle Orpheus in of old.

Use your turn better! Quick! be bold!

They descend.

BY THE UPPER PENEUS Sirens [by the upper Peneus as before].

Plunge ye in Peneus' flood!

Meetly splashing, swimming, fording,
 Linking songs in tones according, For these ill-starred people's good.
 Without water weal is none!
 If our goodly bands were faring To the Aegean, swift repairing, Every joy would then be won.
 Earthquake.
 Sirens.
 Back the foaming wave is going, Down its bed no longer flowing; Quakes the ground, the waters choke,
 Shores and pebbles crack and smoke.
 Let us flee! Come, all! Come on!
 For this marvel profits none.
 Hence! Ye noble guests and merry, To the ocean revel hurry, Glittering where the waves are twinkling,
 Heaving gently, shores besprinkling, There where Luna twofold gloweth, Holy dew on us bestoweth.
 There a life astir and cheerful,
 Here an earthquake dire and fearful.
 Hence, ye prudent, haste away!
 For this place strikes with dismay.
 Seismos [growling and blustering in the depths].
 Shove again with shoulders straining, Stoutly all your strength arrainging!
 Upper regions we'll be gaining, Where to us must all give way.
 Sphinxes.
 What a most unpleasant quivering, What a hideous, fearsome shivering!
 What a wavering, what a shocking, Surging to and fro and rocking!
 An unbearable affray!
 But we shall not change our places, Though all hell bursts in our faces.
 Now a dome- behold the wonder! Is arising. Ah, 'tis yonder Very Ancient, long since hoar, Who built
 Delos' isle of yore,
 Drove it upward from the billow For a travailing woman's pillow.
 He, with straining, pressing, rending, Rigid arms and shoulders bending, Like an Atlas in his gesture,
 Heaves up earth and all its vesture, Loam and stone and sand and gravel, Quiet shores and calm beds'
 level.
 Thus the valley's placid bosom Rends he with a power gruesome, Still most strenuous, never sated, A
 colossal caryatid, Bears an awful weight of boulders, Buried still up to his shoulders.
 But 'twill not come near these spaces; Sphinxes now are in their places.
 Seismos I, only, wrought this little matter As men will finally declare; But for my batter and my clatter
 How would this world be now so fair? How would your mountains stand above there
 In clear and splendid ether-blue, If them I had not worked to shove there? A picturesque, entrancing view!
 Whenas (the primal sires surveying, Chaos and Night) I saw my honour lost, I, with the Titans joined in
 playing, Hurl'd Ossa, Pelion too, as balls are tossed.
 Thus we raged on in youthful passion Till vexed and weary at the last Both mountains we, in wanton
 fashion, Like twin peaks on Parnassus cast...
 Apollo gladly lingers yonder There in the muses' blest retreat.
 For Jove himself and for his bolts of thunder I heaved on high his lofty seat.
 Thus I, by strainings superhuman, Pushed from the depths to upper air, And dwellers glad I loudly
 summon New life henceforth with me to share.
 Sphinxes Surely one would call primeval What so burg-like looms today,
 But we saw the earth give way To the straining, vast upheaval.
 A bushy wood is spreading up the side, While rocks on rocks still roll on like a tide.
 A sphinx will never let such things perturb her, Nor in her sacred seat will aught disturb her.
 Griffins Gold a-spangle, gold a-flitter, Through the chinks I see it glitter.
 Let none rob you of the prize:
 Up and claw it, emmets! Rise!
 Chorus of Ants.
 Whereas the giant ones Upward could shove it, Ye nimble, pliant ones, Swift speed above it!
 Scurry ye out and in!

In each cranny Is every crumb ye win Wealth for the canny.
Ye must discover it,
The slightest treasure, Swiftly uncover it In every fissure.
Toil like the busy bees, Ye swarms, retrieve it.
Gold only shall ye seize!
What's oreless, leave it!
Griffins Come, come! Bring in a heap of gold!
Beneath our claws fast will we hold.
They're bolts none others can excel, They guard the greatest treasure well.
Pygmies We are in our places truly, Know not how it did befall.
Whence we came, don't ask unduly, For we're here now once for all.
As a joyous place to settle, Suitable is every land; If a rocky rift shows metal, Straightway is the dwarf at hand.
Male and female, busy, ready, Exemplary is each pair; We know not if once already This the case in Eden were.
Our lot gratefully we treasure, For we find things here are best; Mother Earth brings forth with pleasure In the east as in the west.
Dactyls.
Hath in a night the Earth The little ones brought to birth, The smallest she will create too, They will find each his mate too.
Eldest Pygmies.
Hasten, in spaces Pleasant take places!
Haste, the work heeding, Not strong but speeding!
Peace is still with ye, Build ye the smithy For troops to shapen
Armour and weapon.
All ye ants, cluster, Busily fluster, Metals to muster!
Dactyls conforming, Tiny but swarming, Our orders hear ye And firewood bear ye!
Heap in a pyre Smothering fire!
Charcoal prepare ye!
Generalissimo.
With bow and arrow Foes will we harrow!
Herons that wander By that pond yonder, Numberless nesting there, Haughtily breasting there, Shoot them straightway, All them together, In helm and feather
Us to array.
Ants and Dactyls.
Who now will save us!
Iron we're bringing, Chains to enslave us.
Chains we're not springing, Not yet the hour; Heed, then, their power!
The Cranes of Ibycus.
Cries of murder, moan of dying!
Fearful pinions fluttering, flying!
What a groan and moan and fright Pierces upward to our height!
All have fallen in the slaughter, Reddened with their blood the water.
Greedy lust, misshapen, cruel, Steals the heron's noble jewel.
On the helmet now it waves, Oh, these fat-paunched, bow-legged knaves!
Comrades with our host in motion, Serried wanderers of the ocean,
Summon we, for vengeance mated, In a case so near related.
Let none spare his strength or blood!
Hate eternal to this brood!
They disperse in the air, croaking.
Mephistopheles [on the plain].
The northern witches I command, but these, Spirits so alien, make me ill at ease.
The Blocksberg's a convenient place to roam; Wherever you are, you find yourself at home.

Dame Ilsa watches for us on her Stone, Wakeful is Henry on his lofty Throne; The Snorers snort, in truth,
 in Elend's ears, But all remains unchanged a thousand years.
 But who knows here, if, where he stand or go, The ground will not heave upward from below?...
 I wander through a level dale quite happily, And then behind me rises suddenly A mountain- scarce a
 mountain, yet in height Enough to block the sphinxes from my sight.
 Here, down the valley, many a fire is glaring,
 Its light on these strange scenes and figures flaring...
 Still, knavishly confusing, lo! the amorous crew Flutter and dance before me, flee and woo.
 But softly now! Though used to many savours, Wherever they be, one still seeks novel flavours.
 Lamiae [drawing MEPHISTOPHELES after them].
 Quicker and quicker!
 And never tarry!
 Then hesitating, Chatting and prating.
 It is so merry, The ancient tricker To lure behind us To penance dreary.
 Foot-stiff and weary, On he comes hobbling, After us wobbling; He drags his foot, Hasting to find us.
 Vain is his suit.
 Mephistopheles [standing still].
 Cursed fate! Men are but women's fools!
 From Adam down, becozened tools!
 Older we grow but who grows wise and steady? Were you not fooled enough already? We know that
 wholly worthless is this race With pinched-in waist and painted face; Naught's wholesome in a folk so
 misbegotten; Grasp where you will, in every limb they're rotten.
 We know it, see it, we can feel it, And still we dance if but the vile jades reel it!
 Lamiae [pausing] Halt! See him ponder, hesitate, delay!
 Turn back to meet him lest he slip away!
 Mephistopheles [striding forward] Go on! nor in the web of doubt Let yourself be entangled foolishly; For
 if no witches were about, Why, who the devil would a devil be!
 Lamiae [most winsomely] Round this hero circle we;
 Surely soon within his breast Love for one is manifest.
 Mephistopheles True, in this uncertain gleam, Pretty wenches do you seem, And you'll hear no slurs from
 me.
 An Empusa [intruding] Nor slur me! A maiden too, Let me join your retinue.
 Lamiae In our group she'll never fit, And our sport? she ruins it.
 Empusa [to MEPHISTOPHELES] From ass-foot Coz Empusa, greeting!
 The trusty one whom now you're meeting.
 You only have a horse's foot; Still, take, Sir Coz, my best salute!
 Mephistopheles Strangers alone were here by expectations, But now, alas! I'm finding near relations.
 Indeed, an ancient book doth tell us:
 Everywhere cousins from the Hartz to Hellas.
 Empusa I'm swift in acting with decision, In many forms could meet your vision; But honour due you I
 would pay And so the ass's head I've donned today.
 Mephistopheles I note, with people of this sort Kinship is stuff of great import; But come what may, it's
 all the same, The ass's head I'd fain disclaim.
 Lamiae Avoid this hag! She doth but scare Whatever lovely seems and fair; What fair and lovely was
 before, She comes, and see! it is no more!
 Mephistopheles These cousins too, slim and delicious, Of one and all I am suspicious; Behind such
 darling cheeks of roses
 I have a fear of metamorphoses.
 Lamiae Just try it, do! We are not few.
 Lay hold! and if the game's luck favours you, Grab for yourself the first, great prize.
 What means this lustful, droning tune? What sort of way is this to spoon? You strut along and act so wise!
 Into our group now see him stride!
 Lay one by one your masks aside And show your nature to his eyes.
 Mephistopheles The fairest have chosen me...

Clasping her.
Oh, woe! A withered broomstick, she!
Seizing another.
And this one?... Hideous face! Oh, what a lot!
Lamiae Do you deserve things better? Think it not!
Mephistopheles The little one I'd like to clasp...
A lizard's slipping from my grasp!
And snake-like is her slippery braid.
Well, then, a tall one I will catch...
And now a thyrsus-pole I snatch!
Only a pine-cone as its head.
Where will this end?... Let's try a fat one.
Perhaps I'll find delight in that one.
A last attempt! Then it will do!
So flabby, fubby, worth a treasure As Orientals such things measure...
But ah, the puff-ball bursts in two!
Lamiae Scatter asunder, flicker around him, Like lightning, in black flight surround him.
The interloping witch's son!
Ye bats, in horrid, changeful reeling, Whirl ye, on noiseless pinions wheeling!
He'll get off cheap when all is done.
Mephistopheles [shaking himself].
I have not grown much wiser, that seems clear.
The North's absurd, absurd it's also here; Ghosts here and there are a confounded crew, Tasteless the people and the poets too.
A masquerade is here, I swear, A sensual dance as everywhere.
At lovely rows of masks I grasped And shuddered at the things I clasped...
I gladly lend myself to cheating But ask to have it not so fleeting.
Losing himself among the rocks.
Where am I? Where does this lead out? There was a path, now stone-heaps roundabout.
I came along on level ways, And rubble-stuff now meets my gaze; I clamber up and down in vain.
My sphinxes- where find them again? I'd not have dreamed so mad a sight,
Aye, such a mountain in one night!
"A witch-ride" would not name it wrong; They bring their own Blocksberg along.
Oread [from a natural rock].
Come up to me! My mount is old And still has its primeval mould.
Revere these cliff-paths steep ascending And Pindus' last spur far extending!
Unshaken, thus I reared my head When over my shoulders Pompey fled.
Beside me here this phantom rock Will vanish at the crow of cock.
Such fairy-tales I often see arise And perish in like sudden wise.
Mephistopheles Honour to thee, thou honoured head!
With mighty oaks engarlanded.
Moonbeams, however clear and bright, Never can pierce thy sable night. But by the bushes there I see A light that's glowing modestly.
How strange that all must happen thus!
In truth, it is Homunculus.
Whence do you come, you little rover? Homunculus From place to place I flit and hover And wish that in the best sense I might be.
My glass I long impatiently to shatter; Only from what I've seen and see, I do not like to venture on this matter.
But I'll tell you quite confidentially:
I've tracked two sages whom I've overheard Say "Nature!" "Nature!"- 'twas their only word.
I will not part me from them, seeing That they must know this earthly be-ing; And in the end I'll doubtless learn Whither most wisely I'm to turn.
Mephistopheles Accomplish that in your own way.

Wherever ghosts may be appearing, The sage finds welcome and a hearing; And that his art and favour
 may elate,
 A dozen new ghosts he'll at once create.
 You'll not gain sense, except you err and stray!
 You'll come to birth? Do it in your own way!
 Homunculus Good counsel, though, a man should never scout.
 Mephistopheles Proceed, then, and we'll see how things turn out.
 They separate.
 Anaxagoras [to THALES]. You will not let your rigid mind be bent.
 Is aught more needed to make you assent? Thales To every wind the wave bows fain enough, But from the
 rugged rock it holds aloof.
 Anaxagoras Through flaming gas arose this rock we're seeing.
 Thales In moisture came organic life to being.
 Homunculus [between the two].
 Ah, by your side to go, pray, suffer me!
 I'm yearning to begin to be.
 Anaxagoras Have you, O Thales, even in one night Brought such a mountain out of slime to light? Thales
 Nature with all her living, flowing powers Was never bound by day and night and hours.
 By rule she fashions every form, and hence In great things too there is no violence.
 Anaxagoras But here there was! Plutonic, savage fire, Aeolian vapours' force, explosive, dire, Broke
 through the ancient crust of level earth And a new mountain straightway came to birth.
 Thales The hill is there; so much at least is gained.
 But what is thereby furthered and attained? Both time and leisure in such strife one poses And only leads
 the patient rabble by their noses.
 Anaxagoras Quickly with Myrmidons the hill is teeming, They occupy the clefts; and now come streaming
 Pygmies and ants and fingerlings And other active little things.
 To HOMUNCULUS.
 After the great you never have aspired But hermit-like have lived retired; If you can wont yourself to
 sovereignty, Then crowned as king I'll have you be.
 Homunculus What says my Thales? Thales That I won't advise.
 With little people little deeds arise; Among the great, the little man grows great.
 See there! The cranes, the swarthy cloud, They menace the excited crowd And they would menace thus
 the king.
 With beaks sharp-pointed, talons fierce, The little ones they tear and pierce; Already doom comes
 thundering.
 Herons had suffered impious slaughter, Standing about the tranquil water.
 But from that rain of murd'rous engines Has sprung a blessed, bloody vengeance; It stirs the rage of
 brotherhood And lust for pygmies' impious blood.
 Shield, helmet, spear- how profit these? What use to dwarfs the heron feather? How ant and dactyl hide
 together!
 The host now wavers, breaks, and flees.
 Anaxagoras [after a pause, solemnly].
 If till now subterranean I praised, In this case be my prayer to Heaven raised.
 O Thou on high, the same eternally, In name and form threefold supernally, By all my people's woe I cry
 to Thee, Diana, Luna, Hecate!
 Thou breast-expanding One, most deeply pensive One, Thou peaceful seeming One, mighty intensive
 One,
 Break from the glooms of Thy dark chasm clear, And without magic let Thine ancient might appear!
 Pause.
 Am I too quickly heard? Hath my prayer To yonder sphere The ordered course of Nature stirred? And
 greater, ever greater, draweth near The goddess' throne, her full-orbed sphere To gaze upon, appalling,
 dire!
 And ruddier, redder glows its fire...
 No nearer! threatening orb, I pray, Lest Thou wilt sweep us, land, and sea away!

Thessalian witches? Can it then be true That Thee once from Thy proper path they drew, By spells of impious magic sung, And fatal gifts from Thee so wrenched and wrung?...

The brilliant shield, behold, it darkles!

And now it splits and flares and sparkles!

What clattering! What hissing yonder!

And midst it what wild hurricane and thunder!

Humbly I kneel here at Thy throne!

Forgive I have invoked it, I alone!

He throws himself on his face.

Thales What has this man not seen and heard!

I know not rightly what occurred; Nor yet like him have I experienced it.

They're crazy hours, let us admit.

And Luna's swaying comfortably In her old place as formerly.

Homunculus Look at the pygmies' seat! I vow, The hill was round, it's pointed now.

I seemed to feel an awful shock; Down from the moon had plunged a rock; At once, without a question, too, Both friend and foe it squashed and slew.

High arts like these I have to praise, Which, by some great creative might, Working above, below, could raise This mountain-pile in but one night.

Thales Be calm! 'Twas but like thought in rapid flight.

Let them be gone, the nasty brood!

That you were not their king is good.

Now to the sea's glad fate let us repair.

They hope and honour rare guests there.

Exeunt.

Mephistopheles [climbing up on the opposite side].

Up steep rock stairways I am forced to fag me, Through stubborn roots of ancient oak trees drag me!

Up in my Hartz there is a resinous savour With hints of pitch, and that enjoys my favour Almost like brimstone... In this Grecian place, Of scents like these there's scarcely any trace.

I'm curious to know and would inquire Wherewith they feed hell's torments and hell's fire.

A Dryad At home be wise as it befits you there; Abroad you have no cleverness to spare.

Homeward you should not turn your thoughts while here; You should the sacred oaks' high worth revere.

Mephistopheles We think of what behind us lies; What we were used to seems a Paradise.

But say: What cowers in the cavern there, Threefold in form and dimly lighted? A Dryad The Phorkyads!

Approach them if you dare And speak to them if you are not affrighted.

Mephistopheles Why not?- I see a something and I wonder.

I must confess although it hurts my pride:

The Like of them I've never yet espied.

Why, worse mandrakes, they look yonder...

How can the Deadly Sins then ever be Considered ugly in the least degree If one has seen this monstrous trinity? We would not suffer it to dwell Upon the threshold of our grimmest hell.

Here in the land of beauty it is rooted, The classic, antique land reputed...

They seem to scent me now and stir and chitter;

Like vampire bats they peep and twitter.

A Phorkyad Give me the eye, my sisters, to espy Who to our temple dares to come so nigh.

Mephistopheles Most honoured! I approach you, with your leave, That I your threefold blessing may receive.

I come, though as a stranger, be it stated, Yet, if I err not, distantly related.

Gods ancient and revered I've seen ere now, To Ops and Rhea made my deepest bow.

The Fates, your sisters too, whom Chaos bore, I saw them yesterday- or else the day before.

But others like yourselves I've never sighted, And I stand mute, amazed, delighted!

The Phorkyads Intelligent this spirit seems to be.

Mephistopheles That no bard sings your praise amazes me.

And say! How came it, how could it have been? Your likeness, worthy ones, I've never seen!

On you the chisel should try out its art, And not on Juno, Pallas, Venus, and that sort.

The Phorkyads Immersed in stillest night and solitude, We Three have never felt that thought intrude.
Mephistopheles How should it? Since withdrawn from earthly view, Here you see none, nor anyone sees you.

But choose in other places to reside Where art and splendour equally preside, Where daily in quick time from marble blocks Heroes leap into life in flocks, Where The Phorkyads Silence! Stir in us no longings new!

What would it profit if we better knew? We, born in night, akin to night alone, Are almost to ourselves, to others quite, unknown.

Mephistopheles In such a case there is not much to say.

To others, though, one can one's self convey.

One eye, one tooth, suffices for you three, So it would tally with mythology If into two the being of you three were blended And your third form to me were lended For a brief time.

One Phorkyad What think you? Should we try? The Other Phorkyads Let's try it! But without the tooth or eye.

Mephistopheles Take these away? The essence then you'll take, For it's the perfect image that they make.

One Phorkyad Press one eye to- quite easily it's done And of your tusks show only one; At once you will attain our profile meetly And sisterly resemble us completely.

Mephistopheles Much honour! Be it so!

The Phorkyads So be it!

Mephistopheles [in profile like a PHORKYAD]. Done!

Here stand I, Chaos' well-beloved son!

The Phorkyads Daughters of Chaos we, by undisputed right!

Mephistopheles Oh, shame! They'll call me now hermaphrodite!

The Phorkyads What beauty in the sisters' triad new!

We have two eyes, our teeth are two.

Mephistopheles From all eyes I must hide this visage well To fright the devils in the pool of Hell.

Exit.

ROCKY COVES OF THE AEGEAN SEA

Moon tarrying in the zenith.

Sirens [couched around on the cliffs, fluting and singing].

If of yore, by spells nocturnal, Did Thessalian hags infernal Draw thee down, a crime intending, Gaze thou where night's arch is bending Down with calmness never-ending On the billowy, twinkling ocean, And illumine the commotion Rising from the billowing sea!

To thy service vowed are we, Lovely Luna, gracious be!

Nereids and Tritons [as wonders of the sea].

With a louder, shriller singing, Through the breadth of ocean ringing, Summon here the deep's gay throng!

From the cruel tempest's riot Fled we to the deepest quiet, Hither lured by lovely song.

Here behold us decorated With gold chains and high elated; Crowns and jewels do ye capture, Brooches, girdles that enrapture.

All this harvest is your prey.

To us here these shipwrecked treasures Ye have brought with your sweet measures, Ye, the magnets of our bay.

Sirens.

Well we know, in cool seas biding, How the fishes, smoothly gliding, Joy in life, from trouble far; Yet, ye festive hosts quick moving, We today would see you proving That ye more than fishes are.

Nereids and Tritons.

We, before we hither wandered, Thought of that and deeply pondered.

Sisters, brothers, swiftly fare!

Needs today but little travel Proof to show past any cavil

That we more than fishes are.

They disappear.

Sirens.

Away they speed and race Straight toward Samothrace; With kindly wind gone are they far.

What mean they to do in the eerie Domain of the Mighty Cabiri? They're gods, and stranger were never;
They beget their like ever and ever And never know what they are.

Linger thou on thy height, Lovely Luna, stay thy light, That the night may not vanish Nor the day may us
banish.

Thales [on the shore, to HOMUNCULUS].

To ancient Nereus I would lead the way; We're not far distant from his cave today, But hard and stubborn
is his pate,

Contrary, sour, old reprobate.

Nothing of mortal humankind Is ever to that grumbler's mind.

The future, though, is known to him, Wherefore men hold him in esteem And honour him where he holds
sway.

Kind has he been to many a one.

Homunculus Let's try it then and see. Come on!

My glass and flame not cost me straightway.

Nereus Are they men's voices that my ear has heard? How quick with wrath my inmost heart is stirred!

These creatures would be gods by sheer endeavour, Yet damned to be like their own selves forever.

In days of old I could divinely rest, Yet I was oft impelled to aid the Best, But when at last I saw what they
had done, 'Twas quite as if I had not counselled one.

Thales Yet people trust you, greybeard, ocean seer;

You are the Sage; oh, drive us not from here!

Gaze on this flame, like to a man, indeed; Your counsel only will it hear and heed.

Nereus Counsel! With men has counsel once availed? Vain are shrewd warnings to a fast-closed ear.

Oft as their deeds proved, men have grimly failed; Self-willed are they still as they always were.

How I warned Paris with a father's trust Before another's wife ensnared his lust!

Upon the Grecian shore he stood up bold, And what I saw in spirit I foretold:

The reeking air above, a ruddy glow, Rafters ablaze, murder and death below:

Troy's Judgment Day, held fast in noble rhyme, A horror famous to the end of time.

Reckless he laughed at all that I could tell; He followed his own lust and Ilion fella giant corpse, stark
when its torments ceased, To Pindus' eagles a right welcome feast.

Ulysses too! Told I not him erewhiles Of Cyclops' horrors and of Circe's wiles?

His dallying, his comrades' thoughtless vein, And what not all- but did it bring him gain? Till, late
enough, a favouring billow bore The long-tossed wanderer to a friendly shore.

Thales. Of course such action gives a wise man pain; Still, if he's kind, he'll try it once again.

An ounce of thanks will in its bliss outweigh, Yes, tons of thanklessness for many a day.

And nothing trifling to implore have we:

The boy here wisely wants to come to be.

Nereus Don't spoil my rarest mood, I pray!

Far other things await me here today:

My daughters all I've summoned here to me, The Dorides, the Graces of the Sea.

Olympus not, nor yet your soil, can bear A form that is so dainty and so fair.

From dragons of the sea, all in most winsome motion, They leap on Neptune's coursers; in the ocean,
Their element, so tenderly at home They seem to float upon the very foam.

On Venus' radiant, pearly chariot drawn,

Comes Galatea, lovely as the dawn.

Since Cypris turned from us her face, She reigns in Paphos in the goddess' place.

And so, long since, the gracious one doth own, As heiress, templed town and chariot-throne.

Away! It spoils a father's hour of pleasure, Harshness of tongue or hate of heart to treasure.

Away to Proteus! Ask that wondrous elf:

How one can come to be and change one's self.

He goes off toward the sea.

Thales We have gained nothing by this stay.

Though one finds Proteus, straight he melts away; And if he stops for you, he'll say at last Things that
confuse you, make you stand aghast.

But, after all, such counsel do you need; Let's try it and pursue our path with speed.

They go away.
Sirens [above on the rocks].
What's that far off, half hiding, Through ocean's billows gliding? As if, to breezes bending, White sails were hither wending.
Bright beam they over waters, Transfigured ocean's daughters!
Let us climb down! They're singing!
List to the voices ringing!
Nereids and Tritons.
What we escort and carry Shall make you glad and merry.
Chelone's shield gigantic, Gleams with stern figures antic; They're gods whom we are bringing.
High songs must ye be singing.
Sirens.
Little in height, Potent in might Who shipwrecked men deliver, Gods old and honoured ever.
Nereids and Tritons.
We're bringing the Cabiri To the peaceful pageant cheery, For where they rule auspicious Neptune will be propitious.
Sirens.
We give way to you:
With resistless power Ye save the perishing crew In dire shipwreck's hour.
Nereids and Tritons.
We have brought three only, The fourth one tarried lonely; He said he must stay yonder Since he for all must ponder.
Sirens.
One god the other god Can jeer and prod.
Their good deeds revere ye!
All their ill ones fear ye!
Nereids and Tritons.
To seven ye should be praying.
Sirens.
Where are the three delaying? Nereids and Tritons.
For that we've no suggestion, But on Olympus question; Haply the eighth's there biding, Not thought-of yet, and hiding.
In favours to us steady, Yet are they all not ready.
Peerless, unexplainable, Always further yearning, With desire and hunger burning For the unattainable.
Sirens.
Such our ways:
Where power most sways, Worship we raise, Sunward, moonward: it pays!
Nereids and Tritons.
How brightly shines our fame! behold!
Leading this pageant cheery!
Sirens.
The heroes of olden time To such fame don't climb, Where and how it unfold, Although they've won the Fleece of Gold, Ye've won the Cabiri!
Repeated in full chorus.
Although they've won the Fleece of Gold, We! Ye! the Cabiri!
NEREIDS and TRITONS move past.
Homunculus These shapeless forms I look upon, As poor clay-pots I take them; Their hard heads wise men often run Against them and there break them.
Thales That's just the thing that men desire; The rusty coin is valued higher.
Proteus [unperceived] This pleases me, an ancient fabler!
The odder 'tis, the respectabler.
Thales Where are you, Proteus? Proteus [ventriloquizing, now near, now far] Here! and here!
Thales I pardon you that ancient jeer; But with a friend such idle words forgo!
You speak from some false place, I know.

Proteus [as if from a distance] Farewell!
 Thales [softly to HOMUNCULUS] He is quite near. Shine brilliantly!
 As curious as a fish is he; Assume what form and place he may, be sure,
 Flames are for him unfailing lure.
 Homunculus At once a flood of light I'll scatter, Discreetly, though, for fear the glass might shatter.
 Proteus [in the form of a giant tortoise].
 What beams so winsome, fair, and dear? Thales [concealing HOMUNCULUS].
 Good! If you wish, you can observe it near.
 Don't let the little effort worry you, Appear on two feet just as humans do.
 It's with our will and by our courtesy That what we now conceal, who wills may see.
 Proteus [in a noble form].
 In clever, worldly pranks you still have skill.
 Thales You change your form with pleasure still.
 He has uncovered HOMUNCULUS.
 Proteus [astonished] A radiant dwarfling! Such I never did see!
 Thales He asks advice and fain would come to be.
 He has, he told me, come to earth But half-way formed, a quite peculiar birth.
 He has no lack of qualities ideal But lacks too much the tangible and real.
 Till now the glass alone has given him weight; He'd like forthwith to be incorporate.
 Proteus You are a virgin's son, yea, verily:
 You are before you ought to be!
 Thales [softly] And from another angle things seem critical; He is, methinks, hermaphroditical.
 Proteus Success must come the sooner in that case; As soon as he arrives, all will fit into place.
 But here there is not much to ponder:
 Your start must be in that wide ocean yonder!
 There on a small scale one begins, The smallest things is glad to swallow,
 Till step by step more strength he wins And forms himself for greater things to follow.
 Homunculus Here stirs a soft and tender air, What fragrant freshness and what perfume rare!
 Proteus Dearest of urchins! I believe your story.
 Farther away, it grows more ravishing; The air upon that narrow promontory Is more ineffable, more
 lavishing; There, near enough, the host we'll see Now floating hither over the sea.
 Come with me there!
 Thales I'll come along. Proceed!
 Homunculus A threefold spirit striding- strange, indeed!
 TELCHINES OF RHODES on hippocampi and sea-dragons, wielding Neptune's trident.
 Chorus The trident of Neptune we've forged which assuages The wildest of billows when old Ocean rages.
 When in the dense cloud-banks the Thund'rer is grumbling, It's Neptune opposes the horrible rumbling;
 However forked lightning may flash and may glow, Still wave upon wave dashes up from below, And all
 that between them in anguish has wallowed, Long hurled to and fro, by the depths all is swallowed;
 Wherefore he has lent us his sceptre today.
 Now float we contented and lightly and gay.
 Sirens You, to Helios dedicated, You, to bright day consecrated, Greet we in this stirring hour When all
 worship Luna's power!
 Telchines O loveliest goddess in night's dome appearing!
 The praise of thy brother with rapture art hearing.
 To Rhodes ever blessed an ear thou dost lend, For there doth a paean eternal ascend.
 He begins the day's course, with keen, radiant gaze, When finished the journey, our troop he surveys.
 The mountains, the cities, the wave, and the shore Are lovely and bright to the god we adore.
 No mist hovers round us, and if one appear, A beam and a zephyr- the island is clear!
 Phoebus there sees his image in forms hundredfold, As giant, as youth, as the Gentle, the Bold.
 We first, it was we who first nobly began To shape the high gods in the image of man.
 Proteus.
 Oh, leave them to their boasting, singing!
 To sunbeams, holy and life-bringing, Dead works are but an idle jest.

They melt and mould in tireless rapture, And when in bronze a god they capture, They deem it great and swell their breast.

What end comes to these haughty men? Their forms of gods, so great and true, Long since an earthquake overthrew, And they were melted down again.

All life on earth, whatever it be, Is never aught but drudgery; In water life has far more gain.

I'll bear you to the endless main, I, Proteus-Dolphin.

He transforms himself.

Now it's done!

There where the happiest fates are leading I'll take you on back and speeding I'll wed you to the ocean. On!

Thales Yield to the worthy aspiration And at its source begin creation, Ready for life's effective plan!

There you will move by norms unchanging; Through forms a thousand, myriad, ranging, You will, in time, become a man.

Homunculus mounts upon PROTEUS-DOLPHIN.

Proteus Come, spirit, seek the realm of ocean; At once, unfettered every motion, Live here and move as you would do.

But let not higher orders lure you, For once a man, I can assure you, Then all is at an end with you.

Thales That's as may be; yet it's not ill A man's role in one's time to fill.

Proteus [to THALES] Well, one of your kind, to be sure!

For quite a while they do endure; For midst your pallid phantom-peers I've seen you now for many hundred years.

Sirens [on the rocks].

See yon cloudlets, how they mingle Round the moon, how fair a ring!

Doves they are, with love a-tingle, White as light is every wing.

Paphos sent them as her greeting,

Ardent, radiant, they appear, Thus our festival completing, Fraught with rapture full and clear!

Nereus [approaching THALES].

Though night-wanderer make a pothor, Call yon ring an apparition, Still we spirits take another, Take the only right position.

They are doves that are attending On my daughter's pearly car; Taught long since, in times afar, Wondrously they're hither wending.

Thales Since it gives a real man pleasure, I too hold that as the best When a sacred, living treasure Finds in him a still, warm nest.

Psylli and Marsil [on sea-bulls, sea-calves, and sea-rams].

In Cyprus' rugged vaults cavernal By sea-god never battered, By Seismos never shattered, Fanned by the zephyrs eternal, And, as in days long departed, In conscious quiet glad-hearted, The chariot of Cypris we've guarded, Through murmuring night's soft vibration, Over waves and their lovely pulsation, Unseen by the new generation, The loveliest daughter we lead.

Our duty we're quietly plying, From no Eagle nor Winged Lion flying, Nor from Cross nor Moon, As each dwells upon its throne, Now swaying, now essaying,

Driving forth and now slaying, Harvest and towns in ashes laying.

Thus on, with speed, Hither the loveliest mistress we lead.

Sirens.

Lightly moving, hasting never, Round the chariot, line on line, Now ring twines with ring, to waver In a series serpentine.

Come, ye vigorous Nereides, Sturdy women, pleasing, wild, Bring, ye delicate Dorides, Galatea, her mother's child:

Earnest, like the gods, a woman Meet for immortality, Yet like women gently human, Of alluring charm is she.

Dorides [in a chorus, all mounted on dolphins, passing by NEREUS].

Light and shadow, Luna, lend us, On this flower of youth shine clear!

To our father we present us,

Pleading bring we bridegrooms dear.

To NEREUS.

They are boys we saved from dreaded Gnashing of the angry main; On the reeds and mosses bedded,
Warmed we them to light again.

Here, with kisses warm and tender, Loyal thanks must they now render; May the Good thy favour gain!

Nereus Great is the gain to win a twofold treasure:

Pity to show and in the show take pleasure.

Dorides.

Father, laudst thou our endeavour, Grant us joy deserved, in truth; Let us hold them fast forever To the
deathless breast of youth.

Nereus You may delight in your fair capture.

Fashion to men the youthful crew;

Not mine to lend an endless rapture, That only Zeus can grant to you.

The wave that surges and that rocks you, Allows to love no constant stand, And when this fancy fades and
mocks you, Then set them quietly on land.

Dorides.

Your love; sweet boys, doth us inspire, Yet sadly we needs must sever; Eternal the troth that we desire,
But gods will suffer it never.

The Youths.

We're sailor-boys of gallant mood, Pray further kindly tend us!

We've never had a life so good, Nor can fate better send us.

GALATEA approaches in her shell chariot.

Nereus It is you, my darling!

Galatea O Sire, the delight!

Linger, ye dolphins! Entrancing the sight!

Nereus They're gone already, they draw us apart, Wider and wider the circles sweep.

What do they care for the pain of my heart? Would they but take me out over the deep!

Yet only one glance is so dear That it pays for the whole long year.

Thales Hail! Hail again!

How blooms my joy amain!

By Truth and Beauty I'm penetrated...

From water first was all created!

And water is the all-sustaining!

Ocean, continue forever thy reigning.

If thou the clouds wert sending not, Wert swelling brooks expending not, Here and there rivers wert
bending not, And streams beginning, ending not,

Where then were the world, the mountains, and plain? 'Tis thou who the freshest of life dost maintain.

Echo [chorus of all the circles].

'Tis thou from whom freshest of life wells again.

Nereus Wheeling afar, they turn apace, No more meet us face to face; In lengthened chains extended, In
circles festively blended, In countless companies they career.

But Galatea's sea-shell throne I see ever and anon.

It shines like a star The crowd among!

My loved one beams through all the throng, However far, Shimmers bright and clear, Ever true and near.

Homunculus.

In this dear water brightens All that my lamplet lightens,

All wondrous fair to see.

Proteus.

This living water brightens Where first thy lamplet lightens With glorious harmony.

Nereus What mystery new to our wondering eyes Do I see in the midst of these beviés arise? What flames
round the sea-shell, at Galatea's feet? Now mighty it flares up, now lovely, now sweet, As if with love's
pulsing 'twere touched and arrayed.

Thales Homunculus is it, by Proteus swayed...

The symptoms are those of a masterful yearning, Prophetic of agonized throbbing and burning.

He'll shatter himself on the glittering throne.

See it flame, now it flashes, pours forth- it is done!

Sirens What marvel of fire in the billows is flashing That sparkling against one another are crashing? It
beams and hitherward wavers, and bright
All forms are aglow on the pathway of night, And roundabout all is by fire overrun.
Now Eros be ruler who all hath begun!
Hail, ye waves! Hail, sea unbounded, By the holy fire surrounded!
Water, hail! Hail, fire's glare!
Hail to this adventure rare!
All Together.
Hail, thou gently blowing breeze!
Hail, earth rich in mysteries!
Hail, fire, sea, whom we adore, Hail, ye elements all four!

ACT III

BEFORE THE PALACE OF MENELAUS IN SPARTA

HELENA. PANTHALIS, LEADER OF THE CHORUS. HELENA enters with a CHORUS of captive Trojan women.

Helena I, much admired and upbraided Helena Come from the strand where we but now have disembarked, Still giddy from the restless rocking of the waves Which with Poseidon's favour and the strength of Eurys bore Us on their high reluctant backs from Phrygia's plain Returning to our native bays and fatherland.

There on the shore with all his bravest warriors King Menelaus knows the joy of safe return.

But thou, O lofty dwelling, bid me welcome now, Thou whom, when he came home again from Pallas' hill, My father Tyndareus built near the slope and then Adorned supremely, more than all of Sparta's homes, The while, as sisters do, with Clytemnestra I With Castor, Pollux too- grew up in happy play.

And ye, wings of the brazen portal, you I hail!

Yet wider once ye opened to greet a welcome guest When Menelaus, one from many singled out, Shone as a radiant bridegroom there before my gaze.

Open thy wings again that I the king's behest May faithfully fulfil as doth become the wife.

Let me go in and everything remain behind That hitherto hath stormed about me, threatening doom.

For since, by care untroubled, I departed hence For Cytherea's fane, as sacred duty bade, And there a robber seized me, he, the Phrygian, Since then has happened much that mankind far and wide So fain relate but not so fain is heard by him Of whom the waxing legend hath a fable spun.

Chorus.

O lady glorious, do not disdain Honoured possession of highest estate!

For to thee alone is the greatest boon given:

The fame of beauty transcending all else.

The hero's name resounds ere he comes, Hence proudly he strides, Yet bows at once the stubbornest man At the throne of Beauty, the all-conquering.

Helena Enough! I've sailed together with my consort here And now before him to his city am I sent; But what intent he harbours, that I can not guess.

Do I come here as wife? do I come here as queen? Come I as victim for the prince's bitter pain And for the adverse fate the Greeks endured so long? Conquered I am but whether captive I know not!

For truly the immortal gods ambiguously Ordained my fame and fate, attendants dubious For Beauty's person; and on this very threshold now They stand in gloomy threatening presence at my side.

For rarely did my husband cast a glance at me There in the hollow ship, nor spake he heartening word.

As if he brooded mischief, facing me he sat.

But now when drawing near Eurotas' deep-bayed shore The foremost ships scarce touched their beaks against the land In greeting, he spake as if by Zeus himself inspired:

"Here will my warriors in due order disembark; I'll muster them drawn up along the ocean-strand, But thou, proceed, go up Eurotas' holy stream

Along its fruit-abounding shore, and ever on, Guiding the coursers on the moist, bejewelled mead, Until what time thou comest to the beauteous plain Where Lacedaemon once a wide and fruitful field, By solemn mountains close-engirdled, has been built.

Then enter in the lofty-towered, princely house And muster me the maids whom there I left behind, And with them summon too the wise old stewardess.

Let her display before thee all the treasure-ward, Just as my father left it and what I myself Since then have added to the pile in war and peace.

All wilt thou find there in due order standing, for It is the prince's privilege on coming home That he find all in faithful keeping in his house And each thing in its place just as he left it there.

For of himself the slave has power to alter naught." Chorus.

Now quicken with the glorious wealth, The ever-increased, thine eyes and thy breast; For the grace of chain, the glory of crown, Rest in their pride and hold themselves rare; But enter in and challenge them all.

They quickly will arm.

I joy in the conflict when beauty vies With gold and with pearls and with jewels of price.

Helena Thereafter followed further mandate from my lord:

"Now when thou hast reviewed in order everything, Then take as many tripods as thou thinkst to need And vessels manifold which for the sacrifice The priest desires when he performs the sacred rite, The cauldrons and the bowls, the round and shallow plate; The purest water from the holy fountain be At hand in ewers high, and ready keep dry wood As well, that rapidly accepts and feeds the flame; And be not wanting finally a sharpened knife.

But to thy care alone I now resign the rest." So spake he, urging me be gone, but not a thing That breathes with life did he, the orderer, appoint Which he, to honour the Olympians, wishes slain.

Dubious it is, but further worry I dismiss, And let all be committed to the lofty gods Who evermore fulfil as seemeth good to them; Men may esteem it evil or esteem it good,

But we who are but mortals must accept and bear.

Ere now full oft the sacrificing priest has raised The heavy axe to consecrate the earth-bowed beast And yet he could not finish it, for he was checked By nearing foes or by an intervening god.

Chorus.

Thou canst not imagine what will come next; Queen, we beg, enter and be Of good cheer.

Evil and good still come Unexpected to mortals; Though foretold, we credit it not.

Truly, did Troy burn; truly, we saw Death before us, shamefullest death; And are we not here Joined with thee, serving gladly, Seeing the dazzling sun in the heavens, Also thee, the earth's fairest, Gracious to us happy ones? Helena Be it as it may! What may impend, me it beseems

That I at once ascend into the royal house, The long-renounced, much yearned-for, well-nigh forfeited, Which stands again before mine eyes, I know not how.

My feet do not with so much spirit bear me up The high steps I sped over lightly as a child.

Exit.

Chorus.

Cast now, O sisters, ye Captives who mourn your fate, All your sorrows far from you; Share in our mistress' joy, Share ye in Helena's joy, Who to her father's hearth and house -True, with tardily homeward-turned But with so much the firmer foot Draweth joyfully nearer.

Praise ye the ever holy, Happy establishing And home-bringing Immortals!

How the unfettered one Soars as on eagle-wings

Over the roughest! while in vain Doth the sad captive yearningly Over the prison's high parapets Spread his arms abroad and pine.

But a god laid hold on her, Her the exile, And from Ilion's ruins Hither he bore her again To the ancient, the newly adorned Father-house, From unspeakable Raptures and torments, Days of early youth New-refreshed to remember.

Panthalis [as leader of the CHORUS].

But now forsake ye the joy-encompassed path of song And turn your gaze toward the portal's open wings.

Sisters, what do I see? Does not the Queen return Again to us here with swift and agitated step? What is it, O great Queen, that here within the halls Of this thy house, instead of greeting from thine own, Could meet and shake thee thus? Conceal it thou canst not;

For on that brow of thine I see aversion writ, A noble anger that is battling with surprise.

Helena [who has left the wings of the door open, agitated].

A vulgar fear beseemeth not the child of Zeus, No lightly fleeting hand of terror touches her; But that grim Fright, that from the womb of ancient Night Rose at the first beginning and still multiform, Like

glowing clouds out of the mountain's fiery throat, Rolls upward, might make even heroes' breasts to quake.

In such appalling wise today the Stygians Have marked my entrance to the house that I am fain To leave this threshold often trod and wished-for long, Turning my steps away as of a guest dismissed.

But no! I have retreated hither to the light And ye'll not drive me further, Powers, be who ye may!

I'll plan some consecration and then, purified, May glowing hearth bid lord and mistress welcome home.

Leader of the CHORUS Disclose, O noble lady, to thy serving-maids, To us who aid and honour thee, what has occurred.

Helena What I have seen, ye too with your own eyes shall see Unless old Night indeed has forthwith swallowed up Her creature in the fearful depths of her dark womb.

But yet that ye may know, I'll tell it you in words.

When through the sombre courtyard of the royal house I stepped with reverence, my nearest task in mind, I marvelled at the drear and silent corridors.

No sound of busy going to and fro fell on Mine ear, no diligent swift hasting met my gaze.

Before me there appeared no maid, no stewardess, They who are wont to greet each stranger as a friend, But when I now drew near to the bosom of the hearth, Beside the tepid glimmering embers there I saw

What huge, veiled form! a woman seated on the ground, Not like to one asleep but one far lost in thought.

With sharp, commanding words I summon her to work, Supposing her the stewardess whom there perhaps My husband prudently had stationed ere he left; But in her mantle's folds she still sits motionless; And only at my threat her right arm doth she move, As if from hearth and hall she'd motion me away.

Angry I turn from her and forthwith hasten on Toward the steps on which aloft the thalamos Rises adorned, the treasure-chamber near thereto; But swiftly now the monster starts up from the floor, Imperiously it bars the way to me and shows Its haggard height, its hollow eyes bedimmed with blood, A form so strange, such as confuses eye and mind.

Yet to the winds I speak, for all in vain do words Essay to build up forms as if they could create.

There see herself! She even ventures forth to light!

Here we are master till the lord and monarch comes.

The grisly births of night doth Phoebus, Beauty's friend, Drive far away to caverns or he binds them fast.

PHORKYAS appears on the sill between the door-posts.

Chorus.

Much have I lived through, although my tresses In youthful fashion flow round my temples!

Many the horrors that I have witnessed, Woe of dire warfare, Ilion's night When it fell.

Through the beclouded, dust-raising tumult,

Warriors crowding, I heard th' Immortals Terribly shouting, I heard the brazen Accents of Strife that clanged through the field Rampart-ward.

Ah, still standing were Ilion's Ramparts then, but the glowing flames Soon from neighbour to neighbour ran, Hence and thence spreading out With the gust itself had made Over the city in darkness.

Fleeing I saw through smoke and glow And the fluttering tongues of flame Ghastly presences, wrathful gods, Wondrous forms, great as giants, Striding on through sinister Vapours illumined by fire.

Saw I this or was it my Mind that, anguish-torn, bodied forth Such made confusion? I'll never say That it was, but yet that I See with mine eyes this horrid thing, Certainly this I do know;

I could indeed lay hold on it, But that fear is restraining me, From the perilous keeps me.

Which one of Phorkys' Daughters, then, art thou? For to that family Thee would I liken.

Art thou perchance of those born hoary, With but one eye and but one tooth, Sharing them alternately, Art thou one of the Graiae? Darest thou, monster, Here beside beauty Under the eye of great Phoebus to show thee? Come, only step forth, notwithstanding, For the hideous sees he not, As his holy eye has not Yet alighted on shadow.

But a sorrowful adverse fate Us poor mortals doth force, alas!

To the unspeakable pain of eyes

Which the detestable, ever accursed, on Beauty's lovers doth still inflict.

Yea, then hearken, if thou darest Meet and defy us, hear the curse, Hear the menace of each rebuke, Out of the cursing mouths of the happy ones Formed and fashioned by very gods.

Phorkyas Old is the word, yet high and true remains the sense, That Modesty and Beauty never, hand in hand, Pursue their way along the verdant paths of earth.

Deep-rooted dwells in both of them an ancient hate, That wheresoever on the way they chance to meet,
Each on the other turns her back in enmity.

Then each one hastens on with greater vehemence, Modesty sad but Beauty insolent of mood, Till Orcus'
hollow night at last envelops them, Unless old age has fettered them before that time.

You find I now, ye wantons, here from foreign lands, Your insolence outpouring, like a flight of cranes
Proceeding high overhead with hoarse and shrilling screams, A drawn-out cloud that earthward sends its
croaking tones,

Which lure the quiet wanderer to lift his gaze And look at them; but they fly onward on their way, He goes
on his, and so with us too will it be.

Who are ye then, that round the high house of the king Like Maenads wild or like Bacchantes dare to
rave? Who are ye then to meet the house's stewardess With howling as a pack of dogs howls at the moon?
Dream ye 'tis hidden from me of what race ye are, Thou callow, war-begotten, slaughter-nurtured brood?
Man-crazy, thou, seducing as thou art seduced, Wasting the strength of warrior and of burgher too.

To see you in your crowd, a swarm of locusts seems To have swooped down, hiding the verdant harvest-
field.

Devourers, ye, of others' toil! Ye parasites, Destroyers, in the bud, of all prosperity, Thou ravished
merchandise, bartered and marketed!

Helena Who in the presence of the mistress chides the maids, Doth boldly overstep the mistress'
household right; For her alone 'tis to praise the laudable As it is hers to punish what there is to blame.

And I am well contented with the service that

They rendered when the lofty power of Ilion Beleaguered stood and fell and lay, and not the less When on
our erring course the grievous, changeful woe We bore, where commonly each thinks but of himself.

Here also I expect the like from this blithe throng; Not what the slave is, asks the lord, but how he serves.

Therefore be silent, grin and jeer at them no more.

Hast thou the palace of the king kept well till now, In place of mistress, to thy credit shall it stand; But
now that she has come in person, step thou back Lest punishment be thine, not merited reward.

Phorkyas To threaten her domestics doth remain the right The which the heaven-blest ruler's lofty consort
earned Indeed through many a year of prudent governance.

Since thou, now recognized, dost tread thine ancient place Anew and once again as mistress and as
Queen, Lay hold upon the reins long-slackened, govern now, Take in thy keep the treasure, all of us
thereto.

But first of all protect me now, the older one, Against this crowd that by thy swan-like beauty are Only a
meanly-winged lot of cackling geese.

Leader of the CHORUS How ugly, near to beauty, ugliness appears!

Phorkyas How senseless, near to wisdom, seems the want of sense!

From here on, members of the CHORUS respond in turn, stepping forth singly from the CHORUS.

The First Chorister Of Father Erebus tell us, tell us of Mother Night!

Phorkyas Then speak of Scylla, thine own flesh's kith and kin!

The Second Chorister.

There's many a monstrous shoot on thine ancestral tree.

Phorkyas Away to Orcus! There seek out thy kindred tribe!

The Third Chorister.

They who dwell there, in sooth, are far too young for thee.

Phorkyas Go to Tiresias the Old, make love to him!

The Fourth Chorister.

Great-great-granddaughter to thee was Orion's nurse.

Phorkyas Harpies, I fancy, fed thee up on filthiness.

The Fifth Chorister.

With what dost nourish thou such cherished meagreness? Phorkyas 'Tis not with blood for which thou all
too lustful art!

The Sixth Chorister Greedy for corpses, thou, a loathsome corpse thyself!

Phorkyas, The teeth of vampires glitter in thy shameless maw.

Leader of the CHORUS That maw of thine I'll stop if I say who thou art.

Phorkyas First do thou name thyself! The riddle then is solved.

Helena Not angry but in sorrow I step in between, Forbidding all such turbulent alternate strife!
 For naught more harmful can befall the ruling lord Than faithful servants' secret festering dispute.
 The echo of his commands returneth then no more To him in swift accomplished deed accordingly.
 No! roaring wilfully around him raves the storm While he, himself bewildered, chides, but all in vain.
 Not this alone! Ye have in wrath unmannerly Evoked the dreadful figures of unhallowed forms Which
 crowd around me till I feel me torn away To Orcus in despite of these my native fields.
 Is it memory? Was it delusion seized on me? Was I all that? and am? shall I in future be The phantom
 horrible of town-destroying men? The maidens shudder, but the eldest, thou, I see, Dost stand unmoved.
 Speak to me then some word of sense!
 Phorkyas Who many years of fortune manifold recalls, To him divinest favour seems at last a dream.
 But thou, so highly favoured, past all bound and aim, Sawst midst the living only men inflamed by love,
 Quick kindled to each kind of boldest enterprise.
 Thus Thescus, roused by greed, laid hands upon thee first,
 A man of glorious form, as strong as Heracles.
 Helena He bore me off, a ten-year-old and slender And shut me in Aphidnus' tower in Attica.
 Phorkyas But then by Castor and by Pollux soon released, Thou wert engirt by chosen heroes courting
 thee.
 Helena Yet most my secret favour- as I own with joy Patroclus, won; he was Pelides' counterpart.
 Phorkyas Thy father wedded thee to Menclus, though, The bold sea-rover and sustainer of his house.
 Helena To him he gave his daughter, gave the kingdom's sway, And from our marriage union sprang
 Hermione.
 Phorkyas But whilst afar he wrested heritage in Crete, To thee, left solitary, came too fair a guest.
 Helena Wherefore recall that time of semi-widowhood? And hideous ruin that sprang out of it for me?
 Phorkyas That voyage for me too, a free-born maid of Crete, Brought hateful capture, brought me lasting
 slavery.
 Helena At once he did install thee here as stewardess, Entrusting much, castle and treasure boldly won.
 Phorkyas Which thou forsookst, turning to Ilion's tower-girt town, Lured by the joys of love, the
 inexhaustible.
 Helena Remind me not of joyance! An infinity Of all too bitter woe perfused by breast and brain.
 Phorkyas Yet men say thou appeardest a phantom duplicate, In Ilion beheld, in Egypt too wert seen.
 Helena Confuse not wholly my distraught and clouded mind.
 Here even, who I am indeed, I do not know.
 Phorkyas And, then, they say: from out the hollow realm of shades Achilles, fired by passion, joined
 himself to thee!
 Who earlier loved thee spite of all decrees of fate.
 Helena To him the phantom I a phantom bound myself It was a dream, indeed the words themselves say
 so.
 I vanish hence, become a phantom to myself.
 Sinks into the arms of half of the CHORUS.
 Chorus.
 Silence, silence!
 False seeing one, false speaking one, thou!
 From such horrible, single-toothed mouth, What will breathe forth from it, Such a fearful and loathsome
 gorge? For the malignant, benevolent appearing, Wolfish wrath under sheep's woolly fleece, To me is
 more terrible far than Hell's Three-headed monster's gullet.
 Anxious, watching, we stand here, When, how, where will it break forth, Lurking monster, Lurking
 deeply with malice so great? Well, then, instead of word freighted with comfort, Lethe-sprinkling, most
 mild, friendly and fair, Stirrest thou up more of the past's worst ills Than of the good we suffered, And
 thou darken'st at once Both the present moment's sheen And the future's Kindly glimmering light of
 hope.
 Silence, silence!
 That the soul of our lady, Even now ready to flee, Still may hold fast, hold firmly Loveliest form, the form
 of all forms, On which the sunlight ever has shone.
 HELENA has revived and again stands in the centre.

Phorkyas.

From the floating clouds move forward now, high sun of this
bright day, When veiled, thou didst us enrapture; blinding now in splendour reign!
As the world looks bright before thee, dost thou look with lovely gaze.

Though as ugly they revile me, well I know the beautiful.

Helena Tottering from out the void which in my swoon engirdled me, Gladly would I rest again, for so
weary are my limbs; But for queens it is becoming- yea, all men it doth become To compose one's self,
take courage, whatsoever threat astound.

Phorkyas Standing in thy greatness, in thy beauty here and now, If thy glance says thou commandest,
what dost thou command? Declare!

Helena.

For your strife's neglect disgraceful be prepared to make amends; Haste a sacrifice to order as the king
commanded me.

Phorkyas In the house is all now ready: bowl and tripod, sharpened axe,
For the sprinkling, for the incense; show the destined sacrifice.

Helena That the king did not determine.

Phorkyas Spake it not? Oh, word of woe!

Helena What the woe that overcomes thee? Phorkyas Queen, it is thyself art meant.

Helena I? Phorkyas And these.

Chorus Oh, woe and sorrow!

Phorkyas Thou wilt fall beneath the axe.

Helena Frightfull yet foreboded! Ah, me!

Phorkyas Unavoidable it seems.

Chorus Ah! and us? What will befall us? Phorkyas She will die a noble death; But within from lofty
rafters which support the gabled roof, Like the thrushes in a bird-trap, ye shall dangle in a row.

HELENA and the CHORUS stand, astounded and frightened, in a significant, wellarranged group.

Phorkyas.

Phantoms!... Like forms grown rigid are ye standing there, Fearing to quit the life to which ye have no
claim.

Men likewise- all of them are phantoms just as ye Renounce not willingly the glorious shining sun.

Yet no one begs them free or saves them from the end.

All know it well, and nevertheless it pleases few.

Enough, ye all are lost! So quickly to the work!

PHORKYAS claps her hands; thereupon masked dwarfish figures appear at the door who execute at once
and with alacrity the commands which PHORKYAS utters.

Hither, thou swarthy, roly-poly, goblin throng, Trundle along, there's harm to do here as one will.

The altar, golden-horned, bring forth and give it place, And let the glittering axe lie on the silver rim; Fill
all the water-jugs that one can wash away The black gore's horrible, polluting blemishment.

Spread out the carpet sumptuously here in the dust That so the victim may kneel down in royal wise And
in it wrapped at once, although with severed head, May still be sepulchred with fitting dignity.

Leader of the CHORUS.

The Queen, absorbed in thought, is standing at one side, The maidens wither like to new-mown meadow
grass; Methinks that I, the eldest, by sacred duty bound, Should speak a word with thee, thou primal eldest
one.

Thou art experienced, wise, seem'st well disposed to us, Although this brainless troop, misjudging, struck
at thee.

Say, then, what rescue thou mayst know as possible.

Phorkyas 'Tis easy said! Upon the queen alone it rests If she will save herself, you adjuncts too with her.

Determination's needful and the speediest.

Chorus Most revered of all the Parcae, wisest of the sibyls, thou, Hold the golden shears wide open, then
proclaim us life and health; For we feel our precious limbs already swinging, swaying, dangling
Undelightfully, for they in dancing rather would delight them, Resting then on lover's breast.

Helena Let these be anxious! Pain I feel but naught of fear; But if thou know'st of rescue, grateful be 't
received.

For to the wise, far-seeing, oft in very truth Impossible still seems possible. Then speak, say on!
 Chorus Speak and tell us, tell us quickly: how we may escape the awful, Odious nooses that so threaten as the very vilest necklace,
 Drawing round our throats. Now in advance we feel it, we poor victims, Feel the choking, stifling, unless thou, O Rhea, lofty mother Of all gods, hast pity on us.
 Phorkyas Have ye the patience silently to hear my whole, Long-drawn-out discourse? It involves tales manifold.
 Chorus Patience enough! The while we listen we still live.
 Phorkyas If one remains at home and noble treasure guards And knows how to cement the lofty dwelling's walls And to secure the roof against the pressing rain, It will go well with him all his long days of life; But he who over his threshold's sacred limits steps With light and fleeting foot in buoyant wantonness, Will find indeed on his return the ancient place But all things changed about, if they're not quite destroyed.
 Helena Whereto the like of such familiar sayings here? Thou wouldst narrate, so stir not up what gives offence!
 Phorkyas It is historical, by no means a reproach.
 A corsair, Menelaus steered from bay to bay; The shores and islands all he skirted as a foe, Returning with the spoils that in his house abound.
 Besieging Ilion, he then passed ten long years; How many on the voyage home I do not know.
 But how stand matters here with the exalted house Of Tyndareus? How stand they roundabout the realm?
 Helena So thoroughly incarnate in thee is abuse That not a lip of thine can stir without rebuke? Phorkyas Full many years forsaken stood the valleyed hills Which northward back of Sparta rise into the sky, Taygetus in the rear whence as a merry brook Eurotas tumbles down and then along our vale By reed-beds broadly flowing nourishes your swans.
 Remote and still in mountain-vale a valiant race Has settled, pressing hither from Cimmerian night, And piled a towering stronghold insurmountable.
 From there they pester land and people as they please.
 Helena Could they accomplish this? It seems impossible.
 Phorkyas They had the time, perhaps 'twas nearly twenty years.
 Helena Is one the lord? and are they many robbers? leagued? Phorkyas They are not robbers and yet one of them is lord.
 I blame him not and though he persecuted me.
 Well could he all have taken but contented him With few things which he called not tribute but free gifts.
 Helena How does he look? Phorkyas Not ill! I like his looks full well.
 He is a man who's cheery, bold, of well-built form, A man of sense such as are few among the Greeks.
 Men brand these people as barbarians, yet methinks Not one so cruel, not so like a cannibal
 As many a hero proved himself at Ilion.
 His greatness I respect, I'd trust myself to him.
 His castle too! With your own eyes ye should see that!
 It is quite different from the clumsy masonry Which your forefathers loosely piled up heedlessly, Cyclopean like the Cyclops, hurling undressed stone, One on the other. There, contrariwise, ah, there!
 The work is level, plumb, according to a rule.
 Gaze at it from outside! It strives aloft toward heaven, All rigid, all well-joined, and mirror-smooth like steel!
 To climb there- why, the very thought slides down!
 And inside are great courts and roomy spaces girt By structures roundabout of every kind and use.
 There ye see arches, archlets, pillars, pillarets, Balconies, galleries for gazing out and in, And scutcheons.
 Chorus What are scutcheons? Phorkyas Ajax used to bear A coiling serpent on his shield, as ye have seen.
 The Seven against Thebes, each one upon his shield, A pictured emblem bore, rich in significance.
 One saw there moon and stars in heaven's nocturnal field, A goddess, hero, ladder, swords, and torches too, And all that fiercely threats good towns with violence.
 Such emblems are borne also by our hero-band, Aglow with colour, heritage from primal sires.
 There ye see lions, eagles, also claw and beak, Then horns of buffaloes, wings, roses, peacocks' tails, Bars also, gold and black and silver, blue and red.

The like of these hangs there in halls, row after row, In long, unending halls, wide as the world is wide.
There ye can dance!

Chorus Oh, say, are dancers also there? Phorkyas The best! a blooming troop of boys with golden locks,
Fragrant with youth, so fragrant only Paris was When he approached too near the Queen.

Helena Thou fallest quite

Outside thy role! Come, tell me now the final word!

Phorkyas Speak thou that word, say plainly and in earnest: "Yes!" Then with that castle I'll encompass
thee at once.

Chorus Oh, speak that little word and save thyself with us!

Helena What? Must I fear King Menelaus will transgress In ways so horrible and do me so much wrong?

Phorkyas Hast thou forgot how thy Deiphobus he maimed, Brother of war-slain Paris? In unheard-of ways
He maimed him who for thee, when a widow, stubborn fought And happily won as mistress. Nose and
ears he lopped And mangled him still worse: a horror to behold.

Helena That did he unto him; for my sake did he that.

Phorkyas And he will do the same to thee because of him.

Beauty cannot be shared; who has possessed it quite,

Destroys it rather, cursing all part ownership.

Trumpets at a distance; the CHORUS shudders.

Just as shrill trumpets' blare lays hold with rending might On ears and bowels, jealousy doth clinch its
claws Within the bosom of a man forgetting not What once he has owned and now has lost and owns no
more.

Chorus.

Hear'st thou not the horn resounding? Dost not see the weapons flash? Phorkyas Be thou welcome, lord
and monarch, gladly give I reckoning.

Chorus Ah, but we? Phorkyas Ye know it well, before your eyes ye'll see her death.

Mark, your own will be within there. No, there is no help for you.

Pause.

Helena I have thought out what first I dare to venture on.

Thou art a hostile daemon, this I feel full well And fear that into evil thou wilt turn the good.

But first to yonder castle I will follow thee.

The rest I know; but what thereby in her deep breast The Queen mysteriously may hide, be that for each A
secret inaccessible. On, Ancient, lead!

Chorus.

Oh, how glad do we go hence, Hast'ning our footsteps, Death in our rear, And before us again A towering
stronghold's Inaccessible ramparts.

Grant they may shelter as well As once did Ilion's walls, Which fell down at last Through contemptible
craft alone!

Mists spread out, veil the background and now the foreground at pleasure.

How is this? How? Sisters, gaze around? Was not serene sunlight here? Drifts of cloud are swaying aloft
From Eurotas' sacred stream; Vanished has the beautiful Reed-engarlanded shore from our sight, And the
swans gliding on Freely, gracefully, proudly, Swimming glad together, Ah, I see them no more!

Still, though yes, still Crying I hear them, Crying afar their hoarse cry!

Death presaging, so mortals say; Ah, that only to us too, Instead of promised salvation's weal, Doom at
last it proclaim not to us, Doom to us swan-like maids, Fair, white-throated ones, and ah!

To her, our swan-begotten!

Woe to us, woe! woe!

All is covered and hid Roundabout in the mist.

We can see each other no more!

What befalls? Do we move? Float we only, Footing uncertainly on the ground? See'st thou naught? Wings
not haply e'en Hermes ahead? Gleams not his golden wand Waving, commanding us backward again To
the unenjoyable, grey-glimmering, With impalpable phantoms teeming, Over-crowded, ever empty
Hades?

Yes, 'tis growing darker swiftly; lifts the mist but leaves no sunlight, Darkly-greyish, brown as walls are.
Walls encounter our free vision.

Standing stark against our seeing. Is it a court? Is it a dungeon? Horrible in any case! Sisters, alas, we are imprisoned, Prisoned as we ever were.

THE INNER COURT OF THE CASTLE

Surrounded by rich, fantastic buildings of the Middle Ages.

Leader of the CHORUS Impetuous and foolish, perfect woman-type!

Dependent on the moment, sport of every breeze Of good and evil fortune, neither this nor that Can ye with calmness bear. One always contradicts The other fiercely, and crosswise the others her; In joy and pain alone ye howl and laugh alike.

Now hush! and waiting hearken what the mistress may, High-spirited, resolve both for herself and us.

Helena Where art thou, Pythoness? Whatever be thy name, Come from the vaulted chambers of this gloomy keep.

If haply thou art gone to the wondrous hero-lord, Announcing me, preparing fit reception thus, Then take my thanks and lead me speedily to him; I wish an end of wandering. Rest alone I wish.

Leader of the CHORUS.

In vain, O Queen, thou lookst around on every side;

That sorry form has vanished, has remained perhaps There in the mist from out whose bosom hitherward We came, I know not how, but swift and treading not.

Perhaps she too in doubt strays in this labyrinth Of many castles strangely mingled into one, Seeking the lord that he may princely welcome thee.

But see up there a crowd of servants stirring now In corridors, past windows, and in wide doorways, Hast'ning in ready service, swiftly, to and fro:

A portent of distinguished welcome for a guest.

Chorus.

My heart is exalted! See, oh, see there How so modestly downward with lingering step The fairest of youths becoming move In appointed procession. At whose command Can appear, so well-taught and so fitly arrayed, Of youthful squires this glorious troop? What most do I admire? The delicate gait, Perhaps the curling hair round the dazzling white brow, Perhaps the pair of cheeks like the red of the peach And clad like the peach with soft, fleecy down? I gladly would bite them but shudder in fear,

For in similar case was the mouth all filled up Oh, horrible tale!- with ashes.

And now the fairest Are coming along; What is it they bear? Steps for a throne, Carpet and seat, Hangings and tent Similar gear; Now it rolls over, Wreathing cloud-like festoons Round the head of our Queen, Who now, invited, Has climbed to the glorious couch.

Forward advance, Step upon step, stand Gravely aligned.

Worthy, oh, worthy, threefold worthy Of her may such a welcome be blessed!

All that the CHORUS describes occurs by degrees. Faust. After the boys and squires have descended in a long procession, FAUST appears above on the stair-

case in the knightly court costume of the Middle Ages; he descends slowly and with dignity.

Leader of the CHORUS [observing him attentively].

If to this man the gods have not, as oft they do, Lent only for a brief time admirable form, His amiable presence, his exalted mien, All transitory, then will he ever succeed In what he undertakes, be it in fights with men Or in the little war with fairest women waged.

Indeed to many others he may be preferred, Others whom high-esteemed I've seen with mine own eyes.

With slowly solemn step restrained by reverence I see the prince approaching. Turn and see, O Queen!

Faust [approaching with a fettered man at his side].

In lieu of solemn greeting, as were fitting, In lieu of reverent welcome, I bring thee This servant fettered fast in manacles, Whose slight of duty made me slight mine own.

Before this noble lady kneel thou down, To make confession and avow thy guilt.

Exalted mistress, here thou seest the man

Of vision rare who on the lofty tower Was placed to gaze around, there to survey Keenly the firmament and earth's expanse, If here and there perchance aught may appear, Descending by the hill-encircled vale To our firm castle, be it billowing herds, Perhaps a marching host; those we protect, Meet these in fight. Today, what negligence!

Thou comest, he reports it not, we fail To greet most duly and most honourably So great a guest. His life he wantonly Has forfeited, should lie now in the blood Of well-deserv'd death; but thou alone Mayst punish or mayst pardon, as thou wilt.

Helena High is the honour that thou grantest me, As judge, as ruler, and although it were To test me merely, as I may suspect, Still, now the judge's foremost duty I Will do, to give the accused a hearing. Speak!

Lynceus [the warder of the tower].

Let me kneel and gaze upon her, Let me live or let me perish, Since my all I only cherish For this god-sent lady's honour.

Waiting for the bliss of morning, Spying eastward its first glows, Lo! the sun, without a warning, Wondrous in the south arose.

Thither did it draw my glances Off from gorge and mountain-cone, Off from earth's and heaven's expanses, Her to see, the Only One.

Piercing sight to me is given As to lynx on highest tree, Yet I had to struggle, even As from dream's obscurity.

Could I the delusion banish? Ramparts? tower? or bolted gate? Vapours rise and vapours vanish, Such a goddess comes in state!

Eye and bosom I turned to her,

Drinking in her gentle light; Beauty, blinding all that view her, Blinded my poor senses quite.

I forgot the warder's duty And the horn I swore to wind.

Threaten to destroy me! Beauty Doth all anger ever bind.

Helena The ill that I occasioned I dare not To punish. Woe is me! That fate austere Pursues me, everywhere the breasts of men So to infatuate that they themselves Spare not nor aught else worthy. Ravishing, Seducing, fighting, harrying hither, thither, Demigods, heroes, gods, aye, demons also, To and fro they led me ever wandering.

My first estate confused the world, my second The more, my third and fourth bring woe on woe.

Remove this good man, let him now go free; Let no disgrace befall the god-befooled!

Faust Astonished, I behold alike, O Queen, The unerring archer and the stricken one; I see the bow which hath the arrow sped That wounded him. Arrows on arrows fly, Me do they smite. Criss-cross through keep and court I feel their feathered whirring everywhere.

What am I now? The faithfulest thou mak'st At once rebellious to me, insecure My walls. And so my army, I fear now, Obeys the conquering, unconquered Queen.

What else remains save that I give to thee Myself and all that I have fancied mine? Freely and truly let me at thy feet Acknowledge thee as Queen who by her coming Acquired at once possession and a throne.

Lynceus [with a chest and men who carry chests after him].

O Queen, thou see'st me back again The rich man begs one glance's gain; Poor as a beggar feeleth he And princely rich when he sees thee.

What was I erst? and what now too?

What is to wish for? what to do? What use is sharpest flash of eyes!

Back from thy throne it bounding flies.

Out of the East we hither pressed And all was over with the West; A people far and wide were massed, The foremost knew not of the last.

The first man fell, the second stood, The third man's lance was prompt and good; Each one was backed a hundredfold, Thousands, unmarked, lay slain and cold.

We crowded on, stormed on apace, Masters were we from place to place; Where for the day I held control Tomorrow another robbed and stole.

We looked- and hurried was the look; The fairest woman one man took, And one the steer both firm and strong, And every horse must come along, But I delighted to espy The things most rare to human eye, And what another man possessed,

For me was dried-up grass at best Upon the trail of treasures bright, I followed only my keen sight; At every pocket I peeped in, Transparent was each box and bin.

And heaps of gold I made my own, And many a lordly precious stone.

Now on thy breast the emerald green Alone is worthy to be seen.

Now swaying 'twixt thy lip and ear Let ocean's oval pearl appear; Rubies would all their radiance lose
Beside thy glowing cheek's bright hues.

The treasure greatest and most rare Before thy presence I lay here; And to thy feet is brought today The
fruit of many a bloody fray.

As many chests as here I bore, Of iron chests I have yet more; Admit me to thy train, I will Thy vaults
with every treasure fill.

For scarce dost thou the throne ascend,

Ere now they bow, ere now they bend, Intelligence and wealth and power, Before thy peerless form and
flower.

Firmly I held all this as mine, But now it's free and it is thine; 'Twas precious, sterling, vast, I thought,
But now I see that it was naught.

Vanished is what I once possessed.

A mown and withered grass at best; Oh, with one happy glance but deign To give it all its worth again!

Faust Quickly remove the burden boldly won, Indeed not censured but without reward.

Already all is hers that in its depths The castle hides; to offer her aught special Is useless. Go, pile treasure
upon treasure In order fit. Set up the stately show Of splendour yet unseen! And let the vaults Glitter like
new-born firmaments, prepare New paradises filled with lifeless life.

Hastening before her steps let flowered rug

On rug unroll; thus may her every tread Meet kindly footing, may her gaze alight On splendour blinding
all but the divine.

Lynceus.

Easy are the lord's commands, Child's-play to the servant's hands:

Beauty in such fair excess Rules all wealth, rules blood no less.

All the army now is tame, All the swords are blunt and lame.

By this glorious form, behold!

Even the sun seems faint and cold.

By this wealth of loveliness All is empty nothingness.

Exit.

Helena [to FAUST]. I wish to speak to thee; up to my side Hither I bid thee come! The empty place Calls
to its lord and thus makes mine secure.

Faust First kneeling, let my true devotion gain Thy favour, lofty lady; let me kiss The gracious hand that
lifts me to thy side.

Confirm me as co-regent of thy realm Whose bounds are limitless; win for thyself Adorer, servant,
guardian, all in one.

Helena Manifold marvels do I see and hear.

Amazement strikes me, I would fain ask much, But first I'd ask to know why that man's speech Sounded
so new and strange, strange and yet friendly.

It seems that one tone makes way for another, And hath a word grown friendly to the ear, Another woos
caressingly the first.

Faust If thou art pleased with this our people's speech, Oh, surely then its song will ravish thee, Fill ears
and mind alike with deep content.

But best it were to practise it straightway, Alternate speech allures it, calls it forth.

Helena Then tell me how to learn such lovely speech.

Faust It's easy, quite, if from the heart it come.

And when the breast with longing overflow, One looks around and asks Helena Who shares the glow.

Faust The soul looks not ahead in hours like this, Nor back; the present only Helena Is our bliss.

Faust It is a pledge, great gain, possession grand; What confirmation has it? Helena This, my hand.

Chorus.

Who would think to blame our princess

If she grants the castle's lord Friendly show of favour? For confess, we all of us are Captives, aye, as oft
already Since the infamous overthrow Of Ilion and the agonizing Labyrinthian woeful journey.

Women, used to men's affection, Are not choosers, yet they are Well-informed and knowing, And to
golden-haired shepherds Or else to fauns with black bristles, As occasion may bring about, Over their fair
rounded members Fully grant they an equal right.

Near and nearer they're sitting now, Leaning one on the other, Shoulder to shoulder, knee to knee, Hand in hand, cradle they them Over the throne's Richly cushioned magnificence.

Now no scruples has majesty

In its revealing All its intimate pleasures Thus before all the eyes of the people.

Helena I feel so far away and yet so near And all too glad I say: Here am I! Here!

Faust I scarcely breathe, words tremble, check their pace; It is a dream, vanished are time and place.

Helena I feel I'm lived-out sheer, and yet so new, Blent with thee here, to thee, the unknown, true.

Faust Probe not the dower of this rare destiny; Though life's but an hour, our duty's still to be.

Phorkyas [entering hastily].

Spell love's primer through, enjoying Lovesick brewing, cooing, toying; Brew and coo on, idle, cloying, Yet for that 'tis not the day.

Feel ye not a dull storm growing? Harken to the trumpet's blowing!

Ruin is not far away.

Menelaus hither urges All his host in mighty surges.

Arm ye for a bitter fray!

By the victor's host entangled, As Deiphobus was mangled, For this gallantry thou'lt pay.

When this trash hangs on a halter, Straight she'll die upon the altar, To the sharpened axe a prey.

Faust Bold interruption! Odious it presses in; In danger itself I can't stand senseless violence.

Ill-message uglifies the fairest messenger; Only bad messages bringst, ugliest, thou with joy.

But this time thou shalt not succeed. With empty breath Go, shatter thou the air. There is no danger here, And even danger itself would seem an idle threat.

Signals, explosions from the towers, trumpets and cornets. Martial music, a powerful armed force marches past.

Faust No, heroes heart-united ever Forthwith assembled thou shalt see; He only merits women's favour Who can protect them valiantly.

To the leaders of the army who detach themselves from their columns and step forward.

With bated, silent fury's power, Sure pledge of victory to come, Ye, of the North the budding flower, Ye, of the East the mighty bloom, In steel encased, light round them breaking, Hosts that crushed realm on realm at will, They come, the very earth is shaking, They stride along, it thunders still.

We came to Pylos, there we landed, The aged Nestor is no more, And all the kinglets thither banded Our free hosts routed on the shore.

Back from these walls with voice of thunder Drive Menelaus to the sea; There let him rove, waylay, and plunder; It was his wish and destiny.

I hail you dukes as forth ye sally, Such the command of Sparta's Queen; Now at her feet lay hill and valley, And yours be all the realm ye win.

Thine, German! be to stand defending At wall and rampart Corinth's bay.

Achaea's hundred vales unending I bid thee, Goth, to hold and sway.

Toward Elis, march, ye Frankish legions, Messenia be the Saxons' gain, Ye Normans, clear the ocean's regions And great make Argolis again.

Then each, within his walls abiding, Will be prepared the foe to meet; Sparta, over you all presiding, Shall be the Queen's ancestral seat.

She'll see you one and all retrieving

The land whose weal no want can blight, Ye at her feet, assured, receiving Authority and law and light.

FAUST descends, the princes form a circle around him in order to hear better his commands and instructions.

Chorus.

Who the fairest one coveteth, Be before all things able And let him weapons prudently seek.

Flattering he may win indeed What all the earth holds highest; But in peace possesseth he not.

Crafty rogues will entice her from him, Robbers boldly will snatch her from him; This to prevent let him be on his guard.

Therefore do I praise our prince, Prize him higher than others, That he, so wise and brave, drew allies And the mighty, obeying, stand Waiting his every signal.

Faithfully they fulfil his hest, Each for himself, for his own gain And the ruler's enguerdoning thanks, Both winning thus the supreme meed of fame.

For who will now ravish her From the mighty possessor? His is she, to him granted be she, Granted twofold by us whom he Gathered to her, safe within sheltering walls, Guarded without by a mighty host. Faust Gifts have I granted, great and glorious, To each of these a goodly land, Let them march on, through war victorious, Here in the midst we take our stand.

And they in rivalry protect thee, Half-island, lapped by dancing main, While slender, fair, green hills connect thee With the last link of Europe's mountain-chain.

This land, the land of lands, forever May it be blessed to every race, Won for my Queen's enduring favour.

It early gazed upon her face, When from the shell she burst and gleaming Rose mid Eurotas' reedy sighs, On mother, brother, sister beaming With light that overcame the eyes.

This land presents its choicest flower To thee, it turns to thee alone; From all the world which owns thy power, Oh, choose thy fatherland, thine own!

And even if the jagged peak uprearing Doth on its back the sun's cold arrow bear, We see a green tinge on the rock appearing; The wild goat nibbling crops his scanty fare.

Springs leap and plunging brooks unite in revel; Already gorges, slopes, and meads are green.

Upon a hundred hillsides' broken level The moving, fleecy herds spread out are seen.

With measured step, divided, steady, Horned beasts draw near the dizzy ledge's fall, But shelter for them all is ever ready In hundred caves arched in the rocky wall.

Pan shields them there, enlivening nymphs are dwelling

In bosky chasms' moist, refreshed lee, And, yearningly toward higher regions swelling, Aloft crowds branch-abounding tree on tree.

Primeval woods! The mighty oak is standing With branch on branch crooked wilfully and bowed; The gentle maple, with sweet juice expanding, Shoots cleanly upward, playing with its load.

And in that silent realm of shadows Warm mother's milk for child and lambkin wells; Fruit is not far, the ripe food of the meadows, And honey from the hollowed tree distils.

Here comfort is the birthright of a nation, Both cheek and lips express serenity, Each is immortal in his age and station, Healthy they live and happily.

And thus the lovely child develops, gaining The father's strength as bright day follows day.

We marvel, in our minds a doubt remaining If they are gods, if men are they.

Thus was Apollo shepherd-like in feature, Only the fairest was as fair as he; For where in a pure orbit ruleth Nature,

All worlds unite and blend in harmony.

Taking his seat beside HELENA.

Thus hath success both thee and me attended, Now let the past be past, behind us flung; Oh, feel thyself from highest god descended, Thou of the primal world whence thou art sprung!

Thee shall no fortress keep in hiding!

Still in eternal youth, stands, as it stood, A wide domain for us, for blissful biding, Arcadia in Sparta's neighbourhood!

Enticed to dwelling in this blessed harbour, Hast fled into the brightest destiny!

Now let our thrones become an arbour, Arcadian be our bliss and free!

THE SCENE CHANGES ALTOGETHER

Closed arbours lean against a series of rocky caverns. A shady grove extends to the surrounding cliff-walls. FAUST and HELENA are not visible. The CHORUS lies sleeping, scattered here and there.

Phorkyas How long these maidens may have slept I cannot tell.

If they allowed themselves to dream that which mine eyes Saw bright and clear, that likewise is unknown to me, And so I'll wake them. This young crowd should be amazed, Ye long-beards too, who sit and wait down there below To see at length how wonders credible turn out.

Awake! arise! and quickly shake your curly hair, Sleep from your eyes! And blink not so, but list to me!

Chorus.

Speak and tell us, tell whatever marvellous events have happened; Most of all we like to hear of what surpasses our believing, For we're bored, and greatly bored, from looking only on these rocks.

Phorkyas.

With your eyes rubbed open scarcely, children, are ye bored so

soon? Harken then! Here in these caverns, in these grottoes, in these arbours, Shield and shelter have been given, as are given to pairs idyllic, To our lord and to our lady.

Chorus How? Within there? Phorkyas Separated From the world, they summoned me, me only, to their quiet service.

Highly honoured I stood near them, yet, as doth beseem the trusted, Looking around for something else. So I turned me hither, thither, Seeking roots and barks and mosses, skilled in all things efficacious, And so they remained alone.

Chorus.

Truly thou dost speak as if within there were vast world-wide spaces, Forest, lakes and brooks and meadow; what a fairy tale dost spin!

Phorkyas.

To be sure, ye inexperienced! Those are depths no one hath fathomed:

Hall on hall and court on court which musingly I followed through.

But there echoes all at once a laughter through the spacious caverns I look thither, lo! a boy who from the woman's lap is leaping To the man, and from the father to the mother; the caressing, Dandling, pranks of foolish fondness, cries of fun, and shouts of pleasure Deafen me alternately.

Naked, without wings, a genius, faun-like but with nothing bestial, On the firm ground he is leaping, yet the ground, in turn reacting, Speeds him up to airy heights, and in the second or the third leap Doth he touch the lofty arch.

Anxious calls the mother: "Leap! and leap again, and at thy pleasure, But beware of flying: flight unfettered is denied to thee." And thus warns the faithful father: "In the earth lies power elastic That impels thee upward, only with your toe-tips touch the surface And at once thou wilt be strengthened like Antaeus, son of earth." And so on these rocky masses he goes skipping from one cornice To the other and around, as leaps a ball when it is struck.

All at once, though, in the crevice of a rugged gorge he's vanished, And he now seems lost to us. The mother wails, the father comforts, Anxiously I shrug my shoulders. But again now what a vision!

Are there treasures lying hid there? Garments striped with brodered blossoms He has donned becomingly. From his arms are tassels waving, round his bosom flutter ribbons, In his hands the golden lyre; completely like a little Phoebus, He steps boldly to the brink, then to the precipice. We marvel

And the parents in their rapture clasp each other, heart to heart, For around his head what splendour! It is hard to say what glitters, Is it gold-work or the flame of some transcendent spirit-power? And he moves and gestures even now though but a boy, proclaiming Him the future master of all beauty, through whose every member Melodies eternal stir; and thus ye too will hearken to him, And will see him thus, with wonder ye have never felt before.

Chorus Call'st thou a wonder this, Thou Crete-begotten? Hast to poetical speech Pregnant with thought not listened? Never yet hast heard Ionia's, Never hast listened to Hellas' Vast store of tales ancestral Celebrating gods and heroes? All that may happen now While we are living Reechoes gloomily

Grandeur of days ancestral; Nor can thy narration equal That which a lovely fiction, More credible than truth is, Sang of him, the son of Maia.

Him a delicate babe but strong, Nurseling, scarce more than born yet, Straight has the nurses' chattering flock, Full of unreasoning fancy, Wrapped in the purest swaddling-fleece, Bound fast in fine, costly wrappings, But now the strong, though dainty rogue Draws forth his delicate limbs, Firm, elastic, and supple, Craftily thence, the purple shell, Which so grievously bound him, Leaving quietly in its place, Like the perfected butterfly Which from the cramping chrysalis Deftly slips with unfolding wings, Through the sunlit, radiant ether Boldly, wantonly fluttering.

So too did he, the agilest, That to thieves and to tricksters And all seekers of gain he'd be Ever a favouring genius.

This straightway he makes manifest Through most clever devices.

Swift the trident of ocean's lord Steals he, and slyly from Ares' self Steals the sword from the scabbard, Arrow and bow from Phoebus too, Also the tongs from Hephaestus, Even from Zeus the father's bolt Would have had, but was frightened by fire.

Eros too he overcomes In a leg-tripping wrestling match, And when Cypris caresses him, steals From her bosom the girdle.

A charming, purely melodious music of stringed instruments resounds from the cave. All become attentive and soon seem to be deeply stirred. Henceforth to the pause indicated, there is full musical accompaniment.

Phorkyas.

Hear the loveliest chords resounding, Quick, be free from myths long gone, And your gods, of old abounding, Let them go! Their day is done.

None will understand your singing, We demand a higher mart; From the heart it must come springing, If it hopes to touch the heart.

She retires toward the rocks.

Chorus.

If these witching tones, dire creature, Find a welcome in thine ears, We feel healed, of a new nature, Softened to the joy of tears.

Let the sun's bright splendour perish If a dawn within us rise, If in our own hearts we cherish What the whole wide world denies.

HELENA, FAUST, EUPHORION in the costume described for him.

Euphorion.

Hear ye children carols singing, Ye at once in sport take part; When ye see my rhythmic springing, As a parent's leaps your heart.

Helena.

Love, in human wise to bless us, Makes Two One in sympathy, But us godlike joy possesses When Love forms a precious Three.

Faust All is found, our love's requited, I am thine, and mine art thou; And so stand we here united, Were it always thus as now!

Chorus.

Many years of purest pleasure In the mild light of the boy Crown this pair in plenteous measure.

How their union stirs my joy!

Euphorion.

Let me be skipping, Let me be springing In all the breezes Through ether winging Is now my passion; It hath me won.

Faust But gently! gently!

Don't be rash! Check thee That plunge and death may Not overtake thee, That we may not perish Through our dear son.

Euphorion.

I will no longer Stand earthly stresses; Let go my hands, Let go my tresses, Let go my garments, They are all mine.

Helena.

Oh, think- believe us To whom thou belongest!

How it would grieve us, And how thou wrongest The fair fortune won, Mine, his, and thine!

Chorus.

The bond, I fear me, Soon is undone!

Helena and Faust.

Curb, thou tempestuous!

For us who love thee, Over-impetuous Forces that move thee!

In rural leisure Grace thou the plain.

Euphorion.

But for your pleasure I will refrain.

Winding among the CHORUS and drawing them forth to dance.

Round this gay company Hover I light; Now is the melody, Now is the movement right? Helena.

Yes, that is neatly done!

Lead all the beauties on, Artfully dance!

Faust Oh, that an end might be!

Ne'er can this roguery My joy enhance.

EUPHORION and the CHORUS, dancing and singing, move about in interlocking dance.

Chorus.

When thy twin arms so fair Charming thou raisest,
Radiant thy curly hair Shaking displacest, When thou with foot so light Skimmest the earth in flight,
Hither and off again, Dancing a linked chain, Thou hast thy goal attained, Thou lovely child; All of our
hearts beguiled, All hast thou gained.

Pause.

Euphorion.

O all ye litesome Roes never staying, Quickly and blithesome, On, to new playing!
I am the hunter, Ye are the game.

Chorus.

Wilt thou us capture,
Be not unruly For we, in rapture, Only would truly Closely embrace thee, Thy beauty claim!

Euphorion.

Through groves and rubble, Over stock and stubble!
Lightly attainable, That I detest; Hardly obtainable Pleases me best.

Helena and Faust.

Oh what madness! Oh what daring!

There's no hope of moderation.

Hark! It sounds like trumpets' blaring Over vale and woods resounding; What a tumult! What a brawl

Chorus [entering singly and quickly].

He ran past us, left us lagging, Scorned and mocked us, onward bounding;

See how hither he is dragging Now the wildest one of all.

Euphorion [bearing a young maiden].

Here I drag the sturdy maiden Hither to enforced enjoyment; For my rapture, for my zest, I press her
resisting breast, Kiss her lips reluctant still, Showing thus my strength and will.

Maiden.

Loose me! In this form and cover Spirit-strength and courage stay, And our will, like thine moreover, Is
not lightly swept away.

In a strait dost think me truly? For thine arm great strength dost claim!

Hold me fast, fool, and I'll duly Scorch thee well, a merry game.

She turns to flame and flashes up in the air.

To the buoyant breezes follow, To the caverns' dreary hollow, Come the vanished prize to claim.

Euphorion [shaking off the last flames].

Rocks all around me here, Thickets and woods among, Why should they bound me here? Still am I fresh
and young.

Wild winds are dashing there, Billows are crashing there, Both far away I hear, Would I were near!

He leaps higher and higher up the rocks.

Helena, Faust, and the Chorus.

Like a chamois wouldst aspire? Dreadful fall we fear for thee.

Euphorion.

Higher must I climb and higher, Ever farther must I see.

Now I know where I stand,

Midst of great Pelops' land, Midst of an isle are we, Kin to the earth and sea!

Chorus.

Wilt not mid wood and hill Linger contented? Soon we shall seek at will Grapes in rows planted, Grapes
on the hillsides fanned, Figs and gold apples rare.

Ah, stay in this fair land, Stay thou so fair!

Euphorion.

Dream ye of days of peace? Dream on whom dreams may please!

"War!" is the signal cry, Echoed by "Victory!" Chorus.

Who in peace ever Wishes war back again, Himself doth sever

From hope's rich gain.

Euphorion.

They whom this land hath led Out of dread into dread, Free, of undaunted mood, Not sparing of their
blood:

To their unbreakable, Consecrate chain, Fighters unshakeable, May it bring gain!

Chorus.

Look aloft! How high he's mounting!

Yet to us not small he seems, As if armed, on triumph counting, As of bronze and steel he gleams.

Euphorion.

Not on walls or moats enduring, On his own strength each must rest; Fortress firm and all-securing Is a man's own iron breast.

Would ye live unconquered freemen,

Arm, and off to combat wild!

Amazons will be your women, And a hero every child.

Chorus.

Hallowed Poesy, Soar aloft heavenly, Shine on, thou fairest star, Farther and still more far, Yet dost thou reach us still, Yet do we hear and thrill, Joyous we are.

Euphorion.

No, not a child am I appearing, A youth in armour I come on, Who, joined with strong men, free and daring, Great deeds in spirit now has done.

Away!

No stay, On to the path where fame is won.

Helena and Faust.

Scarcely thou to life art given,

Scarcely knowing day's glad beam, Yearning dizzily art driven To the field where sorrows teem.

Are then we Naught to thee? Is the lovely bond a dream? Euphorion.

Hear ye the thundering on the ocean? How thunder back the vale and wood? In dust and foam, in fierce commotion, Host charges host in weltering blood, And for all "Death!" 's the call, That of course is understood.

Helena, Faust, and the Chorus.

How we shudder! How we quiver!

Does death summon thee to fall? Euphorion.

From afar look on? No, never!

Worry, need- I'll share it all.

The Above.

Danger his rashness brings, Fatally bold!

Euphorion.

Still must I!- See the wings That now unfold!

Thither! I must! I must!

Grudge not the flight!

He casts himself into the air, his garments bear him up for a moment, his head is irradiated, a trail of light follows him.

Chorus Icarus! Icarus!

Piteous plight!

A beautiful youth falls at his parents' feet. We think we recognize a familiar form in the dead body; but the corporeal vanishes at the aureole rises like a comet toward heaven. The robe, mantle, and lyre remain lying on the ground.

Helena and Faust.

Quick on joy followeth Dire pain and moan.

Euphorion's Voice [from the depths].

Leave me in realms of death, Mother, not all alone!

Pause.

Chorus [a Dirge].

Not alone!- where'er thou bidest, For we think that well we know thee; Ah! and if from life thou hidest, Never will a heart forgo thee.

For thee scarcely know we sadness, Enviously we sing thy fate, For thou hadst in pain and gladness Songs and courage high and great.

Born with earthly bliss thy dower, Great thy strength, proud thy descent, Soon lost to thyself, the flower
Of thy youth was from thee rent.

Keen thy sight, the world discerning, Feeling for each heart-throb known, For fair women's passion
yearning, And a song thy very own.

But thy tamelessness engaged thee In a net without a flaw, And in headlong strife enraged thee Against
custom, against law; But at last an aim transcendent Gave thy noble courage weight, Thou wouldst win a
fame resplendent But success was not thy fate.

Who succeeds?- A dismal query, Shunned by Fate who gives no heed, When, on days ill-starred and
dreary, Silently the people bleed.

But new songs afresh create them, Deeply bowed lament no more:

Earth again will generate them As it ever did of yore.

Complete pause. The music ceases.

Helena [to FAUST] Alas, an ancient truth is verified in me:

That bliss and beauty never lastingly unite.

The bond of life is rent no less than that of love; Bewailing both, I say with sorrow: Fare thee well!

And cast myself once more, once only, in thine arms.

Receive, Persephone, receive the boy and me.

She embraces FAUST, she herself vanishes, robe and veil remain in his arms.

Phorkyas [to FAUST].

Hold fast what now alone is left to thee!

Let not the garment go. Already demons Are twitching at its skirts and they would like To snatch it to the
lower world. Hold fast!

It is no more the goddess whom thou lost, But godlike is it. Make use of the high And priceless boon, and
rising soar aloft.

Swift over all things common will it bear thee Away through ether while thou can'st endure.

We'll meet again, far, far away from here.

HELENA'S garments dissolve into clouds, surround FAUST, lift him in the air, and move away with him.

Phorkyas [picks Up EUPHORION'S robe, mantle, and lyre from the ground, steps forward to the
proscenium, lifts up the mementoes, and speaks].

A lucky find, although belated!

The flame, in truth, is dissipated, Yet for the world I've no distress.

Here is enough to start the poet And swell his tribe with jealousy; And talent? Though I can't bestow it,
I can at least bestow the dress.

She sits down in the proscenium at the foot of a column.

Panthalis Now hasten, maidens! From the sorcery we're free, From the mad tyranny of the Thessalian
hag, Freed from the wildering, jangling tones that dazed us all, The car confounding and still worse the
inner sense.

Hence, down to Hades! where our Queen has hastened on, With solemn steps descending. Let her
footsteps be Directly followed by the steps of faithful maids.

Her shall we find beside the throne of the Inscrutable.

Chorus.

Everywhere indeed do queens ever like to be, And in Hades too do they stand supreme; Proudly with their
peers are they allied, With Persephone most intimate.

We, however, in the background Of deep, asphodelian meadows, With far-reaching poplars And
unfruitful willows joined, What diversion shall we have there? Bat-like to squeak and twitter In whispers
undelightful, spectral.

Panthalis Who hath not won a name nor wills a noble deed, Belongs but to the elements, so fare thy way!

Hotly I wish to join my Queen. Not merit alone, Faithfulness too preserves our personality.

Exit.

All Back to the light of day are we now restored, Truly persons no more.

We feel it, we know it too, But to Hades we go back never; For ever-living Nature lays Claim to us spirits,
We to her lay claim that is valid.

A Part of the CHORUS.

In these thousand branches' quivering whisper, in their murmuring swaying, Toying gently, we'll entice up from the roots the vital currents To the twigs; and now with leafage, now with blooms in great profusion We'll adorn the fluttering tresses freely for an airy growth.

Falls the fruit, at once will gather life-enjoying herds and people, Quickly coming, briskly crowding, for the picking, for the tasting; They will all bow down around us as before primeval gods.

Another Part.

In the smooth, far-gleaming mirror by these rocky walls we'll nestle, Moving in the gentle wavelets to and fro, caressingly.

To each sound we'll hearken, list to songs of birds and reedy fluting.

Be it Pan's own fearful voice, a ready answer is at hand.

Doth it murmur, we too murmur; thunders it, we roll our thunders Overwhelming, doubly crashing, threefold, tenfold echoing back.

A Third Part.

Sisters, we more nimble, we will hasten with the brooklets onward, For those yonder distant, richly-mantled mountain ranges charm us.

Ever downward, ever deeper, while meandering we'll water Now the meadow, now the pasture, then the garden round the house, It is marked by slender cypress tree-tops soaring into ether Over landscape, winding shore-line, and the mirror of the stream.

A Fourth Part.

Roam ye others where it please you; we'll engirdle, we will ripple, Round the thickly planted hillside where the trellised vines grow green; There the grower of the vine in anguish ponders hour- and day-long How uncertain is the promise of devoted industry.

Now with hoe and now with shovel, now with hilling, pruning, tying, Unto all the gods he prayeth, to the sun-god best of all.

Pampered Bacchus frets himself but little for his faithful servant, Rests in bowers, lolls in caverns, prattling with the youngest faun.

What he ever needed for his half-intoxicated dreaming, He has always near at hand in wineskins, pitchers, divers vessels Right and left in cool recesses for eternal ages stored.

But if all the gods together, Helios the most important, Fanning, moistening, warming, glowing, filled with grape-vine's horn of plenty, Where the quiet vintner laboured, there new life will soon be stirring, With a rustling in each trellis and a rush from stock to stock.

Baskets creak and buckets clatter, tubs groan on the bearer's back; To the great vat all are going, to the treaders' vigorous dance; And thus is the sacred plenty of the pure-born, juicy berries

Rudely trodden, foaming, spurting, crushed to an unsightly mass.

Now the ear is pierced by brazen clash of cymbals and of timbrels, For the veil of mystery hath Dionysus cast aside; He comes forth with goat-foot satyrs, whirling goat-foot satyresses; And amid them brays, untamed and shrill, Silenus' long-eared beast.

Naught is spared! For cloven hoofs are trampling down all decent custom; For the senses whirling stagger, horribly the ear is stunned.

For the cup the drunken fumble, over-full are heads and bellies.

Careful still is this and that-one, but he heightens thus the tumult, For to garner this year's juices, they drain swiftly the old skin.

The curtain falls, PHORKYAS in the proscenium rises to a gigantic height, descends from the cothurni, casts aside mask and veil, and appears as MEPHISTOPHELES in order, as far as may be necessary, to comment on the piece by way of epilogue.

ACT IV

A HIGH MOUNTAIN RANGE

Bold jagged rocky peaks. A cloud approaches, pauses as it touches a peak, and sinks down on a projecting ledge. It divides.

Faust [steps forth] Looking to deepest solitudes beneath my feet I walk in thoughtfulness along this summit's verge, Relinquishing my chariot of clouds that bore Me gently over land and sea through smiling days.

Slowly, not scattering, it drifts away from me.

Off to the east the mass strains, rolling on and on; The eye strains after it, admiring and amazed.

It breaks while moving, billow-like and changefully, Yet seems reshaping.- Yes, my eyes deceive me not!
On sun-illuminated pillows gloriously reclines
Of giant size, in truth- a godlike woman's form.
I see it! Like to Juno, Leda, Helena, It floats in lovely majesty before my sight.
Alas! It's shifting! Formless, broad, and towering,
It resteth in the east like distant ice-clad peaks, And, dazzling, mirrors swift days' great significance.
Yet round me floats a light and tender misty wreath, Around my breast and brow, cheering, caressing,
cool.
Now it mounts high and higher, lightly, lingering.
It draws together.- Doth a rapturing form deceive Mine eyes, youth's first, long-unenjoyed and highest
bliss? The earliest, deepest treasures of my heart break forth; The dawn of love, so light of wing, it
typifies, The swiftly-felt, the first scarce comprehended glance, Outshining every other treasure, if held
fast.
Like beauty of the soul the lovely form becomes More fair, dissolving not, but through the ether soars
And draws the best of all my being on and on.
A seven-league boot comes thumping forward. Another soon follows. MEPHISTOPHELES steps out of
them. The boots stride on hastily.
Mephistopheles That I call striding briskly ended!
Rut say, what kind of whim is this? Why midst such horrors here descended, By ghastly yawning
precipice?
I know them well but not in this high station, For such things really were Hell's own foundation.
Faust Of foolish tales you've always had a store And now begin to deal them out once more.
Mephistopheles [seriously].
When God the Lord- I know well the occasion Banned us from air into the deeps profound, Where,
glowing from earth's centre all around, Eternal fire waxed hottest past all bound, We found us midst too
great illumination In a most crowded, irksome situation.
The devils, every one, began a coughing, Above, below, at every vent-hole puffing; Hell was with sulphur-
fumes so much inflated And such a gas therefrom was generated, That very soon the earth's flat crust- no
wonder! Thick as it was, was forced to burst asunder.
So now we have a different situation; What's now a peak was once a deep foundation.
On this men base the doctrines that they boast,
Turning the lowest into uppermost.
Thus from that slavish hot cave did we fare To an excessive lording in free air, An open secret but one
well concealed And to the common crowd but late revealed. (ephes. 6. 12.) Faust To me a mountain-mass
stays nobly dumb, I ask not wherefore nor from whence it come.
When Nature in herself her own self founded, The globe of earth she formed and neatly rounded, In
summits and in gorges took delight, Ranged rock on rock and mountain height on height; The hills in
easy slopes she downward moulded, Till gently into valleys they unfolded.
There all is verdant growth and for her gladness She has no need of such convulsive madness.
Mephistopheles That's what you say! To you it seems quite clear But he knows better who beheld it near.
I was at hand when still below was surging The deep abyss, when streamed a fiery tide,
When Moloch's hammer rock on rock was forging And scattering mountain-ruins far and wide.
Earth still abounds in ponderous strange masses.
Such power in hurling who can well explain? As wise men know, their reason it surpasses.
The rock lies evermore where it has lain.
We've racked our brains, to our disgrace, in vain.
Only the faithful common people know And let none shake them in their story:
(Their wisdom ripened long ago) It is a miracle, and Satan gets the glory.
My pilgrim on his crutch of faith limps on To Devil's Bridge, to Devil's Stone.
Faust There is indeed remarkable attraction In seeing a devil's view of Nature's action.
Mephistopheles Be Nature what she will! What do I care? Honour's at stake! Satan himself was there!
We are real people, great things we attain.
Violence, tumult, nonsense! See, the sign is plain!-

But- to say something now that's wholly clear
Has nothing pleased you in our upper sphere? You have surveyed a boundless territory, The kingdoms of the world and all their glory; (Matt. 4) Still- with that discontented air
Did you not lust for something anywhere? Faust I did! A great work lured me on.

Divine it!

Mephistopheles That can soon be done.

I'd seek some city, at its heart A horrid city victuals-mart, Tortuous alleys, pointed gables, Beets, kale, and onions on the tables; Meat-stalls where blue flies take life easy, Feasting on roasts well-done and greasy; There you will always surely find Stench and activity combined.

Then ample squares, broad streets between, Where one can stalk with lordly mien,

And lastly, where no town-gates bar, The suburbs boundless, stretching far.

There I'd enjoy the rolling, The noisy hither and thither bowling, Eternal running hither and thither Of scattered ants that swarm together.

And whether driving, whether riding, The centre of them all abiding, Honoured by thousands would be I.

Faust With that I cannot be contended!

One likes to see the people multiply And in their way live comfortably, Even develop, learn thereby
And yet, in fine, rebels are thus augmented.

Mephistopheles Then, swelling with self-conscious pride I'd raise A pleasure-castle in a pleasant place.

Hill, level, meadow, field, and forest glade Into a splendid garden I'd have made, Before green walls of verdure, velvet meadows,

And measured paths and art-directed shadows, Cascading falls among the rocks designed, And fountain-sprays of every kind, One rising proud and stately in the middle, While at the sides a thousand spraylets spurt and piddle.

And then I'd build, for loveliest women meet, Sung villas, each an intimate retreat.

I'd pass there endless time in joyous mood, Blessed by the dearest social solitude.

"Women," I say, for here, as everywhere, I think in plurals of the ladies fair.

Faust Sardanapalus! Vile and new, I swear!

Mephistopheles Who could divine toward what you would aspire? It must have been sublimely bold, in truth, Toward the moon you'd soar and ever nigher; Did you mad quest allure you there forsooth? Faust By no means! For this earthly sphere Affords a place for great deeds ever.

Astounding things shall happen here, I feel the strength for bold endeavour.

Mephistopheles So you'd earn glory? One can see You've been in heroines' company.

Faust Lordship, possession, are my aim and thought!

The deed is everything, the glory naught.

Mephistopheles Yet poets will come forward all the same To blazon to the later world your fame, Through folly more fools to inflame.

Faust Of all this naught is known to you.

How should you know what men will woo? Your bitter, sharp, and hostile mood, How does it know what men count good? Mephistopheles So be it with you then as best it pleases!

Confide to me the range of your caprices.

Faust Mine eye was drawn out toward the open ocean That swelled aloft, self-towering and vaulting, And then drew back its billows in commotion, The broad expanse of level shore assaulting.

And that irked me, as always insolence Irks the free soul who prizes every right, Whose blood, stirred up to passionate vehemence, Is fired with feelings of a harsh desquite.

I thought it chance and gazed more sharply at the main.

The billows paused and then rolled back again, Withdrawing from the goal so proudly won.

The hour returns, again the game's begun.

Mephistopheles [to the spectators].

There's nothing new in that for me to know; I knew it a hundred thousand years ago.

Faust [continuing passionately].

It steals along, in countless channels flowing, Fruitless itself and fruitlessness bestowing; It swells and grows and rolls and spreads its reign Over the loathsome, desolate domain.

Strong with a mighty will there wave on wave rolls on Reigns for a while, retires, and naught is done.

Even to despair it could harass me, truly, The aimless force of clements unruly!

Here dares my soul above itself to soar; Here would I fight, of this be conqueror.

And it is possible! For though the tide May rise, it fawns along each hillock's side.
It may bestir itself and bluster oh! so loudly, A little height will meet and daunt it proudly, A little depth will draw it on amain.
So plan on plan flashed swiftly through my brain:
"Win for thyself great joy, a costly store:
Push back the lordly ocean from the shore; Limit the bounds of that vast, watery deep And force it, far away, within itself to keep." Thus step by step I knew I could explain it.
This is my wish, now dare to help me gain it!
Drums and martial music at the rear of the spectators, at a distance, on the right hand.
Mephistopheles How easy! Do you hear the drums afar? Faust What, war again? The wise man likes not war.
Mephistopheles Be it war or peace! From every circumstance The wise man tries to draw himself some profit.
One watches, notes each favouring chance.
Now is the moment, Faustus, make use of it!
Faust Spare me such riddle-mongering, my friend!
Be brief, explain, what is it you intend? Mephistopheles As I came here, it was not hid from me, Our Emperor suffers great anxiety; You know him well. The while that we amused him And with illusive show of wealth abused him, He thought the whole world could be had for pay.
For when a youth, the throne fell to his sway And wrongly he concluded at his leisure Two things one could quite well combine-
Which would be most desirable and fine To rule and also take one's pleasure.
Faust A great mistake. Whoever would command, Must in commanding feel his greatest blessing.
A lofty purpose must his breast expand, But what he wills must be beyond all guessing.
What he to his most faithful whispereth:
It's done! Amazed, all subjects hold their breath.
Thus always will he have the most exalted place, The worthiest, he! Enjoyment doth debase.
Mephistopheles Not such is he! Enjoy? how didn't he? Meanwhile the realm was rent by anarchy, Where great and small warred criss-cross with each other And brother drove from home or slaughtered brother, Castle with castle, town with town in feud, Guild against noble, all in fiercest mood.
Chapters and flocks against their bishops rose.
If men but saw each other, they were foes.
In churches murder, homicide; outside each gate
Each merchant, traveller, waits the self-same fate.
Boldness in all grew to no mean extent.
To live meant self-defence!- Well, now, that went.
Faust It went, it staggered, fell, and up it jumped, Fell over itself, and in a heap it plumped.
Mephistopheles And such conditions no one dared to blame; Some standing each could, each would, claim.
As peer of any has the least man passed, But for the best, things grew too mad at last.
The capable arose then in their might And said: "Who gives us peace is lord by right; The Emperor cannot, will not- let us choose A new one, one who will infuse New life into the realm he safeguards duly, Where peace and justice govern truly The world he strengthens and renews." Faust That sound like priestcraft.
Mephistopheles Priests they were, be sure.
Their own well-nourished paunch they made secure.
More than all others were they implicated.
The riot grew, riot was consecrated.
Our Emperor, to whom we gave delight, Is drawing near, perhaps for his last fight.
Faust I pity him, so kind and frank was he.
Mephistopheles While there is life, there's hope. Come, let us see.
Let's liberate him from this narrow vale!
A single rescue doth a thousand times avail.
Who knows how yet the dice may fall? Grant him good luck, vassals he'll have withal.

They climb over the middle range of mountains and survey the disposition of the host in the valley. Drums and martial music resound from below.

Mephistopheles They've taken their position well, I see;
We'll join them and complete the victory.

Faust What is there to expect, I'd like to know? Fraud! Dazzling magical Hollow show!

Mephistopheles Nay, stratagem to win the fight!

Just fix your gaze upon a lofty height And only think of your high aim.

If we preserve the Emperor's throne and land, Then you can kneel and justly claim In feudal right a boundless strand.

Faust Much have you ere now carried through; Come then and win a battle too.

Mephistopheles No, you will win it; For, in brief, You'll be the General-in-Chief.

Faust A really lofty post for me, commanding In places of which I've no understanding!

Mephistopheles You let the General Staff provide And the Field Marshal's safe whate'er betide.

Lack of war-counsel I have long since traced, Hence a war-council I have straightway based On primal mountains' primal human might; Blest he who can its elements unite.

Faust What do I see there bearing arms? Have you stirred mountain-folk with your alarms?

Mephistopheles No! I have called, like Peter Quince, Of all the lot of quintessence.

The THREE MIGHTY MEN appear (II Sam. 23, 8).

Mephistopheles You see my fellows coming there!

Of different ages are they, surely, In different garb and outfit they appear; With them, I know, you'll not fare poorly.

To the spectators.

Now every child delights to see A knight's bright collar and his armour; And allegoric though the rascals be, Each is but all the more a charmer.

Fight-hard [young, lightly armed, in motley dress].

If anyone should look me in the eyes, Straight at his jaw my fist shall fare, And if a coward from me flies, I'll catch him by his streaming hair.

Get-quick [manly, well armed, richly clad].

Such empty brawls are farces dreary, We lose what such occasion brings; Only in taking be not weary, Look afterward to other things.

Hold-fast [along in years, strongly armed, without attire].

Not much is thus accumulated; Great riches are soon dissipated, Adown life's stream they rush as swift as thought.

To take is good, better to keep when taken; Let the old greybeard rule unshaken

And none shall plunder you of aught.

They descend together.

ON THE HEADLAND

EMPEROR. GENERALISSIMO. BODYGUARDS. Drums and martial music from below. The EMPEROR'S tent is being pitched.

Generalissimo.

The project still seems well deliberated, That back in this convenient vale Our army all be drawn and concentrated; I trust this disposition will avail.

Emperor How things will go now we must soon be seeing; But I dislike this giving way, this semi-fleeing.

Generalissimo Look here, my prince, at our right flank's position.

In war such ground's a longed-for acquisition:

Not steep the hills, yet not for easy faring, To is propitious, to the foe ensnaring.

Half hidden on the billowy field are we; They will not venture here with cavalry.

Emperor.

I can but praise, and hope the best; Now arm and heart can meet the test.

Generalissimo There where the level ground stretches away, You see the phalanx eager for the fray.

Through morning's fragrant mist in sunshine rare The lances glint and sparkle in the air.

How dark the mighty square is surging to and fro!

For great achievements all the thousands glow.

The mass's power you thus can comprehend; The enemy's power I trust them now to rend.

Emperor For the first time I have so fair a view.
 An army such as this can count as two.
 Generalissimo Of our left flank I've nothing to report.
 Stout heroes guard that beetling rocky fort.
 The stony cliffs, lit by the weapons' sheen,
 Protect the vital pass to the ravine.
 Here I foresee, what little they expect.
 Our foes will in the bloody brawl be wrecked.
 Emperor Yonder they come, false kinsmen, one and other, Even as they styled me Uncle, Cousin, Brother,
 Who've more and more presumed, all ties have sundered, The sceptre of its might, the throne's respect
 have plundered, Then, in their feuds, the realm have devastated And now rebel against me, federated.
 The rabble wavers in uncertain spirit, Then streams along wherever the stream may bear it.
 Generalissimo A trusty scout, for tidings sent in quest, Hastens down the rocks. May he have been well
 blessed!
 First Scout Fortune fair on us has waited.
 Through our bold and crafty skill Here and there we penetrated; But the news we bring is ill.
 Many are pure homage swearing,
 They and many a soldier true; But they plead, for not appearing, Inner ferment, danger too.
 Emperor Through selfishness one learns self-preservation, Not honour, thanks, affection, obligation.
 Do you not think, when your accounts fall due, Your neighbour's burning house will burn up you?
 Generalissimo The second comes, but slowly down he clammers; The weary man trembles in all his
 members.
 Second Scout Wild confusion we detected First of all, were highly cheered; Then at once and unexpected,
 A new emperor appeared.
 And in fore-determined manner Through the plain the rabble sweep; His perfidious unfurled banner They
 all follow- they are sheep.
 Emperor A rival emperor I esteem a gain, Now know myself an emperor not in vain.
 As soldier only did I armour don, Now for a higher aim is it put on.
 At every feast, though brilliant it might be And naught seemed lacking, danger lacked to me.
 When ring-sports you advised- whatever your intent My heart beat high, I breathed the tournament.
 And had you not from war dissuaded me, Renowned for bright heroic deeds I'd be.
 What self-reliance did I feel, what fortitude!
 When mirrored in that realm of fire I stood!
 The element leapt toward me, infuriate, 'Twas only semblance, yet a semblance great.
 I dreamed confusedly of victory and fame, Now I'll retrieve my fault and expiate my shame.
 The heralds are despatched to challenge the rival emperor to single combat.
 FAUST in armour, with half-closed visor. The THREE MIGHTY MEN armed and clothed as above.
 Faust We come and hope that we are welcome here; Foresight avails even when no need is near.
 You know the mountain-people think and pore, Well-studied in all rock's and nature's lore.
 The spirits, long since vanished from the plain, Of rocky heights are more than ever fain.
 Silent they work through devious crevasses In rich metallic fumes of noble gases.
 On sundering, testing, blending, they are bent, Their only impulse, something to invent.
 With the light touch of spiritual power They build transparent figures, hour by hour; The crystal then in
 its eternal silence glasses What in the upper world above them passes.
 Emperor I've heard it and believe that it may be; Yet, gallant man, say: what is that to me? Faust The
 Norcian necromant, of Sabine race, Your faithful, worthy servant, sends me in his place.
 What fate once threatened him, so monstrous, dire!
 The fagots crackled, leapt the tongues of fire; Dry billets, lattice-like, were round about him fixed, With
 pitch and bars of sulphur intermixed.
 Rescue through devil, man, or god was vain.
 Your Majesty it was who burst the fiery chain!
 It was in Rome. Still of most grateful mood, He pays heed to your path with deep solicitude.
 He has forgotten self from that dread moment on; He questions stars and depths for you alone.

He charged us, as our task the most immediate, To stand by you. The mountain's powers are great; Here Nature works omnipotently free.

The priests' dull wits chide it as sorcery.

Emperor On festal days when guest on guest we're greeting, Who come for joy and hope for joyous meeting, We like to see them shoving, pushing, one and all, So many men as make the rooms seem small.

But still most highly welcome must the good man be If to our aid he comes with energy Some morning hour when many dangers wait,

And doubtful hang the balances of Fate.

But here at this hour's critical demand Take not the willing sword in your strong hand; Honour the hour when many thousands stride To fight against me or upon my side.

Self is the man! Who asks a throne and crown Must in himself be worthy such renown.

The spectre who against us has arisen, Himself as Emperor, Lord of our lands, doth christen, Our army's Duke, our nobles' feudal Lord, he must With mine own hand into the realm of death be thrust!

Faust Though it be done to end the noble undertaking, You do not well, your head thus to be staking.

Is not your helm with plume and crest bedecked? The head which fires our zeal it doth protect.

Without the head what could the limbs avail? For if it's drowsy, all droop down and fail; If it is hurt, at once all have a wound, Arise afresh, if quickly it grows sound.

To give its laws effect, swift is the arm, It lifts the shield to guard the skull from harm.

Instantly doth the sword its duty know, Parries with vigour and returns the blow.

The active foot shares in the other's weal As on the slain man's neck it plants its heel.

Emperor Such is my wrath, him thus I fain would treat, Make his proud head a footstool for my feet.

Heralds [come back].

Little honour, little glory Met us yonder at our coming; At our noble, valiant story Laughed they as a vapid mumming:

"Vanished is your Emperor yonder, But an echo through the vale; If on him we are to ponder, 'There was once' - so runs the tale." Faust As your best men have wished, it doth betide; Both staunch and true they're standing at your side.

There comes the foe, your troops impatient wait.

Order attack, the hour is fortunate.

Emperor Here I surrender the supreme command.

To the GENERALISSIMO.

So be your duty, Prince, in your own hand.

Generalissimo. Then let our right wing march on to the field!

The enemy's left wing, that just now is ascending, Ere they complete their final step, shall yield Before the tested constancy of our defending.

Faust I beg you then to let this hero gay Be added to your ranks without delay, Be fully in your ranks incorporated; His sturdy strength will much avail, so mated.

He points to the right.

Fight-hard [steps forward].

Who shows his face to me turns not away Till both his cheek- and jawbones get a mangling,

Who turns his back, limp on his nape straightway Are neck and head and scalp right grimly dangling.

And if your men then strike and lunge With sword and mace as I go raging round, Man after man, the foe will plunge And in their own hot blood be drowned.

Exit.

Generalissimo Let now our centre phalanx follow slow, With caution but in full force meet the foe.

See, on the right, now fiercely overtaken, Their schemes our force has desperately shaken, Faust [pointing to the man in the middle].

Then let this hero too your hest obey.

He's quick and in a rush sweeps all away.

Get-quick [steps forth]. The imperial host's heroic spirit Will rise with hope for booty near it; The goal, set up for all, shall be The rival emperor's rich marquee.

Upon his seat he will not swagger long, I'll take my place and lead the phalanx strong.

Speed-booty [sutler-woman, fawning on him].

Although his wife I may not be, My dearest lover still is he.

For us a harvest rare is ripe.

Women are fierce to grab and gripe, In robbing ruthless and uncowed.

Forward in conquest!- All is allowed.

Exeunt both.

Generalissimo Against our left, as was to be expected, Their right flank has been vigorously directed.

The narrow, rocky pass they seek to gain; To thwart the furious onset ours will strain.

Faust [beckons to the left] I beg you, Sire, also to note this one:

When strength adds to its strength, no harm is done.

Hold-fast [steps forward]. For your left wing dismiss all care!

For where I am, safe is possession there; Thus age asserts itself, we're told;

No lightning shatters what I hold.

Exit.

Mephistopheles [coming down from above].

Look at the background, see how surges Out of the jagged, rocky gorges A host of armed men- how they pour,
Crowding the narrow pathways ever more With helmet, armour, sword, and spear To build a rampart at our rear,
Waiting the signal to strike home.

Aside to the knowing ones.

You must not ask from whence they come.

Industriously I've quite cleared out The halls of armour roundabout.

There were they all, on foot or mounted, As if lords of the earth they still were counted; Knight, emperor,
king, they were of yore, Now empty snail-shells, nothing more; Full many a ghost is thus adorned for strife

Bringing the Middle Ages back to life.

Whatever devilkin is thus bedecked, They'll now create a rare effect.

Aloud.

Hark how in anger now they chatter, With clank of tin each other batter!

And torn old flags on standards flutter free, That waited stirring breezes restlessly.

Reflect, an ancient folk stands ready there And in this modern conflict fain would share.

Fearful resounding of trumpets from above, a perceptible wavering in the enemy's army.

Faust Already the horizon darkles, Yet meaningful anon there sparkles A crimson-red, portentous light;
And now the weapons glitter bloody, The air, the woods, and cliffs are ruddy; The whole sky mingles in the fight.

Mephistopheles The right flank stoutly holds its station; But towering midst them, self-reliant, I see Jack
Fight-hard, nimble giant, Busy and swift in his own fashion.

Emperor At first I saw one arm engaging, But now I see a dozen raging; No law of Nature's working here.

Faust Have you not heard of mists that over Sicilian sea-coasts sweep and hover? There, in the daylight,
swaying, clear, Uplifted into mid-air spaces And mirrored in especial hazes, One sees a vision strange appear:

There cities hover backward, onward, There gardens waver up- and downward, As form on form breaks through the air.

Emperor.

Yet how suspicious! For see the tall

Spear-heads flash lightning, one and all; Behold our phalanx' shining lances!

On each a nimble flamelet dances.

Too spectral seems to me this sight.

Faust Oh, pardon, Sire, those are the traces Of spiritual natures, vanished races, Pollux' and Castor's
reflex, the great pair By whom all sailors used to swear; They gather here their final might.

Emperor But say: to whom are we indebted That Nature hath us so abetted As here her rarest powers to unite?
Mephistopheles To whom except that lofty Master Who bears your fate within his breast? Your foe's strong menace of disaster
Has stirred his soul to deep unrest.

You would he thank and save and cherish Though he himself should thereby perish.

Emperor They joyed to lead me round, with pomp invested; I felt my power and wished to test it; Fitting it
seemed- though I was scarce aware To give to that white beard the cooling air.

I spoiled a pastime that the clergy savour And truly thus did not acquire their favour.

Now shall I, when so many years have passed, Reap the returns of that glad deed at last? Faust Rich is the interest of a generous deed.

Look upwards! For he soon will send us, If I err not, a sign portentous.

It will reveal itself at once, give heed!

Emperor An eagle soaring high in heaven I see, A griffin wild pursues him threateningly.

Faust Give heed: auspicious seems the sign.

The griffin is of fabled line; Can he forget his foe is regal?

How dare he fight a genuine eagle? Emperor And now in circles far extending They wheel around, and in a flash They straight upon each other dash, Each other's throat and bosom rending.

Faust Mark how the sorry griffin, torn And ruffled sore, finds naught but injuries And with his drooping lion's tail, forlorn, Plunging in tree-tops, vanishes.

Emperor Even as the sign, be the event!

I accept it all with wonderment.

Mephistopheles [toward the right] Under crushing blows repeated Has the foe perforce retreated; Fighting in uncertain fashion, They crowd toward their right wing's station, Leave their left wing undirected, In confusion, unprotected.

Now our phalanx, firmly tight'ning, Moves to right and like the lightning At the foe's weak spot it flashes. Now, like waves the tempest dashes Spuming, equal powers are raging, Twofold conflict wildly waging; Never was aught planned more glorious, In this battle we're victorious! Emperor

[on the left to FAUST]

Look! In jeopardy is our position, If I'm right in my suspicion.

Not a stone do I see flying.

Mounted are the rocks low-lying, But the upper stand deserted.

Now!- To one huge mass converted, Press the enemy on and on, Now perhaps the pass have won.

Toil unholy thus ends fruitless!

And your arts have all proved bootless.

Pause.

Mephistopheles Here come my pair of ravens winging, What may the message be they're bringing? I fear we're in an evil plight.

Emperor What are these doleful birds portending? Hither their sable sails they're bending From the hot combat on the height.

Mephistopheles [to the ravens] Perch near my ears. Lost is he never To whom you grant your guardian favour, For your advice is sound and right.

Faust [to the EMPEROR] You've surely heard of pigeons flying Back to their food and nestlings, hieing From farthest lands to their own coast.

We find a difference here obtaining:

Pigeon-post serves while peace is reigning, But war demands the raven-post.

Mephistopheles A fate's reported that distresses.

See yonder how the enemy presses Around our heroes' rocky wall.

The nearest heights have been surmounted And if the pass be theirs accounted, We'll find it hard to stand at all.

Emperor So then deception was played on me!

Into these meshes you have drawn me; I shudder in this tangling net.

Mephistopheles Courage! All has not failed as yet.

Have patience, craft, for the last knot.

The usual end is fierce and hot.

My trusty messengers I have at hand; Command that I may give command.

Generalissimo [who has arrived meanwhile].

These men with whom you are confederated Have all the time made me feel irritated.

No stable luck doth magic earn.

As for this conflict, I can't mend it; 'Twas they began it, let them end it.

My staff of office I return.

Emperor Keep it until a better hour Which luck perchance has in its grip.

Before this ugly chap I cower, Him and his raven-fellowship.

To MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot grant the staff to you; You do not seem the proper man.

Command! and seek to make us free anew, Then happen all that happen can.

Exit into the tent with the GENERALISSIMO.

Mephistopheles The blunted staff- may he have safety of it!

Us others it could little profit, There was a kind of cross thereon.

Faust What's to be done?

Mephistopheles It is already done! Now haste, black kin, in service fleeting To the great mountain-lake!

The undines greeting, Beg them their torrents' semblance to prepare.

Through women's arts, beyond our seeing, They can part semblance from real being, And that it is real being, each will swear.

Pause.

Faust Those water-maidens, look! them must our ravens Have quite enveigled from their havens, For yonder is a trickling you can see.

From many a barren, dry place in the mountain Arises now a full, swift-flowing fountain.

It's over with our enemy's victory.

Mephistopheles To such strange greeting they're not used.

The boldest climbers are confused.

Faust With might now brook to brook is downward rushing; From many a gorge redoubled they come gushing.

One cascades in an arch adown the trail, Soon spreading outward on a rocky level, Foaming and rushing to and fro in revel, Leaping down step by step into the vale.

What boots heroic, brave resistance? The mighty flood sweeps them past all assistance.

Before so fierce a surge I too must quail.

Mephistopheles Naught do I see of water and illusion; Men's eyes alone are subject to confusion.

In this odd case I take a great delight.

The crowds rush on, are fain to leap and bound.

The fools! they think that they'll be drowned, And, as if swimming, drolly thrash around, Panting and snorting on the solid ground.

Confusion now is at its height.

The ravens have returned.

I'll praise you to the lofty Master duly.

Now if you'll prove that you are masters truly, Hasten ye to the glowing smithy Where tireless dwarf-folk on their stithy Strike sparks from metal and from stone.

Ask, while at length you prate and flatter, For fires that beam and flash and scatter, Such as to their deep minds are known.

It's true, sheet lightning in the distance dancing And fall of stars from height of heaven glancing May happen any summer night; Sheet lightning, though, amid entangled bushes And stars that hiss among the quenching rushes:

Not often seen is such a sight.

Don't worry much, but be, with understanding, At first entreating, then commanding.

Exeunt the ravens. All takes place as prescribed.

Mephistopheles Before the foe there falls a thick, dark curtain!

Their step and tread become uncertain!

Everywhere flitting scintillations,

Sudden and blinding illuminations.

That's fine, methinks, and has succeeded.

But now a sound of terror's needed.

Faust The hollow armour from the vaulted chambers Revives in open air in all its members; There it's been rattling, clattering all around, A wondrous-strange, discordant sound.

Mephistopheles Quite right! They're now past all restraining.

Hark to the sound of blows those knights are raining As in the dear old times of yore.

Brassards and cuisses, charging, rearing, As Guelph and Ghibelline appearing, Renew the everlasting strife once more.

Their enmity still unabated, Firm in the hate their fathers hated, Both far and wide resounds the wild uproar.

Hate between parties is the devil's Best helper still in all his revels, Till the last horror ends it all; Abhorrent sounds of panic panic, From time to time sharp, shrill, satanic, Through all the valley rise and fall.

Warlike tumult in the orchestra, finally passing over into lively martial airs.

THE RIVAL EMPEROR'S TENT.

THRONE, RICH SURROUNDINGS. GET-QUICK. SPEED-BOOTY.

Speed-booty So we're the first ones here, I see!

Get-quick.

No raven flies as fast as we.

Speed-booty Oh, what a store lies here heaped up!

Where shall I start? Where shall I stop? Get-quick.

How full indeed the whole place stands; I don't know where to lay my hands.

Speed-booty This rug is just the thing I need; My couch is oft too hard indeed.

Get-quick.

Here hangs a club with many a spike; I long have wished to have its like.

Speed-booty The scarlet mantle, golden-hemmed, Of such a one I've often dreamt.

Get-quick [taking the weapon] With this the job is quickly done; One strikes his man dead and goes on.

You've piled so much now on your back But nothing worth while's in your sack.

That rubbish, leave it where it lay, Take one of these small chests away!

The army's destined pay they hold, In this one's belly naught but gold.

Speed-booty.

This thing's a killing weight, I swear it; I cannot lift it, cannot bear it.

Get-quick.

Quick! Duck down! Stoop! and I will pack The booty on your sturdy back.

Speed-booty.

Oh, woe! Oh, woe! I'm done for! Whew!

That load will break my back in two.

The chest falls and springs open.

Get-quick.

There lies in heaps the ruddy gold; Quick, rake it up, fall to, lay hold!

Speed-booty [crouches down].

Quick to the work, fill up my lap!

'Twill be enough for any hap.

Get-quick.

And so enough! Make haste and go!

She stands up.

Your apron has a hole! Oh, woe!

Go where you will or stand, I see You sowing treasures all too free.

Bodyguards of our EMPEROR.

This spot is sacred! What are you up to? Rifling the Emperor's treasure? Shame on you!

Get-quick.

We risked our limbs for little pay And fetch our portion of the prey.

In enemies' tents it's custom so, And we, we're soldiers too, you know.

Bodyguards.

In our profession that won't do.

A carrion-thief and soldier too!

Who nears our Emperor must be A soldier used to honesty.

Get-quick.

Yes, honesty- we know that same And "Contribution" is its name.

All of you lie under one same cover:

The password of your trade's "Fork over!"

To SPEED-BOOTY.

Away and drag off what you've got,
Since welcome guests here we are not.

Exeunt.

First Bodyguard.

Say, why did you not straightway slap His cheek? the dirty, saucy chap!

Second.

I don't know, strength had gone from me, So spectre-like they seemed to be.

Third.

Things all went bad before my sight; They flickered, I could not see right.

Fourth.

How to express it I know not; The whole day long it was so hot, Fearsome, oppressive, close as well.

While one man stood, another fell.

We groped and struck both high and low; A foeman fell at every blow.

Before us swayed a kind of mist, And something hummed and roared and hissed.

Thus it went on- here are we now!

It happened but we don't know how.

The EMPEROR enters accompanied by four PRINCES. The BODYGUARDS retire.

Emperor Now be it as it may! The battle's won! And shattered, Over the level plain the fleeing foes are scattered.

Here stands the empty throne; with tapestry hung round, The traitor's store of treasure blocks up all the ground.

With our own bodyguards in honour due protecting, The people's envoys we're imperially expecting; Glad messages are coming in from every side, In happy loyalty the realm is pacified.

Though in our fight, in truth, we've been by magic aided, For our own selves alone we fought- so be it stated.

To combatants, we know, chance often works some good:

From heaven falls a stone, upon the foe rains blood, From caves may echo strains, great wonders radiating, Lifting our hearts on high, the foeman's palpitating.

Doomed to eternal scorn, the vanquished bit the sod; The victor, while he boasts, exalts the favouring God.

Without command, this thanks all men unite in bringing:

"We praise Thee, God our Lord," a million throats are singing.

It rarely happed before, but now in highest praise On my own grateful breast I turn my pious gaze.

A young and merry prince may give his days to pleasure, But lie will learn in time the moment's fitting measure.

Wherefore I choose for counsel wholly to consort With you four worthy men in realm and house and court.

To the FIRST PRINCE.

You, Prince, achieved the host's well-ordered disposition, Then, when the crisis came, moved it with bold precision.

Be active now in peace, just as the times suggest; Arch-Marshal you I dub and with the sword invest.

Arch-Marshal Your army, tasked till now to keep the civil order, When it has made your throne secure along the border, Then at your festive throngs we'll ask it as our care In wide ancestral halls the banquet to prepare.

The bright sword I will bear before you, hold beside you, Your Majesty Supreme, ever to guard and guide you.

Emperor [to the SECOND] Who as a gallant man doth show a pleasing grace, Shall be Arch-Chamberlain, no easy task and place.

The master you shall be of those of household station, Whose quarrels make their service oft a sore vexation.

You as a model to be honoured I install To show how one can please the lord and court and all.

Arch-Chamberlain.

To further what his lord intends brings one to favour:

To help the best men on, to harm even bad ones never, Be frank and free from guile, reserved without deceit!

If you, Sire, read my heart, then is my joy complete.

But may my fancy now on to the banquet hasten? When you go to the board, I'll hand the golden basin; I'll hold your rings for you that so on gala days Your hands may be refreshed as I am by your gaze.

Emperor To think about a feast, too grave I'm feeling, truly; Yet be it! Festal moods promote glad actions duly.

To the THIRD.

I choose you as Arch-Steward. Henceforth you shall guard

The game-preserves, the manor-farm, and poultry-yard.

Give me a choice of favourite foods at every season As each month brings them forth, prepared with care and reason.

Arch-Steward Strict fasting be my highest duty, dearest wish, Until I've placed before you some delighting dish.

The kitchen servants all shall be with me united; What's far will be brought near, the season expedited.

True, far-fetched early things with which the board is graced, Do not attract you. Plain and hearty fare you'd taste.

Emperor [to the FOURTH] Since here to feasts the talk is evermore diverted.

As cupbearer to me, young hero, be converted.

Arch-Cupbearer, take care that every cave of mine Be stored most plentifully with the best of wine.

Be temperate yourself, let not a gay occasion Lead you to yield yourself to happy chance's suasion.

Arch-Cupbearer.

The young themselves, my prince, when trust in them is shown, Before one is aware, stand forth as men full-grown.

So I at that high feast shall duly take my station

And to your sideboard's pomp add noblest decoration, Rare, gorgeous vessels, gold and silver, all set up.

Beforehand, though, I'll choose for you the loveliest cup:

Of clear Venetian glass wherein delight lies waiting, Enhancing wine's good taste but never inebriating.

On such a wondrous prize men oft too much depend, But you, most noble Sire, your temperance doth defend.

Emperor What I've designed for you in this most solemn hour, You've heard with confidence because I speak with power.

The Emperor's word is great and makes each gift secure, Yet needs his noble script to make the matter sure; It needs his signature. And in due form to make it, Here comes the fitting man this fitting hour to take it.

The ARCHBISHOP-ARCH-CHANCELLOR enters.

Emperor If in the keystone doth a vaulted arch confide, Then is it built securely against time and tide.

You see the princes four! We have but just now noted How next the state of house and court might be promoted.

Now what the realm contains, in all its breadth enclosed, Shall be with weight and power upon you five imposed.

In lands you shall outshine all other men and orders, So of your property I'll now extend the borders Out of the lands once left to that disloyal band.

To you who're true I grant full many a lovely land, With this the lofty right to widen these possessions, As chance occurs, by barter, purchases, successions, To practise undisturbed- be this secured to you Whatever sovereign rights, as landlords, are your due.

As judges it's for you to make the last decisions, And these shall suffer no appeals and no revisions.

Then imposts, interest, tributes, rents, safe-conduct, toll, Dues from the mines, salt-works, and mints, yours is the whole, For that my gratitude be fully demonstrated, Nearest to Majesty you have I elevated.

Archbishop In deepest gratitude to you we all unite, You make us strong and firm and strengthen your own might.

Emperor Yet honour to you five I'll give in fuller measure.

I still live for my realm, to live is still my pleasure; Ancestral chains, however, draw men's gaze from hours Of swift endeavour to the doom that always lowers.

In time I too shall part from all whom I hold dear; Then you must choose the man who shall succeed me here.

Crown him and on the holy altar lift him high; May then peace end what now began so stormily.

Arch-Chancellor With pride at heart, yet humbly, as each mien convinces, Here stand, before you bowed, the first of earthly princes.

As long as loyal blood through our full veins doth thrill, We are the body which obeys your lightest will.

Emperor So, to conclude: what we've ordained and manifested, For all the years to come be it written and attested.

As lords, in truth, you've your possessions wholly free, But on condition that they never parcelled be.

What you receive from us, however you expand it, Shall to the eldest son be undivided handed.

Arch-Chancellor At once I'll put on parchment in most joyous mood

This statute weighty for the realm's and for our good; Engrossment, seal- thus shall the chancery invest it, Your sacred signature, the lord's, will then attest it.

Emperor Thus I dismiss you so that each of you now may With tranquil mind reflect upon-the glorious day.

The secular PRINCES withdraw.

The Archbishop [remains and speaks with feeling].

The Chancellor went away, the Bishop stays before you; A warning spirit bids him straightway to implore you.

With deep concern for you his father's-heart doth quake.

Emperor In this glad hour what makes you apprehensive? Speak!

Archbishop With what a bitter pang I find that in this hour Your consecrated head's in league with Satan's power.

True- as it seems- you're on the throne, secured by right, But woe! in the Lord God's, in Father Pope's despite.

Which when the Pontiff learns, swift judgment he'll deliver, His holy bolt will crush your sinful realm forever.

He has not yet forgot- the day that you were crowned, A solemn time- you had the sorcerer unbound.

And from your crown, where Christian honour hung suspended, The ray of pardon first on that damned head descended.

But smite your breast, and straightway from your wicked gain Give back a moderate mite unto the holy fane; That broad and hilly space where your tent stood erected, Where by an evil spirits'-league you were protected, Where to the Prince of Lies you lent attentive ear, Devote the land to holy use in pious fear, With hill and forest dense, as far as they're extending, With heights all clad in green, rich luscious pasture lending, Clear lakes alive with fish, uncounted brooks that flow Swiftly and serpent-like and plunging as they go, Then the broad vale itself with mead and lea and hollow.

Thus is remorse expressed, and pardon soon will follow.

Emperor My horror of this grievous fault is so profound The borders of the land yourself shall measure round.

Archbishop First, where one so has sinned, the spot, so desecrated,

Be to the Most High's service straightway dedicated.

My spirit sees the massive walls mount swiftly higher; The morning sun's first rays already light the choir; The growing edifice a cross's form is taking; The nave grows long and high, believers' joy awaking; Through solemn portals they stream in with ardent zeal, While over hill and dale resounds the bell's first peal.

It sounds from lofty towers aspiring up to Heaven.

Now comes the penitent to whom new life is given.

The consecration day- oh, may it soon be sent! Your presence then will be the highest ornament.

Emperor Let this great work be done, a pious proclamation That God the Lord I praise and seek my expiation.

Enough! I feel my soul already mounting high.

Archbishop As Chancellor I'll conclude the last formality.

Emperor. Produce a formal deed to show that I resign it To Holy Mother Church, and I will gladly sign it.

Archbishop [has taken his leave but turns back as he is about to go out].

Then to the work as it proceeds you'll not refuse All tribute, interest, tithes- the land's whole revenues Forever. 'Twill need much for worthy sustentation And heavy are the costs of wise administration.

That we may build it fast on such a desert spot, Some gold from all your booty surely you'll allot. Besides, one has to have- I needs must seem insistent Wood, lime, and slate, and other things from places distant.

The people will haul these, thus from the pulpit taught; The Church doth bless a man who serving her has wrought.

Exit.

Emperor Great is the sin and heavy that I've loaded on me; These tiresome sorcerers- sore damage have they done me.

Archbishop [returning again, with a very low obeisance].

Pardon, O Sire, you gave that most notorious man The empire's coast; but he'll be smitten by the ban Unless due penance to the Holy Church you tender And there tithe, interest, gifts, and revenues surrender.

Emperor [vexed] The land is not yet there; far out at sea it lies.

Archbishop A man who's right and patient sees his day arise.

May your word in its strength forever be our stay!

Emperor [alone] I might as well cede my whole realm this very day.

ACT V

OPEN COUNTRY Wanderer Yes, the lindens stand there gloomy, Stand there yet in sturdy age, Now again appearing to me After my long pilgrimage!

It's the old place, and still standing Is the hut that sheltered me When the storm-tossed billow, stranding, Hurl'd me duneward from the sea!

And my hosts? I fain would greet them, Helpful folk, a valiant pair, But today I'll scarcely meet them; Aged in those days they were.

Pious they, in God believing!

Shall I knock or raise my voice? Hail! if you, a guest receiving, Still in kindly deeds rejoice.

Baucis [a little woman, very old].

Stranger dear! Hush, hush! You're breaking My good husband's peaceful rest.

Sleeping long gives the brief waking Of an old man active zest.

Wanderer Tell me, mother, is it you really, Here to take the thanks of one Whose young life you saved so freely, You and your good spouse alone? Are you Baucis who devoutly My half-dying lips restored?

The husband enters.

You Philemon who so stoutly Wrested from the wave my hoard? 'Twas your hurried flames ascending, 'Twas your silver-chiming bell, Brought to me a happy ending Of adventure dread and fell.

Let me step forth that I may there

Gaze upon the boundless sea; Let me kneel and let me pray there, Sore my heart oppresses me.

He strides forward on the dune.

Philemon [to BAUCIS] Hasten, pray, and set the table Where the garden blooms serene.

Let him run, be dazed, unable To believe what he'll have seen.

Standing beside the WANDERER.

Where fierce billows did maltreat you, Where waves, wildly foaming, rolled, There a garden now doth greet you, Fair as Paradise of old.

Older grown, I was not able To give help as once of yore; As my limbs grew more unstable, Far the waves drew from the shore.

Wise lords' menials, bold and daring,

Dug the trenches, dammed the sea, Ocean's ancient rights not sparing, Lords, instead of it, to be.

See green meadows far extending, Garden, woodland, field, and town. Come, enjoy the meal attending, For the sun will soon go down. Sails are gliding far out yonder, Nightly to ports they fare.

To their nests the sea-birds wander, For the harbour now is there.

Far away, you scarce can see it, Lies the blue sea and its strand; Right and left, though far may be it, Spreads a thickly-peopled land.

The three at table in the little garden.

Baucis Silent still? and is there going To your starved lips not a bit?

Philemon Fain the wonder he'd be knowing; Fond of talking, tell him it.
Baucis 'Twas a wonder if there's any!
Even today it troubles me; For the whole thing was uncanny, It was not as things should be.
Philemon Can the Emperor be called sinning Who bestowed on him the strand? Did a herald-trumpet's
dinning Not proclaim it through the land? From our dunes a little distance First they set foot as we've
seen:
Tents and huts!- Soon to existence Springs a palace midst the green.
Baucis Vainly slaves by day were storming, Pick and shovel, stroke on stroke; Where by night the flames
were swarming,
Stood a dike when we awoke.
Wails of human victims bleeding Nightly to our ears were borne; Torches toward the ocean leading, A
canal was there at morn.
Godless is the man; our labour, Grove, and cottage covets he, Such an overlording neighbour, Master of
us will he be.
Philemon Be it so, he's offered to us Fair estate in his new land!
Baucis Little good will marsh-land do us; On your own height keep your stand!
Philemon To the chapel let's awaying, There the sun's last rays behold, Ring the bell and kneeling,
praying, Trust us to the God of old.
PALACE
Spacious, ornamental garden; broad, straight canal. FAUST, in extreme old age, walking about,
reflecting.
Lynceus [the warder, through a speaking-trumpet].
The sun is setting, ships are nearing The safe home-port with song and cheer.
A mighty barge is just appearing On the canal; 'twill soon be here.
Their motley flags the breeze caressing, The rigid masts stand up to view; In you the seaman finds his
blessing, And Fortune at your prime greets you.
The little bell rings on the dune.
Faust [starting up] Accursed bell! Base clangour sending, It wounds like spiteful shot from slings; Before
mine eyes my realm's unending, Yet at my back vexation stings.
The envious bell is aye recalling:
From blemish is my realm not free!
The lindens, brown hut, church half-falling, Not one of these belongs to me.
And if I'd seek rest, there repairing I'll shudder as with alien fear, A thorn to feet and eyes, unsparing!
Oh, would that I were far from here!
Warder [as above] How blithely doth the gay bark glide Before the breeze of eventide!
How tower, as it swiftly sails, The chests and boxes, sacks and bales!
A splendid bark, richly and variously laden with products of foreign countries.
MEPHISTOPHELES. THE THREE MIGHTY COMRADES.
Chorus.
Here do we land, Come from on board.
Hail to our patron,
Hail, our Lord!
They disembark; the goods are brought ashore.
Mephistopheles We've proved ourselves as it behooves, Pleased if our patron but approves.
With but two ships we sailed away, With twenty we're in port today, The great things we have done- how
great, That can be seen well from our freight.
The free sea sets the spirit free.
Who'll stop to think when he's at sea!
What helps is suddenness of grip.
You catch a fish, you catch a ship, And when you're once the lord of three, You hook the fourth one
easily; Then is the fifth in sorry plight, You have the Power and so the Right.
You ask not How but What it be.
I know not how the sea is charted If war and trade and piracy Are not triune and can't be parted.
The Three Mighty Comrades.

He doesn't greet!
 He doesn't thank!
 As if we brought Our lord what stank.
 See what a Wry face he has got, The royal wealth Doth please him not.
 Mephistopheles Do not await here Further pay;.
 You took indeed Your share away.
 The Comrades.
 That took we but As pastime fair; We all demand An equal share.
 Mephistopheles First range in order,
 Hall on hall, The costly objects, One and all.
 When this rich sight He comes to see And reckons all More narrowly, A niggard he'll Not be at least;
 He'll give the fleet Feast after feast.
 Tomorrow come the gay birds here; For them I shall provide good cheer.
 The cargo is taken away.
 Mephistopheles [to FAUST].
 With gloomy gaze, with brow austere, Of your supreme good luck you hear.
 High wisdom has been crowned. 'Tis done, The shore and ocean are at one.
 Now from the shore, for their swift trips, The willing ocean takes the ships.
 So say what's true: from this high place Your arm doth all the world embrace.
 Here it began: here once there stood The first rude shanty made of wood.
 A little ditch was dug away Where busy oars now toss their spray.
 Your will, your people's industry, Have won the prize of earth and sea.
 From hereFaust Oh, that accursed here!
 That is the burden hard to bear.
 Wise one, to you I must declare it.
 It gives my heart sting after sting; It is impossible to bear it, And yet I'm shamed to say the thing.
 The old folks there should make concession, I'd have the lindens for my throne; The few trees there, not
 my possession, Spoil me the world I call my own.
 There I would fain, for world-wide gazing From branch to branch a scaffold raising,
 Open to view the course I've run, That I might see all I have done, View at one glance, before me brought,
 The masterpiece of human thought, Which made a fact shrewd wisdom's plan And won broad dwelling-
 place for man.
 Thus suffer we the sorest rack, Midst riches feeling what we lack.
 The chime, the scent of linden-bloom, Close round me as with church and tomb.
 The power of my all-conquered will Breaks down before that sandy hill.
 How shall I ever free my spirit? The bell rings and I rage to hear it!
 Mephistopheles Of course! Some paramount distress Must gall your life to bitterness.
 Who doubts it? To each noble ear That jangle seems a hostile flier.
 And that accursed bim-bam-booming, The cheerful evening sky be-glooming, Mingles in each event that
 passes,
 From the first bath to burial-masses, As if all mortal life should seem, Twixt bim and bam, a vanished
 dream.
 Faust Their opposition, stubbornness, Spoil the most glorious success, Till in deep, angry pain one must
 At last grow tired of being just.
 Mephistopheles Why are you troubling? temporizing? Aren't you long used to colonizing? Faust Then go
 and shift them to one side!
 You know the farm- it's small but fairI've chosen for the aged pair.
 Mephistopheles We'll bear them off and on new ground They'll stand before one looks around.
 For violence that's past and done A pretty dwelling will atone.
 He whistles shrilly. THE THREE enter.
 Mephistopheles Come! Do the lord's command- 'tis meet!Tomorrow he will feast the fleet.
 The Three The old lord gave us naught but slights; A feast that's fleet is ours by rights.
 Exeunt.

Mephistopheles [to the spectators] Here haps a hap of long ago; With Naboth's vineyard it happed so. (I Kings 21)

DEEP NIGHT Lynceus [the warder singing on the watch-tower of the castle].

Keen vision my dower, Placed here for my sight, And sworn to the tower, In the world I delight.

I gaze at the far, I look at the near,

The moon and the star, The wood and the deer.

In all things around me Is grace without end, And as they astound me, Myself I commend.

Thou fortunate vision, Thou mayest have seen Whatever there may be, Yet fair hath it been.

Pause.

But not only to delight me Am I stationed here on high; What a gruesome sight, to fright me, Threatens from the dark world nigh!

Flashing sparkles I see gushing Through the lindens' twofold night; Ever stronger rages, rushing, Fanned by draughts, a glowing light.

Ah! inside the cabin's flaming, Though moss-grown and damp it stand; Speedy succour is it claiming And no rescue is at hand.

Ah, those good old folk whom duty Once made careful of the fire, Now of smoke become the booty!

What a misadventure dire!

Flames are flaring, now they wave them Through the black, moss-covered shell; Could the good folk only save them From that furious burning hell!

Brilliant tongues of flame are flashing, Through the leaves and branches lashing; Withered boughs that flare up, burning, Swiftly glow, plunge from the tree.

Must ye eyes- such things discerning Must I, so far-sighted be? Down the little chapel crashes, Burdened under branches' fall.

Winding upward, pointed flashes Seize upon the tree-tops tall.

To their roots the trunks, ignited, Hollow, purple-red, glow on.

Long pause. Song.

Gone what once the eye delighted, With the centuries is gone.

Faust [on the balcony, facing the dunes].

What song hear I of lamentation? Too late, the word or tone to heed.

My warder wails, and deep vexation Stirs me for this impulsive deed.

Yet though the lindens, grown so thickly, Now half-charred trunks, defile the place, An outlook-point is builded quickly, Where I can gaze through endless space.

Thence too I'll see the new-made dwelling Which for that aged pair I'll raise, Who, of my kind forbearance telling, Will there enjoy their latter days.

Mephistopheles and The Three [below].

Here we're coming at full trot, But pardon us! well went it not.

We rapped on it, we chapped on it,

And still not opened was a slit; We rattled on, we pounded more, Till down there lay the rotten door.

We called, a loud and threatening call, But found no hearing there at all.

As in such case has oft occurred, They would not, so they had not heard.

We tarried not long thereabout; Swift, as you bade, we cleared them out.

The couple suffered scarce a jot; From fright they fell dead on the spot.

A stranger, hid there, made a show Of fight but he was soon laid low.

But in the brief and furious fray, From embers that around us lay, The straw caught fire. It's blazing free, A funeral pyre for all the three.

Faust To my commands then deaf were ye? Exchange I meant, not robbery.

This unconsidered, savage blow, I curse it! Share the curse and go!

Chorus The old saw says- it echoes still To violence submit thy will!

If bold and steadfast, stake thy pelf, Thy house and home and- thine own self.

Exeunt.

Faust [on the balcony].

The stars conceal their light and glow, The fire is sinking, flickering low; A cool wind fans it with its wings.

Vapour and smoke it hither brings.

Rash the command, too quick obeyed! What hovers hither like a shade?

MIDNIGHT

FOUR GREY WOMEN enter.

First My name, it is Want.

Second And my name is Guilt.

Third My name, it is Worry.

Fourth And mine is Distress.

Three Together The door is locked fast, we cannot get in:

A rich man dwells there, we may not go in.

Want Here I turn to shadow.

Guilt Here I cease to be.

Distress The pampered ones turn their faces from me.

Worry Ye sisters, ye cannot, may not go within But even at the keyhole will Worry slip in.

WORRY vanishes.

Want Grey sisters, away! Ye must vanish from here!

Guilt I'll bind me beside thee and keep me quite near.

Distress Distress keepeth pace with you, still as a breath.

The Three Fast gather the clouds, they blot out each star!

Behind there! behind! From afar, from afar, There cometh our brother, there cometh he... Death.

Exeunt.

Faust [in the palace] Four saw I come and only three go hence; Of what they said I could not grasp the sense.

"Distress" one seemed to say- 'twas like a breath A gloomy word then followed- "Death." Hollow the sound, with spectral message fraught.

My way to freedom I have not yet fought.

Could I all magic from my pathway banish, Could quite unlearn its spells and bid it vanish Nature, could I face thee, in thy great plan, Then were it worth the pain to be a man.

Such was I once ere I the gloom explored

And cursed me and the world with impious word.

The air so teems with many a ghostly shape, No way appears whereby one may escape.

If one day, bright with reason, on us beams, The night entangles us in webs of dreams.

From young green fields we homeward turn, elate; A bird croaks, and his croaking tells- ill-fate.

Thus superstitions all our hours entwine, With happening, with warning, or with sign.

And thus abashed, we find ourselves alone.

The portal creaks, and no one enters- none!

Agitated.

Is someone here? Worry The question claims an "Aye!" Faust And thou, who art thou then? Worry Enough!- 'Tis I.

Faust Away! Begone!

Worry I am where I should be.

Faust [first furious, then appeased, to himself].

Take care and say no word of sorcery.

Worry.

Though the ear hear not my droning, Yet the heart doth feel it, moaning.

In a variable guise Cruel force I exercise.

On the pathway, on the billow, Ever-agonizing fellow, Always found though never sought, Flattered, cursed, in word and thought.

Is Worry still to thee unknown? Faust Through the world I have but flown.

Whatever I craved, I seized it by the hair, Whatever sufficed not, I let fare.

Whatever escaped, I let it go.

I've but desired and but achieved, each hour, And then again have wished, and so with power

Stormed through my life; at first with power and greatness; But now life moves with cautious, wise sedateness.

Well do I know the sphere of earth and men.

The view beyond is barred to mortal ken; A fool! who thither turns his blinking eyes
And dreams he'll find his like above the skies.

Let him stand fast and look around on earth; Not mute is this world to a man of worth.

Why need he range through all eternity? Here he can seize all that he knows to be.

Thus let him wander down his earthly day; When spirits spook, let him pursue his way;
Let him find pain and bliss as on he stride, He! every moment still unsatisfied.

Worry.

Whom I once possess will ever Find the world not worth endeavour; Endless gloom around him being,
Rise nor set of sun he's seeing.

Be each outer sense excelling, Still is darkness in him dwelling; He cannot through any measures

Make him lord of any treasures.

All luck turns into caprices; Him midst plenty hunger seizes.

Be it joy or be it sorrow, He postpones it till the morrow, Waiting for the future ever
And therefore achieving never.

Faust Be still! Not so wilt thou get hold of me!

I do not care to hear such drivel.

Begone! That wretched litany Could even befool the wisest man to evil.

Worry.

Go or come? How shall he guide him? All decision is denied him; Though with but a smooth road coping,
He takes half-steps, wavering, groping, Wandering as if bemisted, Everything he sees as twisted;
Burdening himself and others, Breathing deeply, still he smothers,

Though not smothered, lifeless faring, Not resigned and not despairing.

Rolling on without remission, Painful quitting, loath submission, Freedom now, now subjugation, Semi-
sleep, poor recreation, Bind him fast within his cell And prepare the wretch for Hell!

Faust Ill-omened spectres, ye! Thus mangle ye still The human race on thousands of occasions; Indifferent
days themselves entangle ye still In a vile web of mingled tribulations.

It's hard, I know, from spirits to get free; The strenuous spirit-tie we cannot sever.

Still, Worry, though it great and stealthy be, Thy power I shall not acknowledge ever.

Worry.

Then learn it now. My parting curse thou'lt find Swift and forever thee attending.

Throughout their lives are mortals blind;

So, Faustus, be thou too at thy life's ending!

She breathes on him and goes.

Faust [blinded] Night presses round me, deep and deeper still.

And yet within me beams a radiant light; What I have planned, I hasten to fulfil; Only the master's word
has weight and might.

Up from your couches, vassals, every man!

Bring happily to sight my daring plan.

Seize shovel, spade! With all your tools lay on!

The work staked out must with all speed be done.

Strict order and swift diligence Result in fairest recompense.

To consummate the greatest enterprises One spirit for a thousand hands suffices.

GREAT OUTER COURT OF THE PALACE

Torches.

Mephistopheles [as overseer, leading the way].

This way, this way! Come on, come on, Lemurs, ye shambling creatures, Of tendons, sinews, and of bones
Ye patched-up semi-natures:

Lemurs [in chorus].

We come at once, are at your hand, And it's our half-impression The call concerns a spacious land Where
we shall have possession.

The pointed stakes, here are they all, Long chains with which to measure; But we've forgotten why the
call Came to disturb our leisure.

Mephistopheles An artist's zeal would here be wrong; You need no measure but your brothers'.

Let him who's longest lay his length along,

And you, lift up the turf round here, you others.
 As for our fathers it was done, Dig out a square, a longish one!
 Out of the palace to the narrow home, So stupidly at last the end doth come.
 Lemurs [digging with mocking gestures].
 When I was young and lived and loved, Methought it very sweet, When joy rang out and all was gay,
 Then merrily went my feet.
 But now Old Age with his stealthy steps Hath clawed me with his crutch; Over a grave's door stumbled,
 Why yawned the door so much? Faust [coming out of the palace, gropes his way by the door-posts].
 The click of spades- ah, how it heartens me!
 It is my crowd that toils the while, Earth with itself to reconcile, To set fixed limits to the sea And gird it
 with a rigid zone.
 Mephistopheles [aside] And yet you work for us alone While you for dikes and pens are caring, Since now
 for Neptune you're preparing That Devil of the Sea- a great repast.
 In every way you're lost and lorn; To aid us every element is sworn, And ruin is the end at last.
 Faust Overseer!
 Mephistopheles Here!
 Faust Be it done as it may, Bring crowd on crowd of workmen here!
 Spur them with rigour and good cheer, Entice, coerce, give ample pay!
 I wish each day fresh news of what's been done, How the groove lengthens that we have begun.
 Mephistopheles [half aloud] The talk was- when the news they gave-
 Not of a groove but of a grave.
 Faust A marsh extends along the mountain-chain That poisons what so far I've been achieving; Were I
 that noisome pool to drain, 'Twould be the highest, last achieving.
 Thus space to many millions I will give Where, though not safe, yet free and active they may live.
 Green fertile fields where straightway from their birth Both men and beast live happy on the newest earth,
 Settled forthwith along the mighty hill Raised by a daring, busy people's will.
 Within, a land like Paradise; outside, Up to the brink may rage the mighty tide, And where it gnaws and
 would burst through or sap, A common impulse hastes to close the gap.
 Yes, to this thought I hold unswerving, To wisdom's final fruit, profoundly true:
 Of freedom and of life he only is deserving Who every day must conquer them anew.
 Thus here, by danger girt, the active day Of childhood, manhood, age will pass away.
 Aye! such a throng I fain would see, Stand on free soil among a people free.
 Then might I say, that moment seeing:
 "Ah, linger on, thou art so fair!" The traces of my earthly being Can perish not in aeons- they are there!
 That lofty moment I now feel in this:
 I now enjoy the highest moment's bliss.
 FAUST sinks back the Lemurs take him up and lay him on the ground.
 Mephistopheles Him could no pleasure sate, suffice no bliss, So wooed he ever changeful phantoms'
 favour.
 The last vile, empty moment- this! The poor wretch wished to hold it fast forever.
 Him who against me stoutly held his stand, Time conquers- here the old man lies in sand.
 The clock stands still Chorus Stands still! No sound is heard.
 The clock's hand falls.
 Mephistopheles It falls, 'tis finished.
 Chorus 'Tis past.
 Mephistopheles "Past"- 'tis a stupid word.
 Past- why? Past and pure Naught, sheer Uniformity!
 Of what avail's perpetual creation If later swept off to annihilation? "So it is past!" You see what that
 must mean? It is the same as had it never been, And yet whirls on as if it weren't destroyed.
 I should prefer the Everlasting Void.
 BURIAL Lemur Solo.
 Who hath so badly built the house With shovel and with spade? Lemurs Chorus.
 For thee, dull guest, in hempen vest,
 It all too well was made.

Lemur Solo.

Who hath so badly decked the hall? Not chairs, not table, any!

Lemurs Chorus.

'Twas loaned for a short interval; The creditors are so many.

Mephistopheles The body lies, and ere the spirit flee, I'll quickly show the blood-writ scroll; But they've so many means- alas for me! To cheat the Devil out of many a soul.

If one pursues the old way, one's resisted, And to the new we do not feel commended; I could of old have done it unattended, But now I have to be assisted.

In all things, wretched is our plight!

Transmitted custom, ancient right Naught's to be trusted now as in the past.

The soul once with its last breath left its house; I watched my prey, and like the swiftest mouse, Snap! in my firm-shut claws I held it fast.

Now it delays, won't quit the dismal place, The wretched corpse's house so nauseating; The elements, each other hating, Will finally expel it in disgrace.

And though for days I fret till I am weary, When? how? and where? that is the tiresome query.

In power swift and strong Old Death's played out; Even the whether long has been in doubt.

With lust I've often watched the rigid members 'Twas but a sham; they moved: life stirred the embers.

Gestures of conjuration like those of a fantastic fogleman.

Lords of the straight, lords of the crooked horn, Come quick! in double time! and show your fettle, You of old diabolic cut and metal, And with you let the maw of Hell be borne.

True, many maws hath Hell, in short, To use as due to rank and dignity; But henceforth in this final sport Not so particular shall we be.

The horrible maw of Hell opens up on the left.

Tusks yawn; and from the vaulted gorge profound The furious, fiery torrents flow, And at the rear, in seething vapours wound, I see the flaming city in eternal glow.

Up to the very teeth the crimson billow dashes, The damned, in hope of help, swim into view; But now the huge hyena bites and gnashes, And their hot course the agonized renew.

Much more is left to spy in corners there, In narrowest space horrors supreme!

You do well, sinners to affright and scare, But they'll think it a lie and sham and dream.

To the fat devils with short, straight horns.

You fat-paunched rogues with cheeks like hell-fire burning, You glow so fattened by Hell's sulphur and its steam; What necks, so thick-set, short, and never turning!

Watch here below for phosphorescent gleam:

That's the wee soul, Psyche with fluttering wing; Don't pluck the wings, 'twere else a nasty worm.

I'll stamp my seal upon the beastly thing, Then off with it in whirling-fiery-storm.

These lower regions, watch them duly, You bladders- that's the duty you've to show; If it was pleased to live there, truly, That we do not so accurately know.

It feels at home in navels, there's no doubt; So heed my words, for there it may pop out.

To the lean devils with long, crooked horns.

You clowns, huge foglemen, bashaws, Clutch at the air- no respite take or give; Stretch out your arms, show your sharp claws, That you may catch the fluttering fugitive.

In its old home bad surely is its plight; Genius is quick to soar, so too will be this sprite.

Glory, from above, on the right.

A Heavenly Host.

Heavenly kindred, Envoys unhind' red, Follow in flight:

Sinners forgiving, Making dust living!

Bring while ye're swaying, Linger, staying, To all things living A trace of delight.

Mephistopheles Discords I hear, a most disgusting humming That with unwelcome light comes from above; It is that boyish-girlish bungling strumming That sanctimonious tastes are prone to love.

You know how we in deep depraved hours Planned the destruction of the human race; The shamefullest we planned with all our powers In their devotion finds a perfect place.

The canting tribe, they come in foppish fettle!

Many they've snatched away before our eyes; With our own weapons are they giving battle;

They're devils too, though in disguise.

If you lose here, in endless shame you'll sink; On to the grave and hold fast by the brink!
Chorus of Angels [strewing roses].
Roses, ye glowing ones, Balsam-bestowing ones, Fluttering and soaring, Sweet life restoring, Branchlets revealing, Fresh buds unsealing, Blooming be seen!
Springtime, awake him In purple and green; Paradise take him, The sleeper serene.
Mephistopheles [to the SATANS].
Why duck and jerk? Is that Hell's wonted rule? Do stand your ground and let them scatter.
Back to his place, each gawky fool!
They think perhaps that with such flowery matter They'll snow hot devils in and make them cool.
Your breath will melt and shrivel it.- Now puff, You puffers!- Hold! It is enough, enough!
Your foul breath bleaches all the fluttering stuff.Be not so violent! Shut your jaws and noses!
You've blown indeed too strongly at the roses.
Oh, that the proper measure you would ever learn!
They shrivel- yes, they scorch, they char, they burn!
With poisonous bright flames they're floating hither.
Stand fast against them and press close together!
Your strength dies out, your courage is all spent!
A strange, voluptuous glow the devils scent.
Chorus of Angels.
Blossoms ethereal, Flamelets empyreal, Love now are bearing they, Bliss are preparing they, All hearts they sway.
Words of true charity In ether's clarity, Bring hosts in verity Infinite day.
Mephistopheles Oh, curses, shame on such an idiot band!
Upon their heads the Satans stand.
Head over heels fat ones are curving, Plunging in Hell ass-uppermost.
So be your bath as hot as you're deserving!
But I'll remain here at my post.
Fighting the hovering roses.
Off, will-o'-the-wisp! However bright your flake, When caught, you're but a sticky, filthy cake.
Why flutter thus? Away with you and quick!Like pitch and sulphur they cling to my neck.
Chorus of Angels.
What ye've no title to, Ye may not share it; What bringeth pain to you, Ye must forbear it.
If we'll press in with might, Valiantly must we fight.
Only the loving
Does Love lead to light.
Mephistopheles My head burns, heart and liver too. I scent A more than devilish element, Sharper by far than Hell's own fire!And hence your wailing, monstrous, dire, You haplessly enamoured! who, when spurned, Toward your darlings keep your faces turned.
I too! What draws my head in that direction? Am I not sworn to its complete rejection? To see it I was once so bitterly averse!
Has something alien pierced me through and through? Now these most charming youths I love to view.
What holds me back that I can't curse!And if I let myself be fooled and baited, Who henceforth fool-in-chief will be? The stunning rascals whom I've always hated, Charming beyond words do they seem to me!Tell me, sweet children, that I may not miss you!
Aren't you too of the race of Lucifer? You are so fair I'd truly like to kiss you; To say you come just right, I scarcely err.
I feel so much at home, so natural, As though we'd met a thousand times before; So stealthy, kitten-like, desirable, At every glance your beauty charms me more.
Oh, do draw near! Grant me one glance, I pray!
Angels We're coming now, why do you shrink away? We're drawing near, remain now if you can.
The ANGELS hover around and occupy the whole space.
Mephistopheles [crowded into the proscenium].
You call us damned spirits! You, You are yourselves the wizards true, For you seduce both maid and man.
Oh, what a damnable event!

Is this indeed love's element? A raging fire fills all my frame, My neck scarce feels the scorching flame. You hover to and fro- come down, I say, Bestir your lovely limbs in a more worldly way; In truth, it suits you well, that serious style,

But for once I'd like to see you smile!

'Twould be for me eternally entrancing.

I mean like lovers at each other glancing, A flicker round the mouth, done easily.

You tall boy, you would I possess most gladly; That priestly mien befits you very badly, Do look at me a little lustfully!

More nude, yet decently, could you appear, That flowing shirt is over-moralizing They turn around- To see them from the rear!

The little rogues are quite too appetizing.

Chorus of Angels.

Flames, love revealing, Grow ever clearer; To damned through error May truth bring healing, That they from evil Find glad retrieval, In the All-Unity Blessed to be.

Mephistopheles [recovering his self-possession].

What's happ'ning to me!- like Job I've boil on boil From head to foot so that I shrink to view me, Yet triumph still when I search through and through me And place my trust in my own self and kin.

My noble parts are saved despite the broil; The love-spell works no deeper than the skin.

Now are the damned flames burned out past recall, And as is right, I curse you one and all!

Chorus of Angels.

Ardours of Heaven!

Round whom they brood, In life is given Bliss with the Good.

Laud ye together, Rise to your goal; Cleansed is the ether, Breathe thou, O Soul!

They rise aloft, bearing away FAUST'S immortal part.

Mephistopheles [looking around].

How's this?- Where have they gone, I wonder? You have surprised me, young folk though you be, And flown away to Heaven with the plunder.

Hence played they round this grave so wantonly!

A treasure great, unique, they've confiscated.

The lofty soul, to me hypothecated, Out of my hands they've smuggled craftily.

To whom now shall my sad case be presented? Who'll get for me my well-earned right? In your old age you have been circumvented, But you deserved it, wretched is your plight.

I have mismanaged in disgraceful fashion; Great outlay shamefully I've thrown away.

A vulgar lust, an absurd, lovesick passion, Led the well-seasoned Devil far astray.

Since with this childish, silly folderol I- shrewd and would-be wise- obsessed me, In very truth the folly is not small That in conclusion has possessed me.

MOUNTAIN GORGES FOREST, ROCKS, DESERT.

HOLY ANCHORITES scattered up the mountain-side, dwelling among the clefts.

Chorus and Echo.

Forests are swaying here, Rocks weight them downward sheer, Roots clutching rocks appear, Trunk close by trunk is near.

Wave dashes after wave, Shelter hath deepest cave.

Lions, soft-footed, dumb, Friendly around us come, Honouring the sacred place, Refuge of love and grace.

Pater Ecstaticus [hovering up and down].

Endless ecstatic fire, Glow of pure love's desire, Pangs of the yearning breast, Rapture in God to rest.

Arrows, pierce through me here,

Lances, subdue me here, Bludgeons, come, batter me, Lightnings, come, shatter me, That my mortality Flee from reality, Endless star shine above, Core of eternal love.

Pater Profuuiidus [Lower Region].

As chasms at my feet descending Burden the chasms more profound, As a thousand radiant streams are wending To foaming cataracts' awesome bound, As, by its own strong impulse driven, The tree mounts upward, straight and tall, So to Almighty Love 'tis given To fashion all, to cherish all.

All round me is a savage roaring As if swayed wood and rocky steep; Yet plunges, lovely in its pouring,
The wealth of water to the deep, Summoned below, the vale to brighten, The bolt that fell with sudden
flare,

The atmosphere to cleanse and lighten Which in its bosom poison bare, Heralds of love are they,
proclaiming Creative powers that us enfold.

May they, my inner self inflaming, Quicken my soul confused and cold, Its blunted senses galled
unceasing, Bound fast in chains that cramp and smart.

O God! these thoughts of mine appeasing, Illumine Thou my needy heart!

Pater Seraphicus [Middle Region].

What a morning cloudlet hovers Through the pine trees' tossing hair!

Do I guess what life it covers? They are spirits young and fair.

Chorus of Blessed Boys.

Tell us, father, whither go we? Tell us, kind one, who are we? Happy are we all, that know we; Sweet, oh,
sweet it is to be.

Pater Seraphicus.

Boys! At midnight born, with only Halfway opened sense and brain, Straightway lost to parents lonely,
For the angels sweetest gain.

If ye feel that in this place is One who loves, then hither fare; But of earth's rude ways no traces Do ye
happy spirits bear.

In mine eyes descend, pray choose them, Organs meet for earthly sphere; As your own eyes ye can use
them, Gaze upon this landscape here.

He receives them into himself.

Those are trees, and cliffs are yonder, There a stream that downward leaps, Rolling with the voice of
thunder Down its short way to the deeps.

Blessed Boys from within].

Grand the scene to which we're waking,

But too full of gloom and woe; We're from fright and terror quaking, Noble, kind one, let us go!

Pater Seraphicus.

On to higher spheres ascending, Unawares grow endlessly, As in fashion pure, unending, God's high
presence strengthens thee.

That is spirits' sustentation, In free ether all effecting, Endless loving's revelation, To beatitude
perfecting.

Chorus of Blessed Boys [circling round the highest peaks].

Hand in hand clinging, In a glad ring unite, Soaring and singing, Feeling a pure delight.

Godlike the yearning, Confident be; For whom we're yearning, Him shall ye see.

Angels [soaring in the higher atmosphere, bearing FAUST'S immortal part].

Lo! rescued is this noble one From evil machination; "Who e'er aspiring, struggles on, For him there is
salvation." And if to him Celestial Love Its favouring grace has given, The Blessed Host comes from
Above And welcomes him to Heaven.

The Younger Angels.

Roses sainted women spend, Penitent through mercy glorious, Helped to make the fight victorious, That
the lofty work be ended, That be won this spirit-treasure.

Demons shrank in sore displeasure, Devils fled the roses' flinging.

Not with wonted hell-pangs stinging, Love-pangs brought them to disaster Even the old Satan-Master By
sharp pain was penetrated.

Shout with you! It's consummated!

The More Perfected Angels.

Still earthly rests remain Which have oppressed us; They'd not be pure of stain, Though of asbestos.

When every element Strong spirit-forces Have borne away and blent, No angel divorces The natures two
in one, So close they weave them; Eternal Love alone Can ever cleave them.

The Younger Angels.

Mist-like round yonder height, I'm just discovering Where in approaching flight Spirit-life's hovering.

The clouds are growing clear, I see a host draw near

Of Blessed Boys, Freed from the stress of earth, Circling, united!

They taste the joys Of spring in their new birth, Therein delighted.
Let him at once begin Perfected joy to win, With these united!

The Blessed Boys.

Glad we're receiving now Him as a chrysalis, Thereby achieving now Pledge of angelic bliss.

Loosen all earthly flakes That cling around him; Fair and great now he wakes, Divine life has crowned him.

Doctor Marianus [in the highest, purest cell].

Here is the outlook free, The soul uplifting.

Women I yonder see, Heavenward drifting, And glorious, midway seen, Star-crowned, yet tender, Heaven's own lofty Queen!

It is Her splendour.

Enraptured.

Highest mistress of the world, Let me, of Thy pleasure, See Thy mystery unfurled In the vaulted azure.

Look with grace on what doth move Human hearts to greet Thee And with holy bliss of love Bears them up to meet Thee.

All invincible we feel When supreme Thou willest, Swiftly tempered is our zeal When its glow Thou stillest.

Virgin, pure in fairest sense, Mother sweet, supernal, Chosen Queen of our defence,

Peer of gods eternal!

Little clouds circle Around Her splendour:

Penitent women, Of natures tender, Ether respiring, At Her knees pleading, Her mercy needing.

O Thou of immaculate ray, From Thee 'tis not taken That those lightly led astray Come with trust unshaken.

Rapt away, to weakness prone, It is hard to save them.

Who by their own strength alone Rend the lusts that slave them? Whose foot does not slip awhile On steep, slippery places? Whom befool not glance and smile, Flattery's breath and phrases?

The MATER GLORIOSA soars into view.

Chorus of Penitent Women.

To heights art soaring Of realms eternal, Hear our imploring, Matchless, Maternal, Of grace supernal!

Magna Peccatrix (St. Luke, 7-36).

By the love that ever glowing For Thy Son, the Heaven-born, Shed warm tears to balsam flowing Spite of Pharisaic scorn; By the box whose ointment precious Dropped its perfume rare and sweet; By the locks whose gentle meshes Dried the Saviour's holy feet Mulier Samaritana (St. John, 4).

By the well to which were driven Abram's herds in days of yore; By the pitcher once 'twas given Our dear Saviour to restore, By the spring, rich and supernal, Whence flow waters far and wide,

Overflowing, bright, eternal, Pouring through the worlds their tide Maria Aegyptiaca (Acta Sanctorum).

By the sacred place where mortals Our dear Master's body laid; By the arm which at the portals Warningly my entrance stayed; By the forty years' repentance Truly passed in desert-land; By the blessed farewell sentence That I wrote upon the sand All Three.

Thou who women greatly sinning Grantest to come nigh to Thee, By sincere repentance winning Bliss through all eternity, Grant to this good soul Thy blessing, Who but once herself forgot, Who knew not she was transgressing, Pardon meet refuse Thou not!

Una Paenitentium [formerly named GRETCHEN, drawing closer].

Bend, oh bend now, Matchless, attend Thou, Thy radiance spend now, Look on my bliss in charity.

My early lover, His troubles over, Comes back to me.

Blessed Boys [hovering in a circle].

Mighty of limb, he towers Already above us; Soon for this care of ours Richly he'll love us.

Early were we removed, Life did not reach us; But he has learned and loved And he will teach us.

The One Penitent [formerly named GRETCHEN].

Girt by the noble choir of Heaven, Himself the new-come scarcely knows, Scarce feels the fresh life newly given Ere like the holy throng he grows; See! how each earthly bond he's riven, From that old vesture freed at length, Now in ethereal garb of Heaven Appears his pristine, youthful strength, Oh, grant that I may now instruct him, Since blinds him still the new-born day.

Mater Gloriosa.

Come, rise to higher spheres! Conduct him!

If he feels thee, he'll go thy way.

Doctor Marianus [prostrate, adoring].

Penitents, look up, elate, Where ye see salvation; Grateful, to you blessed fate Grow through re-creation.

May each better sense be keen In Thy service precious;

O Thou Virgin, Mother, Queen, Goddess, be Thou gracious!

Chorus Mysticus.

All earth comprises Is symbol alone; What there ne'er suffices As fact here is known; All past the humanly Wrought here in love; The Eternal-Womanly Draws us above.

FINIS