

# Faust



J.W. von Goethe



Faust: A Tragedy  
(Part One)

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## About this Publication

This publication was created by Michael Hougentogler in Greenville, DE. It was designed and edited to serve as an example of the capabilities of Antenna House's "Cloud Authoring Service for the Universal Book" (CAS-UB). Aside from the cover and some additional graphical elements created using Adobe Photoshop, the author limited himself to the features and built-in style sheets inherent to CAS-UB.



## About this Translation

The text used for this publication is the metered verse translation of Goethe's *Faust* by the American poet Bayard Taylor (1825-1878) published in two volumes—the first in 1870, and the second in 1871.





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## Dedication

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Again ye come, ye hovering Forms! I find ye,  
 As early to my clouded sight ye shone!  
 Shall I attempt, this once, to seize and bind ye?  
 Still o'er my heart is that illusion thrown?  
 Ye crowd more near! Then, be the reign assigned ye,  
 And sway me from your misty, shadowy zone!  
 My bosom thrills, with youthful passion shaken,  
 From magic airs that round your march awaken.

Of joyous days ye bring the blissful vision;  
 The dear, familiar phantoms rise again,  
 And, like an old and half-extinct tradition,  
 First Love returns, with Friendship in his train.  
 Renewed is Pain: with mournful repetition  
 Life tracks his devious, labyrinthine chain,  
 And names the Good, whose cheating fortune tore them  
 From happy hours, and left me to deplore them.

They hear no longer these succeeding measures,  
 The souls, to whom my earliest songs I sang:

Dispersed the friendly troop, with all its pleasures,  
 And still, alas! the echoes first that rang!  
 I bring the unknown multitude my treasures;  
 Their very plaudits give my heart a pang,  
 And those beside, whose joy my Song so flattered,  
 If still they live, wide through the world are scattered.

And grasps me now a long-unwonted yearning  
 For that serene and solemn Spirit-Land:  
 My song, to faint Aeolian murmurs turning,  
 Sways like a harp-string by the breezes fanned.  
 I thrill and tremble; tear on tear is burning,  
 And the stern heart is tenderly unmanned.  
 What I possess, I see far distant lying,  
 And what I lost, grows real and undying.

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## Prelude at the Theater

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### *MANAGER*

You two, who oft a helping hand  
 Have lent, in need and tribulation.  
 Come, let me know your expectation  
 Of this, our enterprise, in German land !  
 I wish the crowd to feel itself well treated,  
 Especially since it lives and lets me live;  
 The posts are set, the booth of boards completed.  
 And each awaits the banquet I shall give.  
 Already there, with curious eyebrows raised,  
 They sit sedate, and hope to be amazed.  
 I know how one the People's taste may flatter,  
 Yet here a huge embarrassment I feel:  
 What they're accustomed to, is no great matter,  
 But then, alas! they've read an awful deal.  
 How shall we plan, that all be fresh and new,—  
 Important matter, yet attractive too?  
 For 'tis my pleasure-to behold them surging,  
 When to our booth the current sets apace,  
 And with tremendous, oft-repeated urging,  
 Squeeze onward through the narrow gate of grace:  
 By daylight even, they push and cram in  
 To reach the seller's box, a fighting host,  
 And as for bread, around a baker's door, in famine,  
 To get a ticket break their necks almost.  
 This miracle alone can work the Poet  
 On men so various: now, my friend, pray show it.

### *POET*

Speak not to me of yonder motley masses,  
 Whom but to see, puts out the fire of Song!  
 Hide from my view the surging crowd that passes,  
 And in its whirlpool forces us along!  
 No, lead me where some heavenly silence glances  
 The purer joys that round the Poet throng,—  
 Where Love and Friendship still divinely fashion  
 The bonds that bless, the wreaths that crown his passion!  
 Ah, every utterance from the depths of feeling  
 The timid lips have stammeringly expressed,—  
 Now failing, now, perchance, success revealing,—  
 Gulps the wild Moment in its greedy breast;  
 Or oft, reluctant years its warrant sealing,  
 Its perfect stature stands at last confessed!  
 What dazzles, for the Moment spends its spirit:  
 What's genuine, shall Posterity inherit.

### *MERRY-ANDREW*

Posterity! Don't name the word to me!  
 If I should choose to preach Posterity,  
 Where would you get contemporary fun?  
 That men will have it, there's no blinking:  
 A fine young fellow's presence, to my thinking,  
 Is something worth, to every one.  
 Who genially his nature can outpour,  
 Takes from the People's moods no irritation;  
 The wider circle he acquires, the more  
 Securely works his inspiration.  
 Then pluck up heart, and give us sterling coin!  
 Let Fancy be with her attendants fitted,—  
 Sense, Reason, Sentiment, and Passion join,—  
 But have a care, lest Folly be omitted!

*MANAGER*

Chiefly, enough of incident prepare!  
 They come to look, and they prefer to stare.  
 Reel off a host of threads before their faces,  
 So that they gape in stupid wonder: then  
 By sheer diffuseness you have won their graces,  
 And are, at once, most popular of men.  
 Only by mass you touch the mass; for any  
 Will finally, himself, his bit select:  
 Who offers much, brings something unto many,  
 And each goes home content with the effect,  
 If you've a piece, why, just in pieces give it:  
 A hash, a stew, will bring success, believe it!  
 'Tis easily displayed, and easy to invent.  
 What use, a Whole compactly to present?  
 Your hearers pick and pluck, as soon as they receive it!

*POET*

You do not feel, how such a trade debases;  
 How ill it suits the Artist, proud and true!  
 The botching work each fine pretender traces  
 Is, I perceive, a principle with you.

*MANAGER*

Such a reproach not in the least offends;  
 A man who some result intends  
 Must use the tools that best are fitting.  
 Reflect, soft wood is given to you for splitting,  
 And then, observe for whom you write!  
 If one comes bored, exhausted quite,  
 Another, satiate, leaves the banquet's tapers,  
 And, worst of all, full many a wight  
 Is fresh from reading of the daily papers.  
 Idly to us they come, as to a masquerade,  
 Mere curiosity their spirits warming:  
 The ladies with themselves, and with their finery, aid,  
 Without a salary their parts performing.  
 What dreams are yours in high poetic places?

You're pleased, forsooth, full houses to behold?  
 Draw near, and view your patrons' faces!  
 The half are coarse, the half are cold.  
 One, when the play is out, goes home to cards;  
 A wild night on a wench's breast another chooses:  
 Why should you rack, poor, foolish bards,  
 For ends like these, the gracious Muses?  
 I tell you, give but more—more, ever more, they ask:  
 Thus shall you hit the mark of gain and glory.  
 Seek to confound your auditory!  
 To satisfy them is a task.—  
 What ails you now? Is't suffering, or pleasure?

*POET*

Go, find yourself a more obedient slave!  
 What! shall the Poet that which Nature gave,  
 The highest right, supreme Humanity,  
 Forfeit so wantonly, to swell your treasure?  
 Whence o'er the heart his empire free?  
 The elements of Life how conquers he?  
 Is't not his heart's accord, urged outward far and dim,  
 To wind the world in unison with him?  
 When on the spindle, spun to endless distance,  
 By Nature's listless hand the thread is twirled,  
 And the discordant tones of all existence  
 In sullen jangle are together hurled,  
 Who, then, the changeless orders of creation  
 Divides, and kindles into rhythmic dance?  
 Who brings the One to join the general ordination,  
 Where it may throb in grandest consonance?  
 Who bids the storm to passion stir the bosom?  
 In brooding souls the sunset burn above?  
 Who scatters every fairest April blossom  
 Along the shining path of Love?  
 Who braids the noteless leaves to crowns, requiting  
 Desert with fame, in Action's every field?  
 Who makes Olympus sure, the Gods uniting?  
 The might of Man, as in the Bard revealed.

*MERRY-ANDREW*

So, these fine forces, in conjunction,  
 Propel the high poetic function,  
 As in a love-adventure they might play!  
 You meet by accident; you feel, you stay,  
 And by degrees your heart is tangled;  
 Bliss grows apace, and then its course is jangled;  
 You're ravished quite, then comes a touch of woe,  
 And there's a neat romance, completed ere you know!  
 Let us, then, such a drama give!  
 Grasp the exhaustless life that all men live!  
 Each shares therein, though few may comprehend:  
 Where'er you touch, there's interest without end.  
 In motley pictures little light,  
 Much error, and of truth a glimmering mite,

Thus the best beverage is supplied,  
 Whence all the world is cheered and edified.  
 Then, at your play, behold the fairest flower  
 Of youth collect, to hear the revelation!  
 Each tender soul, with sentimental power,  
 Sucks melancholy food from your creation;  
 And now in this, now that, the heaven works.  
 For each beholds what in his bosom lurks.  
 They still are moved at once to weeping or to laughter,  
 Still wonder at your flights, enjoy the show they see:  
 A mind, once formed, is never suited after;  
 One yet in growth will ever grateful be.

*POET*

Then give me back that time of pleasures,  
 While yet in joyous growth I sang,—  
 When, like a fount, the crowding measures  
 Uninterrupted gushed and sprang!  
 Then bright mist veiled the world before me,  
 In opening buds a marvel woke,  
 As I the thousand blossoms broke,  
 Which every valley richly bore me!  
 I nothing had, and yet enough for youth—  
 Joy in Illusion, ardent thirst for Truth.  
 Give, unrestrained, the old emotion,  
 The bliss that touched the verge of pain,  
 The strength of Hate, Love's deep devotion,—  
 O, give me back my youth again!

*MERRY-ANDREW*

Youth, good my friend, you certainly require  
 When foes in combat sorely press you;  
 When lovely maids, in fond desire,  
 Hang on your bosom and caress you;  
 When from the hard-won goal the wreath  
 Beckons afar, the race awaiting;  
 When, after dancing out your breath,  
 You pass the night in dissipating:—  
 But that familiar harp with soul  
 To play,—with grace and bold expression,  
 And towards a self-erected goal  
 To walk with many a sweet digression,—  
 This, aged Sirs, belongs to you,  
 And we no less revere you for that reason:  
 Age childish makes, they say, but 'tis not true;  
 We're only genuine children still, in Age's season!

*MANAGER*

The words you've bandied are sufficient;  
 'Tis deeds that I prefer to see:  
 In compliments you're both proficient,  
 But might, the while, more useful be.  
 What need to talk of Inspiration?



'Tis no companion of Delay.  
If Poetry be your vocation,  
Let Poetry your will obey!  
Full well you know what here is wanting;  
The crowd for strongest drink is panting,  
And such, forthwith, I'd have you brew.  
What's left undone to-day, To-morrow will not do.  
Waste not a day in vain digression:  
With resolute, courageous trust  
Seize every possible impression,  
And make it firmly your possession;  
You'll then work on, because you must.  
Upon our German stage, you know it,  
Each tries his hand at what he will;  
So, take of traps and scenes your fill,  
And all you find, be sure to show it!  
Use both the great and lesser heavenly light,—  
Squander the stars in any number,  
Beasts, birds, trees, rocks, and all such lumber,  
Fire, water, darkness, Day and Night!  
Thus, in our booth's contracted sphere,  
The circle of Creation will appear,  
And move, as we deliberately impel,  
From Heaven, across the World, to Hell!

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## Dramatis Personae

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**Faust**

A Scholar

**Mephistopheles**

A Devil

**Wagner**

Faust's Assistant

**Margarete**

Faust's Love

**Valentino**

Margarete's Brother

**The Archangels**

Michael, Gabriel and Raphael

**The Lord**

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## Prologue in Heaven

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(The THREE ARCHANGELS come forward.)

### *RAPHAEL*

The sun-orb sings, in emulation,  
 'Mid brother-spheres, his ancient round:  
 His path predestined through Creation  
 He ends with step of thunder-sound.  
 The angels from his visage splendid  
 Draw power, whose measure none can say;  
 The lofty works, uncomprehended,  
 Are bright as on the earliest day.<sup>1)</sup>

### *GABRIEL*

And swift, and swift beyond conceiving,  
 The splendor of the world goes round,  
 Day's Eden-brightness still relieving  
 The awful Night's intense profound:  
 The ocean-tides in foam are breaking,  
 Against the rocks' deep bases hurled,  
 And both, the spheric race partaking,  
 Eternal, swift, are onward whirled!

### *MICHAEL*

And rival storms abroad are surging  
 From sea to land, from land to sea.  
 A chain of deepest action forging  
 Round all, in wrathful energy.  
 There flames a desolation, blazing  
 Before the Thunder's crashing way:  
 Yet, Lord, Thy messengers are praising  
 The gentle movement of Thy Day.

### *THE THREE*

Though still by them uncomprehended,  
 From these the angels draw their power,  
 And all Thy works, sublime and splendid,  
 Are bright as in Creation's hour.

### *MEPHISTOPHELES*

Since Thou, O Lord, deign'st to approach again  
 And ask us how we do, in manner kindest,

And heretofore to meet myself wert fain,  
 Among Thy menials, now, my face Thou findest.  
 Pardon, this troop I cannot follow after  
 With lofty speech, though by them scorned and spurned:  
 My pathos certainly would move Thy laughter,  
 If Thou hadst not all merriment unlearned.  
 Of suns and worlds I've nothing to be quoted;  
 How men torment themselves, is all I've noted.  
 The little god o' the world sticks to the same old way,  
 And is as whimsical as on Creation's day.  
 Life somewhat better might content him,  
 But for the gleam of heavenly light which Thou hast lent  
 him:  
 He calls it Reason—thence his power's increased,  
 To be far beastlier than any beast.  
 Saving Thy Gracious Presence, he to me  
 A long-legged grasshopper appears to be,  
 That springing flies, and flying springs,  
 And in the grass the same old ditty sings.  
 Would he still lay among the grass he grows in!  
 Each bit of dung he seeks, to stick his nose in.

*THE LORD*

Hast thou, then, nothing more to mention?  
 Com'st ever, thus, with ill intention?  
 Find'st nothing right on earth, eternally?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

No, Lord! I find things, there, still bad as they can be.  
 Man's misery even to pity moves my nature;  
 I've scarce the heart to plague the wretched creature.

*THE LORD*

Know'st Faust?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

The Doctor Faust?

*THE LORD*

My servant, he!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Forsooth! He serves you after strange devices:  
 No earthly meat or drink the fool suffices:  
 His spirit's ferment far aspireth;  
 Half-conscious of his frenzied, crazed unrest,  
 The fairest stars from Heaven he requireth,  
 From Earth the highest raptures and the best,  
 And all the Near and Far that he desireth

Fails to subdue the tumult of his breast.

*THE LORD*

Though still confused his service unto Me,  
I soon shall lead him to a clearer morning.  
Sees not the gardener, even while buds his tree,  
Both flower and fruit the future years adorning?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

What will you bet? There's still a chance to gain him,  
If unto me full leave you give,  
Gently upon my road to train him!

*THE LORD*

As long as he on earth shall live,  
So long I make no prohibition.  
While Man's desires and aspirations stir,  
He cannot choose but err.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

My thanks! I find the dead no acquisition,  
And never cared to have them in my keeping.  
I much prefer the cheeks where ruddy blood is leaping,  
And when a corpse approaches, close my house:  
It goes with me, as with the cat the mouse.

*THE LORD*

Enough! What thou hast asked is granted.  
Turn off this spirit from his fountain-head;  
To trap him, let thy snares be planted,  
And him, with thee, be downward led;  
Then stand abashed, when thou art forced to say:  
A good man, through obscurest aspiration,  
Has still an instinct of the one true way.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Agreed! But 'tis a short probation.  
About my bet I feel no trepidation.  
If I fulfill my expectation,  
You'll let me triumph with a swelling breast:  
Dust shall he eat, and with a zest,  
As did a certain snake, my near relation.

*THE LORD*

Therein thou'rt free, according to thy merits;  
The like of thee have never moved My hate.  
Of all the bold, denying Spirits,  
The waggish knave least trouble doth create.  
Man's active nature, flagging, seeks too soon the level;

Unqualified repose he learns to crave;  
Whence, willingly, the comrade him I gave,  
Who works, excites, and must create, as Devil.  
But ye, God's sons in love and duty,  
Enjoy the rich, the ever-living Beauty!  
Creative Power, that works eternal schemes,  
Clasp you in bonds of love, relaxing never,  
And what in wavering apparition gleams  
Fix in its place with thoughts that stand forever!

(Heaven closes: the ARCHANGELS separate.)

*MEPHISTOPHELES* (solus)

I like, at times, to hear The Ancient's word,  
And have a care to be most civil:  
It's really kind of such a noble Lord  
So humanly to gossip with the Devil!

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## Scene One: Night

---

(A lofty-arched, narrow, Gothic chamber. FAUST, in a chair at his desk, restless.)

*FAUST*

I've studied now Philosophy  
 And Jurisprudence, Medicine,—  
 And even, alas! Theology,—  
 From end to end, with labor keen;  
 And here, poor fool! with all my lore  
 I stand, no wiser than before:  
 I'm Magister—yea, Doctor—hight,  
 And straight or cross-wise, wrong or right,  
 These ten years long, with many woes,  
 I've led my scholars by the nose,—  
 And see, that nothing can be known!  
 That knowledge cuts me to the bone.  
 I'm cleverer, true, than those fops of teachers,  
 Doctors and Magisters, Scribes and Preachers;  
 Neither scruples nor doubts come now to smite me,  
 Nor Hell nor Devil can longer affright me.

For this, all pleasure am I foregoing;  
 I do not pretend to aught worth knowing,  
 I do not pretend I could be a teacher  
 To help or convert a fellow-creature.  
 Then, too, I've neither lands nor gold,  
 Nor the world's least pomp or honor hold—  
 No dog would endure such a curst existence!  
 Wherefore, from Magic I seek assistance,  
 That many a secret perchance I reach  
 Through spirit-power and spirit-speech,  
 And thus the bitter task forego  
 Of saying the things I do not know,—  
 That I may detect the inmost force  
 Which binds the world, and guides its course;  
 Its germs, productive powers explore,  
 And rummage in empty words no more!

O full and splendid Moon, whom I  
 Have, from this desk, seen climb the sky  
 So many a midnight,—would thy glow  
 For the last time beheld my woe!  
 Ever thine eye, most mournful friend,  
 O'er books and papers saw me bend;  
 But would that I, on mountains grand,  
 Amid thy blessed light could stand,  
 With spirits through mountain-caverns hover,  
 Float in thy twilight the meadows over,  
 And, freed from the fumes of lore that swathe me,  
 To health in thy dewy fountains bathe me!

Ah, me! this dungeon still I see.  
 This drear, accursed masonry,  
 Where even the welcome daylight strains  
 But dusky through the painted panes.  
 Hemmed in by many a toppling heap  
 Of books worm-eaten, gray with dust,  
 Which to the vaulted ceiling creep,  
 Against the smoky paper thrust,—  
 With glasses, boxes, round me stacked,  
 And instruments together hurled,  
 Ancestral lumber, stuffed and packed—  
 Such is my world: and what a world!

And do I ask, wherefore my heart  
 Falts, oppressed with unknown needs?  
 Why some inexplicable smart  
 All movement of my life impedes?  
 Alas! in living Nature's stead,  
 Where God His human creature set,  
 In smoke and mould the fleshless dead  
 And bones of beasts surround me yet!

Fly! Up, and seek the broad, free land!  
 And this one Book of Mystery  
 From Nostradamus' very hand,  
 Is't not sufficient company?  
 When I the starry courses know,  
 And Nature's wise instruction seek,  
 With light of power my soul shall glow,  
 As when to spirits spirits speak.  
 'Tis vain, this empty brooding here,  
 Though guessed the holy symbols be:  
 Ye, Spirits, come—ye hover near—  
 Oh, if you hear me, answer me!

(He opens the Book, and perceives the sign of the Macrocosm.)

Ha! what a sudden rapture leaps from this  
 I view, through all my senses swiftly flowing!  
 I feel a youthful, holy, vital bliss  
 In every vein and fibre newly glowing.  
 Was it a God, who traced this sign,  
 With calm across my tumult stealing,  
 My troubled heart to joy unsealing,  
 With impulse, mystic and divine,  
 The powers of Nature here, around my path, revealing?  
 Am I a God?—so clear mine eyes!  
 In these pure features I behold  
 Creative Nature to my soul unfold.  
 What says the sage, now first I recognize:  
 "The spirit-world no closures fasten;  
 Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead:  
 Disciple, up! untiring, hasten  
 To bathe thy breast in morning-red!"

(He contemplates the sign.)

How each the Whole its substance gives,  
 Each in the other works and lives!  
 Like heavenly forces rising and descending,  
 Their golden urns reciprocally lending,  
 With wings that winnow blessing  
 From Heaven through Earth I see them pressing,  
 Filling the All with harmony unceasing!  
 How grand a show! but, ah! a show alone.  
 Thee, boundless Nature, how make thee my own?  
 Where you, ye beasts? Founts of all Being, shining,  
 Whereon hang Heaven's and Earth's desire,  
 Whereto our withered hearts aspire,—  
 Ye flow, ye feed: and am I vainly pining?

(He turns the leaves impatiently, and perceives the sign of the Earth-Spirit.)

How otherwise upon me works this sign!  
 Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nearer:  
 Even now my powers are loftier, clearer;  
 I glow, as drunk with new-made wine:  
 New strength and heart to meet the world incite me,  
 The woe of earth, the bliss of earth, invite me,  
 And though the shock of storms may smite me,  
 No crash of shipwreck shall have power to fright me!  
 Clouds gather over me—  
 The moon conceals her light—  
 The lamp's extinguished!—  
 Mists rise,—red, angry rays are darting  
 Around my head!— There falls  
 A horror from the vaulted roof,  
 And seizes me!  
 I feel thy presence, Spirit I invoke!  
 Reveal thyself!  
 Ha! in my heart what rending stroke!  
 With new impulsion  
 My senses heave in this convulsion!  
 I feel thee draw my heart, absorb, exhaust me:  
 Thou must! thou must! and though my life it cost me!

(He seizes the book, and mysteriously pronounces the sign of the Spirit. A ruddy flame flashes: the Spirit appears in the flame.)



Rembrandt "Faust" c.1692

*SPIRIT*

Who calls me?

*FAUST* (with averted head)

Terrible to see!

*SPIRIT*

Me hast thou long with might attracted,  
Long from my sphere thy food exacted,  
And now—

*FAUST*

Woe! I endure not thee!

*SPIRIT*

To view me is thine aspiration,  
My voice to hear, my countenance to see;  
Thy powerful yearning moveth me,  
Here am I!—what mean perturbation  
Thee, superhuman, shakes? Thy soul's high calling, where?  
Where is the breast, which from itself a world did bear,  
And shaped and cherished—which with joy expanded,  
To be our peer, with us, the Spirits, banded?  
Where art thou, Faust, whose voice has pierced to me,  
Who towards me pressed with all thine energy?  
He art thou, who, my presence breathing, seeing,  
Trembles through all the depths of being,  
A writhing worm, a terror-stricken form?

*FAUST*

Thee, form of flame, shall I then fear?  
Yes, I am Faust: I am thy peer!

*SPIRIT*

In the tides of Life, in Action's storm,  
A fluctuant wave,  
A shuttle free,  
Birth and the Grave,  
An eternal sea,  
A weaving, flowing  
Life, all-glowing,  
Thus at Time's humming loom 'tis my hand prepares  
The garment of Life which the Deity wears!

*FAUST*

Thou, who around the wide world wendest,  
Thou busy Spirit, how near I feel to thee!

*SPIRIT*

Thou'rt like the Spirit which thou comprehendest,  
Not me!

(Disappears.)

*FAUST* (overwhelmed)

Not thee!  
Whom then?  
I, image of the Godhead!  
Not even like thee!

(A knock).

O Death!—I know it—'tis my Famulus!  
My fairest luck finds no fruition:  
In all the fullness of my vision  
The soulless sneak disturbs me thus!

(Enter *WAGNER*, in dressing-gown and night-cap, a lamp in his hand. *FAUST* turns impatiently.)

*WAGNER*

Pardon, I heard your declamation;  
'Twas sure an old Greek tragedy you read?  
In such an art I crave some preparation,  
Since now it stands one in good stead.  
I've often heard it said, a preacher  
Might learn, with a comedian for a teacher.

*FAUST*

Yes, when the priest comedian is by nature,  
As haply now and then the case may be.

*WAGNER*

Ah, when one studies thus, a prisoned creature,  
That scarce the world on holidays can see,—  
Scarce through a glass, by rare occasion,  
How shall one lead it by persuasion?

*FAUST*

You'll ne'er attain it, save you know the feeling,  
Save from the soul it rises clear,  
Serene in primal strength, compelling  
The hearts and minds of all who hear.  
You sit forever gluing, patching;  
You cook the scraps from others' fare;  
And from your heap of ashes hatching  
A starveling flame, ye blow it bare!  
Take children's, monkeys' gaze admiring,

If such your taste, and be content;  
 But ne'er from heart to heart you'll speak inspiring,  
 Save your own heart is eloquent!

*WAGNER*

Yet through delivery orators succeed;  
 I feel that I am far behind, indeed.

*FAUST*

Seek thou the honest recompense!  
 Beware, a tinkling fool to be!  
 With little art, clear wit and sense  
 Suggest their own delivery;  
 And if thou'rt moved to speak in earnest,  
 What need, that after words thou yearnest?  
 Yes, your discourses, with their glittering show,  
 Where ye for men twist shredded thought like paper,  
 Are unrefreshing as the winds that blow  
 The rustling leaves through chill autumnal vapor!

*WAGNER*

Ah, God! but Art is long,  
 And Life, alas! is fleeting.  
 And oft, with zeal my critic-duties meeting,  
 In head and breast there's something wrong.

How hard it is to compass the assistance  
 Whereby one rises to the source!  
 And, haply, ere one travels half the course  
 Must the poor devil quit existence.

*FAUST*

Is parchment, then, the holy fount before thee,  
 A draught wherefrom thy thirst forever slakes?  
 No true refreshment can restore thee,  
 Save what from thine own soul spontaneous breaks.

*WAGNER*

Pardon! a great delight is granted  
 When, in the spirit of the ages planted,  
 We mark how, ere our times, a sage has thought,  
 And then, how far his work, and grandly, we have brought.

*FAUST*

O yes, up to the stars at last!  
 Listen, my friend: the ages that are past  
 Are now a book with seven seals protected:  
 What you the Spirit of the Ages call  
 Is nothing but the spirit of you all,  
 Wherein the Ages are reflected.

So, oftentimes, you miserably mar it!  
 At the first glance who sees it runs away.  
 An offal-barrel and a lumber-garret,  
 Or, at the best, a Punch-and-Judy play,  
 With maxims most pragmatistical and hitting,  
 As in the mouths of puppets are befitting!

*WAGNER*

But then, the world—the human heart and brain!  
 Of these one covets some slight apprehension.

*FAUST*

Yes, of the kind which men attain!  
 Who dares the child's true name in public mention?  
 The few, who thereof something really learned,  
 Unwisely frank, with hearts that spurned concealing,  
 And to the mob laid bare each thought and feeling,  
 Have evermore been crucified and burned.  
 I pray you, Friend, 'tis now the dead of night;  
 Our converse here must be suspended.

*WAGNER*

I would have shared your watches with delight,  
 That so our learned talk might be extended.  
 To-morrow, though, I'll ask, in Easter leisure,  
 This and the other question, at your pleasure.  
 Most zealously I seek for erudition:  
 Much do I know—but to know all is my ambition.

(Exit *WAGNER*)

*FAUST* (solus)

That brain, alone, not loses hope, whose choice is  
 To stick in shallow trash forevermore,—  
 Which digs with eager hand for buried ore,  
 And, when it finds an angle-worm, rejoices!

Dare such a human voice disturb the flow,  
 Around me here, of spirit-presence fullest?  
 And yet, this once my thanks I owe  
 To thee, of all earth's sons the poorest, dullest!  
 For thou hast torn me from that desperate state  
 Which threatened soon to overwhelm my senses:  
 The apparition was so giant-great,  
 It dwarfed and withered all my soul's pretences!

I, image of the Godhead, who began—  
 Deeming Eternal Truth secure in nearness—  
 Ye choirs, have ye begun the sweet, consoling chant,  
 Which, through the night of Death, the angels ministrant  
 Sang, God's new Covenant repeating?



*CHORUS OF WOMEN*

With spices and precious  
 Balm, we arrayed him;  
 Faithful and gracious,  
 We tenderly laid him:  
 Linen to bind him  
 Cleansily wound we:  
 Ah! when we would find him,  
 Christ no more found we!

*CHORUS OF ANGELS*

Christ is ascended!  
 Bliss hath invested him,—  
 Woes that molested him,  
 Trials that tested him,  
 Gloriously ended!

*FAUST*

Why, here in dust, entice me with your spell,  
 Ye gentle, powerful sounds of Heaven?  
 Peal rather there, where tender natures dwell.  
 Your messages I hear, but faith has not been given;  
 The dearest child of Faith is Miracle.  
 I venture not to soar to yonder regions  
 Whence the glad tidings hither float;  
 And yet, from childhood up familiar with the note,  
 To Life it now renews the old allegiance.  
 Once Heavenly Love sent down a burning kiss  
 Upon my brow, in Sabbath silence holy;  
 And, filled with mystic presage, chimed the church-bell slowly,  
 And prayer dissolved me in a fervent bliss.  
 A sweet, uncomprehended yearning  
 Drove forth my feet through woods and meadows free,  
 And while a thousand tears were burning,  
 I felt a world arise for me.  
 These chants, to youth and all its sports appealing,  
 Proclaimed the Spring's rejoicing holiday;  
 And Memory holds me now, with childish feeling,  
 Back from the last, the solemn way.  
 Sound on, ye hymns of Heaven, so sweet and mild!  
 My tears gush forth: the Earth takes back her child!

*CHORUS OF DISCIPLES*

Has He, victoriously,  
 Burst from the vaulted  
 Grave, and all-gloriously  
 Now sits exalted?  
 Is He, in glow of birth,  
 Rapture creative near?  
 Ah! to the woe of earth  
 Still are we native here.  
 We, his aspiring

Followers, Him we miss;  
Weeping, desiring,  
Master, Thy bliss!

*CHORUS OF ANGELS*

Christ is arisen,  
Out of Corruption's womb:  
Burst ye the prison,  
Break from your gloom!  
Praising and pleading him,  
Lovingly needing him,  
Brotherly feeding him,  
Preaching and speeding him,  
Blessing, succeeding Him,  
Thus is the Master near,—  
Thus is He here!

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## Scene Two: Before the City Gate

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(Pedestrians of all kinds come forth.)

*SEVERAL APPRENTICES*

Why do you go that way?

*OTHERS*

We're for the Hunters' lodge, to-day.

*THE FIRST*

We'll saunter to the Mill, in yonder hollow.

*AN APPRENTICE*

Go to the River Tavern, I should say.

*SECOND APPRENTICE*

But then, it's not a pleasant way.

*THE OTHERS*

And what will you?

*A THIRD*

As goes the crowd, I follow.

*A FOURTH*

Come up to Burgdorf? There you'll find good cheer,  
The finest lasses and the best of beer,  
And jolly rows and squabbles, trust me!

*A FIFTH*

You swaggering fellow, is your hide  
A third time itching to be tried?  
I won't go there, your jolly rows disgust me!

*SERVANT-GIRL*

No,—no! I'll turn and go to town again.

*ANOTHER*

We'll surely find him by those poplars yonder.

*THE FIRST*

That's no great luck for me, 'tis plain.  
 You'll have him, when and where you wander:  
 His partner in the dance you'll be,—  
 But what is all your fun to me?

*THE OTHER*

He's surely not alone to-day:  
 He'll be with Curly-head, I heard him say.

*A STUDENT*

Deuce! how they step, the buxom wenches!  
 Come, Brother! we must see them to the benches.  
 A strong, old beer, a pipe that stings and bites,  
 A girl in Sunday clothes,—these three are my delights.

*CITIZENS DAUGHTER*

Just see those handsome fellows, there!  
 It's really shameful, I declare;—  
 To follow servant-girls, when they  
 Might have the most genteel society to-day!

*SECOND STUDENT* (to the First)

Not quite so fast! Two others come behind,—  
 Those, dressed so prettily and neatly.  
 My neighbor's one of them, I find,  
 A girl that takes my heart, completely.  
 They go their way with looks demure,  
 But they'll accept us, after all, I'm sure.

*THE FIRST*

No, Brother! not for me their formal ways.  
 Quick! lest our game escape us in the press:  
 The hand that wields the broom on Saturdays  
 Will best, on Sundays, fondle and caress.

*CITIZEN*

He suits me not at all, our new-made Burgomaster!  
 Since he's installed, his arrogance grows faster.  
 How has he helped the town, I say?  
 Things worsen,—what improvement names he?  
 Obedience, more than ever, claims he,  
 And more than ever we must pay!

*BEGGAR* (sings)

Good gentlemen and lovely ladies,  
 So red of cheek and fine of dress,  
 Behold, how needful here your aid is,

And see and lighten my distress!  
 Let me not vainly sing my ditty;  
 He's only glad who gives away:  
 A holiday, that shows your pity,  
 Shall be for me a harvest-day!

*ANOTHER CITIZEN*

On Sundays, holidays, there's naught I take delight in,  
 Like gossiping of war, and war's array,  
 When down in Turkey, far away,  
 The foreign people are a-fighting.  
 One at the window sits, with glass and friends,  
 And sees all sorts of ships go down the river gliding:  
 And blesses then, as home he wends  
 At night, our times of peace abiding.

*THIRD CITIZEN*

Yes, Neighbor! that's my notion, too:  
 Why, let them break their heads, let loose their passions,  
 And mix things madly through and through,  
 So, here, we keep our good old fashions!

*OLD WOMAN* (to the Citizen's Daughter)

Dear me, how fine! So handsome, and so young!  
 Who wouldn't lose his heart, that met you?  
 Don't be so proud! I'll hold my tongue,  
 And what you'd like I'll undertake to get you.

*CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER*

Come, Agatha! I shun the witch's sight  
 Before folks, lest there be misgiving:  
 'Tis true, she showed me, on Saint Andrew's Night,  
 My future sweetheart, just as he were living.

*THE OTHER*

She showed me mine, in crystal clear,  
 With several wild young blades, a soldier-lover:  
 I seek him everywhere, I pry and peer,  
 And yet, somehow, his face I can't discover.

*SOLDIERS*

Castles, with lofty  
 Ramparts and towers,  
 Maidens disdainful  
 In Beauty's array,  
 Both shall be ours!  
 Bold is the venture,  
 Splendid the pay!  
 Lads, let the trumpets  
 For us be suing,—

Calling to pleasure,  
 Calling to ruin.  
 Stormy our life is;  
 Such is its boon!  
 Maidens and castles  
 Capitulate soon.  
 Bold is the venture,  
 Splendid the pay!  
 And the soldiers go marching,  
 Marching away!

*FAUST*

Released from ice are brook and river  
 By the quickening glance of the gracious Spring;  
 The colors of hope to the valley cling,  
 And weak old Winter himself must shiver,  
 Withdrawn to the mountains, a crownless king:  
 Whence, ever retreating, he sends again  
 Impotent showers of sleet that darkle  
 In belts across the green o' the plain.  
 But the sun will permit no white to sparkle;  
 Everywhere form in development moveth;  
 He will brighten the world with the tints he loveth,  
 And, lacking blossoms, blue, yellow, and red,  
 He takes these gaudy people instead.  
 Turn thee about, and from this height  
 Back on the town direct thy sight.  
 Out of the hollow, gloomy gate,  
 The motley throngs come forth elate:  
 Each will the joy of the sunshine hoard,  
 To honor the Day of the Risen Lord!  
 They feel, themselves, their resurrection:  
 From the low, dark rooms, scarce habitable;  
 From the bonds of Work, from Trade's restriction;  
 From the pressing weight of roof and gable;  
 From the narrow, crushing streets and alleys;  
 From the churches' solemn and reverend night,  
 All come forth to the cheerful light.  
 How lively, see! the multitude sallies,  
 Scattering through gardens and fields remote,  
 While over the river, that broadly dallies,  
 Dances so many a festive boat;  
 And overladen, nigh to sinking,  
 The last full wherry takes the stream.  
 Yonder afar, from the hill-paths blinking,  
 Their clothes are colors that softly gleam.  
 I hear the noise of the village, even;  
 Here is the People's proper Heaven;  
 Here high and low contented see!  
 Here I am Man,—dare man to be!

*WAGNER*

To stroll with you, Sir Doctor, flatters;  
 'Tis honor, profit, unto me.

But I, alone, would shun these shallow matters,  
 Since all that's coarse provokes my enmity.  
 This fiddling, shouting, ten-pin rolling  
 I hate,—these noises of the throng:  
 They rave, as Satan were their sports controlling.  
 And call it mirth, and call it song!

*PEASANTS, UNDER THE LINDEN-TREE*

(Singing and Dancing)

All for the dance the shepherd dressed,  
 In ribbons, wreath, and gayest vest  
 Himself with care arraying:  
 Around the linden lass and lad  
 Already footed it like mad:  
 Hurrah! hurrah!  
 Hurrah—tarara-la!  
 The fiddle-bow was playing.

He broke the ranks, no whit afraid,  
 And with his elbow punched a maid,  
 Who stood, the dance surveying:  
 The buxom wench, she turned and said:  
 "Now, you I call a stupid-head!"  
 Hurrah! hurrah!  
 Hurrah—tarara-la!  
 "Be decent while you're staying!"

Then round the circle went their flight,  
 They danced to left, they danced to right:  
 Their kirtles all were playing.  
 They first grew red, and then grew warm,  
 And rested, panting, arm in arm,—  
 Hurrah! hurrah!  
 Hurrah—tarara-la!  
 And hips and elbows straying.

Now, don't be so familiar here!  
 How many a one has fooled his dear,  
 Waylaying and betraying!

And yet, he coaxed her soon aside,  
 And round the linden sounded wide.  
 Hurrah! hurrah!  
 Hurrah—tarara-la!  
 And the fiddle-bow was playing.

*OLD PEASANT*

Sir Doctor, it is good of you,  
 That thus you condescend, to-day,  
 Among this crowd of merry folk,  
 A highly-learned man, to stray.  
 Then also take the finest can,  
 We fill with fresh wine, for your sake:

I offer it, and humbly wish  
 That not alone your thirst is slake,—  
 That, as the drops below its brink,  
 So many days of life you drink!

*FAUST*

I take the cup you kindly reach,  
 With thanks and health to all and each.

(The People gather in a circle about him.)

*OLD PEASANT*

In truth, 'tis well and fitly timed,  
 That now our day of joy you share,  
 Who heretofore, in evil days,  
 Gave us so much of helping care.  
 Still many a man stands living here,  
 Saved by your father's skillful hand,  
 That snatched him from the fever's rage  
 And stayed the plague in all the land.  
 Then also you, though but a youth,  
 Went into every house of pain:  
 Many the corpses carried forth,  
 But you in health came out again.

*FAUST*

No test or trial you evaded:  
 A Helping God the helper aided.

*ALL*

Health to the man, so skilled and tried.  
 That for our help he long may abide!

*FAUST*

To Him above bow down, my friends,  
 Who teaches help, and succor sends!

(He goes on with WAGNER.)

*WAGNER*

With what a feeling, thou great man, must thou  
 Receive the people's honest veneration!  
 How lucky he, whose gifts his station  
 With such advantages endow!  
 Thou'rt shown to all the younger generation:  
 Each asks, and presses near to gaze;  
 The fiddle stops, the dance delays.  
 Thou goest, they stand in rows to see,  
 And all the caps are lifted high;  
 A little more, and they would bend the knee



As if the Holy Host came by.

*FAUST*

A few more steps ascend, as far as yonder stone!—  
 Here from our wandering will we rest contented.  
 Here, lost in thought, I've lingered oft alone,  
 When foolish fasts and prayers my life tormented.  
 Here, rich in hope and firm in faith,  
 With tears, wrung hands and sighs, I've striven,  
 The end of that far-spreading death  
 Entreating from the Lord of Heaven!  
 Now like contempt the crowd's applauses seem:  
 Couldst thou but read, within mine inmost spirit,  
 How little now I deem,  
 That sire or son such praises merit!  
 My father's was a sombre, brooding brain,  
 Which through the holy spheres of Nature groped and wandered,  
 And honestly, in his own fashion, pondered  
 With labor whimsical, and pain:  
 Who, in his dusky work-shop bending,  
 With proved adepts in company,  
 Made, from his recipes unending,  
 Opposing substances agree.  
 There was a Lion red, a wooer daring,  
 Within the Lily's tepid bath espoused,  
 And both, tormented then by flame unsparing,  
 By turns in either bridal chamber housed.  
 If then appeared, with colors splendid,  
 The young Queen in her crystal shell,  
 This was the medicine—the patients' woes soon ended,  
 And none demanded: who got well?  
 Thus we, our hellish boluses compounding,  
 Among these vales and hills surrounding,  
 Worse than the pestilence, have passed.  
 Thousands were done to death from poison of my giving;  
 And I must hear, by all the living,  
 The shameless murderers praised at last!

*WAGNER*

Why, therefore, yield to such depression?  
 A good man does his honest share  
 In exercising, with the strictest care,  
 The art bequeathed to his possession!  
 Dost thou thy father honor, as a youth?  
 Then may his teaching cheerfully impel thee:  
 Dost thou, as man, increase the stores of truth?  
 Then may thine own son afterwards excel thee.

*FAUST*

O happy he, who still renews  
 The hope, from Error's deeps to rise forever!  
 That which one does not know, one needs to use;  
 And what one knows, one uses never.

But let us not, by such despondence, so  
 The fortune of this hour embitter!  
 Mark how, beneath the evening sunlight's glow,  
 The green-embosomed houses glitter!  
 The glow retreats, done is the day of toil;  
 It yonder hastes, new fields of life exploring;  
 Ah, that no wing can lift me from the soil,  
 Upon its track to follow, follow soaring!  
 Then would I see eternal Evening gild  
 The silent world beneath me glowing,  
 On fire each mountain-peak, with peace each valley filled,  
 The silver brook to golden rivers flowing.  
 The mountain-chain, with all its gorges deep,  
 Would then no more impede my godlike motion;  
 And now before mine eyes expands the ocean  
 With all its bays, in shining sleep!  
 Yet, finally, the weary god is sinking;  
 The new-born impulse fires my mind,—  
 I hasten on, his beams eternal drinking,  
 The Day before me and the Night behind,  
 Above me heaven unfurled, the floor of waves beneath me,—  
 A glorious dream! though now the glories fade.  
 Alas! the wings that lift the mind no aid  
 Of wings to lift the body can bequeath me.  
 Yet in each soul is born the pleasure  
 Of yearning onward, upward and away,  
 When o'er our heads, lost in the vaulted azure,  
 The lark sends down his flickering lay,—  
 When over crags and piny highlands  
 The poising eagle slowly soars,  
 And over plains and lakes and islands  
 The crane sails by to other shores.

*WAGNER*

I've had, myself, at times, some odd caprices,  
 But never yet such impulse felt, as this is.  
 One soon fatigues, on woods and fields to look,  
 Nor would I beg the bird his wing to spare us:  
 How otherwise the mental raptures bear us  
 From page to page, from book to book!  
 Then winter nights take loveliness untold,  
 As warmer life in every limb had crowned you;  
 And when your hands unroll some parchment rare and old,  
 All Heaven descends, and opens bright around you!

*FAUST*

One impulse art thou conscious of, at best;  
 O, never seek to know the other!  
 Two souls, alas! reside within my breast,  
 And each withdraws from, and repels, its brother.  
 One with tenacious organs holds in love  
 And clinging lust the world in its embraces;  
 The other strongly sweeps, this dust above,  
 Into the high ancestral spaces.

If there be airy spirits near,  
 'Twixt Heaven and Earth on potent errands fleeing,  
 Let them drop down the golden atmosphere,  
 And bear me forth to new and varied being!  
 Yea, if a magic mantle once were mine,  
 To waft me o'er the world at pleasure,  
 I would not for the costliest stores of treasure—  
 Not for a monarch's robe—the gift resign.

*WAGNER*

Invoke not thus the well-known throng,  
 Which through the firmament diffused is faring,  
 And danger thousand-fold, our race to wrong.  
 In every quarter is preparing.  
 Swift from the North the spirit-fangs so sharp  
 Sweep down, and with their barbéd points assail you;  
 Then from the East they come, to dry and warp  
 Your lungs, till breath and being fail you:  
 If from the Desert sendeth them the South,  
 With fire on fire your throbbing forehead crowning,  
 The West leads on a host, to cure the drouth  
 Only when meadow, field, and you are drowning.  
 They gladly hearken, prompt for injury,—  
 Gladly obey, because they gladly cheat us;  
 From Heaven they represent themselves to be,  
 And lisp like angels, when with lies they meet us.  
 But, let us go! 'Tis gray and dusky all:  
 The air is cold, the vapors fall.  
 At night, one learns his house to prize:—  
 Why stand you thus, with such astonished eyes?  
 What, in the twilight, can your mind so trouble?

*FAUST*

Seest thou the black dog coursing there, through corn and  
 stubble?

*WAGNER*

Long since: yet deemed him not important in the least.

*FAUST*

Inspect him close: for what tak'st thou the beast?

*WAGNER*

Why, for a poodle who has lost his master,  
 And scents about, his track to find.

*FAUST*

Seest thou the spiral circles, narrowing faster,  
 Which he, approaching, round us seems to wind?  
 A streaming trail of fire, if I see rightly,

Follows his path of mystery.

*WAGNER*

It may be that your eyes deceive you slightly;  
Naught but a plain black poodle do I see.

*FAUST*

It seems to me that with enchanted cunning  
He snares our feet, some future chain to bind.

*WAGNER*

I see him timidly, in doubt, around us running,  
Since, in his master's stead, two strangers doth he find.

*FAUST*

The circle narrows: he is near!

*WAGNER*

A dog thou seest, and not a phantom, here!  
Behold him stop—upon his belly crawl—His  
tail set wagging: canine habits, all!

*FAUST*

Come, follow us! Come here, at least!

*WAGNER*

'Tis the absurdest, drollest beast.  
Stand still, and you will see him wait;  
Address him, and he gambols straight;  
If something's lost, he'll quickly bring it,—  
Your cane, if in the stream you fling it.

*FAUST*

No doubt you're right: no trace of mind, I own,  
Is in the beast: I see but drill, alone.

*WAGNER*

The dog, when he's well educated,  
Is by the wisest tolerated.  
Yes, he deserves your favor thoroughly,—  
The clever scholar of the students, he!

(They pass in the city-gate.)

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## Scene Three: The Study (The Exorcism)

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*FAUST*

(Entering, with the poodle)

Behind me, field and meadow sleeping,  
 I leave in deep, prophetic night,  
 Within whose dread and holy keeping  
 The better soul awakes to light.  
 The wild desires no longer win us,  
 The deeds of passion cease to chain;  
 The love of Man revives within us,  
 The love of God revives again.

Be still, thou poodle; make not such racket and riot!  
 Why at the threshold wilt snuffing be?  
 Behind the stove repose thee in quiet!  
 My softest cushion I give to thee.  
 As thou, up yonder, with running and leaping  
 Amused us hast, on the mountain's crest,

So now I take thee into my keeping,  
 A welcome, but also a silent, guest.

Ah, when, within our narrow chamber  
 The lamp with friendly lustre glows,  
 Flames in the breast each faded ember,  
 And in the heart, itself that knows.  
 Then Hope again lends sweet assistance,  
 And Reason then resumes her speech:  
 One yearns, the rivers of existence,  
 The very founts of Life, to reach.

Snarl not, poodle! To the sound that rises,  
 The sacred tones that my soul embrace,  
 This bestial noise is out of place.  
 We are used to see, that Man despises  
 What he never comprehends,  
 And the Good and the Beautiful vilipends,  
 Finding them often hard to measure:  
 Will the dog, like man, snarl his displeasure?

But ah! I feel, though will thereto be stronger,  
 Contentment flows from out my breast no longer.  
 Why must the stream so soon run dry and fail us,  
 And burning thirst again assail us?  
 Therein I've borne so much probation!  
 And yet, this want may be supplied us;  
 We call the Supernatural to guide us;  
 We pine and thirst for Revelation,  
 Which nowhere worthier is, more nobly sent,

Than here, in our New Testament.  
 I feel impelled, its meaning to determine,—  
 With honest purpose, once for all,  
 The hallowed Original  
 To change to my beloved German.

(He opens a volume, and commences.)

"Tis written: "In the Beginning was the Word."  
 Here am I balked: who, now can help afford?  
 The Word?—impossible so high to rate it;  
 And otherwise must I translate it.  
 If by the Spirit I am truly taught.  
 Then thus: "In the Beginning was the Thought"  
 This first line let me weigh completely,  
 Lest my impatient pen proceed too fleetly.  
 Is it the Thought which works, creates, indeed?  
 "In the Beginning was the Power," I read.  
 Yet, as I write, a warning is suggested,  
 That I the sense may not have fairly tested.  
 The Spirit aids me: now I see the light!  
 "In the Beginning was the Act," I write.

If I must share my chamber with thee,  
 Poodle, stop that howling, prithee!  
 Cease to bark and bellow!  
 Such a noisy, disturbing fellow  
 I'll no longer suffer near me.  
 One of us, dost hear me!  
 Must leave, I fear me.  
 No longer guest-right I bestow;  
 The door is open, art free to go.  
 But what do I see in the creature?  
 Is that in the course of nature?  
 Is't actual fact? or Fancy's shows?  
 How long and broad my poodle grows!  
 He rises mightily:  
 A canine form that cannot be!  
 What a spectre I've harbored thus!  
 He resembles a hippopotamus,  
 With fiery eyes, teeth terrible to see:  
 O, now am I sure of thee!  
 For all of thy half-hellish brood  
 The Key of Solomon is good.

*SPIRITS* (in the corridor)

Some one, within, is caught!  
 Stay without, follow him not!  
 Like the fox in a snare,  
 Quakes the old hell-lynx there.  
 Take heed—look about!  
 Back and forth hover,  
 Under and over,  
 And he'll work himself out.  
 If your aid avail him,

Let it not fail him;  
 For he, without measure,  
 Has wrought for our pleasure.

*FAUST*

First, to encounter the beast,  
 The Words of the Four be addressed:  
 Salamander, shine glorious!  
 Wave, Undine, as bidden!  
 Sylph, be thou hidden!  
 Gnome, be laborious!

Who knows not their sense  
 (These elements),—  
 Their properties  
 And power not sees,—  
 No mastery he inherits  
 Over the Spirits.

Vanish in flaming ether,  
 Salamander!  
 Flow foamingly together,  
 Undine!  
 Shine in meteor-sheen,  
 Sylph!  
 Bring help to hearth and shelf.  
 Incubus! Incubus!  
 Step forward, and finish thus!

Of the Four, no feature  
 Lurks in the creature.  
 Quiet he lies, and grins disdain:  
 Not yet, it seems, have I given him pain.  
 Now, to undisguise thee,  
 Hear me exorcise thee!  
 Art thou, my gay one,  
 Hell's fugitive stray-one?  
 The sign witness now,  
 Before which they bow,  
 The cohorts of Hell!

With hair all bristling, it begins to swell.

Base Being, hearest thou?  
 Knowest and fearest thou  
 The One, unoriginate,  
 Named inexpressibly,  
 Through all Heaven impermeate,  
 Pierced irredressibly!

Behind the stove still banned,  
 See it, an elephant, expand!  
 It fills the space entire,  
 Mist-like melting, ever faster.  
 'Tis enough: ascend no higher,—

Lay thyself at the feet of the Master!  
 Thou seest, not vain the threats I bring thee:  
 With holy fire I'll scorch and sting thee!  
 Wait not to know  
 The threefold dazzling glow!  
 Wait not to know  
 The strongest art within my hands!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

(While the vapor is dissipating, steps forth from behind the stove, in the costume of a Traveling Scholar)

Why such a noise? What are my lord's commands?

*FAUST*

This was the poodle's real core,  
 A traveling scholar, then? The casus is diverting.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

The learned gentleman I bow before:  
 You've made me roundly sweat, that's certain!

*FAUST*

What is thy name?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

A question small, it seems,  
 For one whose mind the Word so much despises;  
 Who, scorning all external gleams,  
 The depths of being only prizes.

*FAUST*

With all you gentlemen, the name's a test,  
 Whereby the nature usually is expressed.  
 Clearly the latter it implies  
 In names like Beelzebub, Destroyer, Father of Lies.  
 Who art thou, then?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Part of that Power, not understood,  
 Which always wills the Bad, and always works the Good.

*FAUST*

What hidden sense in this enigma lies?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

I am the Spirit that Denies!



And justly so: for all things, from the Void  
 Called forth, deserve to be destroyed:  
 'Twere better, then, were naught created.  
 Thus, all which you as Sin have rated,—  
 Destruction,—aught with Evil blent,—  
 That is my proper element.

*FAUST*

Thou nam'st thyself a part, yet show'st complete to me?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

The modest truth I speak to thee.  
 If Man, that microcosmic fool, can see  
 Himself a whole so frequently,  
 Part of the Part am I, once All, in primal Night,—  
 Part of the Darkness which brought forth the Light,  
 The haughty Light, which now disputes the space,  
 And claims of Mother Night her ancient place.  
 And yet, the struggle fails; since Light, howe'er it weaves,  
 Still, fettered, unto bodies cleaves:  
 It flows from bodies, bodies beautifies;  
 By bodies is its course impeded;  
 And so, but little time is needed,  
 I hope, ere, as the bodies die, it dies!

*FAUST*

I see the plan thou art pursuing:  
 Thou canst not compass general ruin,  
 And hast on smaller scale begun.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

And truly 'tis not much, when all is done.  
 That which to Naught is in resistance set,—  
 The Something of this clumsy world,—has yet,  
 With all that I have undertaken,  
 Not been by me disturbed or shaken:  
 From earthquake, tempest, wave, volcano's brand,  
 Back into quiet settle sea and land!  
 And that damned stuff, the bestial, human brood,—  
 What use, in having that to play with?  
 How many have I made away with!  
 And ever circulates a newer, fresher blood.  
 It makes me furious, such things beholding:  
 From Water, Earth, and Air unfolding,  
 A thousand germs break forth and grow,  
 In dry, and wet, and warm, and chilly;  
 And had I not the Flame reserved, why, really,  
 There's nothing special of my own to show!

*FAUST*

So, to the actively eternal

Creative force, in cold disdain  
 You now oppose the fist infernal,  
 Whose wicked clench is all in vain!  
 Some other labor seek thou rather,  
 Queer Son of Chaos, to begin!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Well, we'll consider: thou canst gather  
 My views, when next I venture in.  
 Might I, perhaps, depart at present?

*FAUST*

Why thou shouldst ask, I don't perceive.  
 Though our acquaintance is so recent,  
 For further visits thou hast leave.  
 The window's here, the door is yonder;  
 A chimney, also, you behold.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

I must confess that forth I may not wander,  
 My steps by one slight obstacle controlled,—  
 The wizard's-foot, that on your threshold made is.

*FAUST*

The pentagram prohibits thee?  
 Why, tell me now, thou Son of Hades,  
 If that prevents, how cam'st thou in to me?  
 Could such a spirit be so cheated?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Inspect the thing: the drawing's not completed.  
 The outer angle, you may see,  
 Is open left—the lines don't fit it.

*FAUST*

Well,—Chance, this time, has fairly hit it!  
 And thus, thou'rt prisoner to me?  
 It seems the business has succeeded.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

The poodle naught remarked, as after thee he speeded;  
 But other aspects now obtain:  
 The Devil can't get out again.

*FAUST*

Try, then, the open window-pane!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

For Devils and for spectres this is law:  
Where they have entered in, there also they withdraw.  
The first is free to us; we're governed by the second.

*FAUST*

In Hell itself, then, laws are reckoned?  
That's well! So might a compact be  
Made with you gentlemen—and binding,—surely?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

All that is promised shall delight thee purely;  
No skinflint bargain shalt thou see.  
But this is not of swift conclusion;  
We'll talk about the matter soon.  
And now, I do entreat this boon—  
Leave to withdraw from my intrusion.

*FAUST*

One moment more I ask thee to remain,  
Some pleasant news, at least, to tell me.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Release me, now! I soon shall come again;  
Then thou, at will, mayst question and compel me.

*FAUST*

I have not snares around thee cast;  
Thyself hast led thyself into the meshes.  
Who traps the Devil, hold him fast!  
Not soon a second time he'll catch a prey so precious.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

An't please thee, also I'm content to stay,  
And serve thee in a social station;  
But stipulating, that I may  
With arts of mine afford thee recreation.

*FAUST*

Thereto I willingly agree,  
If the diversion pleasant be.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

My friend, thou'lt win, past all pretences,  
More in this hour to soothe thy senses,  
Than in the year's monotony.  
That which the dainty spirits sing thee,  
The lovely pictures they shall bring thee,  
Are more than magic's empty show.

Thy scent will be to bliss invited;  
 Thy palate then with taste delighted,  
 Thy nerves of touch ecstatic glow!  
 All unprepared, the charm I spin:  
 We're here together, so begin!

*SPIRITS*

Vanish, ye darking  
 Arches above him!  
 Loveliest weather,  
 Born of blue ether,  
 Break from the sky!  
 O that the darkling  
 Clouds had departed!  
 Starlight is sparkling,  
 Tranquiller-hearted  
 Suns are on high.  
 Heaven's own children  
 In beauty bewildering,  
 Waveringly bending,  
 Pass as they hover;  
 Longing unending  
 Follows them over.  
 They, with their glowing  
 Garments, out-flowing,  
 Cover, in going,  
 Landscape and bower,  
 Where, in seclusion,  
 Lovers are plighted,  
 Lost in illusion.  
 Bower on bower!  
 Tendrils unblighted!  
 Lo! in a shower  
 Grapes that o'ercluster  
 Gush into must, or  
 Flow into rivers  
 Of foaming and flashing  
 Wine, that is dashing  
 Gems, as it boundeth  
 Down the high places,  
 And spreading, surroundeth  
 With crystalline spaces,  
 In happy embraces,  
 Blossoming forelands,  
 Emerald shore-lands!  
 And the winged races  
 Drink, and fly onward—  
 Fly ever sunward  
 To the enticing  
 Islands, that flatter,  
 Dipping and rising  
 Light on the water!  
 Hark, the inspiring  
 Sound of their quiring!  
 See, the entrancing

Whirl of their dancing!  
 All in the air are  
 Freer and fairer.  
 Some of them scaling  
 Boldly the highlands,  
 Others are sailing,  
 Circling the islands;  
 Others are flying;  
 Life-ward all hieing,—  
 All for the distant  
 Star of existent  
 Rapture and Love!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

He sleeps! Enough, ye fays! your airy number  
 Have sung him truly into slumber:  
 For this performance I your debtor prove.—  
 Not yet art thou the man, to catch the Fiend and hold him!—  
 With fairest images of dreams infold him,  
 Plunge him in seas of sweet untruth!  
 Yet, for the threshold's magic which controlled him,  
 The Devil needs a rat's quick tooth.  
 I use no lengthened invocation:  
 Here rustles one that soon will work my liberation.

The lord of rats and eke of mice,  
 Of flies and bed-bugs, frogs and lice,  
 Summons thee hither to the door-sill,  
 To gnaw it where, with just a morsel  
 Of oil, he paints the spot for thee:—  
 There com'st thou, hopping on to me!  
 To work, at once! The point which made me craven  
 Is forward, on the ledge, engraven.  
 Another bite makes free the door:  
 So, dream thy dreams, O Faust, until we meet once more!

*FAUST* (awaking)

Am I again so foully cheated?  
 Remains there naught of lofty spirit-sway,  
 But that a dream the Devil counterfeited,  
 And that a poodle ran away?

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## Scene Four: The Study (The Compact)

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*FAUST*

A knock? Come in! Again my quiet broken?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

'Tis I!

*FAUST*

Come in!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Thrice must the words be spoken.

*FAUST*

Come in, then!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Thus thou pleasest me.  
 I hope we'll suit each other well;  
 For now, thy vapors to dispel,  
 I come, a squire of high degree,  
 In scarlet coat, with golden trimming,  
 A cloak in silken lustre swimming,  
 A tall cock's-feather in my hat,  
 A long, sharp sword for show or quarrel,—  
 And I advise thee, brief and flat,  
 To don the self-same gay apparel,  
 That, from this den released, and free,  
 Life be at last revealed to thee!

*FAUST*

This life of earth, whatever my attire,  
 Would pain me in its wonted fashion.  
 Too old am I to play with passion;  
 Too young, to be without desire.  
 What from the world have I to gain?  
 Thou shalt abstain—renounce—refrain!  
 Such is the everlasting song  
 That in the ears of all men rings,—  
 That unrelieved, our whole life long,  
 Each hour, in passing, hoarsely sings.  
 In very terror I at morn awake,  
 Upon the verge of bitter weeping,  
 To see the day of disappointment break,

To no one hope of mine—not one—its promise keeping:—  
 That even each joy's presentiment  
 With wilful cavil would diminish,  
 With grinning masks of life prevent  
 My mind its fairest work to finish!  
 Then, too, when night descends, how anxiously  
 Upon my couch of sleep I lay me:  
 There, also, comes no rest to me,  
 But some wild dream is sent to fray me.  
 The God that in my breast is owned  
 Can deeply stir the inner sources;  
 The God, above my powers enthroned,  
 He cannot change external forces.  
 So, by the burden of my days oppressed,  
 Death is desired, and Life a thing unblest!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

And yet is never Death a wholly welcome guest.

*FAUST*

O fortunate, for whom, when victory glances,  
 The bloody laurels on the brow he bindeth!  
 Whom, after rapid, maddening dances,  
 In claspng maiden-arms he findeth!  
 O would that I, before that spirit-power,  
 Ravished and rapt from life, had sunken!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

And yet, by some one, in that nightly hour,  
 A certain liquid was not drunken.

*FAUST*

Eavesdropping, ha! thy pleasure seems to be.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Omniscient am I not; yet much is known to me.

*FAUST*

Though some familiar tone, retrieving  
 My thoughts from torment, led me on,  
 And sweet, clear echoes came, deceiving  
 A faith bequeathed from Childhood's dawn,  
 Yet now I curse whate'er entices  
 And snares the soul with visions vain;  
 With dazzling cheats and dear devices  
 Confines it in this cave of pain!  
 Cursed be, at once, the high ambition  
 Wherewith the mind itself deludes!  
 Cursed be the glare of apparition  
 That on the finer sense intrudes!



Cursed be the lying dream's impression  
 Of name, and fame, and laurelled brow!  
 Cursed, all that flatters as possession,  
 As wife and child, as knave and plow!  
 Cursed Mammon be, when he with treasures  
 To restless action spurs our fate!  
 Cursed when, for soft, indulgent leasures,  
 He lays for us the pillows straight!  
 Cursed be the vine's transcendent nectar,—  
 The highest favor Love lets fall!  
 Cursed, also, Hope!—cursed Faith, the spectre!  
 And cursed be Patience most of all!

*CHORUS OF SPIRITS* (invisible)

Woe! woe!  
 Thou hast it destroyed,  
 The beautiful world,  
 With powerful fist:  
 In ruin 'tis hurled,  
 By the blow of a demigod shattered!  
 The scattered  
 Fragments into the Void we carry,  
 Deploring  
 The beauty perished beyond restoring.  
 Mightier  
 For the children of men,  
 Brightlier  
 Build it again,  
 In thine own bosom build it anew!  
 Bid the new career  
 Commence,  
 With clearer sense,  
 And the new songs of cheer  
 Be sung thereto!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

These are the small dependants  
 Who give me attendance.  
 Hear them, to deeds and passion  
 Counsel in shrewd old-fashion!  
 Into the world of strife,  
 Out of this lonely life  
 That of senses and sap has betrayed thee,  
 They would persuade thee.  
 This nursing of the pain forego thee,  
 That, like a vulture, feeds upon thy breast!  
 The worst society thou find'st will show thee  
 Thou art a man among the rest.  
 But 'tis not meant to thrust  
 Thee into the mob thou hatest!  
 I am not one of the greatest,  
 Yet, wilt thou to me entrust  
 Thy steps through life, I'll guide thee,—  
 Will willingly walk beside thee,—

Will serve thee at once and forever  
 With best endeavor,  
 And, if thou art satisfied,  
 Will as servant, slave, with thee abide.

*FAUST*

And what shall be my counter-service therefor?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

The time is long: thou need'st not now insist.

*FAUST*

No—no! The Devil is an egotist,  
 And is not apt, without a why or wherefore,  
 "For God's sake," others to assist.  
 Speak thy conditions plain and clear!  
 With such a servant danger comes, I fear.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Here, an unwearied slave, I'll wear thy tether,  
 And to thine every nod obedient be:  
 When There again we come together,  
 Then shalt thou do the same for me.

*FAUST*

The There my scruples naught increases.  
 When thou hast dashed this world to pieces,  
 The other, then, its place may fill.  
 Here, on this earth, my pleasures have their sources;  
 Yon sun beholds my sorrows in his courses;  
 And when from these my life itself divorces,  
 Let happen all that can or will!  
 I'll hear no more: 'tis vain to ponder  
 If there we cherish love or hate,  
 Or, in the spheres we dream of yonder,  
 A High and Low our souls await.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

In this sense, even, canst thou venture.  
 Come, bind thyself by prompt indenture,  
 And thou mine arts with joy shalt see:  
 What no man ever saw, I'll give to thee.

*FAUST*

Canst thou, poor Devil, give me whatsoever?  
 When was a human soul, in its supreme endeavor,  
 E'er understood by such as thou?  
 Yet, hast thou food which never satiates, now,—  
 The restless, ruddy gold hast thou,

That runs, quicksilver-like, one's fingers through,—  
 A game whose winnings no man ever knew,—  
 A maid that, even from my breast,  
 Beckons my neighbor with her wanton glances,  
 And Honor's godlike zest,  
 The meteor that a moment dances,—  
 Show me the fruits that, ere they're gathered, rot,  
 And trees that daily with new leafage clothe them!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Such a demand alarms me not:  
 Such treasures have I, and can show them.  
 But still the time may reach us, good my friend.  
 When peace we crave and more luxurious diet.

*FAUST*

When on an idler's bed I stretch myself in quiet.  
 There let, at once, my record end!  
 Canst thou with lying flattery rule me,  
 Until, self-pleased, myself I see,—  
 Canst thou with rich enjoyment fool me,  
 Let that day be the last for me!  
 The bet I offer.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Done!

*FAUST*

And heartily!  
 When thus I hail the Moment flying:  
 "Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!"  
 Then bind me in thy bonds undying,  
 My final ruin then declare!  
 Then let the death-bell chime the token.  
 Then art thou from thy service free!  
 The clock may stop, the hand be broken,  
 Then Time be finished unto me!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Consider well: my memory good is rated.

*FAUST*

Thou hast a perfect right thereto.  
 My powers I have not rashly estimated:  
 A slave am I, whate'er I do—  
 If thine, or whose? 'tis needless to debate it.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Then at the Doctors'-banquet I, to-day,

Will as a servant wait behind thee.  
 But one thing more! Beyond all risk to bind thee,  
 Give me a line or two, I pray.

*FAUST*

Demand'st thou, Pedant, too, a document?  
 Hast never known a man, nor proved his word's intent?  
 Is't not enough, that what I speak to-day  
 Shall stand, with all my future days agreeing?  
 In all its tides sweeps not the world away,  
 And shall a promise bind my being?  
 Yet this delusion in our hearts we bear:  
 Who would himself therefrom deliver?  
 Blest he, whose bosom Truth makes pure and fair!  
 No sacrifice shall he repent of ever.  
 Nathless a parchment, writ and stamped with care,  
 A spectre is, which all to shun endeavor.  
 The word, alas! dies even in the pen,  
 And wax and leather keep the lordship then.  
 What wilt from me, Base Spirit, say?—  
 Brass, marble, parchment, paper, clay?  
 The terms with graver, quill, or chisel, stated?  
 I freely leave the choice to thee.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Why heat thyself, thus instantly,  
 With eloquence exaggerated?  
 Each leaf for such a pact is good;  
 And to subscribe thy name thou'lt take a drop of blood.

*FAUST*

If thou therewith art fully satisfied,  
 So let us by the farce abide.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Blood is a juice of rarest quality.

*FAUST*

Fear not that I this pact shall seek to sever?  
 The promise that I make to thee  
 Is just the sum of my endeavor.  
 I have myself inflated all too high;  
 My proper place is thy estate:  
 The Mighty Spirit deigns me no reply,  
 And Nature shuts on me her gate.  
 The thread of Thought at last is broken,  
 And knowledge brings disgust unspoken.  
 Let us the sensual deeps explore,  
 To quench the fervors of glowing passion!  
 Let every marvel take form and fashion!  
 Through the impervious veil it wore!

Plunge we in Time's tumultuous dance,  
 In the rush and roll of Circumstance!  
 Then may delight and distress,  
 And worry and success,  
 Alternately follow, as best they can:  
 Restless activity proves the man!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

For you no bound, no term is set.  
 Whether you everywhere be trying,  
 Or snatch a rapid bliss in flying,  
 May it agree with you, what you get!  
 Only fall to, and show no timid balking.

*FAUST*

But thou hast heard, 'tis not of joy we're talking.  
 I take the wildering whirl, enjoyment's keenest pain,  
 Enamored hate, exhilarant disdain.  
 My bosom, of its thirst for knowledge sated,  
 Shall not, henceforth, from any pang be wrested,  
 And all of life for all mankind created  
 Shall be within mine inmost being tested:  
 The highest, lowest forms my soul shall borrow,  
 Shall heap upon itself their bliss and sorrow,  
 And thus, my own sole self to all their selves expanded,  
 I too, at last, shall with them all be stranded!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Believe me, who for many a thousand year  
 The same tough meat have chewed and tested,  
 That from the cradle to the bier  
 No man the ancient leaven has digested!  
 Trust one of us, this Whole supernal  
 Is made but for a God's delight!  
 He dwells in splendor single and eternal,  
 But us he thrusts in darkness, out of sight,  
 And you he dowers with Day and Night.

*FAUST*

Nay, but I will!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

A good reply! One only fear still needs repeating:  
 The art is long, the time is fleeting.  
 Then let thyself be taught, say I!  
 Go, league thyself with a poet,  
 Give the rein to his imagination,  
 Then wear the crown, and show it,  
 Of the qualities of his creation,—  
 The courage of the lion's breed,  
 The wild stag's speed,

The Italian's fiery blood,  
 The North's firm fortitude!  
 Let him find for thee the secret tether  
 That binds the Noble and Mean together.  
 And teach thy pulses of youth and pleasure  
 To love by rule, and hate by measure!  
 I'd like, myself, such a one to see:  
 Sir Microcosm his name should be.

*FAUST*

What am I, then, if 'tis denied my part  
 The crown of all humanity to win me,  
 Whereto yearns every sense within me?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Why, on the whole, thou'rt—what thou art.  
 Set wigs of million curls upon thy head, to raise thee,  
 Wear shoes an ell in height,—the truth betrays thee,  
 And thou remainest—what thou art.

*FAUST*

I feel, indeed, that I have made the treasure  
 Of human thought and knowledge mine, in vain;  
 And if I now sit down in restful leisure,  
 No fount of newer strength is in my brain:  
 I am no hair's-breadth more in height,  
 Nor nearer, to the Infinite,

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Good Sir, you see the facts precisely  
 As they are seen by each and all.  
 We must arrange them now, more wisely,  
 Before the joys of life shall pall.  
 Why, Zounds! Both hands and feet are, truly—  
 And head and virile forces—thine:  
 Yet all that I indulge in newly,  
 Is't thence less wholly mine?  
 If I've six stallions in my stall,  
 Are not their forces also lent me?  
 I speed along, completest man of all,  
 As though my legs were four-and-twenty.  
 Take hold, then! let reflection rest,  
 And plunge into the world with zest!  
 I say to thee, a speculative wight  
 Is like a beast on moorlands lean,  
 That round and round some fiend misleads to evil plight,  
 While all about lie pastures fresh and green.

*FAUST*

Then how shall we begin?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

We'll try a wider sphere.  
 What place of martyrdom is here!  
 Is't life, I ask, is't even prudence,  
 To bore thyself and bore the students?  
 Let Neighbor Paunch to that attend!  
 Why plague thyself with threshing straw forever?  
 The best thou learnest, in the end  
 Thou dar'st not tell the youngsters—never!  
 I hear one's footsteps, hither steering.

*FAUST*

To see him now I have no heart.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

So long the poor boy waits a hearing,  
 He must not unconsolated depart.  
 Thy cap and mantle straightway lend me!  
 I'll play the comedy with art.

(He disguises himself.)

My wits, be certain, will befriend me.  
 But fifteen minutes' time is all I need;  
 For our fine trip, meanwhile, prepare thyself with speed!

(Exit FAUST)

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

(In FAUST'S long mantle.)

Reason and Knowledge only thou despise,  
 The highest strength in man that lies!  
 Let but the Lying Spirit bind thee  
 With magic works and shows that blind thee,  
 And I shall have thee fast and sure!—  
 Fate such a bold, untrammelled spirit gave him,  
 As forwards, onwards, ever must endure;  
 Whose over-hasty impulse drave him  
 Past earthly joys he might secure.  
 Dragged through the wildest life, will I enslave him,  
 Through flat and stale indifference;  
 With struggling, chilling, checking, so deprave him  
 That, to his hot, insatiate sense,  
 The dream of drink shall mock, but never lave him:  
 Refreshment shall his lips in vain implore—  
 Had he not made himself the Devil's, naught could save him,  
 Still were he lost forevermore!

(A STUDENT enters.)

*STUDENT*

A short time, only, am I here,  
 And come, devoted and sincere,  
 To greet and know the man of fame,  
 Whom men to me with reverence name.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Your courtesy doth flatter me:  
 You see a man, as others be.  
 Have you, perchance, elsewhere begun?

*STUDENT*

Receive me now, I pray, as one  
 Who comes to you with courage good,  
 Somewhat of cash, and healthy blood:  
 My mother was hardly willing to let me;  
 But knowledge worth having I fain would get me.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Then you have reached the right place now.

*STUDENT*

I'd like to leave it, I must avow;  
 I find these walls, these vaulted spaces  
 Are anything but pleasant places.  
 'Tis all so cramped and close and mean;  
 One sees no tree, no glimpse of green,  
 And when the lecture-halls receive me,  
 Seeing, hearing, and thinking leave me.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

All that depends on habitude.  
 So from its mother's breasts a child  
 At first, reluctant, takes its food,  
 But soon to seek them is beguiled.  
 Thus, at the breasts of Wisdom clinging,  
 Thou'lt find each day a greater rapture bringing.

*STUDENT*

I'll hang thereon with joy, and freely drain them;  
 But tell me, pray, the proper means to gain them.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Explain, before you further speak,  
 The special faculty you seek.

*STUDENT*

I crave the highest erudition;  
 And fain would make my acquisition



All that there is in Earth and Heaven,  
In Nature and in Science too.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Here is the genuine path for you;  
Yet strict attention must be given.

*STUDENT*

Body and soul thereon I'll wreak;  
Yet, truly, I've some inclination  
On summer holidays to seek  
A little freedom and recreation.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Use well your time! It flies so swiftly from us;  
But time through order may be won, I promise.  
So, Friend (my views to briefly sum),  
First, the collegium logicum.  
There will your mind be drilled and braced,  
As if in Spanish boots 'twere laced,  
And thus, to graver paces brought,  
'Twill plod along the path of thought,  
Instead of shooting here and there,  
A will-o'-the-wisp in murky air.  
Days will be spent to bid you know,  
What once you did at a single blow,  
Like eating and drinking, free and strong,—  
That one, two, three! thereto belong.  
Truly the fabric of mental fleece  
Resembles a weaver's masterpiece,  
Where a thousand threads one treadle throws,  
Where fly the shuttles hither and thither.  
Unseen the threads are knit together.  
And an infinite combination grows.  
Then, the philosopher steps in  
And shows, no otherwise it could have been:  
The first was so, the second so,  
Therefore the third and fourth are so;  
Were not the first and second, then  
The third and fourth had never been.  
The scholars are everywhere believers,  
But never succeed in being weavers.  
He who would study organic existence,  
First drives out the soul with rigid persistence;  
Then the parts in his hand he may hold and class,  
But the spiritual link is lost, alas!  
Encheiresin natures, this Chemistry names,  
Nor knows how herself she banters and blames!

*STUDENT*

I cannot understand you quite.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Your mind will shortly be set aright,  
 When you have learned, all things reducing,  
 To classify them for your using.

*STUDENT*

I feel as stupid, from all you've said,  
 As if a mill-wheel whirled in my head!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

And after—first and foremost duty—Of  
 Metaphysics learn the use and beauty!  
 See that you most profoundly gain  
 What does not suit the human brain!  
 A splendid word to serve, you'll find  
 For what goes in—or won't go in—your mind.  
 But first, at least this half a year,  
 To order rigidly adhere;  
 Five hours a day, you understand,  
 And when the clock strikes, be on hand!  
 Prepare beforehand for your part  
 With paragraphs all got by heart,  
 So you can better watch, and look  
 That naught is said but what is in the book:  
 Yet in thy writing as unwearied be,  
 As did the Holy Ghost dictate to thee!

*STUDENT*

No need to tell me twice to do it!  
 I think, how useful 'tis to write;  
 For what one has, in black and white,  
 One carries home and then goes through it.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Yet choose thyself a faculty!

*STUDENT*

I cannot reconcile myself to Jurisprudence.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Nor can I therefore greatly blame you students:  
 I know what science this has come to be.  
 All rights and laws are still transmitted  
 Like an eternal sickness of the race,—  
 From generation unto generation fitted,  
 And shifted round from place to place.  
 Reason becomes a sham, Beneficence a worry:  
 Thou art a grandchild, therefore woe to thee!  
 The right born with us, ours in verity,

This to consider, there's, alas! no hurry.

*STUDENT*

My own disgust is strengthened by your speech:  
O lucky he, whom you shall teach!  
I've almost for Theology decided.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

I should not wish to see you here misguided:  
For, as regards this science, let me hint  
'Tis very hard to shun the false direction;  
There's so much secret poison lurking in 't,  
So like the medicine, it baffles your detection.  
Hear, therefore, one alone, for that is best, in sooth,  
And simply take your master's words for truth.  
On words let your attention centre!  
Then through the safest gate you'll enter  
The temple-halls of Certainty.

*STUDENT*

Yet in the word must some idea be.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Of course! But only shun too over-sharp a tension,  
For just where fails the comprehension,  
A word steps promptly in as deputy.  
With words 'tis excellent disputing;  
Systems to words 'tis easy suiting;  
On words 'tis excellent believing;  
No word can ever lose a jot from thieving.

*STUDENT*

Pardon! With many questions I detain you.  
Yet must I trouble you again.  
Of Medicine I still would fain  
Hear one strong word that might explain you.  
Three years is but a little space.  
And, God! who can the field embrace?  
If one some index could be shown,  
'Twere easier groping forward, truly.

*MEPHISTOPHELES* (aside)

I'm tired enough of this dry tone,—  
Must play the Devil again, and fully.

(Aloud)

To grasp the spirit of Medicine is easy:  
Learn of the great and little world your fill,  
To let it go at last, so please ye,

Just as God will!  
 In vain that through the realms of science you may drift;  
 Each one learns only—just what learn he can:  
 Yet he who grasps the Moment's gift,  
 He is the proper man.  
 Well-made you are, 'tis not to be denied,  
 The rest a bold address will win you;  
 If you but in yourself confide,  
 At once confide all others in you.  
 To lead the women, learn the special feeling!  
 Their everlasting aches and groans,  
 In thousand tones,  
 Have all one source, one mode of healing;  
 And if your acts are half discreet,  
 You'll always have them at your feet.  
 A title first must draw and interest them,  
 And show that yours all other arts exceeds;  
 Then, as a greeting, you are free to touch and test them,  
 While, thus to do, for years another pleads.  
 You press and count the pulse's dances,  
 And then, with burning sidelong glances,  
 You clasp the swelling hips, to see  
 If tightly laced her corsets be.

*STUDENT*

That's better, now! The How and Where, one sees.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

My worthy friend, gray are all theories,  
 And green alone Life's golden tree.

*STUDENT*

I swear to you, 'tis like a dream to me.  
 Might I again presume, with trust unbounded,  
 To hear your wisdom thoroughly expounded?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Most willingly, to what extent I may.

*STUDENT*

I cannot really go away:  
 Allow me that my album first I reach you,—  
 Grant me this favor, I beseech you!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Assuredly.

(He writes, and returns the book.)

*STUDENT* (reads)

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

(Closes the book with reverence, and withdraws)

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Follow the ancient text, and the snake thou wast ordered to trample!  
With all thy likeness to God, thou'lt yet be a sorry example!

(Enter FAUST)

*FAUST*

Now, whither shall we go?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

As best it pleases thee.  
The little world, and then the great, we'll see.  
With what delight, what profit winning,  
Shalt thou sponge through the term beginning!

*FAUST*

Yet with the flowing beard I wear,  
Both ease and grace will fail me there.  
The attempt, indeed, were a futile strife;  
I never could learn the ways of life.  
I feel so small before others, and thence  
Should always find embarrassments.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

My friend, thou soon shalt lose all such misgiving:  
Be thou but self-possessed, thou hast the art of living!

*FAUST*

How shall we leave the house, and start?  
Where hast thou servant, coach and horses?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

We'll spread this cloak with proper art,  
Then through the air direct our courses.  
But only, on so bold a flight,  
Be sure to have thy luggage light.  
A little burning air, which I shall soon prepare us,  
Above the earth will nimbly bear us,  
And, if we're light, we'll travel swift and clear:  
I 'gratulate thee on thy new career!

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## Scene Five: Auerbach Cellar in Leipzig

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(Carousal of jolly companions)

*FROSCH*

I no one laughing? no one drinking?  
I'll teach you how to grin, I'm thinking.  
To-day you're like wet straw, so tame;  
And usually you're all aflame.

*BRANDER*

Now that's your fault; from you we nothing see,  
No beastliness and no stupidity.

*FROSCH* (Pours a glass of wine over BRANDER'S head.)

There's both together!

*BRANDER*

Twice a swine!

*FROSCH*

You wanted them: I've given you mine.

*SIEBEL*

Turn out who quarrels—out the door!  
With open throat sing chorus, drink and roar!  
Up! holla! ho!

*ALTMAYER*

Woe's me, the fearful bellow!  
Bring cotton, quick! He's split my ears, that fellow.

*SIEBEL*

When the vault echoes to the song,  
One first perceives the bass is deep and strong.

*FROSCH*

Well said! and out with him that takes the least offence!  
Ah, tara, lara da!

*ALTMAYER*

Ah, tara, lara, da!

*FROSCH*

The throats are tuned, commence!

(sings)

The dear old holy Roman realm,  
How does it hold together?

*BRANDER*

A nasty song! Fie! a political song—  
A most offensive song! Thank God, each morning, therefore,  
That you have not the Roman realm to care for!  
At least, I hold it so much gain for me,  
That I nor Chancellor nor Kaiser be.  
Yet also we must have a ruling head, I hope,  
And so we'll choose ourselves a Pope.  
You know the quality that can  
Decide the choice, and elevate the man.

*FROSCH* (sings)

Soar up, soar up, Dame Nightingale!  
Ten thousand times my sweetheart hail!

*SIEBEL*

No, greet my sweetheart not! I tell you, I'll resent it.

*FROSCH*

My sweetheart greet and kiss! I dare you to prevent it!

(sings)

Draw the latch! the darkness makes:  
Draw the latch! the lover wakes.  
Shut the latch! the morning breaks

*SIEBEL*

Yes, sing away, sing on, and praise, and brag of her!  
I'll wait my proper time for laughter:  
Me by the nose she led, and now she'll lead you after.  
Her paramour should be an ugly gnome,  
Where four roads cross, in wanton play to meet her:  
An old he-goat, from Blocksberg coming home,  
Should his good-night in lustful gallop bleat her!  
A fellow made of genuine flesh and blood  
Is for the wench a deal too good.  
Greet her? Not I: unless, when meeting,  
To smash her windows be a greeting!

*BRANDER* (pounding on the table)



Attention! Hearken now to me!  
 Confess, Sirs, I know how to live.  
 Enamored persons here have we,  
 And I, as suits their quality,  
 Must something fresh for their advantage give.  
 Take heed! 'Tis of the latest cut, my strain,  
 And all strike in at each refrain!

(He sings.)

There was a rat in the cellar-nest,  
 Whom fat and butter made smoother:  
 He had a paunch beneath his vest  
 Like that of Doctor Luther.  
 The cook laid poison cunningly,  
 And then as sore oppressed was he  
 As if he had love in his bosom.

*CHORUS* (shouting)

As if he had love in his bosom!

*BRANDER*

He ran around, he ran about,  
 His thirst in puddles laving;  
 He gnawed and scratched the house throughout.  
 But nothing cured his raving.  
 He whirled and jumped, with torment mad,  
 And soon enough the poor beast had,  
 As if he had love in his bosom.

*CHORUS*

As if he had love in his bosom!

*BRANDER*

And driven at last, in open day,  
 He ran into the kitchen,  
 Fell on the hearth, and squirming lay,  
 In the last convulsion twitching.  
 Then laughed the murderess in her glee:  
 "Ha! ha! he's at his last gasp," said she,  
 "As if he had love in his bosom!"

*CHORUS*

As if he had love in his bosom!

*SIEBEL*

How the dull fools enjoy the matter!  
 To me it is a proper art  
 Poison for such poor rats to scatter.

*BRANDER*

Perhaps you'll warmly take their part?

*ALTMAYER*

The bald-pate pot-belly I have noted:  
Misfortune tames him by degrees;  
For in the rat by poison bloated  
His own most natural form he sees.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Before all else, I bring thee hither  
Where boon companions meet together,  
To let thee see how smooth life runs away.  
Here, for the folk, each day's a holiday:  
With little wit, and ease to suit them,  
They whirl in narrow, circling trails,  
Like kittens playing with their tails?  
And if no headache persecute them,  
So long the host may credit give,  
They merrily and careless live.

*BRANDER*

The fact is easy to unravel,  
Their air's so odd, they've just returned from travel:  
A single hour they've not been here.

*FROSCH*

You've verily hit the truth! Leipzig to me is dear:  
Paris in miniature, how it refines its people!

*SIEBEL*

Who are the strangers, should you guess?

*FROSCH*

Let me alone! I'll set them first to drinking,  
And then, as one a child's tooth draws, with cleverness,  
I'll worm their secret out, I'm thinking.  
They're of a noble house, that's very clear:  
Haughty and discontented they appear.

*BRANDER*

They're mountebanks, upon a revel.

*ALTMAYER*

Perhaps.

*FROSCH*

Look out, I'll smoke them now!

*MEPHISTOPHELES* (to FAUST)

Not if he had them by the neck, I vow,  
Would e'er these people scent the Devil!

*FAUST*

Fair greeting, gentlemen!

*SIEBEL*

Our thanks: we give the same.

(Murmurs, inspecting MEPHISTOPHELES from the side.)

In one foot is the fellow lame?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Is it permitted that we share your leisure?  
In place of cheering drink, which one seeks vainly here,  
Your company shall give us pleasure.

*ALTMAYER*

A most fastidious person you appear.

*FROSCH*

No doubt 'twas late when you from Rippach started?  
And supping there with Hans occasioned your delay?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

We passed, without a call, to-day.  
At our last interview, before we parted  
Much of his cousins did he speak, entreating  
That we should give to each his kindly greeting.

(He bows to FROSCH.)

*ALTMAYER* (aside)

You have it now! he understands.

*SIEBEL*

A knave sharp-set!

*FROSCH*

Just wait awhile: I'll have him yet.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

If I am right, we heard the sound  
Of well-trained voices, singing chorus;  
And truly, song must here rebound  
Superbly from the arches o'er us.

*FROSCH*

Are you, perhaps, a virtuoso?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

O no! my wish is great, my power is only so-so.

*ALTMAYER*

Give us a song!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

If you desire, a number.

*SIEBEL*

So that it be a bran-new strain!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

We've just retraced our way from. Spain,  
The lovely land of wine, and song, and slumber.

(He sings.)

There was a king once reigning,  
Who had a big black flea—

*FROSCH*

Hear, hear! A flea! D'ye rightly take the jest?  
I call a flea a tidy guest.

*MEPHISTOPHELES* (sings)

There was a king once reigning,  
Who had a big black flea,  
And loved him past explaining,  
As his own son were he.  
He called his man of stitches;  
The tailor came straightway:  
Here, measure the lad for breeches.  
And measure his coat, I say!

*BRANDER*

But mind, allow the tailor no caprices:  
Enjoin upon him, as his head is dear,  
To most exactly measure, sew and shear,

So that the breeches have no creases!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

In silk and velvet gleaming  
 He now was wholly drest—  
 Had a coat with ribbons streaming,  
 A cross upon his breast.  
 He had the first of stations,  
 A minister's star and name;  
 And also all his relations  
 Great lords at court became.

And the lords and ladies of honor  
 Were plagued, awake and in bed;  
 The queen she got them upon her,  
 The maids were bitten and bled.  
 And they did not dare to brush them,  
 Or scratch them, day or night:  
 We crack them and we crush them,  
 At once, whene'er they bite.

*CHORUS* (shouting)

We crack them and we crush them,  
 At once, whene'er they bite!

*FROSCH*

Bravo! bravo! that was fine.

*SIEBEL*

Every flea may it so befall!

*BRANDER*

Point your fingers and nip them all!

*ALTMAYER*

Hurrah for Freedom! Hurrah for wine!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

I fain would drink with you, my glass to Freedom clinking,  
 If 'twere a better wine that here I see you drinking.

*SIEBEL*

Don't let us hear that speech again!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Did I not fear the landlord might complain,  
 I'd treat these worthy guests, with pleasure,

To some from out our cellar's treasure.

*SIEBEL*

Just treat, and let the landlord me arraign!

*FROSCH*

And if the wine be good, our praises shall be ample.  
But do not give too very small a sample;  
For, if its quality I decide,  
With a good mouthful I must be supplied.

*ALTMAYER* (aside)

They're from the Rhine! I guessed as much, before.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Bring me a gimlet here!

*BRANDER*

What shall therewith be done?  
You've not the casks already at the door?

*ALTMAYER*

Yonder, within the landlord's box of tools, there's one!

*MEPHISTOPHELES* (takes the gimlet)

(to *FROSCH*)

Now, give me of your taste some intimation.

*FROSCH*

How do you mean? Have you so many kinds?

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

The choice is free: make up your minds.

*ALTMAYER* (to *FROSCH*)

Aha! you lick your chops, from sheer anticipation.

*FROSCH*

Good! if I have the choice, so let the wine be Rhenish!  
Our Fatherland can best the sparkling cup replenish.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

(Boring a hole in the edge of the table, at the place where *FROSCH* sits)

Get me a little wax, to make the stoppers, quick!

*ALTMAYER*

Ah! I perceive a juggler's trick.

*MEPHISTOPHELES* (to BRANDER)

And you?

*BRANDER*

Champagne shall be my wine,  
And let it sparkle fresh and fine!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

(Continues boring. In the meantime, one has made the wax stoppers and has plugged the holes with them.)

*BRANDER*

What's foreign one can't always keep quite clear of,  
For good things, oft, are not so near;  
A German can't endure the French to see or hear of,  
Yet drinks their wines with hearty cheer.

*SIEBEL* (As *MEPHISTOPHELES* approaches his seat)

For me, I grant, sour wine is out of place;  
Fill up my glass with sweetest, will you?

*MEPHISTOPHELES* (boring)

Tokay shall flow at once, to fill you!

*ALTMAYER*

No—look me, Sirs, straight in the face!  
I see you have your fun at our expense.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

O no! with gentlemen of such pretense,  
That were to venture far, indeed.  
Speak out, and make your choice with speed! With what a vintage can I serve you?

*ALTMAYER*

With any—only satisfy our need.

(After the holes have been bored and plugged.)

*MEPHISTOPHELES* (with singular gestures)

Grapes the vine-stem bears,

Horns the he-goat wears!  
 The grapes are juicy, the vines are wood,  
 The wooden table gives wine as good!  
 Into the depths of Nature peer,—  
 Only believe there's a miracle here!

Now draw the stoppers, and drink your fill!

*ALL*

(as they draw out the stoppers, and the wine which has been desired flows into the glass of each)

O beautiful fountain, that flows at will!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

But have a care that you nothing spill!

(They drink repeatedly.)

*ALL* (sing)

As 'twere five hundred hogs, we feel So cannibalic jolly!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

See, now, the race is happy—it is free!

*FAUST*

To leave them is my inclination.

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Take notice, first! their bestiality  
 Will make a brilliant demonstration.

*SIEBEL*

(He drinks carelessly. The wine spills upon the earth, and turns to flame.)

Help! Fire! Help! Hell-fire is sent!

*MEPHISTOPHELES* (charming away the flame)

Be quiet, friendly element!

(to the revelers)

A bit of purgatory 'twas for this time, merely.

*SIEBEL*

What mean you? Wait!—you'll pay for't dearly!  
 You'll know us, to your detriment.



*FROSCH*

Don't try that game a second time upon us!

*ALTMAYER*

I think we'd better send him packing quietly.

*SIEBEL*

What, Sir! you dare to make so free,  
And play your hocus-pocus on us!

*MEPHISTOPHELES*

Be still, old wine-tub.

*SIEBEL*

Broomstick, you!  
You face it out, impertinent and heady?

*BRANDER*

Just wait! a shower of blows is ready.

*ALTMAYER*

(draws a stopper out of the table: fire flies in his face.)

I burn! I burn!

*SIEBEL*

'Tis magic! Strike—  
The knave is outlawed! Cut him as you like!

(They draw their knives, and rush upon MEPHISTOPHELES.)

*MEPHISTOPHELES* (with solemn gestures)

False word and form of air,  
Change place, and sense ensnare!  
Be here—and there!

(They stand amazed and look at each other.)

*ALTMAYER*

Where am I? What a lovely land!

*FROSCH*

Vines? Can I trust my eyes?

*SIEBEL*

And purple grapes at hand!

*BRANDER*

Here, over this green arbor bending,  
See what a vine! what grapes depending!

(He takes SIEBEL by the nose. The others do the same reciprocally, and raise their knives.)

*MEPHISTOPHELES* (as above)

Loose, Error, from their eyes the band,  
And how the Devil jests, be now enlightened!

(He disappears with FAUST. The revelers start to separate.)

*SIEBEL*

What happened?

*ALTMAYER*

How?

*FROSCH*

Was that your nose I tightened?

*BRANDER* (to SIEBEL)

And yours that still I have in hand?

*ALTMAYER*

It was a blow that went through every limb!  
Give me a chair! I sink! my senses swim.

*FROSCH*

But what has happened, tell me now?

*SIEBEL*

Where is he? If I catch the scoundrel hiding,  
He shall not leave alive, I vow.

*ALTMAYER*

I saw him with these eyes upon a wine-cask riding  
Out of the cellar-door, just now.  
Still in my feet the fright like lead is weighing.

(He turns towards the table.)

Why! If the fount of wine should still be playing?

*SIEBEL*

'Twas all deceit, and lying, false design!

*FROSCH*

And yet it seemed as I were drinking wine.

*BRANDER*

But with the grapes how was it, pray?

*ALTMAYER*

Shall one believe no miracles, just say!

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## Endnotes

### Prologue in Heaven

- 1) That is, the creation of the world as told in the book of Genesis (p. 11)



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