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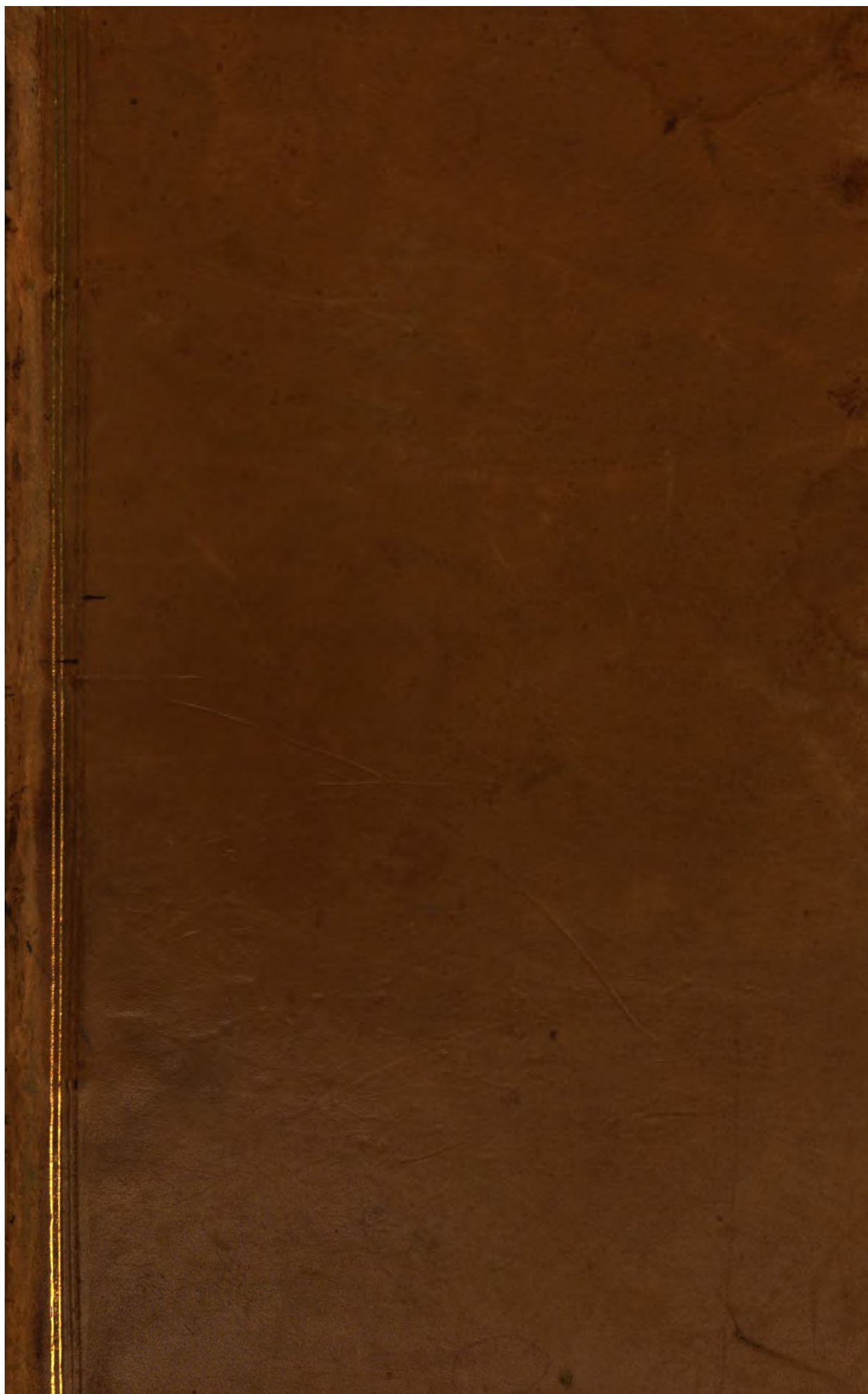
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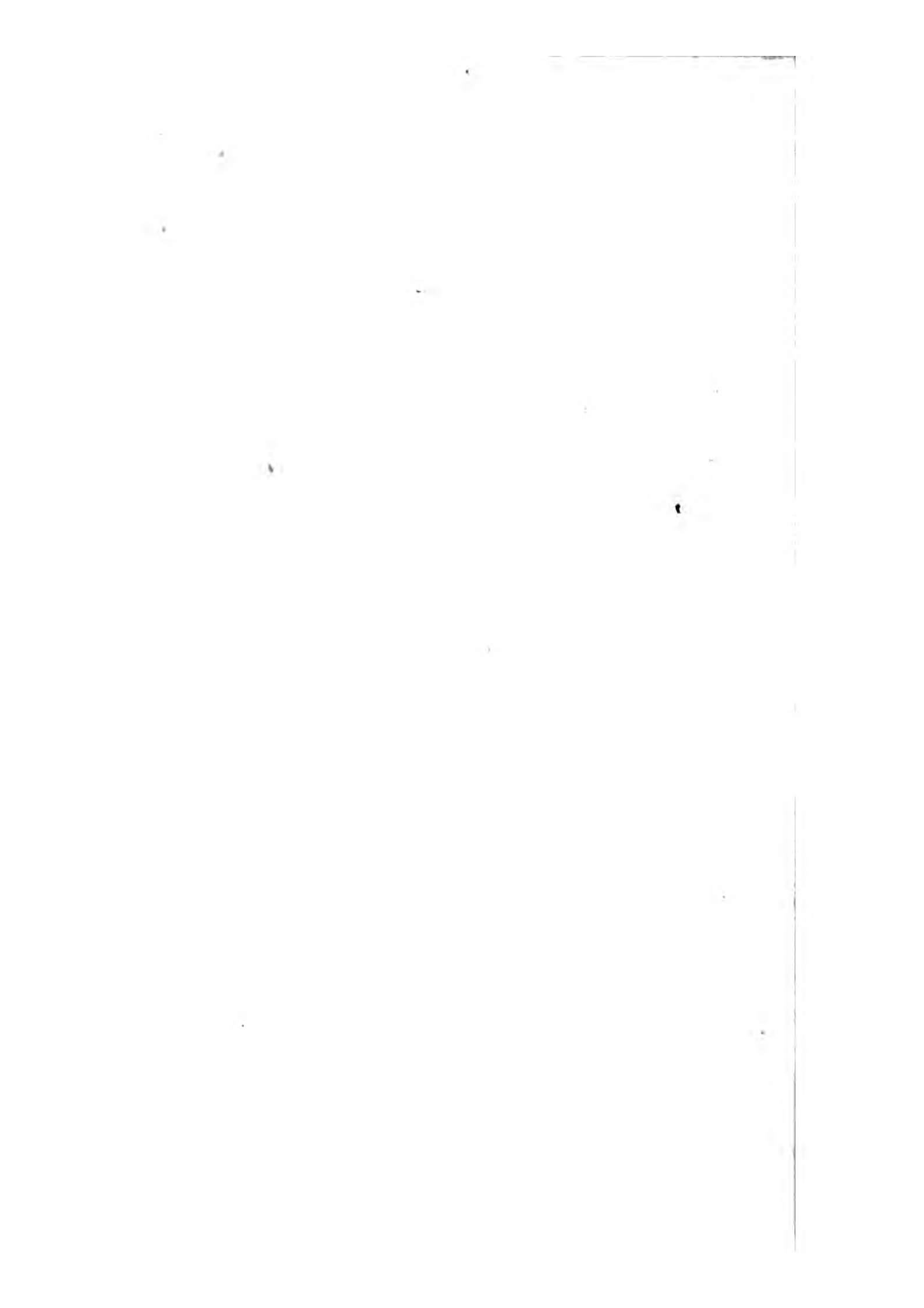
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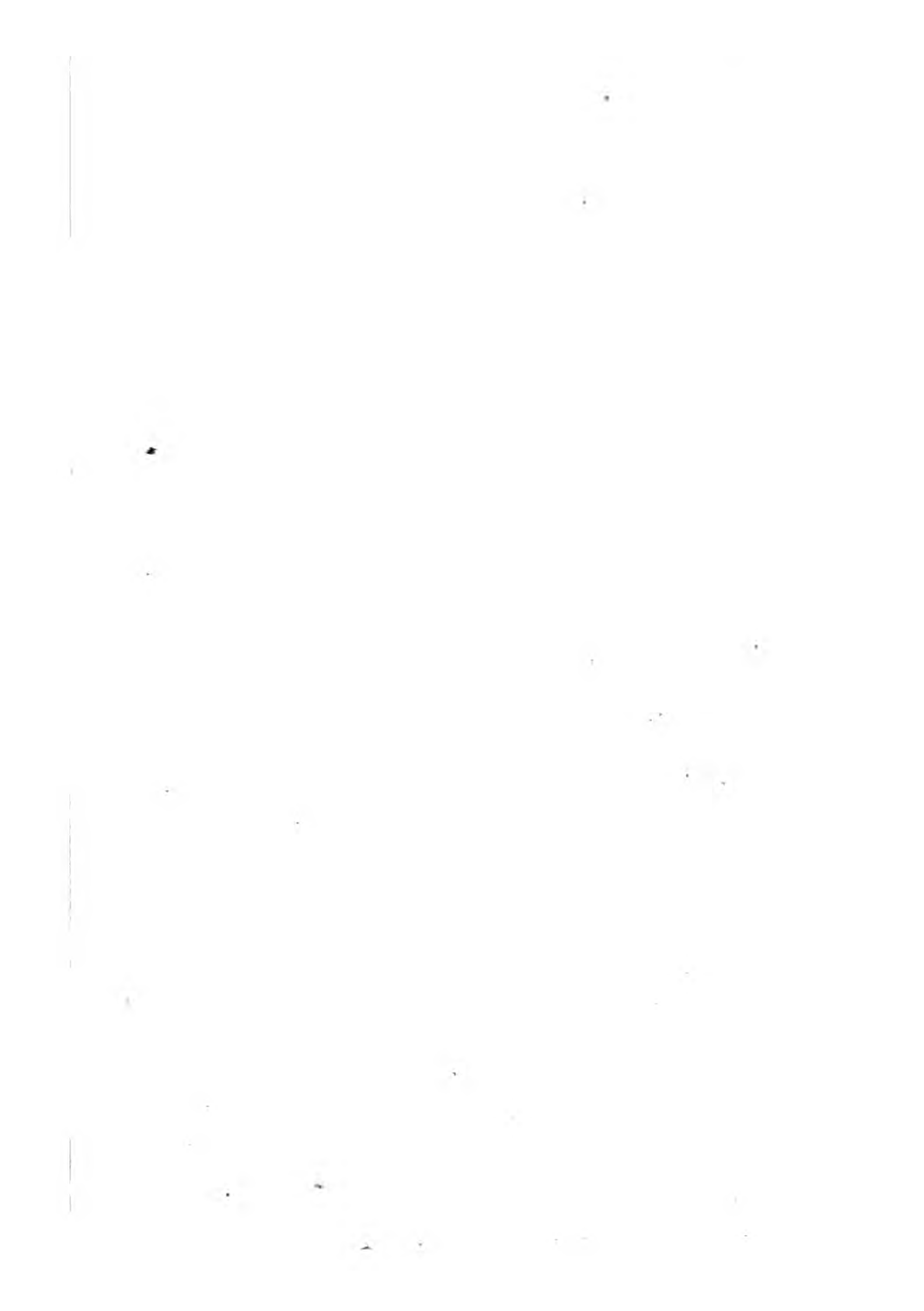
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G O E T H E .

London: Pub^d by J. Murray, Albemarle St^y 1825.

FAUST:

A DRAMA, BY GOETHE.

WITH

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

BY

LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

MDCCCXXV.



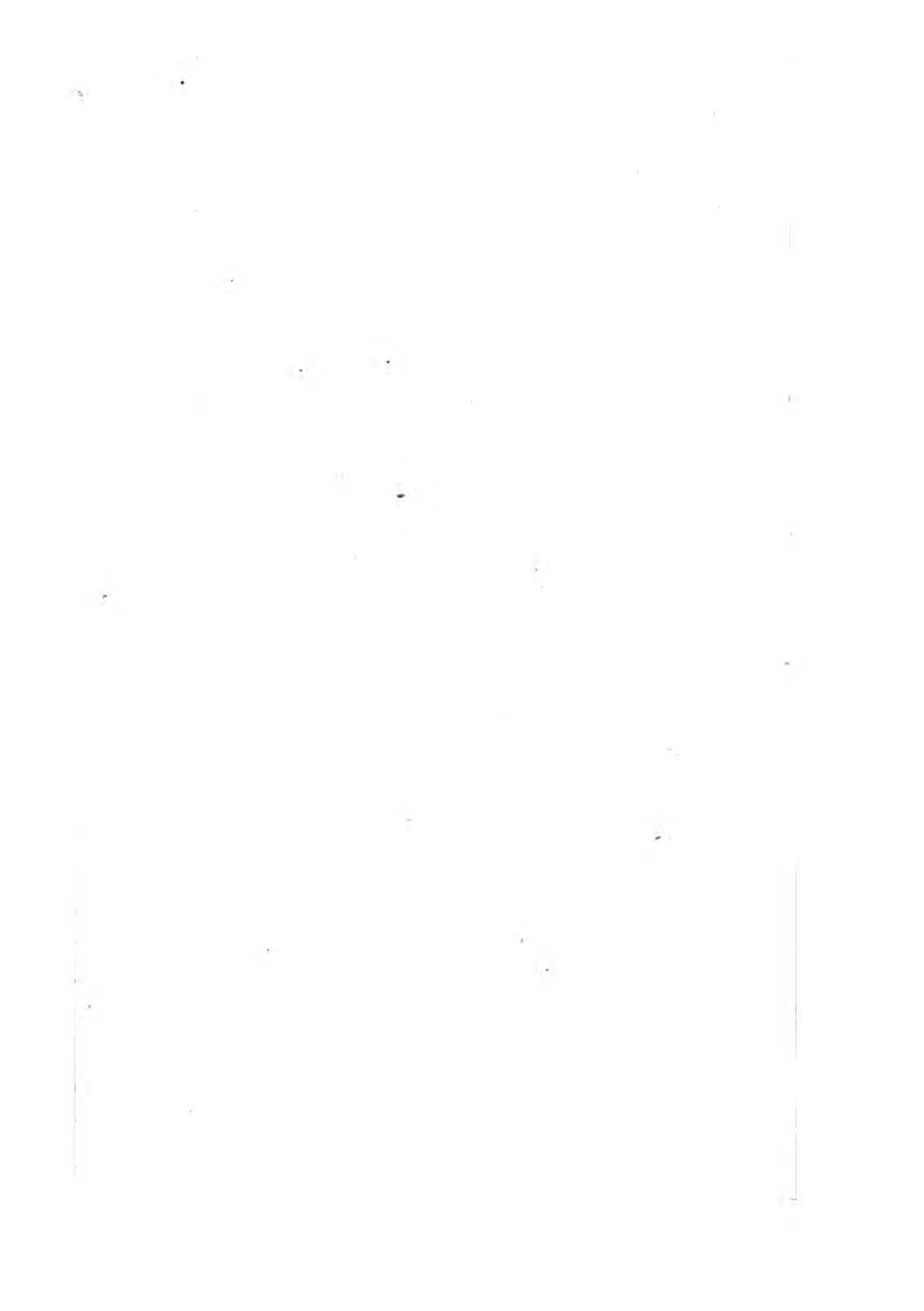
LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

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LINES

WHICH PRECEDE THE PROLOGUE TO FAUSTUS.

GÖETHE.

Do I then hail ye once again reviving,
Bright as of old ye met the poet's eye,
Forms of the past, and is my spirit striving
Again to grasp ye ere again ye die?
And do I feel it soaring still, or diving
Through mists that deepen round, or clouds that fly?
Yes! with the sweet enchantment of the past
The breast of age is fervid to the last.

Ye bring me back the youthful heart's elation,
Each bliss whose fallen fabric memory rears ;
And, like some half-forgotten, old narration,
The loves and friendships rise of earlier years.
Grief's silent chord resumes its sad vibration,
Fresh flows the fountain of unbidden tears,
And forms of friends long vanish'd from my sight
Cheer the dim gloom of intellectual night.

No harp can now impart the strain of pleasure
To those who drank it from my early song ;
The hand is powerless now that beat the measure
To my young strains, and mute the applauding throng.
To hearts unknown my soul must pour its treasure,
To cheerless seas my streams must roll along ;
And all that gave my maiden muse her grace
Fades and evaporates in empty space.

My weary soul, with still renew'd desire,
Seeks the small circle of its earlier days ;

Light breezes floating o'er the magic lyre
Wake the sad semblance of forgotten lays.
Tears follow tears, the shuddering pulse beats higher,
As o'er the frame the pleasing phrensy strays.
While cold Reality resigns her reign,
I lose the present and the distant gain.

PROLOGUE TO FAUST.

SCENE.

The Stage of a Theatre, behind the curtain.

Persons. The STAGE-MANAGER, POET, and FRIEND.

MANAGER.

TELL me your thoughts, ye friendly twain,
Ye who so oft my tasks have aided
When doubts and fears my prospects shaded,
What hopes I now may entertain.
I wish to please the throng who sit
Indulgent to the fond endeavour:
The stage is laid, the scenes are clever.
Already now they crowd the pit,

With staring eyes and eyebrows bent,
Primed for the scene's astonishment.
I know the art their souls to lure,
 Yet was I ne'er in such distress.
Their taste I know is not so pure,
 But wish they read a little less.
What art so fine, what hand so true,
To mix the rational and new?
'Twould cheer my directorial soul
To see the eager current roll,
And, reckless of their safety, pour,
Ere daylight sets, through every door;—
This is the poet's work alone,
Oh! let that power to-day be known.

POET.

Name not to me the bard's abomination,
 The crowd whose distant hum the poet shuns,
The whirl of man, the tide of population,
 That bears its victims with it as it runs!

No! rather place me by some calmer station,
A clime more equable, and milder suns ;
A clime where plants like love and friendship blow,
Calm heavens above, and fruitful soil below.
All that reflection into light caresses,
That falls unbid, or lingers on the tongue,
Chances of thought, its failures or successes,
'Mid the wild rout would perish ere they sprung.
Oft the late praise of after ages blesses
The bard unlaurel'd when his song was young ;
Tinsel can please cotemporary eyes,
The flawless gem posterity shall prize.

FRIEND.

If all should wait, like you or me,
The praise of those who are to be,
Small were the sport for those who are :
The present wise, the existing good,
May claim amusement's lawful food,
Though they be near, and those afar :

Who toils the extended world to please,
Shall never blame that world's decrees.
Genius but asks a larger throng,
For the full impulse of the song.
Then rouse your powers, invoke them all,
The forms that wait the poet's call,
Invention, Passion, Fancy's crew ;
But, mark, some spice of Folly too.

MANAGER.

But chief, let much be done as well as told ;
The misnamed audience come but to behold :
Who gives them much to make them stare,
 Much for that staring eye to see,
With every gaping critic there
 A favourite shall be.
Such bard the multitude contents
With multitudinous events ;
For from the many each may find
Some stroke, some action to his mind.

The single interest fails and dies :
The medley cheats their ears and eyes—
Dash through some huge disjointed play.
Your unities are but the prey
Which fools and critics hunt and slay.

POET.

You feel not how my choler rises
When ignorance lays down the rule ;
What fame rejects and art despises
Serves for the maxims of your school.

MANAGER.

Lay on the lash—I am not sore ;
I do not bid you labour more ;
Your task I wish but to relieve—
The logs are soft I bid you cleave.
Think what your audience still must be :
This comes to fly the fiend ennui,
This man from dinner hastes away,
This from the journals of the day :

And as to any other fair they press,
The edge of curiosity to whet,
Ladies by candlelight to show their dress
And share the play, themselves without a bet.
You sit with all an author's pride,
And think yon crowded benches fame ;
Those faces nearer when descried
Are cold, and ignorant, and tame.
This hopes with cards to close the night,
This with forbidden loves delight.
Is it for such the Muses still
Must slave, like horses in a mill ?
Give them events, enough and more,
Fights, plots, and action o'er and o'er.
'Tis hard to please their reason—do not try :
Take better means—amuse, and mystify.

POET.

Away ! and bid some other slave dispense
Your monstrous shows, your scenes bereft of sense.

And shall the bard disgrace the lofty part

Which genial nature bade him play ?

Whence is the rule that sways the heart,

Which all the elements obey ?

Who winds afresh the ravell'd twine

Of troubled life's entangled line ?

Who shakes the floweret from above

Upon the vernal path of love ?

For honour's garland, and for glory's crown,

Who weaves the leaves, that else had bloom'd in vain ?

Who raises men, and calls immortals down—

Who but the mighty master of the strain ?

FRIEND.

I know the steps by which the muse

The windings of her task pursues :

A lover's tale might form the text—

They meet by chance, admire, and next

Adventures thicken, plots are crowded—

All joyous now, and now 'tis clouded.

On rapture's heels mishaps advance,
And, ere one knows, 'tis even a romance :
Thus should you form your drama's plan,
And imitate the life of man.
All live, yet scarce an eye descries
The interests from his life that rise.
Much light and shade, and figures plenty,
Nature in one and faults in twenty.
By such receipt the canvass cover,
That each his likeness may discover.
The softer hearts shall joy to share
The hero's grief, the maid's despair :
An easy task to bid the tear-drop flow,
Already gathering, for the scene of woe ;
The ball that will not leave our grasp to catch,
And fire the train that waits but for the match.

POET.

Then give me back the days of feeling,
When I was an expectant too,

When, through the wilds of fancy stealing,
The stream of song was ever new ;
When morning mists the scene surrounded,
And buds foretold the promised rose ;
When, bee-like, o'er the flowers I bounded,
And pluck'd and rifled as I chose !
Enough, yet little, form'd my treasure—
The hope of truth, illusion's present pleasure.
Give me the active spring of gladness,
Of pleasure stretch'd almost to pain ;
My hate, my love, in all their madness—
Give me my youth again !

FRIEND.

The wish for youthful force were wise
To win a battle or a race ;
Or e'en to gain a softer prize,
In yielding woman's close embrace.
The step of youth to wheel the dance—
The nerves of youth the bowl to drain ;

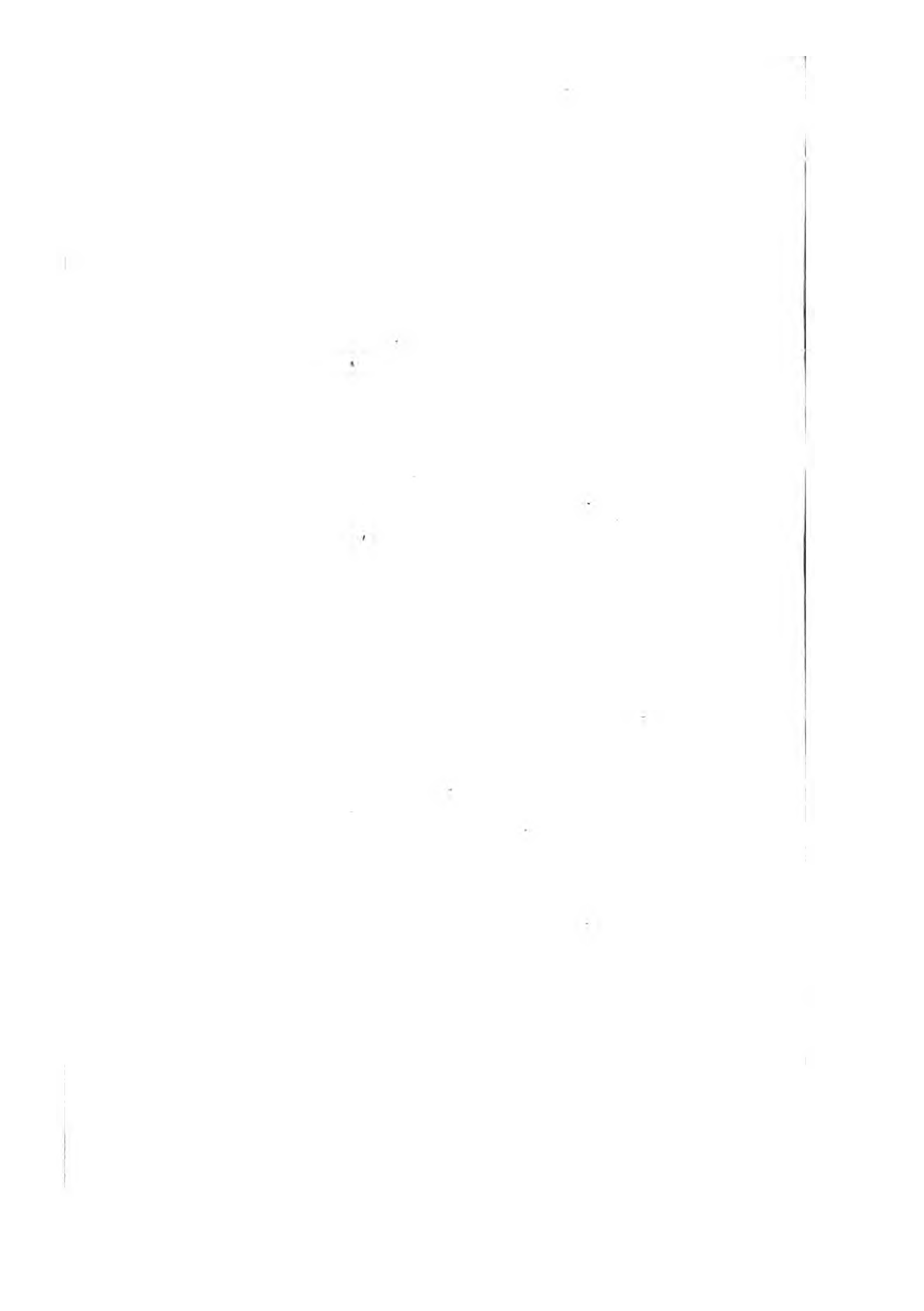
Where music swells, or goblets glance,
We all may wish, and wish in vain.
The cunning hand of art to fling
With spirit o'er the accustom'd string,
To seem to wander, yet to bend
Each motion to the harmonious end—
Such is the task our ripen'd age imposes,
Which makes our day more glorious ere it closes.

MANAGER.

Enough ; from such prolong'd discourse
An endless argument would spring :
While you with compliments are hoarse,
Profit and time are on the wing.
Shall he who should command the strings,
Await the fitful inspiration ?
You say you rule the forms of things ;
Then go, and bid them take their station.
You see our case, you know our wishes :
No simples, drams and season'd dishes—

Firm and determined form your plan ;
Commence, for that at least you can,
Then feel to stop would be unjust,
And finish it because you must.

You know, that in our German scenes
 Invention has extended sway.
 Exert its wildest powers to-day,
In colours, pasteboard, and machines :
Of suns and moons, give one of either ;
 Of stars and water, rocks and fire,
 Be lavish to your heart's desire.
Of birds and monsters spare me neither :
Into our ark's small compass pour
Creation's dead and living store,
And, having clear'd the heavens, as well
As earth and ocean, ransack hell.



PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

SONG OF THE THREE ARCHANGELS.

RAPHAEL.

THE sun his ancient hymn of wonder
Is pouring out to kindred spheres,
And still pursues, with march of thunder,
His preappointed course of years.
Thy visage gives thy angels power,
Though none its dazzling rays withstand,
And bright, as in their natal hour,
Creation's dazzling realms expand.

GABRIEL.

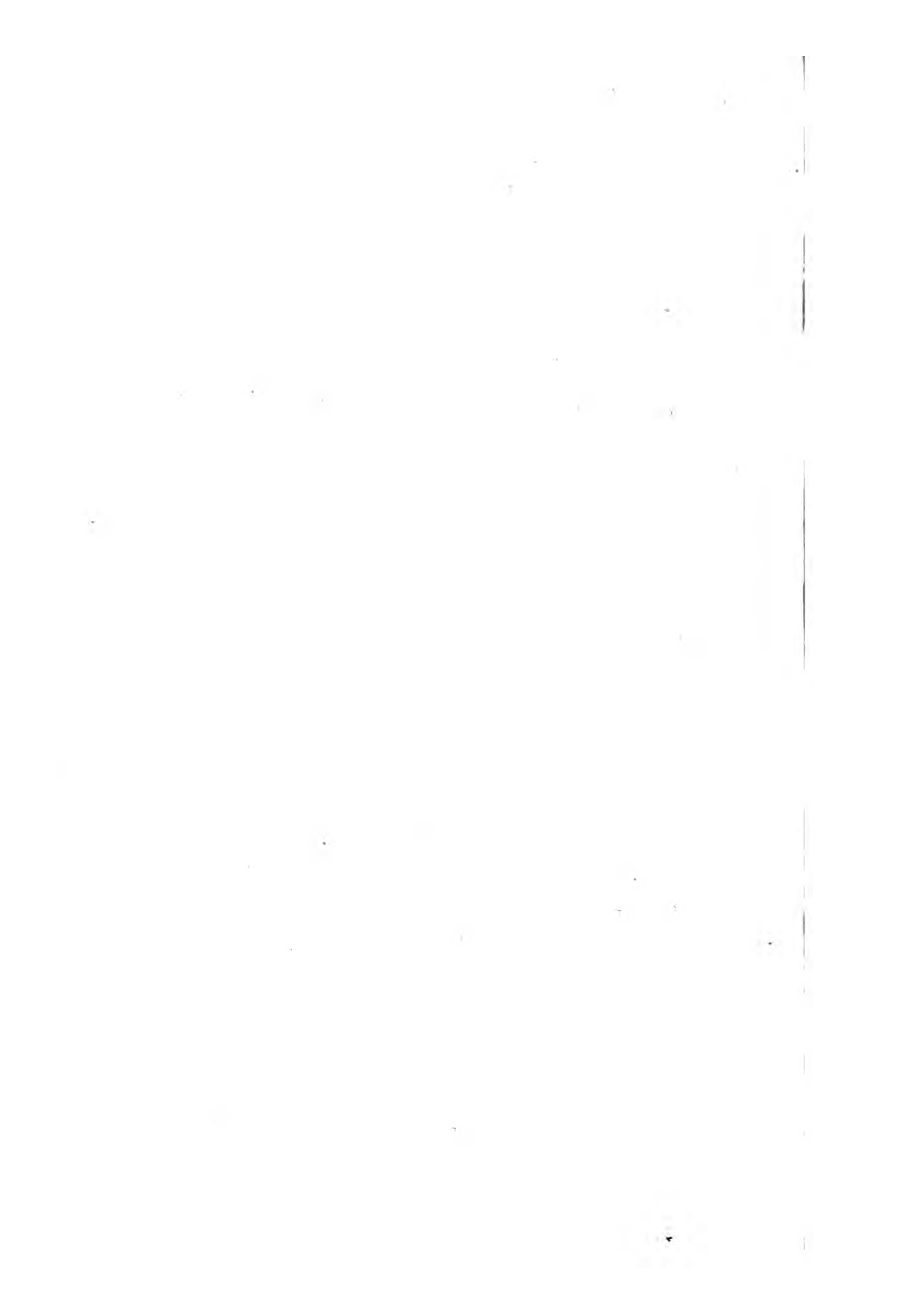
And still the earth's enduring motion
Revolves with uncomputed speed,
And o'er the chequer'd earth and ocean
Darkness and light by turns succeed.
The billowy waste of seas is boiling
From deep primeval rocks below,
Yet on their destined march are toiling
The rocks that stand, the waves that flow.

MICHAEL.

The whirlwind and the storm are raging
From sea to land, from land to main ;
And adverse elements engaging,
The trembling universe enchain.
The lightnings of the dread destroyer
Precede his thunders through the air ;
Yet, at the nod of their employer,
The servants of his wrath forbear.

CHORUS.

Thy visage gives thy angels power,
 Though none its dazzling rays withstand,
And bright, as in their natal hour,
 Creation's dazzling realms expand.



Midnight.

*A vaulted Gothic chamber. FAUST, in his arm-chair,
restless and disturbed.*

WITH medicine and philosophy

I have no more to do ;

And all thy maze, theology,

At length have waded through :

And stand a scientific fool,

As wise as when I went to school.

'Tis true, with years of science ten,

A teacher of my fellow men,

Above, below, and round about,

I draw my scholars by the snout,

Myself consuming with the glow
Of all I vainly wish to know.
True, I am first of Learning's tribes,
Its doctors, masters, priests, and scribes ;
And, unrestrain'd by fear or doubt,
I dare the devil and his rout.
And yet the fruit of Learning's tree
Has nought but bitterness for me ;
Despairing, in my wintry mind,
To better or instruct mankind.
Then have I neither gold nor treasures,
The world's advancements, goods, nor pleasures.
No dog might such a life endure.
In magic then I seek my cure ;
And every mental power I turn
The secrets of the world to learn,
That I may need dispense no more
The solemn nothings of my store ;
But, dealing less in words than deeds,
Explore the globe's primeval seeds.

Thou silver moon, whose friendly light
Has shed, through many a wintry night,
Unwonted rays on learning's scrolls,
Her massy volumes, dusty rolls,
Would that beneath those rays my brow
Throbb'd with its last pulsation now ;
And yet I feel the wild desire
To mount me on thy rolling fire,
With dæmons of the misty air
To wander in thy azure glare,
And bathe me in thy dewy deeps,
Where pain is hush'd and conscience sleeps.

I rave ! Within this dungeon's gloom
Still must my spirit pant for room,
Where scarce the light of upper day
Through storied windows finds its way.
Hemm'd round with learning's musty scrolls,
Her ponderous volumes, dusty rolls,

Which to the ceiling's vault arise,
Above the reach of studious eyes,
Where revelling worms peruse the store
Of wisdom's antiquated lore,—
With glasses, tools of alchemy,
Cases and bottles, whole and crack'd,
Hereditary lumber, pack'd.
This is the world, the world, for me !

And ask I why my heaving heart
Is beating in its sullen madness ?
And ask I why the secret smart
Has dried the spring of life and gladness ?
'Tis that instead of air and skies,
Of nature's animated plan,
Round me, in grinning ranks, arise
The bony forms of beast and man.

Wake then, my soul, thy wings expand :
This book by Nostradamus' hand,

Sigil and sign shall make thee fly
Uncheck'd, unwearied, through the sky.
Wake then, my soul! the signs of power
Point to the destined tide and hour.
Spirits, ye that hover near,
Speak and answer, if ye hear!

[*He looks at the microcosm.*]

Ha! what rapture from the sight
Fills my veins with wild delight!
Sure some God the sign has traced.
In these features, plain and true,
Nature's secrets greet my view.
Working up the wondrous whole,
How they mingle, twine, and roll!
How their million arms they ply!
 Busy Nature's secret forces,
 Running all their destined courses,
Ending all in harmony.

A wond'rous show, and yet 'tis nothing more :
Where can I journey to your secret springs,
Eternal Nature? onward still I press,
Follow thy windings still, yet sigh for more.

*[He shuts the volume unwillingly, and inspects
the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.]*

The signs are at their work again, and now
The Spirit of the Earth is hovering nearer,
Clouds are gathering round my sight,
And the pale moon hides her light,
And the lamp its blaze.
Now I tremble, faint, and glow,
But the frenzy may not last.
Ere the maddening hour be past,
Spirit, thou thy form must show.

SPIRIT.

Who calls me ?

FAUST.

Vision of affright !

FAUST.

27

SPIRIT.

With a spell of might and fear
Thou hast drawn me from my sphere,
And now——

FAUST.

Away! I loathe the sight.

SPIRIT.

Yet 'tis the sight thou hast panted to see,
My visage to scan, and my accents to hear;
Thy spell was too strong, it availed not to flee;
I come, and you shun me, and tremble with fear!
O where is the manly might of soul,
That could the aerial world control?
Art thou the man, thou trembling thing,
That call'd me on my weary wing,
Yet shuns my form to see?

FAUST.

Yes, I am Faust, a powerful name,
Thy more than equal, child of flame.

FAUST.

SPIRIT.

I wander and range
 Through existence's change,
 Above and below,
 Through the tide and the flow,
 I shoot and I sparkle, and never am still.

FAUST.

Say, thou ever-roving spirit,
 What relation can I bear to thee?

SPIRIT.

To some other form, in another station,
 Thou mayest bear relation :
 Not to me.

[*Vanishes.*]

FAUST.

Not to thee !
 To whom then ?
 I, the image of my Maker,
 Not to thee !

[*A knock at the door.*]

Alas! I know the knock ; my secretary.

Just when my art had reach'd its wish'd-for crisis,

Now to destroy it. Blunderer !

WAGNER (*in a night-gown, with a lamp in his hand*).

Excuse me, sir. I heard your voice declaim,

And thought you read some Grecian tragedy.

I wish'd to hear and profit by the same,

For I have heard such talent rated high :

Have often heard it said, at least,

A player may instruct a priest.

FAUST.

Yes, when the priest, as often is the case,

Is but an actor in a holier place.

WAGNER.

Ah! when, with scarce a holiday to cheer,

One quits one's dull museum once a year ;

When the world's distant view eludes the sense,

Say, can we hope conviction to dispense ?

Or gain the victories of eloquence ?

FAUST.

Vain, till your heart is warm'd, the task to steal
The fire from other bosoms ; you must feel :
Sit at your desk, and cull the cold remains
Of other feasts, pick other authors' brains :
With foreign feathers dress your dawlike fame,
And puff your smouldering ashes into flame.
From such employments spring the deeds and lays
Which monkeys imitate and children praise.
The chord that wakes in kindred hearts a tone
Must first be tuned and vibrate in your own.

WAGNER.

And yet the speaker, by arrangement's art,
To me unknown, commands the listener's heart.

FAUST.

If he be honest man and true,
No murderer of a martyr'd theme,
His rules are short, his arts are few,
What the truth is to make it seem.

And must we, when we yearn to speak,
Consider how 'twould sound in Greek?
Your grand oration, neat and fit,
Smooth'd on the hone of human wit—
Your paragraph, the sophist vamps,
Are cheerless as the evening damps,
And chillier than the winds that sigh
Through swirling leaves when autumn's nigh.

WAGNER.

Yes, art is wond'rous long,
And life is but a span ;
And when I criticise its plan,
The sense of sorrow rises strong.
How hard from learning's grasp to wring
The means by which we reach the spring !
To-morrow, and we get half way.
Yes, but perhaps we die to-day.

FAUST.

And must it flow from page and scroll
The stream that cheers your thirsty soul ;

While in itself the barren mind
Food and refreshment fails to find?

WAGNER.

Excuse me, 'tis a joy sublime
To dive into forgotten time,
To see how wise men thought of yore,
And trace the limits of their lore.

FAUST.

Oh! yes, beyond the realms of light.
My friend, the times which age has wrapp'd in night,
Are but the book with seven seals ;
 The fancied spirit of the age
Is merely what the author feels,
 The spirit of a scribbler's page.
Read but a paragraph, and you shall find
The litter and the lumber of the mind,
The deeds of states and individual fools,
Maxims pragmatistical, and themes for schools :
The puppets mouth them as the author rules.

WAGNER.

And yet 'tis surely neither shame nor sin
To learn the world and those that dwell therein.

FAUST.

Yes, call it learning if you will.

Thus you may give each dog you meet a name ;

'Tis hard to make him answer to the same.

Those in such studies who have shown their skill,

Liberal of truth, the open-hearted few,

Who bared their feelings to the public view,

Still by ungrateful man were bid to feel,

Test of their faith, the faggot or the wheel.

Excuse me now, our converse here must close,

The night is wasting, and I need repose.

WAGNER.

A longer vigil I could well have borne,

To talk with one like you on themes so high.

Allow me on to-morrow's Easter morn

Your patience on some other points to try.

Much have I learnt, my knowledge is not small,
Yet am I not content with less than all.

FAUST (*alone*).

Strange that when reason totters hope is firm.
Each slight encouragement renews our toil,
We grub for treasures in the mouldy soil,
And bless our fortune when we find a worm.
Was this the place for such a voice to sound,
When the dark powers of nature swarm'd around?
And yet for once, poor wretch, whom nature ranks
Meanest of all her children, take my thanks.
Despair had seized me,—you have burst the chain,
And given my dazzled sense its powers again.
The vision seem'd of such gigantic guise,
My frame was lessen'd to a pigmy's size.
I image of the Godhead, who but now
Almost had bask'd in truth's eternal sun,
For whom the reign of light had just begun,
While mortal mists were clearing from my brow ;

Already borne beyond the cherub's flight,
Piercing the dark, undazzled by the bright,
A word of thunder, shrinking up my soul,
Has hurl'd it backward as it near'd the goal.

Likeness to thee my clay may not inherit :
I could attract thee hither, haughty spirit ;
And yet to hold thee here had not the power.
That instant that you own'd my call,
 I felt so little, yet so great,
You hurl'd me back, you bad me fall,
 Plumb down to man's uncertain state ?
Who tells me what I would eschew ?
 What impulse I may best obey ?
Whether we suffer, or we do,
 We clog existence on its way.

What though when Fancy's daring wing was young,
Forth into boundless space at once it sprung ;

A shorter course 'tis now content to run,
When its wreck'd joys have perish'd one by one.
Care in the deep heart builds its nest,
And coils him there a rankling pest :
With joy assumes his torturing task,
Like other stabbers, not without a mask ;
As wife or child, or other kindred blood,
Poison or steel, he shows, or fire or flood.
We weep for what we never lost,
And fly imagin'd ill, as though our path it cross'd.

I am not like the Gods. Know that I must,
Most like the worm, slow wallowing through the dust,
Whom man's destroying foot, if there it strays,
Slays as he feasts, and buries while it slays.

Are they not dust, the cases there ?
The shelves, and all the volumed pile they bear ?
There I may read, in many a page,
That man, in every clime and age,

Has rack'd his heart and brain :

That here and there a luckier wight was seen,
Seldom or never to be seen again.

Skull of the nameless dead, why grinn'st thou, say ?

Except to tell me that the brain within

Was mad, like mine, for what it fail'd to win,
Truth's never-dawning, still-expected day.

Ye, too, have mock'd me, instruments of art,

Pulleys and rules, and wheels of toothed brass :

At learning's door ye play the porter's part.

But would not lift the latch to let me pass.

For Nature yields not to corporeal force,

Nor suffers man by aid like yours to find

What she refuses to the powers of mind,

And deep reflection's flow, and study's tranquil course.

I have no portion in thee, useless heap

Of lumber, aiding once my father's toil :

Parchments and rolls continue still your sleep,

Grimed by yon cresset's ever-fuming oil.

Better to waste the substance of my sire,
Than thus encircled by it to expire.
All we possess, and use not on the road,
Adds to the burden we must bear ;
Enjoyment alleviates our share,
And, by consuming, lightens still the load.

But why is yonder speck of glassy light
A sudden magnet to my roving eye?
Why spreads new radiance all around so bright,
Like moonlight bursting through a stormy sky?
Thou lonely flask, with reverential awe,
Forth from thy shelf thy brittle frame I draw :
In thee I venerate the art of man.
Essence of painless rest, untortur'd death,
Extract of powers that check the human breath,
Now show your healing influence, for you can.
I view ye, and the sight relieves my pain ;
I hold ye, and my frenzy cools again.

Here, where it mixes with unbounded seas,
The stream of life runs calmer by degrees ;
Smooth at my feet blue ocean sleeps in light,
And the broad sun's last rays to distant shores invite.

Down swooping to my wish a car appears,—
A fiery chariot. My glad soul prepare
To pierce the unattempted realms of air,
Systems unknown, and more harmonious spheres.
Such proud existence, joys of heavenly birth !
Worm as thou art, what claim hast thou to share ?
And yet to quit the sun that lights thy earth,
Thy proper orb is all thou hast to dare.
'Tis but to dash the portals to the ground
Through which the many slink as best they can,
To reassert, by more than empty sound,
E'en against heaven, the dignity of man.
To view the dark abyss, and not to quake,
Where fancy dooms us to eternal woes,
Through the dim gate our venturous way to take,
Around whose narrow mouth hell's furnace glows,

On such a venture gaily to advance,
And leap—to nothingness, if such our chance.

Come from the shelf, where thou hast lain secure,
Thou ancient goblet, form'd of crystal pure ;
I have not thought on thee this many a year.

Oft at my father's feasts the rosy wine
In thy transparent brightness learnt to shine,
And add a lustre to the good man's cheer.
Well I remember the accustom'd rite,
When the blithe comrades pledged thee through the
night,

And, as the spirit mounted while they quaff'd,
The jovial task to clear thee at a draught,
While thy rich carvings of the olden time
Form'd the quaint subject of the drinker's rhyme.
In thee I ne'er shall pledge my friend again,
Or for such rhyme the quick invention strain.
This juice of fatal strength and browner hue
Would make the unfinish'd verses feet too few :

In thee the troubles of my soul I cast,
Hail the blest drops, and drain them to the last.

*[Sets the cup to his lips. Church bells and
anthem in the distance.]*

CHORUS OF THE ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Hail the glad day,
Ye children of clay,
Who are but the prey
Of weakness and sorrow.

FAUST.

What thrilling sounds, what music's choral swell
Arrests the hand which death but now defied?
Dost thou proclaim, thou ever pealing bell,
The solemn hour of Easter's holy tide?
Say, do you wake for him who came to save
The strain which angels pour'd around his grave,
When the new covenant was ratified?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

In unguents we bathed,
And in linen array'd him,
And, folded and swathed,
In the sepulchre laid him.
We folded in sorrow
His corpse on its bier,
And ah! on the morrow,
Christ is not here.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Hail the glad day
Ye children of clay,
Who, through grief and dismay,
Have stood and not fallen!

FAUST.

Why seek ye here, ye tones of Heaven,
A thing like me, of mortal leaven?
On softer hearts your soothing influence try;

I hear your tidings, would that I believed !
I could be happy, though deceived.
I dare not lift my thoughts towards the spheres,
From whence that heavenly sound salutes my ears ;
And yet that anthem's long-remember'd strain
Revives the scenes of sinless youth again,
When, on the stillness of the sabbath-day,
 Heaven in that peal seem'd pouring from above,
 And I look'd upward for its kiss of love,
While saints might wish with joy like mine to pray.
 An undefined aspiration
 Impell'd me from the haunts of man ;
 I form'd myself a new creation,
 While tears of christian fervour ran.
This very song proclaim'd to childhood's ear
 The solemn tide for joys for ever past,
And memory, waking while the song I hear,
 Arrests my strides, and checks me at the last.
Sound on, blest strain, your task almost is done ;
Tears force their way, and earth regains her son.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

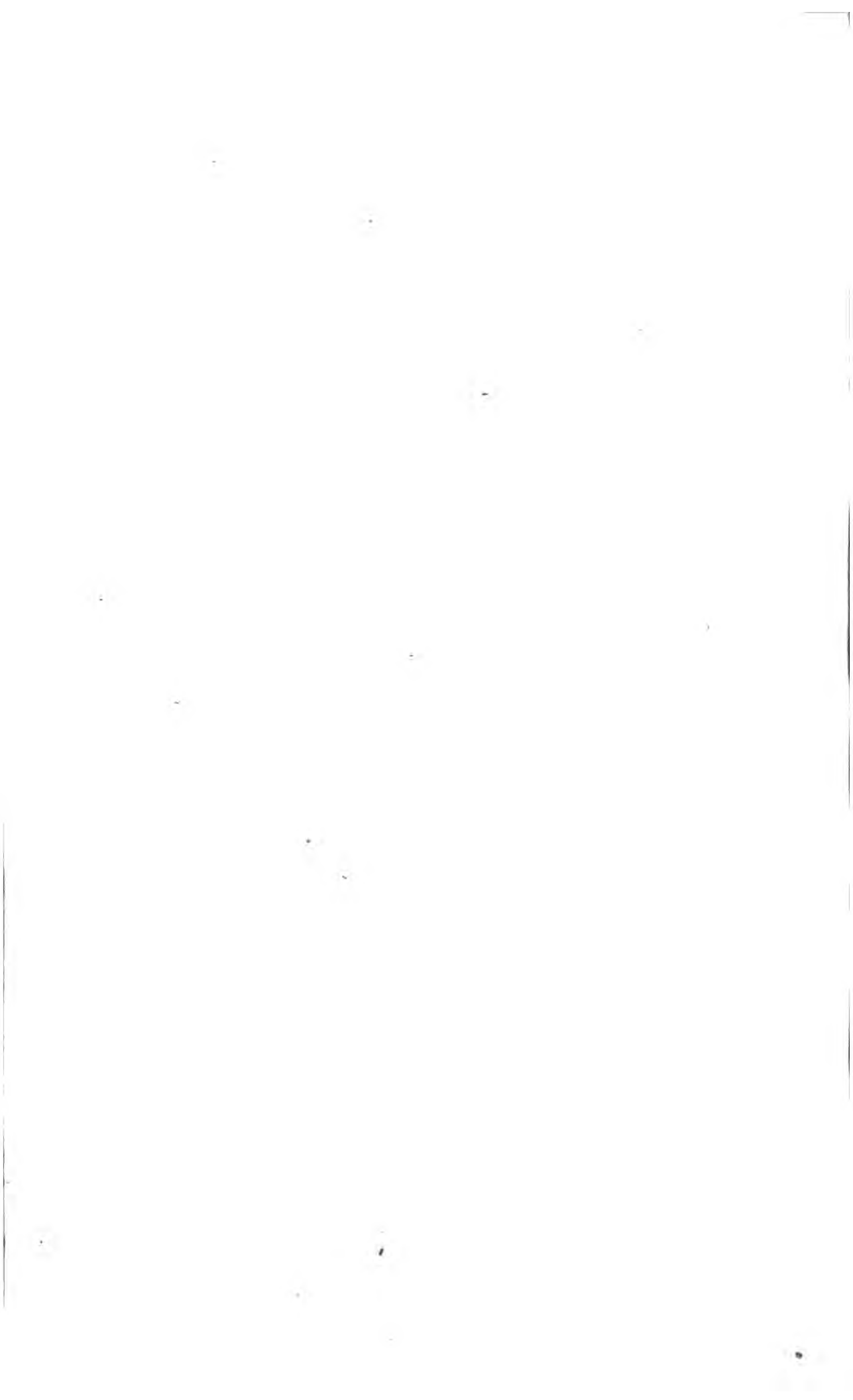
The buried is raised
Already on high :
And he whom we praised
Is now in the sky.
'Mid anthems of gladness
He speeds to his home,
But, in valleys of sadness,
Has left us to roam,
Where sorrows are thronging,
Where he too is not :
May he pardon the longing
Which pines for his lot !

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen
From mortal decay !
From the limbs that were bound
Tear the bandage away.
Ye who have not forsaken,
But still have partaken,
Unmoved and unshaken,

His sorrow and pain,
Who preach'd and who praised
His doctrine and reign,
Your master is raised,
Nor quits you again !

The first scene, in Faust's study, here closes. The second opens before the gate of the city, the inhabitants of which are supposed to be pouring out in all directions, to enjoy their holiday.



Before the Gate of the City.

MECHANICS *and* LABOURERS.

WHITHER speed you, neighbours, say?

OTHERS.

We to the mill, to spend the day.

THE FORMER.

We to the Jägerhaus shall wander,
At skittles, there, our coin to squander.

ANOTHER.

No, come to Wasserhof with me.

SECOND.

I hate the dulness of the way.

And you?

THIRD.

To choose my friends are free.

I take their road, whate'er it be.

†

FOURTH.

Come then to Burgdorf, there is lusty cheer,
The prettiest waiter, and the brownest beer,
Food, and the welcome of a smiling face.

FIFTH.

What, will you never be content?
Think what ensued when last we went.
I have a horror of the place.

SERVANT MAID.

No; to the city, home, I must and will.

SECOND.

Come to the poplars, he is surely there.

FIRST.

And, if he is, or is not, much I care;
For by your side he wanders still;
With you he dances; what have I
To do with other's property?

SECOND.

No matter, for alone he will not stray;
The old one at his elbow walks to-day.

CITIZEN.

In truth, at our new burgomaster
My choler rises fast and faster.
His mood is sour ; and for the town,
What builds he up or pulls he down ?
New taxes, and the same restraint,
Would vex the patience of a saint.

BEGGAR.

Good gentlemen, and ladies fair,
So gaily dressed in all your pride,
Oh listen to the poor man's prayer,
And pass not on the other side !
In vain he pours his humble voice,
Unless your bounty tune the string ;
Let not this day, when all rejoice,
To him alone no rapture bring.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Well, nothing suits my holiday so well
As a long tale of battle and of blood,
How, by some Turkish river, plain, or wood,
They meet, the Christian and the infidel.

Then in the window-seat I drain my glass,
Watch the smooth river glide, the white sail pass,
And, when the terrors of the conflict cease,
Home we retire, and bless the joys of peace.

THIRD CITIZEN.

I too delight, before I go to bed,
To hear how one man breaks another's head ;
Let them, at distance, squabble, fight, and slay,
While I derive amusement from the fray.

OLD WOMAN.

How gaily drest, with brooch and kerchief rare,
No gallant in the town shall fail to stare.
Nay, why so proud?—I know that youthful blood
Can tell its wishes, and can make them good.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER.

On, Agatha—for, in the public sight,
With such a witch to talk, were past a jest :
'Tis true, she show'd me, on St. Andrew's night,
The figure of the man who loves me best.

ANOTHER.

A soldier mine, by her was shown,
 With others, in a crystal stone ;
 I seek him wide, I seek him far,
 Yet nowhere meet this son of war.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

Proud cities, surmounted
 With fortress and tower,
 Proud maidens, accounted
 As hard to o'erpower—
 The adventure is hard—
 Could I achieve it,
 Bright the reward.
 The voice of the trumpet
 Our wish may express,
 When to you, or to cities,
 That wish we express,

 How gay is our life,
 In hall, or in field ;



For cities and maidens,
Alike they must yield.
The adventure is hard,
But bright the reward,
In field, or in hall,
And the soldier obtains it
The first of them all.

FAUST *and* WAGNER.

FAUST.

The smile of spring on stream and plain
Has freed them from their icy chain.
Sick with the perfume of the breeze,
From buds of rain-bespangled trees,
Back to his mountains' chill retreat,
Old Winter drags his palsied feet ;
But, as he flies, with hail and sleet,
Pursues the ineffectual strife,
To nip the struggling germs of life.

No longer of his mantle white
May vernal suns endure the sight ;
But nature's face must glitter sheen
With colours bright and youthful green.
Yet flowers are none the scene to grace—
Man's gay attire supplies their place.
Turn round, and, from this hillock's height,
Back to the town direct thy sight.
See, from the jaws of yonder gate,
How thick the insects congregate ;
They celebrate, in guise so gay,
Our Saviour's resurrection day.
From lowly roof, and stifling cell,
Where labour's murky children dwell—
From chambers close, and garrets high,
From many an alley's dismal sty,
And from the venerable night,
Shed by the churches' shadowy height,
They wander forth, and court the light.

See how the myriads buzz and throng,
The garden and the field along ;
See, on the stream, how thick they float,
The steadier barge and heeling boat.
How yonder skiff, o'erladen, laves
Its gunwale in the rippling waves.
Yon distant mountain-path no less
Is gleaming with the tints of dress.
I hail, in yonder rout and coil,
The short-lived heaven of those who toil ;
I almost shout, like them, for glee,
And am the man I seem to be.

WAGNER.

To talk and wander, sir, with you
Is honour and advantage too ;
Yet, without such a guide, to-day,
'Mid all that's rude I scarce would stray.
I neither see the ornament nor use
Of all this fiddling, scraping, screeching, ringing ;

They make an uproar, like all hell let loose,
And call it making merriment and singing.

OLD PEASANT.

We take it kindly, sir, in you
To join, to-day, our peasant crew,
And joy amid our sports to find
A man so learned, yet so kind.
Accept our humble friendship's sign,
Our fairest cup, and ruddiest wine,
And, while I pledge the draught, I pray
Your present thirst it may allay,
And that your future days may roll
More than the drops within the bowl

FAUST.

Accept for your affection's sign
Thanks, for your love and for your wine.

OLD PEASANT.

It well may glad the poor man's heart
When in his sports you take a part:

We knew you, in our evil day,
Disease's hope, and misery's stay.
There's many a one carousing here
Your father rescued from his bier ;
You also braved, where'er he led,
The terrors of the feverish bed ;
From many a house the corpse they bore,
Yet healthy still you pass'd the door—
And you had sunk, but help from High
Forbade the poor man's friend to die.

ALL.

Long may his life and health endure,
With power to succour, save, and cure !

FAUST.

Bow not to me, but Him who sent,
In me, his humble instrument.

WAGNER.

How must thy raptured feelings rise
When grateful men almost adore ;

How happy he who thus applies
The hard-earn'd stock of learning's lore !
The dancer stops as you go by—
The father holds his babe on high—
And see, the knee almost they bow,
As if the host were passing now.

FAUST.

A little onward—far as yonder stone—
I have a reason good to rest me there ;
For often there I sat, and mused alone,
And mortified myself with fast and prayer.
There, firm in faith, I oft have striven,
With tears, and sighs, and prayers as vague,
To calm the wrath of angry Heaven,
And stay the ravage of the plague.
That voice of praise to me is scorn,
Too just, too bitter to be borne.
Hear how the father and the son
Deserve the gratitude they won.

That father was a dark adept,
Who nature's mystic ring o'erleapt,
And made her secret works his care,
With arts his own, but not unfair.
With some, like him initiate,
He sat before his furnace grate,
And, after many a crabb'd receipt,
He wielded there the powers of heat,
Made opposites together run,
And mingled contraries in one.
There was a lion red, a friar bold,
Who married lilies in their bath of gold,
With fire then vex'd them from one bridal bed
Into another, thus he made them wed.
Upon her throne of glass was seen,
Of varied hues, the youthful queen.
This was the scene from whence our skill
Display'd so far its power to kill ;
Our mixtures did their work more sure
Than all the plagues we came to cure.

Myself have given the poison draught,
And seen them perish as they quaff'd,
And live to hear their kindred shed
Their blessings on the murderer's head.

WAGNER.

Why fret yourself on such a cause?
'Tis surely all that man can do,
To practise by recorded laws,
The good old rules his fathers knew.
The Scripture bade you honour and obey,
In early youth, a father's sacred name;
Increase your stores, in manhood's later day,
Your sons in after time shall do the same.

FAUST.

Happy in error's sea who finds the land,
Or o'er delusion's waves his limbs can buoy;
We use the arts we cannot understand—
And what we know, we know not to employ.
But let us not, in fancy's moody play,
The moment's present raptures waste away.

See how, from tufted trees, in evening's glow,
Ere daylight sets, the cottage casements glow :
It sinks, the sun has lived another day,
 And yields to death but to recruit his fires :
Alas ! no wing may bear me on my way,
 To track the monarch, as his orb retires.
I watch'd him, as he sought the west :
 Beneath his feet creation slept,
Each summit blood-red bright, each vale at rest,
 The waveless streams like golden serpents crept.
In vain yon mountain's arrowy pinnacle
To the mind's flight opposed its precipice.
Ocean himself retired, his billows fell,
And for my path disclosed his huge abyss.
The vision ceased, the sun's glad reign was o'er,
 Yet the wish died not with returning night.
Darkness behind me, and the day before,
 On rush'd my soul to drink the eternal light.
Seas roll'd beneath, and skies above me rose.
 Blest dream ! It vanish'd in its loveliest prime.

Alas! no mortal wings may succour those
Which lift the mind upon its flight sublime.
Yet nourish'd in the bosom's core
The impulse dwells which bids us onward press.
When the lark mounts, till it can mount no more,
To wake its thrilling song of happiness,
When o'er the pines the eagle soaring
On poising wing appears to rest,
When marshy wastes and seas exploring,
The crane speeds to his native nest.

WAGNER.

I have had fancies, but for such as these
They never troubled me, as I remember ;
I soon have gazed my fill at fields and trees,
Envyng no bird his wings, or any member.
A different joy the learned finds at home,
From page to page, from book to book to roam.
Life from such tasks runs warm through every limb,
And winter's blasts are gales of spring to him.
And when some parchment is unroll'd by you,
Heaven, like the prophet's scroll, seems open'd too.

FAUST.

One impulse you have felt alone ;
Oh ! let the other rest unknown.
Alas ! in me two souls at variance dwell, —
Could they but separate, for both 'twere well.
One, ever wedded to the grosser earth,
Clings to the soulless clay that gave it birth ;
The other feels that somewhere lie
Glad realms, to which it fain would fly :
Spirits (if such unearthly forms there be)
To whom the reign of middle air is given,
From clouds of downy gold descend, to free
A soul that pines for your transparent heaven.
Oh, were a magic mantle mine,
O'er foreign climes at will to range,
No emperor's robe, of sables fine,
Should tempt my avarice to exchange !

WAGNER.

For mercy's sake, invoke no more
The troop whose being is known too well !

Too near at hand those viewless agents soar,

Too ready to obey the spell.

When the north blows, I know whose frosty fang

Vexes, who fret me with their arrowy tongues,

While others ride the arid east, and hang

Upon the panting chest, and husky lungs.

When south winds from the desert have despatch'd

The swarm that cauterize the maddening brain,

Far in the west their opposites are hatch'd,

Who calm the fever and refresh the plain :

Prompt listeners to what heard shall make us grieve—

Prompt slaves to serve their masters, and deceive.

They feign their native home the sky,

Assume a false gentility,

And lisp like angels when they lie.

No more ! the breeze is cooling fast,

The dew descends, and day is past.

At evening's hour we learn our home to prize.

Why dost thou stop and fix thy earnest eyes ?

What form in twilight's shade can so astound ?

FAUST.

See, how he tracks the grass, yon sable hound !

WAGNER.

Long I have mark'd him ; nothing strange I see.

FAUST.

Look well : what think ye that the brute may be ?

WAGNER.

A simple poodle, bent on finding
His master's footsteps on the ground.

FAUST.

See how, in lizard circles winding,
Ourselves he still is closing round ;
And, if I err not, far behind him,
There trails a track of fiery light.

WAGNER.

A jet-black poodle you shall find him—
Some fancy may delude your sight.

FAUST.

He seems to me as if, our path surrounding,
Light magic circles round our steps he drew.

WAGNER.

I merely view him frighten'd, shy, and bounding,
To see two stranger forms in me and you.

FAUST.

The circle narrows. He approaches.

WAGNER.

'Tis but a dog, no ghost who thus encroaches ;
He whimpers, whines, then crouches in his place,
Like other dogs in such a case.

FAUST.

Come hither : join our company.

WAGNER.

In all a very poodle he.
Stand still—he drops, and waits your leisure ;
Invite him—on he springs with pleasure ;
Whate'er you lose will bring `again,
And swim the river for your cane.

FAUST.

'Tis true, he plays an earthly part ;
No spirit, all is mortal art.

WAGNER.

To dogs by culture so refined
The wisest man is well inclined ;
And e'en your favour he may earn,
Who from his tutor thus can learn.

FAUST'S *Study.*

FAUST.

While gloomy night o'erspreads the plain,
I leave the shadowy waste behind,
Where darkness rouses not in vain
The better genius of the mind ;
Each impulse wild its rest is taking,
Each passion slumbers in its den,
Nought but the love of God is waking,
And love as pure for fellow men,

Rest thee, poodle. Why runnest thou so,
On the threshold wandering to and fro ?
Lay thee down the stove beneath,
Stop thy whining, and still thy breath.
Poor dog, thou hast merrily cheer'd my way
With thy wanton springs and thy frolicsome play :

Be welcome then here as an innocent guest,
Still thy whining, and take thy rest.

Ah! when again within our cell
We bid the lamp of midnight glow,
The inward light is trimm'd as well
In hearts that learn themselves to know:
While reason's voice adorns its theme,
And hope blooms brighter than at first,
The soul springs onward to the stream
Which flows to quench our mortal thirst.

Howl not, poodle! thy fiendish cries
Disturb the bosom's celestial tone,
Which accords but ill with thy yelling moan.
But aught that is hid from human eyes,
Human folly will oft condemn,
They will murmur at all that is fair and good,
If its fairness be hard to be understood.
Would the critical hound but imitate them?

But already, will I what I may,
Joy's brief star has quench'd its fickle ray.
Why must the stream so soon be dried,
Ere my thirst be satisfied ?

How oft such fortune has been mine :

 And yet by each blessing the world denies

 We are taught the things of heaven to prize,
And for revelation's light to pine.

And nowhere brighter it was sent
Than in our Saviour's Testament.

Great is my wish to labour o'er

My version of its holy lore ;

And, with a christian's good design,

To make it German line by line.

In the beginning was the Word, I write,

 And straight erase what fails to satisfy ;

I cannot rate the Word sufficient quite ;

 A worthier version I must try.

Will not the spirit guide me such to find?
I write, in the beginning was the Mind.
But let me, ere the opening line be done,
Consider if the pen the sense outrun.
Did Mind work all things in creation's hour?
No, thus: in the beginning was the power.
Yet, while I write it down, a warning voice
Still makes me discontented with my choice.
'Tis done! the spirit helps me at my need,
And writes, in the beginning was the Deed.

In my chamber would you rest,
Be silent, poodle—you had best,
Cease to bellow!
For with such a clamorous fellow,
Truly, I could well dispense:
One incontinent must hence.
Though patient, I can bear no more,
Though to a guest I ope the door.

But, what wonders do I see !
Natural sight it cannot be !
Long and broad my poodle grows,
And a wondrous shape he shows,
Such the limbs and such the force
Of the Delta's river-horse ;
Half-begotten brood of hell,
Solomon's key shall fit him well.

Less than five, and more than three,
Fit the beast whate'er he be.
Salamanders, burn and glow ;
Water-spirits, twine and flow ;
Up, ye sylphs, in æther blue ;
Earthly goblins, down with you.

He who could not win consent
From each subject element,

Could not govern at his will
Spirits, be they good or ill.

Salamanders, mix in flame ;
In your waters, sprites, the same ;
Sylphs, shine out in meteor beauty ;
Goblins, help to do your duty.
Incubus, Incubus,
Make the spell complete for us.

None of the four
Stand in the door.
He lies and he grins at me calmly still :
As yet I have not work'd him ill ;
But the spell he shall hear
Shall shake him with fear.

Art thou, tell,
An exile of hell ?

Then look at this sign,
At the sight of which all
The fallen must fall.

His form swells out and bristles his hair.

Son of a fallen line,
Say, canst thou read the sign?

Swelling like an elephant,
He will make the chamber scant.
Rise not to the ceiling's crown :
At my bidding lay thee down.

You see that I threaten never in vain ;
Be still ere I vex thee with fiery pain.

Wait not till the fiery light

From its third eclipse be bright :

Wait not the force of the deadliest flame,
And the terrible sound of the Holiest name.

[MEPHISTOPHELES *appears from behind the
stove, dressed as a travelling Student.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why all this clamour? Can I serve you, sir?

FAUST.

Is this the kernel of this goodly fruit?

It makes me smile to see the termination.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your learned reverence humbly I salute:

Faith, you have put me in a perspiration.

FAUST.

Thy name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why wishes he my name to know?

Who rates the simple word a thing so mean?

Who, unseduced by glare of outward show,

Seeks but to understand the inward being?

FAUST.

With gentry of your cloth we often claim

To learn your nature by your name.

Rebel and outcast suit it to a letter;

Liar perhaps, destroyer, even better.

Who are you, then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A portion of the might,
Which ever wills the bad, and executes the right.

FAUST.

Instruct me what this riddling speech implies.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the well-known being who still denies,
And rightly too; for all I see around
Deserves but to be tumbled to the ground.
Better then 'twere that nothing were at all.
Thus all that sin you weaker mortals call,
Destruction, ill, when weaker terms are spent
Is my peculiar element.

FAUST.

You seem a whole, yet call yourself a part.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I speak the truth without disguise or art,
I laugh to see this little planet roll,
Stock'd with its fools, and call itself a whole.

I am a part of part, which once was at the head,
Part of the darkness from which light was bred ;
Proud element, which now disputes the right
His mother has to govern space in night ;
And yet succeeds not. Struggle as he will,
Corporeal fetters must enchain him still ;
And, if corporeal forms he chance to meet,
They make a shadow of him in the street.
So, for light's sake, in duty bound I pray,
Bodies may perish at an early day.

FAUST.

I understand your dignified employ ;
Great things you want the power to destroy,
Till with the smaller you have first begun.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Truly, with such there 's little to be done.
All this unmeaning world you see,
That is where nothing ought to be,
I know not how, contrives to slip
My wish to have it on the hip.

Through billows, earthquakes, storms, and burning,
The stupid ball persists in turning.
As to the cursed tribes of animation,
 They laugh at all my best inventions :
 I make them graves of all dimensions ;
And fresh made blood is strait in circulation.
It would go near to turn a weaker head,
To see earth, air, and water brought to bed.
A thousand germs of life they all unfold,
In dry and moist, in warm and cold :
But for my favourite fire alone,
I could not call an element my own.

FAUST.

'Tis thus 'gainst nature's genial laws
 The weaker powers of hell you strain,
Clench, in malicious rage, your claws,
 And dart the treacherous blow in vain.
Begin some other enterprise,
 Strange son of chaos and old night.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will discuss what you advise
When at your door I next alight :
Now let me sue for my dismissal.

FAUST.

I see no cause for such permission ;
I have just learnt to study you.
You gained the right to visit me :
Here is the door, the window too,
A chimney also, wide and free.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All this I own, and yet, to take the air,
Something prevents me, on the threshold there :
Remove that parchment, and the path is plain.

FAUST.

Oh, 'tis the pentagram that gives you pain.
Then tell me why your entrance, son of Hell,
Was not prevented by the spell.
How was thy cunning thus outwitted?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Observe, it is not rightly fitted ;
By chance you have not guarded quite
That little corner to the right.

FAUST.

That was a lucky hit indeed,
To have the devil in my hold ;
Not oft by chance we so succeed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poodle reck'd not as he leap'd the fold ;
The case is changed, for should I wish to stray,
The devil cannot take himself away.

FAUST.

Yet, through the window why not take your flight ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is a law of every fiend and sprite,
Where we come in our exit must be found—
The first we choose, but to the next are bound.

FAUST.

What then, has Hell itself recorded laws ?
I doubt not, compacts may be tied

With you, without the fear of flaws.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You shall partake of all that's ratified—
You shall have justice to the very letter.

But this is not so easy to impart—
Another time we may discuss it better.

Allow me now, I pray you, to depart.

FAUST.

Who does what no one ever told him,
Must thank himself for what himself has wrought :
Who has the devil, let him hold him,
Another time he may not so be caught.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh! if you wish, I make the composition,
And, from this very instant, join your train,
Without a salary, but on one condition,
Your soul with my slight art to entertain.

FAUST.

You have my leave your treasures to dispense—
This only, let them please the sense.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In these few instants you shall win
More for the sensual soul within,
Than in a year's circumference.
The songs the delicate spirits sing,
The pictures to your sight they bring,
Are not a mere unreal delusion.

The powers of smell they shall delight,
Shall cheer the liquorish appetite,
And drown thy sense in soft confusion.
They need no prelude, round they throng—
Spirits, raise your phantom song !

SONG OF THE SPIRITS.

Vanish, ye vaulted
Ceilings on high !
Admit, in its beauty,
The blue of the sky !
Dissolved into æther

The fading mist runs,
Pale stars take their station
'Mid the mild coruscation
Of lovelier suns.
The near and the distant
In mystery blend,
While in endless expansion
The deserts extend.
Where wild vegetation
Embraces and covers
The rest of the dove
And the meeting of lovers.
With tendril on tendril,
And twine upon twine,
Where the heavy grape sleeps
With its burden of wine,
Which in rivulets creeps
Through topaz and crystal,
And gems of the mine.
The sunny sea sparkles

Round islets of green,
Which dance on the swell
As the tide flows between.
From the meadows surrounded
By ivy-bound trees,
The voice of the revel
Is heard on the breeze.
'Mid the wild woods' recesses
And regions of flowers,
The guests are diverting
The fast-footed hours.
On the height of the mountain
While some are descried,
While others in ocean
Are stemming the tide.
While they court the delights
Which never may cloy,
And each limb and each heart
Is busy with joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He sleeps! ye little ministers well done!
Your song was subtle, and the game is won.
For this, your concert, hold me in your debt.
He scarce has learnt to catch me and to keep.
Wind round him all that mocks the dreamer's sleep,
All that deluded slumber holds for sooth.
Yet, at my will this threshold to o'erleap,
A rat must aid me with his potent tooth.
'Tis easy such assistance to secure:
I hear one rustle, he shall own my lure.

The lord of rats and king of mice,
Of fleas and earwigs, frogs and lice,
The threshold here commands thee gnaw,
With all the teeth of all thy jaw,
Just where with oil the board he smears.
See! in a canter he appears.
To business straight: 'tis in the centre
The charm that once forbad me enter.

Another bite—my path is plain :

Dream on, my Faust—we soon shall meet again.

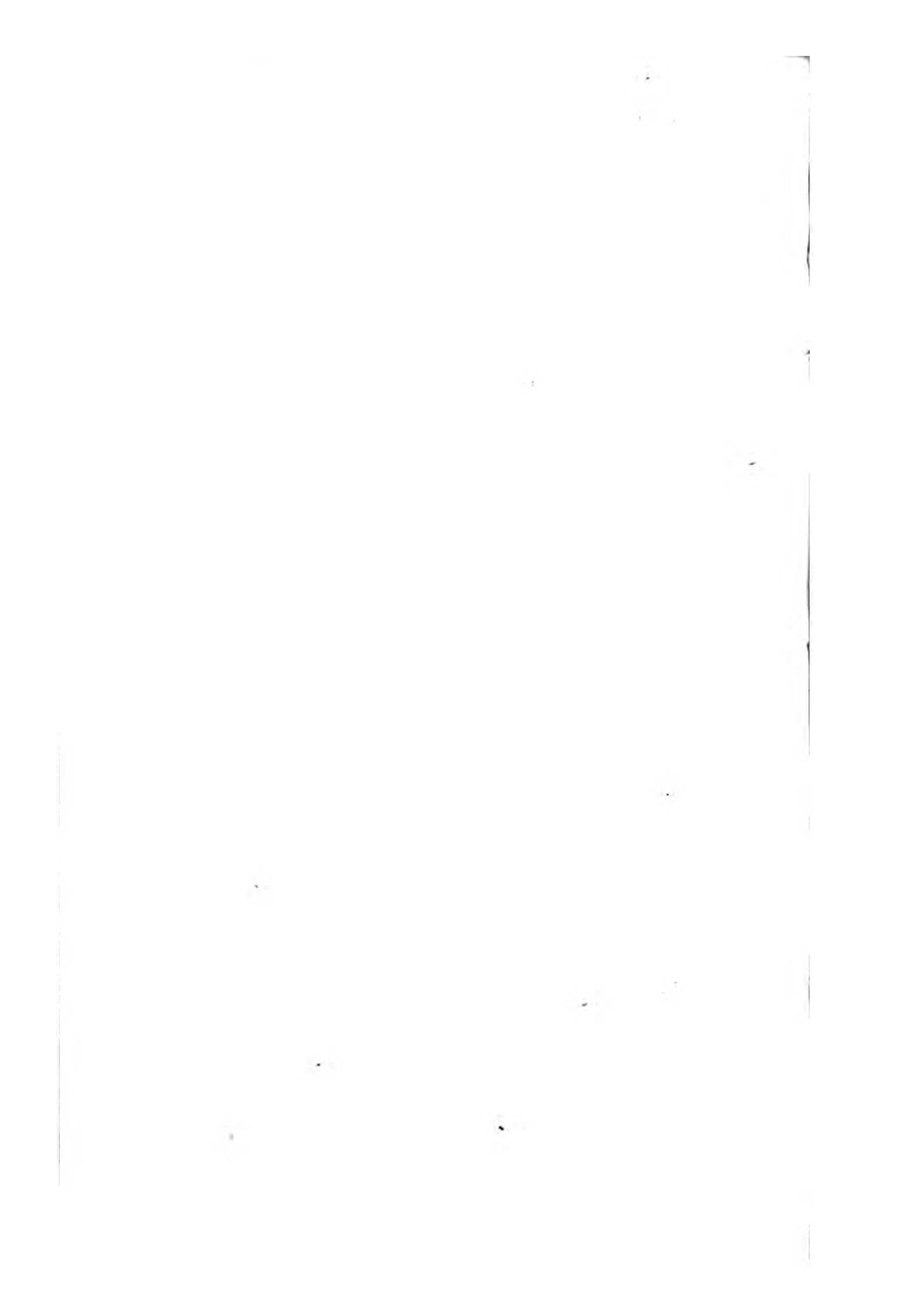
FAUST (*awaking*).

Am I deceived, and do they disappear ?

The throng of phantoms that my chair surrounded ?

Was I then mad to think the devil near,

And that before my path a poodle bounded ?



FAUST'S *Study.*

FAUST.

[*A knock.*] Come in: who dares my rest invade?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I.

FAUST.

Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thrice let the word be said.

FAUST.

Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well. In word and deed,
I trust, we soon shall be agreed.
To chase your gloom, behold me drest,
Like any noble, in my best:

In scarlet doublet shot with gold,
And mantle stiff of silken fold ;
The cock's long feather o'er my sconce,
 And rapier meet for dress so gay :
And this is my advice, at once,
 To dight yourself in like array,
And wander forth, from trammels free,
The varied life of man to see.

FAUST.

Whate'er my dress, I can but rave,
 Within the world's sad dungeon pent ;
For children's sports too old and grave—
 Too much a child to be content.
What is this wretched life's assurance ?
Its task ?—forbearance and endurance.
This is the burthen of the song,
 Peal'd till the ear of man is deaf ;
Which days, and hours, and years prolong,
 In notes of every time and clef.

At morn my eyes with anguish I unclose,
They long to weep to see the day begun ;
Time's lagging lapse, which ever as it flows
Fulfil no wish of all my soul—not one !
E'en o'er the sketch of fancied joys
It scrawls a thousand hideous lines,
Distracts the bosom's peace with noise,
And mars with trifles its designs.
Then, when the night enwraps the heaven,
I stretch my limbs upon my lair,
Alas ! to them no rest is given,
But dreams, and phantoms, and despair.
And thus existence is a weight,
And death my wish, and life my hate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet death, we fancy, seldom comes too late.

FAUST.

Thrice happy he, for whom, in victory's light,
Round the pale brow the gory wreath he twines,
Whom, after dancing's mad delight,
Lock'd in affection's arms he finds.

Oh ! that by such a road my soul might pass,
And quit this wretched shivering frame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet there was liquor in a certain glass,
And he who pour'd it fail'd to drink the same.

FAUST.

You seem to like the office of a spy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All-knowing, am I not—much knowing, certainly.

FAUST.

What, though remember'd music's powers
One instant o'er my senses stole,
And, with the forms of earlier hours,
From frenzy's grasp recall'd my soul !
Still shall my curse invoke confusion
On flattery's web, and falsehood's spell—
On all that, with its cold illusion,
Confines us to this earthly hell !
And, first, I curse the loftier dreaming,
With which the soul itself deceives ;

Cursed be the dazzle and the seeming,
In which the easy sense believes!
Cursed be ambition's vain impression—
Fame's specious life beyond the grave!
Cursed all that flatters with possession,
As wife and child, and house and slave!
Cursed be Mammon, when his treasures
As lures to active deeds are spread!
Cursed, when he smooths, for slothful pleasures,
The pillows of the sluggard's bed!
Cursed be the vine's balsamic potion,
And cursed be love's delicious thrall!
And cursed be hope, and faith's devotion,
And cursed be patience more than all!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cease to indulge the moody pain,
Which, vulture-like, consumes the mind:
Bad as man is, you must remain
A human being amid mankind.

And yet I boast no great man's right,
To bid you bear, without relief,
Your mental tax of silent grief :
Your company I but invite.
Behold me ready on the spot
To join in one our common lot.
Say but the word, approve the plan,
You are the master, I the man.

FAUST.

By what return may I the service merit ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That you have ample leisure yet to learn.

FAUST.

Oh no ! the devil is a selfish spirit,
And does for charity no friendly turn.
Speak the condition, plain and true ;
He is in danger who is served by you.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your servant here I willingly remain,
And bind myself your pleasure to obey ;

Hereafter, should we chance to meet again,
You shall do service in the self-same way.

FAUST.

Little I heed your after-world :
When this to ruin you have hurl'd,
Another then the void may fill.
But with this earth my soul agrees—
This daily sun my sufferings sees ;
And, should I separate from these,
Then all may happen as it will.
To every tale I stop my ears,
Whether we then shall hate or love,
And whether, of those other spheres,
Some are below and some above.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With thoughts like these you well may dare :
Accept the contract, and you share
Delights surpassing Nature's law—
What no man ever heard, or saw.

FAUST.

Poor devil! what canst thou bestow?
In the wild search for all we wish to know,
Did ever man consort with such ally?
Yet hast thou food that cannot satisfy—
Red gold, that mocks the grasp like mercury,
Which runs to nought, the hand within.
Hast thou a game at which we never win?
A mistress, who, while on my breast she lies,
Holds converse with her neighbour with her eyes?
Hast thou ambition's godlike rage,
Fame's meteor light, the love of age?—
Delay not, then, your rarities to show,
Your goodly fruits that wither on the tree.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To meet your offer I shall not be slow;
Such wares are always traded in by me—
And, my good friend, the time draws near,
When articles like these shall not be dear.

FAUST.

Should my soul once partake the body's rest,
Then let me only wake to die.
If with one instant's self-approval blest,
The next convicts the author of the lie.
That moment in enjoyment past—
That moment, let it be my last!
This is my wager.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done!

FAUST.

If that too fast

One instant speeds I e'er complain ;
And to the fugitive should say,
Thou art too fair to fleet—delay !
Then cast around my soul your chain—
The cord may break—the bell may toll
For one whose pilgrimage is o'er :
Yon hand, that counts my hours of trial,
May stay its orbit on the dial,
And time, for me, may be no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Consider well, for I shall not forget.

FAUST.

Oh, you are right ! but fear not lest I swerve—
To no rash contract I my hand shall set ;
Some one, somewhere, at all events, I serve—
About the when, and where, I shall not fret.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I have a little contract here hard by,
And shall have served my time to-day—
But one request, before my powers you try,
Your signature, to two short lines, I pray.

FAUST.

Pedant, why seek for writing's empty token ?
Man's affirmation hast thou never tried ?
Sure 'tis enough that one short sentence spoken,
My fate for endless ages must decide.
A bit of parchment, and an empty scrawl,
Compose a monster which affrights us all.

Spirit! what would'st thou, from the sons of men?

Parchment or marble, paper, stone, or brass,
Impress'd by chisel, graving tool, or pen?

Make your own choice of any style or class.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why will you overwork your wit,

And jest where few so lightly speak or think?
For such a purpose any scrap is fit,

And the least drop of blood will serve for ink.

FAUST.

If such the mummery you require,
So be it: have your strange desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This blood has virtues of surpassing might.

FAUST.

Only no fear that I my word evade.
To strain each nerve, to keep my faith aright,
Is the plain substance of the vow I made.
I have too high a rank affected,
By mightier powers have been rejected,



Debarr'd the sight of Nature's plan.
Reflection's thread is torn asunder ;
Disgust at facts succeeds to wonder.
In sensual depths prepare to drown
 The passions that unquenched glow ;
And, every frenzied wish to crown,
 Let magic all her gifts bestow.
I long to dive in time's abyss,
 The ocean of forgotten years,
And, with alternate pain and bliss,
 Joy for success, for failure, tears :
To change amusements as we can ;
Rest was not made for active man.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your wishes are not well defined ;
 Yet, if you fain would sip and try,
 Just taste the sweets, and wander by.
I can supply them to your mind :
Only be bold, and you shall have success.

FAUST.

Hear me ! I do not ask for happiness.
 To passion's whirl my soul I consecrate,
 Fury that gladdens, love that turns to hate.
 My breast, that swells no more with learning's throes,
 I give to pain, and bare it to the storm ;
 And all that man enjoys, or undergoes,
 I wish concenter'd in this single form :
 High as yourself to mount, to dive as low ;
 Upon myself to heap your weal and woe ;
 Wide as your range my circle to extend,
 And, like yourself, be blasted at the end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Believe me, who, for many thousand years,
 Have champ'd the bread for bitterness detested,
 None, from their cradles to their biers,
 The sour old leaven e'er digested.

* * * * *

I thought the burthen of the song,
 That time is short, and art is long,

Had urged you to pursue instruction,
By reasoning, logic, and induction.
I deem'd some poet your ally,
 With genius ever on its mettle,
Each more resplendent quality
 Upon your honour'd head to settle :
The stag's swift foot, the lion's boldness,
Italian fire, and German coldness.
I thought the bard had told us how your mind
Cunning and magnanimity combined :
And how, when youth's warm impulse drove,
On system you could fall in love.
If in my travels I should chance to see
A man like this, the world's epitomè,
I should turn godfather, and give the name
Of Mr. Microcosm to the same.

FAUST.

What am I then, if I may not attain
The crown we gaze at from afar ;
Which all desire, and most in vain ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are at last what now you are :

Assume a wig of thirty thousand ties,

And boot-heels longer than your legs and thighs,

You are at length what now you are.

FAUST.

Too well I feel it : all the mental store

Of truth and wisdom I have toil'd to win,

Virtue have spent ; and, when my task was o'er,

For all I lavish'd none has enter'd in.

I am not now a hair's-breadth higher,

Nor to my great Creator nigher.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, you take the gloomy view

Of life, which men are wont to do.

We should arrange our little day,

Before its joys are past away.

* * * * *

FAUST.

How shall we, then, begin ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The world to see,
This dungeon leave, and wander forth with me.
Why, what a life is this, with vain discourse
To lecture pupils till your throat is hoarse !
To see your learning sow its chaff,
And thrash its straw, I needs must laugh.
E'en to the fools who crowd to college,
You hardly dare impart your knowledge,
Which one is waiting now to share.

FAUST.

I cannot see the youth to-day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor youth, he freezes on the stair,
And must not thus be sent away.
Give me your gown: in masquerade
Your part by me shall soon be play'd.
Trust my invention not to shame the mask ;
A quarter of an hour is all I ask.

[*He disguises himself, and FAUST retires.*

Despise me only wisdom's plan,
The highest attribute of man.
Let reason turn from truth, to stare
On falsehood's light, and magic's glare.
Without condition thou art mine.

Poor earth-worm ! he was born possessing
A spirit ever forward pressing,
And overleaping nature's line.
Him will I drag through wildest scenes,
Whose very meaning nothing means.
The food he craves shall meet his eye,
And brush his lip, yet leave it dry ;
Till, e'en without his seal and sign,
Beyond redemption, he were mine.

Enter a SCHOLAR.

SCHOLAR.

With patience I have waited here,
And full of reverence draw near,

To gain the love, and learn my Greek of
A man whom all with honour speak of.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your courtesy delights me much :
You see but one of many such.
Have you address'd yourself elsewhere ?

SCHOLAR.

I pray you, take me to your care.
I come with courage fresh and good,
A purse well fill'd, and youthful blood.
My mother long my wish resisted,
But I, for learning's sake, insisted.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You seek at least her proper place.

SCHOLAR.

And yet my steps I could retrace.
These walls and cloisters, void of trees,
In any sort must fail to please.
Within small bounds, with nothing green,
Where scarce a sunbeam peeps between ;

'Mid halls so gloomy, walls so thick,
My hearing, sight, and thought are sick.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Practice and custom reconcile
The tenant to the gloomy pile.
The child, at first, rejects the breast,
But after takes to it with zest.
And so the kindly milk unto,
Of Wisdom's mother-breast, will you.

SCHOLAR.

Sir, from your neck I shall with joy depend—
Instruct me how I may attain my end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before we start, you must explain
What faculty you would attain.

SCHOLAR.

I wish to be well fill'd with learning,
And would commence by first discerning
What was, and is, in heaven and earth,
From chaos and creation's birth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Keep on this path, you cannot fail ;
But must not yield to dissipation.

SCHOLAR.

I will attack it tooth and nail,
Yet fain would beg a slight cessation —
A little pastime, at the least,
On any holiday or feast.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Waste not your time, it speeds so fast away ;
Yet order teaches you to save the day.
For this, read logic's simple rules,
The dialectic of the schools,
This, if well read in all its branches,
Will throw the mind upon its haunches ;
In Spanish boots so truss and gird it,
That still, while those who never heard it,
Are wandering from their proper course,
It makes us keep the road by force ;

And nothing zigzag, crook'd, or cross,
Can lead us to our certain loss.
Each day it teaches something new.
Thus, what you thought at once to do,
Only at thrice perform'd you see,
With separate motions, one, two, three.
'Tis with the web of human thought,
As with the web by weavers wrought ;
One step a thousand threads decides ;
And while the restless shuttle glides,
The strand unceasing twists and twines,
And one slight touch the whole combines.
But the philosopher—'tis he
Who tells you that all this must be ;
The first was so, the second so,
And thus the third and fourth also ;
And if the first and second miss'd,
The third and fourth could not exist,
On scholars all this makes impression,
Although not weavers by profession.

The man who would describe or act,
 His subject's spirit must extract :
 'Tis then he has the parts in hand.
 'Tis true he wants the general band.
 The chemist calls it nature's encheiresis,
 And scarce knows why, although the name from Greece is.

SCHOLAR.

I find your meaning scarcely plain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh! that will follow in the train,
 When you have studied to reduce,
 And classify it all for use.

SCHOLAR.

Within my brain it makes a sound,
 Like fifty mill wheels whirling round.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All this you first embrace, and next
 Must metaphysics form your text,
 Thoughts firmly to digest and seize,
 With which the brain the least agrees :

For all that penetrates the head,
Or does not, words will serve instead.
But, chief, for this half year, take care
To minute time in order fair.
Five hours a day, to study well,
Be ready with the earliest bell.
Be for the lecture well prepared,
With book smooth'd down, and paper squared.
Then may you know that nought is said,
Which in the book may not be read :
Yet, while you listen, mind your writing,
As if the spirit were inditing.

SCHOLAR.

You shall not wish to twice impress on
My heart the need to write my lesson.
With comfort great we carry back
All we have fix'd in white and black.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet fix upon a faculty.

SCHOLAR.

To law I am unwilling to apply.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I understand your feelings in the case :
Truly, this study has but little grace.
Like a long sickness, never healing,
From age to age the laws are stealing.
They drag their lazy length from place to place,
And slink unseen from race to race :
They change the names of rhyme and reason,
Call madness sense, and wisdom treason ;
And make no question of the native right,
Which nature gave us when we came to light.

SCHOLAR.

My horror grows from what you preach :
How happy he who hears you teach !
Theology, methinks, were in my way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would not wish to lead your mind astray.

I scarce can recommend it or its works :

It is so hard to take the proper line :

Beneath so much dark venom lurks,

It bears small difference from medicine.

The happiest he who by the word abides,

That leads him straight where certainty resides,

And everlasting truth is found.

SCHOLAR.

Yet an idea should wait upon the sound.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good ; but for this we should not be too eager ;

For, where the sense is most exceeding meagre,

Words, to supply its place, may still abound.

With words we quarrel and debate,

A system build, or guide a state.

SCHOLAR.

Too long, I fear, my words are spun—

One question more, and I have done.

O'er learning's ample field to run

Three years, God knows, are but too few :
 A sentence is enough from you.
 On medicine I would fain receive
 One hint, before I take my leave.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This jargon now becomes an evil, [*Aside.*
 And I, once more, must play the devil.

 This is an art the easiest to seize. [*Aloud.*
 Study the greater world, and then the small,
 To let them run their courses after all,
 As Heaven shall please.

In vain at learning's empty form you snatch :

 Each learns what learn he can—
 He who the favouring tide can catch,
 Is still the wisest man.

You are well made, in form and limb,

 And have self-confidence besides—
 The world will ever trust in him
 Who in himself confides.

First learn the females to allure :

The wise man knows

Their *ahs!* and *ohs!*

A thousand different ways to cure.

But half the way contrive to come,

You have the rest beneath your thumb.

For every thing you wish confest,

A doctor's title is the best.

He sees their tongue, their pulse he tries,

Inspects uncheck'd their very eyes ;

And puts his arm around their waist,

To see how tight the same is laced.

SCHOLAR.

Should we not learn our cases to apply ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grey with old age, my friend, is theory,

And green the leaf on learning's living tree.

SCHOLAR.

I swear your lecture is a dream to me.

May I then hope to visit you again,

A deeper draught of wisdom here to drain ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As far as it extends, command my art.

SCHOLAR.

And yet I cannot possibly depart
Till I have shown my album, to engage
Your kindness with a line to grace the page.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well. [*He writes a line, and returns the book.*]

SCHOLAR (*reads*).

Eritis sient Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

[*Bows low, and departs.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Follow but this, and my old aunt, the snake,
You gain a wish for which your heart shall ache.

Enter FAUST.

FAUST.

Where are we bound?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To see the world we sail,
So please you, on its small and greater scale :

While distant lands we revel through,
Pleasure and profit will accrue.

FAUST.

Yet, ere we mix in life refined,
I would this beard were left behind.
The world I never yet could face,
And now shall meet with sure disgrace ;
From converse I shall long to fly,
Shall feel embarrass'd, slow, and shy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All that you want, my friend, the world will give ;
Trust in yourself, and you have learnt to live.

FAUST.

An equipage we still must find :
Where is the carriage, where the steed ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Our mantles, spread before the wind,
Are all such fellow-travellers need.
No common wants our speed abate,
Our luggage is not over weight.

A wild-fire spark I now prepare,
To shoot us whizzing through the air.
No obstacles our magic course annoy—
Before you life expands—I wish you joy!

*Anerbach's Cellar, in Leipzig.*CITIZENS *carousing.*

FROSCH.

Will none carouse?—myself, for one,
Will grin with any mother's son!
As damp and flat you sit together,
As dunghill straw in rainy weather.

BRANDER.

The fault's your own, for you contribute nought—
No foolish action—not a beastly thought.

FROSCH (*pours a glass of wine on his head*).

Take both then.

BRANDER.

Swinish lump of ill!

FROSCH.

You press'd me, and would have your will.

SIEBEL.

For him who quarrels, see the door.
A song!—and let the chorus roar!

ALTMAYER.

In mercy stop, ere those that bore us
Start from their coffins, at the chorus.

SIEBEL.

When on our heads it brings the ceiling,
The base begins to show its feeling.

[Sings.]

The lovely, holy Romish realm,
How fast it holds together—

BRANDER.

Out on his politics, a filthy song.

* * * * *

Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your visit first shall be to-day
Amid the jovial and the gay ;

Sworn revellers, who observe a feast
 Seven days within the week at least.
 With little wit, but mighty sound,
 Each in his narrow sphere goes round,
 Like kittens sporting with their tail.
 Unless a head-ache makes them pale,
 Long as their landlord scores assent,
 They still are ruddy and content.

BRANDER (*observing* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Their dress and manners both declare
 Two travellers: such their mien and air.
 Fresh from the jolting of the road,
 Our Leipzig is not their abode.

FROSCH.

Right: by a certain grace and nameless tone,
 Like Paris, Leipzig makes her children known.

SIEBEL.

What think you that this pair may be?

FROSCH.

Let me have at them, hand to fist.

With half a glass I let you see,
 And learn their history as you list.
 To noble blood I reckon them allied,
 For they look haughty and dissatisfied.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

The people never think the devil near,
 E'en when he has them by the ear.

FAUST.

Your servant, gentlemen.

SIEBEL.

The same to you.

[*Aside, seeing MEPHISTOPHELES.*

What has that game-legg'd varlet here to do?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

May we have liberty with you to sit?
 Good wine, 'tis true, we cannot have; but wit,
 Mirth, and society, at least, we can.

ADTMAYER.

You seem a very easy gentleman.

* * * * *

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I thought, as I was hastening here,
Some practised voices met my ear,
And sure the vaulted ceiling o'er us
Would echo sweetly to the chorus.

FROSCH.

No doubt you are a virtuoso.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No; my delight is great, my voice but so so.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So please you to allow—

SIEBEL.

Only sing something never heard till now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We are but lately come from Spain,
The land where wine inspires the strain. [*Sings.*

Upon a time there lived a king,
 This king he had a flea ;
So much he loved the little thing,
 That like his son was he.
His tailor he beseeches,
 The tailor to him goes,
Now measure my flea for breeches,
 And measure him for hose.

In satin and in laces,
 Straitway this flea was drest ;
He had buckles to his braces,
 And a cross upon his breast.
He govern'd then the nation,
 With a star his coat to grace,
And he gave each poor relation
 A pension or a place.

He set the ladies scoffing,
 The lords were sore distrest,

The queen too, and the dauphin,
 Could neither eat nor rest ;
And yet they dared not stifle
 And crush the flea outright ;
We reckon it but a trifle
 To crush one if he bite.

CHORUS.

We reckon it, &c. &c.

* * * *

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To make my humble efforts better pass,
Were your wine better, I could drink a glass.

SIEBEL.

The wine is good enough for you to swill.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Did I not fear our host would take it ill,
To guests like you the best I would have shown,
Out of a private cellar of my own.

SIEBEL.

Only produce it: I will take the blame.

FROSCH.

Let it be good, and I will raise its fame ;
Only no scanty samples. Old or new,
To give a judgment just and true
I must both wet my mouth and wet it through.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bring me a gimblet.

BRANDER.

What with that to bore?

Your casks are hardly waiting at the door.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Tell me what wine you wish me to supply.

FROSCH.

How say you, have you such variety ?
If mine the choice, then Rhenish let it be :
My country's produce is the wine for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(bores a hole in the table with a gimblet).

A little wax the aperture to fix.

ALTMAYER.

Ah! these are hackneyed conjurors' tricks.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to BRANDER)*.

And you?

BRANDER.

My voice is for champagne,

And let it froth and foam again.

SIEBEL.

The sour I own my palate may not suit,

I love to taste the sweetness of the fruit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Tokay shall flow for you.

*[The holes being all bored, he repeats as follows,
with antic gestures.*

Grapes on the vinestick, juice from the wood,

The timber is dry, and the wine is good.

The wine is juicy, the wood is dry,
 And the table as well can wine supply.
 Nature is wonderful, search her through,
 Here is a miracle—think it true.
 Now draw the corks, and drink your fill.

ALL.

O wondrous spring! surpassing rill!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be careful not a drop to spill.

ALL (*singing*).

It makes our cannibal hearts rejoice,
 Like fifteen hundred swine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Their spirits rise—how spritely now it makes them.

FAUST.

It makes me long to haste away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First, see how, when the bestial fit o'ertakes them,
 Their polish'd nature will itself display.

SIEBEL.

(drinks eagerly, and spills the wine, which turns to flame).

Help! help!—the fire from hell was sent!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to the flame).*

Be quiet, friendly element.

'Twas a mere squib, no reason for your fear.

SIEBEL.

A squib! you juggler! you shall pay it dear—

You think us fools; we must be better known.

FROSCH.

'Twere best for him to let his squibs alone.

ALTMAYER.

I think I felt him gently brush my side.

SIEBEL.

What! will he, then, again among us glide,

Our beards to burn—our threats to brave?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be still! old wine cask.

SIEBEL.

Juggling knave!

†

You are returning to your tricks again ;
But wait, and cudgels on your back shall rain !

ALTMAYER.

(draws one of the stoppers, and fire comes out).

I burn.

SIEBEL.

'Tis magic ! and he keeps aloof.
Thrust home cold iron—he is bullet-proof !

[They draw their knives, and run on him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

False word and air
Change the how and where :
Be here and there !

[They remain astonished, and stare at one another.

ALTMAYER.

Where am I ?—what a lovely land !

FROSCH.

Vineyards !—do I see them right ?

SIEBEL.

And grapes that court the hand.

BRANDER.

Beneath these leaves how thick they muster !
See what a stem, and what a cluster.

*[He seizes SIEBEL by the nose and lifts his knife,
the others do the same by one another.]*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Falsehood, loose, and leave their eyes.
See the devil how he flies ! *[Vanishes with FAUST.]*

SIEBEL.

Was it your nose that grew so fair ?

BRANDER.

Is it for yours my knife is bare ?

ALTMAYER.

It was a blow that went through all my limbs ;
Bring a chair quickly, for my forehead swims.

FROSCH.

Now tell me true, what is the rout ?

SIEBEL.

Where is he? If I find him out,
In vain for mercy he shall ask.

ALTMAYER.

I saw him riding on a cask,
Out at the cellar door.
I feel as lead were in my feet.
How! will the wine then flow no more?

SIEBEL.

All was delusion and deceit.

FROSCH.

And yet I thought the wine went down my throat.

SIEBEL.

The vineyard too: how did that cheat our eyes?

ALTMAYER.

'Tis very strange; and those must change their note
Who say that Nature has no prodigies.

The WITCHES' Kitchen.

A great caldron is boiling on a fire, which is seen blazing on a low hearth. In the smoke that rises from it various figures are ascending. A Meerkatze (an animal between a cat and a monkey) sits by the caldron, skimming it so that it may not boil over. The male, with his family, is warming himself. The walls and roof are hung round with all the strange and fantastic apparatus of witchcraft.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

Ill with my soul these hellish scenes accord :
The joy you promised can these walls afford ?
This waste of witchcraft and of devilry ?
If for a beldam's counsel here I came,

Say, will her brewage and her cookery
Abstract some thirty winters from my frame?
Alas! if these are all the arts you know,
My hopes of youth already I forego.
Could not kind Nature, and a being like you,
Some other means contrive, some balsam brew?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh! if for other means you look,
No doubt they may be read;
But in another wond'rous book,
Under another head.

FAUST.

Explain them.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Life and health to have and hold
Without the aid of magic, drugs, or gold.
To yonder field, upon your back
Bear me a pick-axe, dig and hack.
Then make the field your model, keep your senses,
Like what you till in hurdles and in fences.

Feed, do as your associate cattle do,
And chew the cud with those the cud who chew.
Act thus, without disease or fear,
You scarce can fail to reach your eightieth year.

FAUST.

This will not do: I was not made
The plough to guide, or wield the spade.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then, after all, the witch must be your aid.

FAUST.

Why must the witch the draught distil?
Why might not you prepare the drink?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That were a pretty way my time to fill,
In half the lapse I could perform more ill
Than all the race of man could think.
Knowledge will not perform the charm alone;
A greater virtue, patience, must be shown.
If its ingredients you should sift,

So strange they are, you might be loth to take it ;

The recipe was in the devil's gift,

And yet the devil may not mix nor make it.

[*Seeing the Meerhatzen.*

See, what a charming couple this :

Here is the master, here the miss.

[*To them.*

It seems your mistress is abroad.

THE MONKEY CATS.

The old sinner

Gone out to dinner,

Up the chimney.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How long, pray, is she wont to roam ?

MONKEY CATS.

Long as we warm our paws at home.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What think you of this gentle pair ?

FAUST.

Dull and absurd. I hope the breed is rare.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I find with animals of such a mold
Exactly the discourse I love to hold.

THE MALE (*rubs up against* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Oh! throw but the die,
And let me but try
To win on the card,
For my lot is but hard,
And wisdom is sold ;

I could buy it with pence,
And if I had gold,
Then I should have sense.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How happy were the brute if it were able
To punt a little at the faro table !

*[The young ones have meanwhile been playing
with a large globe, which they roll to the front.]*

THE MALE.

This is the earth
Which since its birth

Ever goes round.
When my foot shakes it,
Like glass its sound.
Pray how soon breaks it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What would you with the sieve?

THE MALE.

If you came here to thieve,
It would show why you came.

*[He runs to the female, and makes her
look through it.]*

Now see through the sieve
If he came here to thieve,
And tell me his name.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What means the pot?

THE MONKEY CATS.

The ignorant sot,
He knows not the pot,
He knows not the kettle.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Uncourteous of speech.

THE MALE.

Take the fan, I beseech,
And sit in the settle.

[*He obliges MEPHISTOPHELES to sit down.*]

FAUST.

(*He has during this time been gazing at a mirror,
sometimes approaching it, sometimes retiring from it.*)

What form of more than female grace and hue

 Within this magic mirror meets my eyes?

Love, lend thy swiftest pinions to pursue

 That gentle shape, and win her ere she flies.

Still as that form to near inspection lures,

A mist surrounds it, and a cloud obscures.

Still through that mist I scan the features there,

And madly ask, is woman's form so fair?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is: gaze on it at your leisure,

I think I know of such a treasure ;

And if such joy it gives her form to scan,
Then sure her bridegroom is a happy man

[FAUST *still gazes at the mirror.* MEPHISTOPHELES *stretches himself out in the arm-chair, and plays with the fan.*

How like a sultan on his throne of state I sit me down !
This fan my sceptre represents, I only want my crown.

FAUST.

My head begins to swim, my breast to burn !
Quick ! let us hence, that I may cease to dream !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By incidents like this at least we learn,
That poets are not quite the fools they seem.

[*The kettle, which the cats have neglected, begins to boil over: it takes fire, and blazes up the chimney. The WITCH comes down howling and shrieking through the flame.*

WITCH.

Ough ! ough ! ough ! ough !
Infernal hellcat ! cursed sow !

Curse on the careless brutes, to allow
The pot to boil over, and singe me now!

[*Seeing FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.*

Who have we here?

And who are you?

How dared ye appear?

What would ye do?

The fire pain

In your bones and brain.

[*She takes the ladle and sprinkles fire at FAUST,
MEPHISTOPHELES, and the CATS.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The same to you,

In your heart and liver,

In two and two

Your glasses I shiver.

They do but ring

By note and by rule,

And the tune they sing

Is your own, you old fool.

[*He brandishes the fan, and breaks the pots and glasses.*

Look at me, skeleton—abomination !

Your ancient lord and master learn to know.

What stops my dealing out annihilation

To you and all your hellcats at a blow ?

Is not my dress correct, my waistcoat red,

And the cock's feather planted on my head ?

Was not my face of old the same,

And must I give myself a name ?

WITCH.

Mercy, forgive if I received you ill,

And yet the horse's hoof is wanting still ;

And the two ravens who composed your train.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is so long since we have met,

I can forgive your rudeness and forget ;

Take heed you err not so again.

Culture, which renders man less like an ape,

Has also lick'd the devil into shape.

The northern phantom has withdrawn his horns,
And tail and claws alike the devil scorns.
My hoof, with which I cannot well dispense,
 Might scandalize, so, not to work by halves,
I hide it, and, like many a man of sense,
 For many a year have worn false calves.

WITCH.

I lose my wits and reason, clean and clear,
For joy to see my favourite Satan here.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pray blink that title, learn to take a hint—
'Tis long since Satan's name was out of print.

WITCH.

How has your good old name offended?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of story-books it long has graced the page.
But men, in all that time, have little mended:
 Vice has remain'd the same from age to age.
So, by the herald's aid, I change my plan,
Blazon my coat, and turn a gentleman.

WITCH.

Now, sirs, inform me, can I be of use?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We want a goblet of the well-known juice.

But for the very oldest I must ask ;

For time, you know, its power sublimes.

WITCH.

Oh! surely ; I have got a proper flask,

From which I sip myself at times.

This with choice friends alone was ever shared,

No mustiness has spoil'd its power.

Yet if this man should drink it unprepared, [*Aside.*

You know he cannot live an hour.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He is a friend: the broth of hell

Doubt not will turn to wholesome chyle with him.

Describe your circle, speak your spell,

And fill your goblet to the brim.

[*The WITCH draws a circle, and places in it various strange articles. In the meantime the glasses begin to ring, and the kettle to sound with musical tones: at last she produces a great book; the MONKEY CATS present their backs for a reading-desk. She bids FAUST approach.*

FAUST.

Now tell me whither this may tend—

I wish the mummerly at an end.

I know, and execrate enough,

Her gestures and her juggling stuff.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis but to laugh at. Why so nice?

Rules in all arts must be obeyed.

You know that when physicians give advice,

Some hocus pocus must be made.

THE WITCH (*declaims with great emphasis*),

From one take ten,

So say amen!

Then carry two.

From three take twenty,
Then you have plenty.
Six makes a hitch—
So says the witch!
For nine is one,
And ten is none—
That is the witch's once go one.

FAUST.

I think the beldam preaches in a fever.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

While from that book she reads, it will not leave her.
I know it well, the same through all its pages.
I used to waste my leisure with its fictions ;
For all such round and perfect contradictions
Remain a secret both for fools and sages.
The same, my friend, has long been done,
By one and three, and three and one.
We long have known, by terms and syllogism,
To spread the mists of error and of schism.

Must we teach comprehension to the fools
 For whom we use the language of the schools?
 We give them words, cannot they be content?
 Must they still be inquiring what was meant?

THE WITCH (*proceeds from the book*).

The glorious light
 Of learning bright,
 From all creation hidden:
 To him 'tis brought,
 Who takes no thought,
 Unsought for, and unbidden.

FAUST.

What frenzied nonsense is she pouring out?
 I think my sense will break its tether:
 It sounds to me as if a rabble-rout
 Of half a million idiots spoke together.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough! enough, enchantress! give the cup,
 And, bubbling to the surface, fill it up.

No danger to my friend shall follow—

He is a man of most capacious swallow.

[The WITCH, with many ceremonies, presents the cup; as FAUST sets it to his mouth, it burns up with a light flame.]

Now drain the goblet, fear no evil,

'Twill cheer you to your heart's desire :

Can you, who thou and thee the devil,

Like a mere mortal shrink from fire?

Now quick, away, you should not let it freeze.

WITCH.

May the draught put you in a right condition !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If aught, old lady, I can do to please,

Upon the Blocksberg bring me your petition.

[To FAUST.]

Come quickly forth, or you will be too late ;

You should perspire, to let it penetrate.

FAUST.

Yet let me gaze one moment in the glass—

That form was surely of the sky.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No: soon a model for the fair shall pass,

In more substantial grace, before your eye.

So primed an Helen you shall greet [*Aside.*]

In every female form you meet.

A Street

FAUST *and* MARGARET *passing across.*

FAUST.

Say, loveliest lady ! may I dare
Propose my arm to one so fair ?

MARGARET.

I am neither a lady nor what you say,
And without your guidance can find my way.

FAUST.

By heaven ! this child in face and mien
Was such as I have seldom seen ;
So graceful in her virtuous pride,
A little snappish too beside.
That cheek and lip of red so pure
Long in my memory shall endure !

And when to earth her glance she threw
She pierced my easy bosom too.
As, with her gown held up, she fled,
That well-turn'd ankle well might turn one's head!

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hear! you must win her:—no delay! [*To him.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Win whom?

FAUST.

But now she past this way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh! her. The priest to whom she came to pray
Absolved her free from sin and guile;
I listen'd by his chair the while.
The monk could scarcely send her thence
More perfect in her innocence.
Such are beyond my mischief's sphere.

FAUST.

Yet she has reach'd her fifteenth year.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You speak in Mr. Wilfull's tone ;

Who, as he walk'd the garden, thought
The flowers were made for him alone.

And so much mischief there he wrought—
But check the speed with which you run.

FAUST.

Pray, Mr. Check-my-speed, have done,

Quoting your saws and maxims clever ;
And more to tell you I make bold,
Unless, ere midnight's bell has toll'd,
That beauty in my arms I hold,

We part at twelve—and part for ever.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Think of the nature of the case :

I ask, at least, a fortnight's space,
The slightest opening to secure.



FAUST.

Had I seven hours to seek the maid,
I should not want the devil's aid,
Her simple virtue to allure.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You talk this like a Frenchman born.
Let not my hints awake your scorn.
Why seek to gain what you affect
By paths so simple and direct?
The joy is not so great by far
As when, in spite of bolt and bar,
Above, around her, and below,
By practice you have learnt to go:
Have sometimes stoop'd, and sometimes mounted,
As in Italian tales recounted.

FAUST.

Without all this I crave and would obtain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My warning must be clear and plain.

This fort, 'tis not the devil's fault,
May not be taken by assault :
We cannot beat the bulwarks down,
And so must parley with the town.

FAUST.

Then bear me to her place of rest,
Bring me the kerchief from her breast—
A keepsake bring, whate'er it be—
A lace—the garter from her knee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That you may see how I submit
To watch and tend you in your fit,
This very night you shall be led
Within her chamber, to her bed.

FAUST.

And see her—clasp her ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not at all.

Upon a friend she means to call ;

In the meanwhile you take your station,
And feed yourself on expectation.

FAUST.

May we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is too soon ; not yet.

FAUST.

Seek me some gift, some jewel richly set.

[FAUST *departs.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents so soon !—he 'll not be long in wooing.

I know of many a hidden closet,
And many a miser's old deposit ;
Such I must set about pursuing.

A small and neat Apartment.

MARGARET (*plaiting and binding up her hair*).

I would give something to discover
Who 'twas that spoke so like a lover.
'Tis sure he had a mien and face
Which spoke him of a noble race.
That from his very look I told—
Besides, he would not else have been so bold.

[*She goes in.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come in, but softly ply your feet.

FAUST.

Leave me alone, I do entreat.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Few maidens' chambers are so neat.

FAUST.

Sweet dimness of the sacred room,

I hail thy chaste and sober gloom !

I feel the breeze of mental health,

Where calm content and order dwell :

The fulness of the poor man's wealth,

The freedom of his prison-cell !

[*Throws himself into a large arm-chair.*

Receive, thou friend in joy and sorrow known,

A guest unwonted in thy calm embrace.

How oft around this patriarchal throne

Have clung the hopes of many a parent's race !

How oft at Christmas tide of childish bliss,

Perchance for gifts that spoke the closing year,

Her own loved lips have printed many a kiss

On the old hand of him who rested here !

Fair one ! I hail the spirit of the place,

Of decent neatness, and of order's grace !

At whose command the spotless cloth is spread,

The clean sand crackles underneath thy tread.

With such a tenant misery flies the door,
 And watchful angels bless thy humble store.

* * * * *

And thou!—it shakes my soul with fear
 To ask thee, wretch, what dost thou here?
 Why camest thou, Faust? what makes thy heart so
 sore?

Wretched and lost! I know thee now no more.

Ah! should she enter, lovely, now,

How should I then repent my crime:

How would the devil veil his brow

Before that form, in innocence sublime!

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick! quick! I see her at the door.

FAUST.

Begone yourself! for I go hence no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a casket for the dame:

Heavy. No matter whence it came.

There, put it quick in yonder chest.
I vow you look like one possest.
Within, a little venture lies,
To win for you a greater prize.

FAUST.

I know not—shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do you ask?

Oh! if you mean to keep the treasure,
You might have done me so much pleasure,
At least to spare me half my task.
I did not think you prone to avarice.

[FAUST *places the casket in a press.*

Now off! away!

To win the beauty in a trice.

And there you stand, enwrapt in gloom,

As if preparing for a lecture room

And Physic's form was standing there,

With Metaphysic's—lovely pair!

Away!

[*They depart.*

Enter MARGARET, with a Lamp.

MARGARET.

What makes it close and sultry here?

Without, the air is fresh and clear.

[Opens the window.]

I wish my mother's walk and task was o'er ;

Somehow I feel as ne'er I felt before :

Through my whole frame there runs a shuddering.

I am a silly, foolish, trembling thing.

[She begins to sing, while she undresses herself.]

There was a king in Thule

Was constant to the grave ;

And she who loved him truly

A goblet to him gave.

Alike the old man cherish'd

Her memory and the cup ;

†

And oft, to her who perish'd,
He fill'd and drank it up.

Ere death had closed his pleasures,
The states he summon'd all,
And portion'd out his treasures,
The goblet not withal.

With all his knights before him
He feasted royally,
In the hall of those who bore him,
In his castle by the sea.

With closing life's emotion,
He bade the goblet flow—
Then plunged it in the ocean,
A hundred fathom low.

He saw it filling, drinking,
And the calm sea closing o'er ;

His eyes the while were sinking,
No drop he e'er drank more.

[She opens the chest, and sees the casket.]

How came this casket here? I cannot guess.

'Tis very certain that I lock'd the press.

It sets my curiosity on edge:

Perhaps my mother keeps it as a pledge

From one who borrow'd on security.

At all events there hangs the key,

And what is in it I shall see.

Oh, mercy! 'tis sufficient to astound.

Jewels and gold! how I should like to wear them!

With stones like these an empress might be crown'd.

With her who owns them I could wish to share them;

Just in my ear to wear this ring—

I should look quite another thing.

What boots your beauty, maidens, tell?

'Tis mighty fine, 'tis very well.

Although the men may stop and gaze,
I hear them pity while they praise ;
No good 'twill e'er ensure one.

Gold all pursue ;

All court and woo,

And marry:—ah, thou poor one !

A public Walk. FAUST in deep thought.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*meets him*).

By love despised! by hell's fierce element!
Aid me some execration to invent.

FAUST.

I never saw a countenance so fell:
What is it that you take so bitterly?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I could this moment give myself to hell,
If hell's own master I could cease to be.

FAUST.

What can it be? mankind might well be glad
To see the devil gone so very mad.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But think: the gift for Margaret which I brought
Within his birdlime claws a priest has caught.

The foolish mother would be peeping,
And straight she felt a horror creeping :
Her nose has long become a hook,
With snuffling o'er her beads and book,
And smelling things, to make it plain
If they be holy or profane.
And for the gems, she knew it well,
They were not bless'd by book or bell.
" My child," says she, " ill-gotten wealth
Corrupts the soul's and body's health :
By offering at our Lady's shrine
This gift, we gain her grace divine."
Poor Margaret look'd a little cross ;
She did not like to look, perforce,
Thus in the mouth of a gift-horse.
" Graceless," she said, " he sure is not
Who brought the gift to such a spot."
A priest came to the mother's need,
Who understood the jest with speed.

He spoke: " Good mother, Heaven inspires
Thy soul to check profane desires !
The church's stomach never strains
At lands or jewels, woods or plains ;
And what she swallows, without question,
Might give yourself an indigestion.
The church alone, with ease and health,
My dears, digests ill-gotten wealth."

FAUST.

He lied ! for there are other two :
A king can do it, and a Jew !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He says no more : on chains and rings,
Like children on their food, he springs !
And makes no more of rubies red
Than they of nuts and gingerbread.
Then much on Heaven's reward he lied :
Their very souls were edified.

FAUST.

And Margaret ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sits in restless mood,
And knows not what she would or should ;
Thinks on the gift which caused her care,
But more on him who placed it there.

FAUST.

Thinks she on me? Her grief I share.
A richer present quick prepare :
The first was in a common way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh yes! for you 'tis children's play.

FAUST.

The more to gain your master's end,
Work on her neighbour and her friend.

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With all my heart, sir, sure and soon.
Such love-sick fools would rout the spheres above,
And make a rocket of the moon,
For pastime for the fool they love!

MARTHA'S House.

MARTHA (*MARGARET'S friend*) *alone.*

Now may my husband be forgiven
The ill he does in sight of Heaven!
Who wanders forth against its law,
And leaves me on my widow'd straw,
Devoted, true, in life and limb.
It was not thus I treated him.
Perhaps he is dead: oh, sad condition!
Could I but see his apparition.

Enter MARGARET.

MARGARET.

Oh! Martha, Martha!

FAUST.

MARTHA.

What with me?

MARGARET.

I almost sink upon my knee.
Within my clothes-press I discover
Another casket from my lover,
With jewels bright as any star ;
The first was not so rich by far.

MARTHA.

This from your mother hide at least,
Else she consigns it to the priest.

MARGARET.

Now only see them ! Said I true ?

MARTHA.

Sure never maid was blest like you.

MARGARET.

Alas ! for me 'twould not be meet
To wear them in the church or street.

MARTHA.

To my small mansion you at times shall pass,
And dress yourself in these, by my directions ;

Then walk for half an hour before the glass :

We have a pleasure in our own reflections.

And next, some chance occasion you must seize,

Some ball or feast, to show them by degrees.

A bracelet first, the pearls may come the next.

Your mother we must blind with some pretext.

MARGARET.

Who could it be that brought the two?

He did not work as others do.

[*A knock at the door.*

Oh Heaven ! if that should be my mother !

MARTHA.

Come in. Nay, fear not, 'tis another.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The ladies' pardon I implore,

For venturing thus to pass the door.

[*Retreats respectfully from* MARGARET.

To see a lady here I came,
And Schwerdtlin was the lady's name.

MARTHA.

To visit me? I am the same.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, 'tis enough. You have a guest
Whose air bespeaks her of the best.
For such intrusion great my sorrow ;
My business I explain to-morrow.

MARTHA.

His honour, Margaret, by this hand,
Thinks you a lady of the land.

MARGARET.

The gentleman is much too good :
I cannot boast of gentle blood.
These are not mine, nor chain nor stone.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah ! beauteous, 'tis not these alone.
How fair a presence ! what an eye !
It glads me that I need not fly.

MARTHA.

What is your news, sir, may I ask ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would be spared this bitter task.

The messenger of ill too oft repents.

Your lord is dead, and sends his compliments.

MARTHA.

Is dead ! alas, sweet, suffering saint !

Is dead ! Support me, or I faint.

MARGARET.

Despair not thus, my gentle friend.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hear my sad story to its end.

In Padua he came to die,

And at St. Anthony's doth lie ;

Service and psalms were sung and said :

He rests him in his narrow bed.

MARTHA.

Is this then all you have to bear ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I bring, besides, a weighty—prayer.

He craves three hundred masses for his soul :
This you will find a total of the whole.

MARTHA.

What, not a single keepsake from the dead ?
No slight memorial for an injured wife ?
What every wretch who labours for his bread,
Rather than go without, would part with life !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alas ! his conscience grieved him sore,
But his ill-fortune even more.

MARGARET.

How frail is man's estate ! his soul shall share
All that I have to give, my daily prayer.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You, that bestow your kindness on the dead,
Are worthier with some living man to wed.

MARGARET.

Oh ! for a husband 'tis not yet the time.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A lover, then, would count your youth no crime.

Great men there are whom nothing more could bless
Than one so lovely to caress.

MARGARET.

The custom is such things to shun.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Custom or not, such things are done.

MARTHA.

Yet tell me all.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood by his bedside ;
And very like a Christian man he died.
“ How must I loathe,” he said, “ my sinful life,
To leave my children, and desert my wife !”
(He fear'd, in consequence, that nought could save him.)
“ Oh could she but forgive me ere I die !”

MARTHA (*crying*).

Dear, suffering man ! 'tis long since I forgave him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

“ But, God knows ! she was more in fault than I.”

MARTHA.

He lied ! oh monstrous ! with his latest breath.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes ; it was in the agonies of death.

I wonder now the more at what I heard.

Said he, " I had not time to rest my head :

Children came first, 'twas I must find them bread,

Bread in the widest meaning of the word :

I could not eat my own in peace and quiet."

MARTHA.

Was he to all our passion so untrue

As to accuse his wife and then his diet ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so : his thoughts were ever turn'd on you.

" I well remember," thus he told his tale,

" When we from Malta's isle had hoisted sail,

How for my wife I pray'd with all my might,

And straight a Turkish vessel hove in sight.

It bore great treasures to the Sultan's harem ;

Enough it was my lot to seize and share 'em."

MARTHA.

Ha! what, a treasure! do you think 'twas hid?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, of his wealth he possibly got rid.
He, as in Naples once he promenaded,
By a fair gentlewoman was regarded;
And so much truth and love she show'd my friend,
He bore their tokens to his latter end.

MARTHA.

The knave! the plunderer of his own relations!
Could not our need, our poverty,
Check his profane abominations!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Twas therefore, doubtless, that he came to die.
Were I a widow, such as you,
I would but rest a twelvemonth chaste,
Then look about for something new.

MARTHA.

Ah me! I well may search the wide world through,
And not find one like him so graced.

He was a hearty one, that man of mine,
Only at home he could not stay—
Loved stranger women, stranger wine,
And, worst of all, that cursed play.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Were you and he to change to-day,
He well might find the task as great
Your vacuum to reinstate.
Ah! if on me your thoughts could fall,
The ring were ready to your call.

MARTHA.

Oh, sir! it pleases you to jest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now not to linger I were best,
For she would hold the devil to his word.

[*To MARGARET.*

Maiden, how is it with your heart?

MARGARET.

I know not, sir,—you make one start.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor innocent, how void of art !

Ladies, farewell.

MARTHA.

Yet stay, till I have heard

Some testimony to my husband's fate :

I cannot act upon what you relate.

Let things in order be, I cease to fret :

I fain would read his death in the Gazette.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, you are right : when two appear

As witnesses, the truth is clear.

I have a comrade who shall swear,

And set all things in order fair.

Him will I bring.

MARTHA.

Say I entreat him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Should this fair lady like to meet him :

He is a paragon, has travell'd much,
A ladies' man, and you will find him such.

MARGARET.

Oh! I should blush before such worth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before no king of all the earth.

MARTHA.

Here in the garden he shall make his oath :
This very evening we expect you both.

A Street.

FAUST (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

What speed—how goes it—is it order'd right?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bravo! I find you all in flame,
And shortly you will hit your aim:
She visits at her neighbour's house to-night.
A woman fit to bear the honour'd rule
Of the whole gipsy and procuress school.

FAUST.

So far so good.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But you your part must bear.

FAUST.

In my own cause to labour is but fair.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Confirm a story I have made,
As how her husband's limbs are laid
At Padua, in a decent tomb.

FAUST.

Fine! I must travel then almost to Rome.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta simplicitas! why stir from hence?
Or know it, only give your evidence.

FAUST.

I never heard a scheme so void of sense.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How now?—your saintship doubts its moral fitness.
Is this the first time you have borne false witness?
Have you had pupils?—have you ever given,
Respecting every subject, man, earth, heaven,
Long strings of words, which you call definitions?
In your own bosom do you not allow
You were as fit to utter them as now,
Touching this man to make your depositions?

FAUST.

Liar and sophist! such you must be ever.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

True, were I like yourself—and just as clever!
Will truth and honour prompt the tale,
When soon poor Margaret you assail,
And all your love-sick oaths exhale?

FAUST.

And from my heart's core!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then the rest.

On constancy the tale must run;
On love that only burns for one.
Will that come straight too from the breast?

FAUST.

No more!—it will so. If in vain
I strive, I rage, I rack my brain,
To find this new sensation's name,
Some symbol for the ceaseless flame

That burns alike my head and heart,
Say, do I act such hellish part?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet am I right.

FAUST.

To cut the matter short,
And spare at once my time and lungs,
They who support the truth, with simple tongues,
That truth the best support.
I yield the argument to save my breath,
Your conversation else would be my death.

A Garden.

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

MARGARET.

Too well I feel it, thus you condescend
Merely to shame me in the end.
You travell'd-gentlemen are used
From kindness to put up with all.
I know you cannot be amused
With any thing that one like me lets fall.

FAUST.

To hear you speak delights me more
Than wisdom's words or learning's lore.

[*He kisses her hand.*]

MARGARET.

How could you thus your lips offend?

The softness of this hand much toil has marr'd.

To all things I must needs attend—

My mother's rule is rather hard.

[They pass to the back of the stage.]

MARTHA (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

And you, kind sir, set out so soon again?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Business and duty still impel my course.

Often we leave a place behind with pain,

Yet onward must proceed perforce.

MARTHA.

In youth to roam where fortune drives,

May suit you well by land, or on the waves:

Yet soon the evil time arrives:

To slink sad, lonely bachelors to your graves,

Is a black prospect for your latter lives.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such end, with horror, I expect.

MARTHA.

Then, worthy sir, in time reflect.

[They pass back, as before.]

MARGARET.

Yes, you are courteous, kind, and good,
But then you come of gentle blood,
Have many a friend of many a nation,
And, more than all this, education.

FAUST.

Dulness, not knowledge, wrinkles oft the brow—
Folly will often dress at wisdom.

MARGARET.

How?

FAUST.

Strange that simplicity should want the sense
To see the beauty of its innocence.

MARGARET.

If sometimes upon me your thoughts should stray,
I shall have leisure memory's debt to pay.

FAUST.

You are alone then often?

MARGARET.

Night and day.

Our humble household is but small,

And I, alas! must look to all.

We have no maid, and I may scarce avail

To wake so early and to sleep so late,

And then my mother is in each detail

So accurate.

I scarce approve these fancies of my mother's,

And think we might do more than many others.

My father left us what he had to give,

A house and garden, decent means to live:

My brother was a soldier bred;

One sister, younger than myself, is dead.

I had much trouble with the child,
 And yet my love for it my time beguiled.

* * * * *

Before its birth my father was no more,
 My mother almost gave it o'er :
 It pined, and then recover'd by degrees ;
 'Twas I must feed it, hold it on my knees ;
 And thus I watch'd and nursed it, all alone,
 And grew to look upon it as my own.

FAUST.

How sweet your task to rear the drooping flower !

MARGARET.

And yet it cost me many a weary hour :
 And then, besides, to tend the house affairs—
 'Twould weary you to tell you all my cares.

[They cross over.]

MARTHA (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Indeed 'tis uphill work to teach
 You bachelors. Excuse the speech

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would one like you my steps conduct,
I should be easy to instruct.

MARTHA.

Now tell me true, in any place or station,
Has your heart never felt the least sensation?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A good man's hearth, the while his wife sits by,
Pearls cannot equal, treasures cannot buy!
'Tis thus the proverb says, and so say I.

MARTHA.

I mean, if e'er your heart to love was tending?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I always found the ladies condescending.

MARTHA.

I mean, if serious passion fill'd your breast?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Trifling with ladies is beyond a jest!

MARTHA.

Ah! you mistake.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I grieve to be so blind ;
But this I see—that you are very kind.

[*Cross over.*

FAUST.

Then you forgive my bearing in the street,
Near the cathedral, when we chanced to meet.

MARGARET.

I was surprised and fluster'd ; it was new
To be accosted by a man like you.
What, thought I, sure he must have seen in me
Some sign of wantonness, or levity.
Yet, I confess, I scarcely know what charm
Arrested me, as I refused your arm.

[*They make love.*

MARTHA.

The night draws on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

True, and we must away.

MARTHA.

I would invite you here to stay,
But in an evil neighbourhood we dwell,
Where nothing suits each gaping fool so well,
As when neglecting all his own affairs,
At every body else he stares :
And thus their talk would be of me and you,
And of these two.

Good night !

A Mountain Forest—Rocks and Caves.

FAUST.

Spirit of Power ! thou gavest me, gavest me all
My wishes ask'd :—not vainly hast thou turn'd
Thy awful countenance in fire towards me !
Thou gavest me Nature's realms for my dominion,
And power to feel and to enjoy the gift.
Not with mere wonder's glance my eye was cheated :
Deep into nature's breast at once I dived,
And scann'd it like the bosom of a friend.
Thou bad'st, in dark array, her living forms
Glide by : thou teach'dst me to know my brethren
In air, in quiet wood, or glassy stream ;
And when the storm is howling through the forest,
The storm that strikes the giant pine to earth ;
While many a branchy neighbour shares the ruin,
And rocks give back the crash, and the rebound ;

+

Then, led by thee to some wild cave remote,
My task I ply—the study of myself.
Or, should the silver moon look kindly down,
The vision'd forms of ages long gone by
Gleam out from piled rock, or dewy bush—
Mellow to kinder light the blaze of thought,
And soothe the maddening mind to softer joy!

Alas! that man must ever seek in vain,
As I have sought, perfection! To the gift
Which brings me near and nearer to the gods,
Thou gavest one dark companion. One with whom
I may not part, howe'er his cold disdain
Is ever humbling me before myself,
And, with the reckless breath of his contempt,
He withers all thy gifts. In vain my soul
Still grasps at phantoms of its own creation,
Wanders uncheck'd from craving to enjoyment,
And, in enjoyment, pants for fresh desire.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

Has not your hermitship bemused your fill ?

How can the lonely freak so long endure ?

Give it a decent trial if you will—

By this time something new might well allure.

FAUST.

I wish you some more laudable employment,

Than to disturb my instants of enjoyment.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh ! I shall leave your hermitship alone,

Yet think you well might take a lighter tone ;

There is not much to lose in such a mate,

So unpolite and so disconsolate.

'Tis hard to reckon when to interpose—

The devil cannot read it in your nose.

FAUST.

Oh ! that is just his way : he first annoys,

Then would be thank'd for blasting all my joys.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor son of earth! and were I not so kind,
 How would your sad existence be endured?

* * * * *

Why thus, where nature's features scowl,
 Dispute his mansion with the owl?
 Why, like the crawling worm, or beetle, live
 On what the dripping rock or moss can give?
 A pleasant way the time to kill:
 The doctor hangs about you still.

FAUST.

Couldst thou conceive, when thy inventions fail,
 What health from such wild wanderings I inhale;
 Couldst thou but feel it—in such hour as this
 Thou wert not fiend enough to grudge my bliss!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A more than earthly bliss, 'tis true,
 To sit on stones, in darkness and in dew!
 Till, with your fancies quite imbued,
 You swell with heavenly beatitude—

To gaze on many a mighty apparition !
And all this lofty intuition [*Bowing low.*
In what I may not say to end.
Enough of this ; within your fair abides,
 Her soul half stifled with its love for you ;
Deep in her breast your image still resides :
 Few maids' affections are so strong and true.
Your love was like the mountain-streamlet's tide,
When vernal snows had melted from its side.
When August's sun inflames the sky,
How fares the stream ?—the stream is dry.
Might I but counsel one so great,
 It would become her bosom's lord,
Instead of sitting here in state,
 Such pure affection to reward.
How slow for her the steps of time must fall !
 She looks through the casement's chequer'd glass ;
 The clouds drive by, and she watches them pass
Over the city wall.

“ Were I a bird, to flee away,
 “ Soon would I spread my wings”—
 Through half the night, and all the day,
 Such is the song she sings.

She has sparkles of joy which soon subside,
 Then she weeps till her soul is satisfied,
 And then is tranquil, or seems to be so,
 But ever in love, if she seem it or no.

FAUST.

Venom'd snake!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*apart*).

Good!—if my venom take.

FAUST.

Cursed of God and man—retire!

Breathe not her name, but get thee hence!

Wake not the bosom's slumbering fire,

Where madness half had dull'd its sense.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How now?—she thinks herself deserted quite—

Nor am I sure she is not in the right.

+

FAUST.

'Tis false! we are not parted. Were we so,
I could not still forget her, nor forego.
I envy all on which her glance but strays,
The beads she counts, the shrine at which she prays.
Pandar, avaunt!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Excuse me, if I smile.
You rave, and in reproaches waste your breath;
And this the grievance all the while,
Because, in duty bound, I recommend
A lovely woman's chamber to my friend—
Sleep in her arms, in preference to death!

FAUST.

What are the joys her love can give?
Do I not still remain the same?
The houseless wretch, the fugitive,
Without repose, without an aim?
My course has been like cataracts that leap,
All maddening, till in some dark gulf they sleep.
Upon a terraced cliff, impending o'er
The rush of waters, and the torrent's roar,

She dwelt, the mistress of her little world,
Nor fear'd the frenzied stream's descent ;
And I, accursed of Heaven! was not content ;
By me the stedfast rock was rent,
 And into ruin hurl'd !
She and her joys were swept away.
Hell! 'twas thy bidding—take thy prey.
For my own doom, exact it fast—
Do now what must be done at last ;
For, e'en if she my fate must share,
Suspense more tortures than despair !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why how it sparkles, cracks, and flies !
 Console her—tell her things may mend.
Thus, where a man no exit spies,
 He rushes madly to the end.
I like a devil of obdurate leaven ;
 In other points you suit your station well.
Hope, in an angel of the highest heaven,
 Is not more foolish than despair in hell !

Margaret's Chamber.

MARGARET (*at her wheel, alone*).

My peace is vanish'd,

My heart is sore :

I shall find it never,

And never more !

Where he is not,

I find my tomb ;

And the sunniest spot

Is turn'd to gloom.

My aching head

Will burst with pain—

And the sense has fled
My wilder'd brain.

I look through the glass
Till my eyes are dim ;
The threshold I pass
Alone for him.

His lofty step,
And his forehead high,
His winning smile,
And his beaming eye !

His fond caress,
So rich in bliss !
His hand to press—
And ah ! his kiss !

My peace is vanish'd—

* * * *

Could I but find him,
My grief were past !
These arms should bind him,
And hold him fast.

Could I kiss him and cherish,
As I could kiss !
But thus—and perish
In doing this !

END OF VOL. I.



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A DRAMA, BY GOETHE.

WITH

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

BY

LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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FAUST.

Martha's Garden.

MARGARET *and* FAUST.

MARGARET.

Now tell me, Henry—

FAUST.

What I can.

MARGARET.

How to religion is your soul inclined?

You are, indeed, a kind, good-hearted man ;

My doubts on this one point distress my mind.

FAUST.

Dearest, no more of this ! you know me true ;

Know I would shed my heart's best blood for you.

None of their faith or ritual would bereave.

FAUST.

MARGARET.

Too little this. You should yourself believe.

FAUST.

Should I?

MARGARET.

Alas! could I your ills prevent!

Besides, you honour not the sacrament.

FAUST.

I honour it.

MARGARET.

Yet never seek to share.

Confession, mass—'tis long since you were there.

Dost thou believe?

FAUST.

Ah! dearest, who can dare

Say he believes?

Ask the religious, ask the wise,

And all the priest or sage replies

But mocks the asker.

FAUST.

3

MARGARET.

Faith, then, you have none.

FAUST.

Do not distort my answer, lovely one.
Who could himself compel
To say he disbelieves
The being whose presence all must feel so well?
The All-creator,
The All-sustainer,
Does he not uphold
Thyself, and me, and all?
Does not yon vaulted Heaven expand
Round the fast earth on which we stand?
Do we not hail it, though from far
The light of each eternal star?
Are not my eyes in yours reflected?
And, all these living proofs collected,
Do not they flash upon the brain,
Do not they press upon the heart,
The trace of Nature's mystic reign?

B 2

Inhale the feeling till it fill
The breast, then call it what you will.
Call it an influence from above—
Faith, heaven, or happiness, or love,
I have no name by which to call
The secret power—'tis feeling all.

MARGARET.

All that you say is spoken well ;
Perhaps the priest the same would tell—
In different words, perchance.

FAUST.

All men the same advance,
In every clime beneath the orb of heaven,
Each in the tongue by habit given,
And why not I in mine ?

MARGARET.

In yours it sounds exceeding fine ;
Yet, though such words are soothing, I hold out,
'Tis of your christianity I doubt.

FAUST.

5

FAUST.

Nay, dearest !

MARGARET.

I have trembled for your state,
Long since, to see you leagued with such a mate.

FAUST.

How so ?

MARGARET.

The man who still your steps attends,
That man, my deepest, inmost soul offends.
I never knew a feeling dart
So like a dagger through my heart,
As when his evil features cross my sight.

FAUST.

My foolish Margaret, why this causeless fright ?

MARGARET.

His presence chills my blood through every vein ;
Ill will to man I never entertain.
But, howsoe'er on you I love to gaze,
Still on that man my eye with horror strays :

To a bad race I hold him to belong.
May God forgive me, if I do him wrong!

FAUST.

He is not lovely, but such men must be.

MARGARET.

Heaven keep me far from such a mate as he!
If at our door he chance to knock,
His very lip seems curl'd to mock,
Yet furious in his very sneers.
He takes no part in aught he sees or hears.
Written it stands his brow above—
No thing that lives that man may love.
Abandon'd to your circling arm,
I feel so blest, so free from harm—
And he must poison joys so pure and mild.

FAUST.

Thou loveliest, best, but most suspecting child.

MARGARET.

My nerves so strongly it comes o'er,
I feel, whene'er he joins us on our way,

As if I did not love you as before ;
As if I could not raise my voice to pray.
That fancy makes me tremble through my frame ;
Say what you will, yourself must feel the same.

FAUST.

This is antipathy, you must confess.

MARGARET.

I must away.

FAUST.

Such love as mine to bless,
Say, may we never pass an hour alone ?
Moments like these we cannot call our own.

MARGARET.

My door should be unlock'd to one so dear,
But then my mother sleeps not over sound ;
If she should chance to wake, and you be found,
That very instant I should die of fear.

FAUST.

Angel ! there is no need to die.
These simple means consent to try :

Three drops from this small phial let her take,
The livelong night she shall not wake.

MARGARET.

Can I refuse you what you will?
It will not surely work her ill.

FAUST.

Could I advise it if it would?

MARGARET.

What spell
Still draws me to your will I cannot tell.
I have complied so far this many a day,
Little remains in which I can obey. [Exit.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is the fool gone?

FAUST.

Have you then play'd the spy?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Through the whole catechism I was by :
 I wish you joy of question and reply.
 The maidens fain would know, inquiring fools,
 Whether we own the church's good old rules.

FAUST.

Monster ! thou canst not read
 A soul so pure and true ;
 No, 'tis beyond thy power
 To fancy how that creed
 Which would support herself in misery's hour,
 Can rack that soul, in worse affliction tost,
 To think the wretch she loves beyond redemption lost.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most moral saint ! abandon'd to desire—
 Magister artium, whom a maiden leads !

FAUST.

Compound of fiendish mocks, and fiendish fire !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The features, too, of gentlemen she reads—

“And, in my presence, don't know how she feels!”
E'en through my mask, forsooth, some meaning steals.
She sees a genius in this form of evil,
Or, mercy on me! takes me for the devil!
To-night! to-night!

FAUST.

What is there to be done?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No matter—I shall have my fun!

A Fountain.

MARGARET *and* LIESCHEN *with Pitchers.*

LIESCHEN.

Good morrow: you of course have heard
Of Barbara?

MARGARET.

Barbara? not a word.
I seldom stir from home.

LIESCHEN.

A certain case,
I heard it in the market-place.
Sybilla told me.

MARGARET.

What?

LIESCHEN.

A sad affair!

'Tis, when she breakfasts two are feeding there.

MARGARET.

Alas!

LIESCHEN.

I knew this hanging on the arm,
This whispering, soon would come to harm.
Their dancing, gadding, feasts, and balls,
Their walks beyond the city walls,
And she must strut before the rest,
Her gown the finest, fare the best ;
Yet one who held her head so high
Could take his gifts when none were by.
True as she could, she earn'd the same,
And paid the gallant with her shame.

MARGARET.

Poor thing!

LIESCHEN.

Can you such pity feel?—
When we were sitting at our wheel,

A careful mother always nigh,
With her the hours flew gaily by.
The minutes never passed too slow
For strolling, ogling, whispering low.
And now the church's aisle within,
In sackcloth, she must wail her sin.

MARGARET.

Surely her lover keeps his truth?

LIESCHEN.

He were a fool : a lively youth
Will find another tale to tell.
Besides, he's off.

MARGARET.

That is not well.

Oh, how could I of old declaim [*Exit* LIESCHEN.
When some poor maiden fell to shame !
How could I find my words too weak
Of other's sin and fall to speak !
How dark it seem'd, yet darker grew,
Nor gain'd e'en then its deepest hue.

And then myself I bless'd and praised,
And now must bear the storm I raised.
Yet—all that lured me, all that drove !
His form, his face, his soul, his love !

Image of the Mater Dolorosa.

MARGARET *places flowers before it.*

MARGARET.

Thou, who hast suffer'd woe
Greater than mortals know,
Thy brow incline !
Thou, with unceasing love,
To him who sits above,
Pray'st for thy Son divine !
The sword is in thy heart,
Thy sorrows' bitter smart
May plead for mine !

Oh ! none but thou canst tell
How high my sorrows swell,
Scarce weaker than thine own :

All for which I pine and languish,
All my trembling, all my anguish,
Thou, thou canst tell alone !

With tears I wet my casement ;
They fell like morning showers,
As duly from the woodbine
For thee I pluck'd the flowers.

When early day was breaking,
I wept its light to see.
How few beside were waking :
There is no sleep for me.
Oh ! thou so rich in pain !
Mother of sorrows ! deign
To hear the suffering wretch who bows to thee.

*Night.**Street, before MARGARET'S Door.*

VALENTINE.

When in some camp I join'd the crowd,
Where jests went round, and boasting loud,
And many a clamorous voice proclaim'd
The charms and worth of maids they named,
And pledged, in mantling cups, the toast,
With elbows squared, I kept my post ;
Let all their tongues at freedom run,
Nor utter'd, till the tale was done.
Then 'twas my turn my beard to stroke—
I fill'd my glass, and smiled, and spoke.
Each to his mind—I gainsay none—
But this I say, there is not one

Like my poor Margaret, or who
Is fit to tie my sister's shoe!
The merry glasses changed consent;
They clapp'd, they shouted—round it went—
“ She is the queen of all her race!”
The praise of others died apace.
And now!—my best resource remains,
Against the wall to dash my brains.
For I am one each knave who meets
May curl his nose at in the streets.
Nail'd like a felon by the ear,
Sweating each scurril jest to hear;
And though I smash'd them, low and high,
And gave the fiend their souls to fry,
I could not give one wretch the lie!
Who slinks this way?—who passes there?
Now, by my sister's shame I swear,
Should it be he whose blood I crave,
The miscreant treads upon his grave!

Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How, from the windows of yon sacristy,
The ever-lighted lamp its flickering ray
Shoots out, and then in darkness fades away,
With powers still weaken'd, 'till at last they die!—
So in my breast, round virtue's lessening light
Deep grow the shades of guilt, till all is night.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And I am like the cat who sheathes its claws,
And slinks along the roof with velvet paws.
Through every limb I feel it glide,
The thief's delight, and something else beside.
Walpurgi's night is near—the thought
Within my breast this thrill has wrought.

FAUST.

Say, does yon taper's light reveal
The secret store we came to steal?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It does: and shortly you shall share
The treasures which are hoarded there.
Dollars they are, all fresh and new,
Unclipp'd by Christian, Turk, or Jew.

FAUST.

No jewels, then, that form to deck—
No chain to clasp around her neck?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, I remember some such thing,
A sort of pearls upon a string.

FAUST.

Good! I am loth my fair to seek
Without some gift my love to speak.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To please you both, I shall provide
A trifle of my own beside.
Now that the sky is bright with stars,
List to a master-piece of art—

A moral strain, with notes and bars,
More to delude her simple heart.

[*Sings to a guitar.*]

Ah! maiden fair,
What dost thou there,
Pr'ythee declare,
At the door of thy love ere morning?
What canst thou win?
Pure from all sin
He lets thee in—
Will he let thee out so at dawning?

Now stars are bright,
Wait for the light,
If not, good night—
Good night to your fame, says the singer!
Keep thee from harm—
List not his charm—
Fly from his arm,
If he show not the ring on his finger,

VALENTINE.

Whom lurest thou, in the name of evil !
 Thou gutter-treading, catgut stringer ?
 First with thy cat-call to the devil,
 Then to the devil with the singer !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A goodly hit !—the cithern is a wreck.

VALENTINE.

Next at your skull, to cleave it to the neck .

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now, doctor, budge not, stick to me—
 Out with your iron ! do not tarry ;
 Quick with your motions—one, two, three
 Lunge out, and fear not ; I will parry.

VALENTINE.

Then parry this.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I think I can.

VALENTINE

And this.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not?

VALENTINE.

The devil aids the man!

This too? My sword hand is already lamed.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Thrust home!

VALENTINE.

Ah me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The bully now is tamed.

We must away with all our apparatus;
That cry has raised the posse comitatus—
A snail may leave the town police behind,
But now the cry of blood is on the wind.

MARTHA (*at the window*).

Mischief and murder!

MARGARET.

Strike a light!

MARTHA.

Bloodshed and death!—they scream! they fight!

CITIZEN.

One of the set lies bleeding there.

MARTHA.

And he that murder'd him has run.

MARGARET.

Who is here stretch'd out?

CITIZEN.

THY MOTHER'S SON!

MARGARET.

Father of mercies, what despair!

VALENTINE.

I perish!—that is short to speak,
And short to do as well.

Why stand the women there to shriek?

Hear what I have to tell.

My Margaret, see!—so young in age,

Yet, for your years not over sage,

Your conduct you will rue.

This in your ear—you are, at best,

A thing which honest men detest,

And honest maidens too.

MARGARET.

Oh God! my brother, why this tone?

VALENTINE.

As for God's name, let that alone :

What's done, we cannot say it nay ;

So let it end, as end it may.

With one you make a good beginning,

With others, next, will soon be sinning.

When crime is newly brought to bed,

 Concealment hides from public scorn

 The deed of guilt so lately born—

The novice hides her head ;

 No open acts declare her.

But Vice soon throws her veil away,

And soon she walks about by day,

 Though not a wit the fairer.

Though more deform'd the monster grows,

The more her hideous face she shows.

I see the day, for come it must,

When all the city, in disgust,

As from a corpse, shall cross the street,
And shun that tainted form to meet.
How wilt thou tremble with disgrace,
When good men look thee in the face !
Aside thy chains shall then be put ;
Thou shalt not kneel at the altar's foot ;
Thou shalt not dare, though music swell,
Join the gay dance thou lovest so well.
Deep in the beggars' dismal nest,
With cripples, thou shalt crawl to rest.
E'en if hereafter God forgive,
Here in his vengeance thou shalt live !

MARTHA.

Think of your sinful soul, and pray.
Would you thus rail your life away !

VALENTINE.

Could I but dig my nails in thee,
Thou mummy vice ! thou old pollution !
For all my sins the deed would be
A rich and perfect absolution !

FAUST.

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MARGARET.

My brother, oh what burning pain !

VALENTINE.

I tell thee, from thy tears abstain !

When you the ties of virtue broke,

You gave my heart the murder-stroke !

Now bear me to a soldier's grave—

I die a good one, and a brave !

[*Dies.*

*Cathedral.**Service and Anthem.*

MARGARET *and many others.* EVIL SPIRIT *behind*

MARGARET.

EVIL SPIRIT.

Margaret, how different thy lot
When kneeling at the altar's foot
In thy young innocence ;
When, from the mass-book, snatched in haste,
Thy prayer was utter'd ;
Prayer which but half displaced
The thought of childish pastime in thy mind.

Margaret !

How is it with thy brain ?

Is it not in thy heart

The blackening spot ?

Are thy prayers utter'd for thy mother's soul,

Whoslept, through thee, through thee, to wake no more ?

Is not thy door-stone red ?

Whose is the blood ?

Dost thou not feel it shoot

Under thy breast, e'en now,

The pang thou darest not own,

That tells of shame to come ?

MARGARET.

Woe, woe ! could I dispel the thoughts

Which cross me and surround

Against my will.

CHORUS.

Dies iræ, dies illa,

Solvat sæculum in favillâ.

EVIL SPIRIT.

Despair is on thee—
The last trumpet sounds—
The graves are yawning.
Thy sinful heart,
From its cold rest,
For wrath eternal,
And for penal flames,
Is raised again !

MARGARET.

Were I but hence !
I feel as if the organ's swell
Stifled my breath—
As if the anthem's note
Shot through my soul !

CHORUS.

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

MARGARET.

I pant for room !
 The pillars of the aisle
 Are closing on me !
 The vaulted roof
 Weighs down my head !

EVIL ONE.

Hide thyself !
 Sin and shame
 May not be hidden.
 Light and air for thee ?
 Despair ! despair !

CHORUS.

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

EVIL ONE.

The glorified are turning
 Their foreheads from thee ;
 The holy shun

†

To join their hands in thine.
Despair !

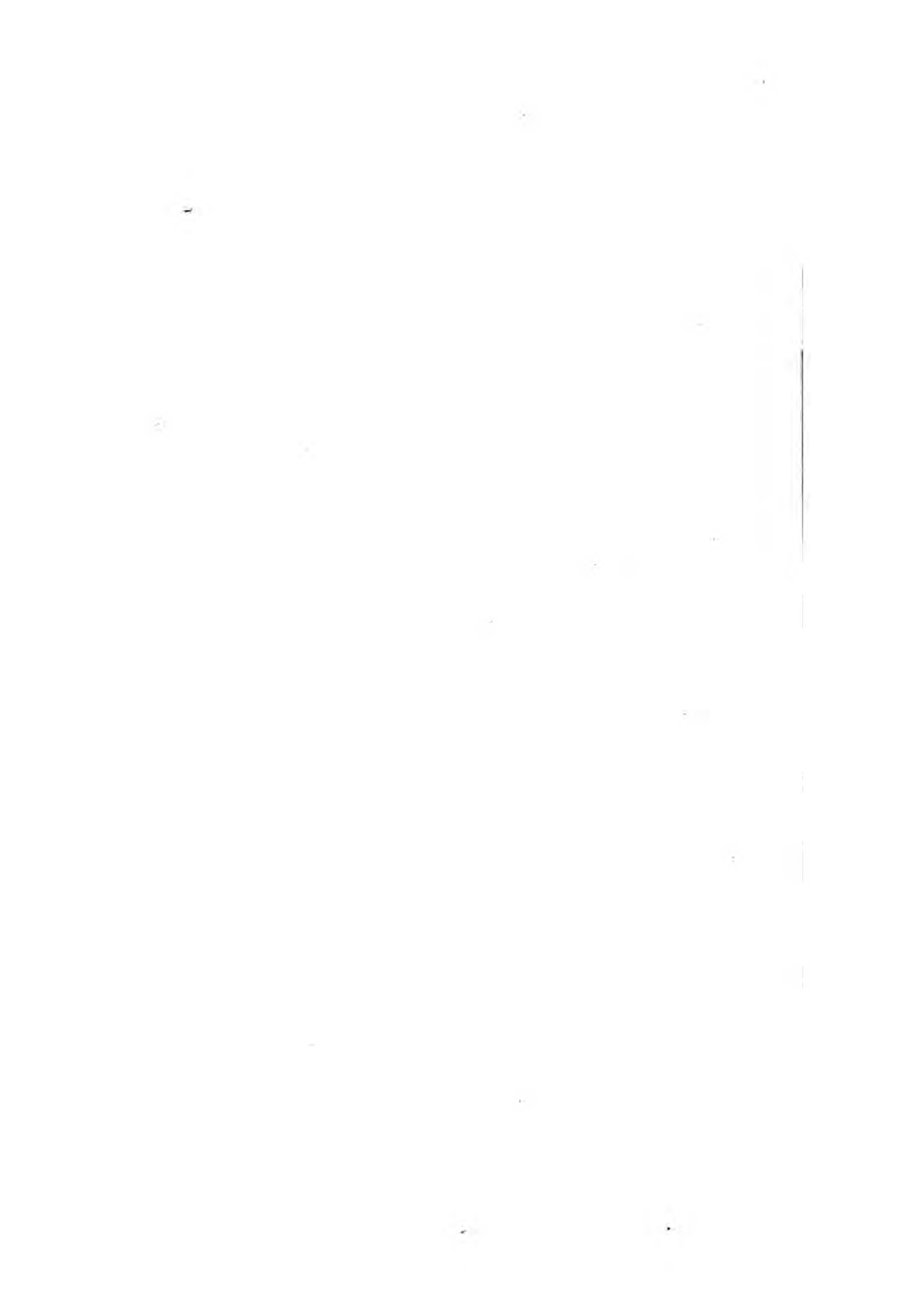
CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?

* * * *

MARGARET.

Help me, I faint !



*Walpurgis Night.**The Hartz Mountain. Wild and desolate Country.*FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dost thou not wish a broomstick to bestride?
I could be fain a greybeard-goat to ride.
Could we but post it, then the way were short.

FAUST.

While my fresh limbs my active frame support,
With this good staff my wants are satisfied.
What boots it to abridge our road?
To urge our way through valleys bending,
To clamber o'er the rocks impending,
Whence flows the spring as ever it has flow'd,

This is the pleasure of such scenes as these.
The air of spring has breathed upon the trees,
E'en the old firs are merrier than they were,
Shall not our limbs too feel the genial air?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mine have been wintry long ago ;
In tropic climes I should not feel a glow ;
Give me then good old winter's frost and snow.
How sadly rising, with her light newborn,
The red, dim moon displays her infant horn.
So ill she lights us, that where'er one treads,
Against some rock we risk to break our heads.
Call we an ignis fatuus to our aid ;
I see one dancing gaily through the glade.
Hollo, my friend ! allow me to invite
Your wandering worship not to waste your light.
Turn link, and guide us to yon mountain's top.

IGNIS FATUUS.

Satan, your slave ! I hope I may succeed in
My efforts to o'ercome my faults of breeding ;
I was brought up in zigzag course to hop.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

He thinks to mock you men, the saucy flame.
Go straight and quickly, in the devil's name!
Or out at once your flickering life I blow.

IGNIS FATUUS.

Here you are lord and master, that I know.
Rays, by the centre, dress! quick march, my light!
Remember all is magic mad to-night;
And, if the marsh-lamp guides you on your way,
You should not blame me if you go astray.

[FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and the* IGNIS
FATUUS *sing in parts.*

To the magic region's centre
We are verging, it appears;
Lead us right, that we may enter
Strange enchantment's dreamy spheres.
Forward, through the wastes extending,
Woods and forests never ending.

See the trees on trees succeeding,
Still advancing, still receding ; -
Cliffs, their pinnacles contorting,
As we hurry by are snorting.

Down their thousand channels gushing,
Stream and rivulet are rushing.
Whence that strain of maddening power ?
 Sounds of mystic excitation,
 Love, and hope, and expectation,
Suiting witchcraft's festal hour.
While echo still, like memory's strain
Of other times, replies again.

To-whit ! to-who ! chirp, croak, and howl !
The bat, the raven, and the owl,
All in voice, and all in motion.
See ! the lizards hold their levee ;
Their legs are long, but their paunches heavy.

See the roots, like serpents, twining !
Many a magic knot combining—
Stretching out to fright and clasp us.
All their feelers set to grasp us
From their sluggish crimson masses,
Catching still at all that passes :
There the polypuses sleep.
Mice, of thousand colours, creep
Through the moss and through the heather ;
And the fire-flies, in swarms,
Guide us through the land of charms.

Tell me, tell me, shall we stay,
Or pursue our mystic way ?
Rocks and trees they change their places—
Now they flout us with grimaces.
See the lights in whirling mazes,
Misdirecting all that gazes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cheer up, and grasp my mantle fast,
Here you may rest, the worst is past.
See, in the earth beneath our tread,
How Mammon lights the mountain's bed.

FAUST.

See, like the morning's earliest waking,
Dim twilight lights the gulf below ;
And, e'en its darkest slumbers breaking,
The fitful flashes shoot and glow.
Here swells the mine-damp, spreading, wreathing,
There glow the gold veins' living ores,
Now in thin threads the mist is breathing,
Now like the mountain spring it pours.
Here through the vale, in full expansion,
The metal darts its hundred veins,
There, in a corner's narrow mansion,
Compacted treasure it remains.
There million sparks in coruscation,
Like golden sands, shoot out and fall ;

But see ! one wide illumination
Stars to its height the rocky wall.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Lord Mammon spares no pains, at least,
To light his palace for the feast.
'Tis good we were in time to look around.
The guests are coming !—heard ye not the sound ?

FAUST.

The wild wind sweeps like a storm o'er a wreck—
It is icy cold, and it cuts my neck.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling to the granite stone—take my advice,
Else will they whirl you down the precipice.
Hark to the crash ! the stems are broke !
The screech-owl quits the gnarled oak—
Hear them split ! The witches' breeze
Has laid the pine-trees low ;
The ever-verdant palaces
Lie stretch'd beneath the blow.

Those that stand, they groan and creak,
Their triumph o'er the storm to speak.
The leaves are stript, the boughs forlorn,
The roots twist upward, gape, and yawn.
Down they tumble! dragging all,
Friend and neighbour, to their fall.
Through the chasms they leave behind
Howls and hisses the midnight wind!
Hear'st thou voices, far and near—
Sounds which the dead sit up to hear?
Yes, the mountain-side along
Streams a maddening, magic song!

WITCHES IN CHORUS.

To the Brocken's top the witches speed,
The stubble is yellow and green the seed.
Lord Urian is seated there,
Around his throne we all repair.

VOICE.

Old Baubo rides alone this way
On a swine which has farrowed many a day.

CHORUS.

Honour to those to whom 'tis due :
Old mother Baubo, honour to you.
A gallant swine, and Baubo to ride ;
And all the witches follow their guide.

VOICE.

Which way cam'st thou ?

VOICE.

By the Ilsen stone,
Where the owl has her nest, she was sitting alone.

I just took a peep, and she made such eyes !

WITCHES' CHORUS.

The road is broad, the road is long,
 Good need for such a maddening throng ;
 The pitchfork sticks, the broomstick creaks,
 The child is choked, the mother shrieks.

HALF CHORUS.

We slink like snails upon the floor,
 The women always go before.
 When all on evil ways depart,
 We have a thousand paces' start.

OTHER HALF.

We hold that not so sure a case :
 The lady does it pace by pace.
 But pace she, haste she, all she can,
 A single spring conveys the man.

VOICE ABOVE.

Come on, come on from Felsensee.

VOICE BELOW.

You mount, you mount, and fain would we.

We are washed, and clean as clean may be—
And all in vain.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is hushed, the stars are pale,
The moon is fain her face to veil.
But rustling, sparkling through the night,
With thousand sparks our train is bright.

VOICE BELOW.

Halt, halt.

VOICE ABOVE.

Who calls me from the rocky cleft?

VOICE BELOW.

Oh take! me take, or I am left.
Three hundred years is just the time,
Alas! since I began to climb;
Yet cannot reach the mountain's crest
To have my pastime with the rest.

FULL CHORUS.

The broom can bear, the fork beside,
The goat is best of all to ride;

And he who cannot mount to-night
For ever 'bides a ruined wight.

HALF WITCH BELOW.

I trip and totter on my best,
And still am far behind the rest :
I leave no peace at home behind,
And none as yet abroad I find.

WITCH CHORUS.

The ointment makes the witches stout ;
A sail is found in every clout,
Each tub a bark can now supply :
Who flies not now shall never fly.

FULL CHORUS.

And when the top is near descried,
Then spread ye, stretch ye far and wide ;
Make mad the heath with all the forms
Of magic's host and witchery's swarms.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What pressing and pushing, what rustling and battling !
What hissing and whirling, and roaring and rattling !

It flares, burns, stinks—with one consent
A right and real witch element.
Stick fast to me, or we are parted straight :
Where art thou ?

FAUST (*in the distance.*)

Here.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Already torn away ?

Here must I bring my house right into play.
Place ! master Voland comes : sweet creatures, place.
Here, Doctor, grasp me, we will hence apace,
And make one spring shall clear this jovial throng ;
No sober folks like me can bear it long.
Somewhat shines oddly through the brushwood there ;
Whatever it be it draws me to its glare.

FAUST.

Spirit of contradictions ! lead the way.
And yet I think you hardly lead it right ;
We seek the Brocken on Walpurgis night,
Only to stand apart while all are gay.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See, where yon flames burn red and blue,
A club is met, a cheerful crew :
In these small clubs one never feels alone.

FAUST.

Yet could I wish to be near Urian's throne.
Already now I see the whirl begin ;
The stream sets strong towards that prince of sin :
There many a riddling knot one might undo.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And many such we might draw faster too.
Let the great world keep up its coil,
Here we forget its noise and toil.
'Tis an old usage, known to all,
In the great world to make ourselves a small :
Be complaisant, for here one gains
Much pastime for but little pains.
Their music's clang torments my ear,
But we must learn to bear it here.
Look, friend, how say ye, is not this a show ?

A hundred fires are blazing of a row.
 They dance, they drink, they shout, they kiss, they court.
 Now tell me where to look for better sport.

FAUST.

Under what shape will you mix with the throng,
 Wizard or fiend, to which do I belong?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am much wont to pass incognito,
 And yet on gala days my orders show ;
 Yet wear no garter round my knee,
 The horse's hoof commands respect for me.
 Seest thou the snail towards us steal?
 Lo, with his fumbling jaws
 Already he has gnawed my heel.
 E'en if I would I cannot here conceal
 My rank, or check the popular applause.

*[To a party which is sitting round some
 glimmering embers.]*

Why sit ye here, old sirs, so far away ;
 Why not assist the revel and be gay ?

GENERAL.

Who trusts in thanks from nations won?
For after all our service done,
'Tis still with nations as with womankind,
The young step on, the old ones drop behind.

MINISTER.

From the right path the nation strays :
In vain on good old times I call,
For truly these were golden days
The time when we were all in all.

PARVENU.

With decent skill we played our dice,
And nicked sometimes a cheating cast ;
But all goes round now in a trice
Just when we wished to hold it fast.

AUTHOR.

Of meaning sound a sterling page
Oh ! who would read should I compose ?
As to the folks of earlier age,
They scarcely see beyond their nose.

MEPHISTOPHELES, (*who suddenly appears very old.*)

I see man ripened for his last account,
This the last time the Brocken's top I mount ;
For when my cask is running to its dregs,
The world too totters on its legs.

PEDLAR WITCH.

Come let not this occasion slip
In my small stock of wares to dip.
I have no plaything in my pack to show
But bears its counterpart on earth below—
That has not worked with devilish skill
The world and man some biting ill :
No dagger here that has not once been red,
No cup that from its hot brim has not shed
Destroying poison into some sound frame ;
No gem that has not some love-worthy dame
Seduced, no sword that has not with a blow
Severed some bond, or from behind transfixed its foe.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, you mistake the spirit of the hour :

What's done is done and loses here its power.
 What's done is done and stale must straight appear,
 'Tis only novelty attracts us here.

FAUST.

If right I guess, the turmoil there
 Should be or call itself a fair.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, the whole tide is streaming up above ;
 One gets shoved upward while one thinks to shove.

FAUST.

What female form is that ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Remark her well :
 Lilith her name, first wife of him who fell—
 Your parent Adam. Look that you beware
 Her glancing toilette and her flowing hair :
 If with that guise the sorceress lure
 The passing youth she holds him sure.

FAUST *joins the dance.*

* * * * *
 * * * * *

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where is the maiden who so sweetly sung—
Sung till you joined the dancing throng?

FAUST.

Ah, in the middle of her song
From out her mouth a red mouse sprung.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, if it did, we are not nice to day,
'Tis quite enough for you it was not grey.

FAUST.

Then saw I—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Mephisto! seest thou there,
Standing apart, a woman pale and fair?
With slow, sad step she glides, as though in pain;
Sure I have seen, and know that face again.
And it were strange, indeed, could I forget,
For she resembles my poor Margaret.



MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gaze not upon her, be she what she will ;
'Tis all delusion, and will work thee ill.
It is not good the phantom to pursue :
At that cold look the blood grows icy too.
You will be turn'd to stone : a doctor bred,
You know the story of Medusa's head.

FAUST.

In truth, those are the eyes of one who died
When no fond hand was near their lids to close.
The very limbs which once my joys supplied ;
The breast on which I languish'd to repose.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The very phantom of a magic dream :
To each rapt fool his mistress she would seem.

FAUST.

What sweet distraction ! what exciting pain !
I cannot choose but gaze and gaze again.
How strangely round that neck seems twined a thread,
A single streak of deep contrasted red,

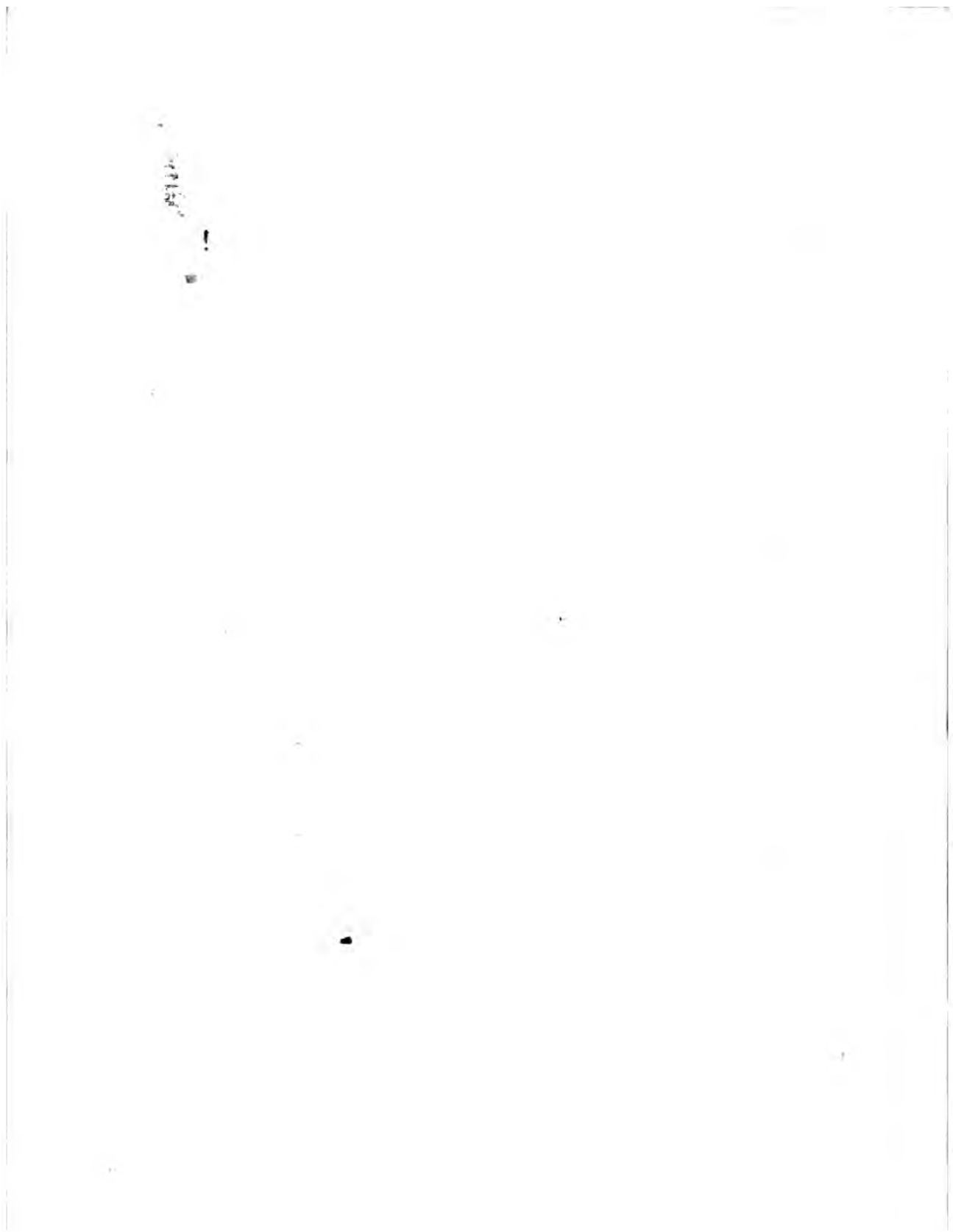
A line scarce broader than a knife would trace !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

True—and though now her head is in its place,
Yet she can bear it in her hand as well,
Since from her neck, when Perseus struck, it fell.
Always this pleasure in delusions play !
Now, for some new amusement, come away.
What's here—a playhouse? On the moral stage
'Tis good to see the vices of the age.
How now?—a bill.

SCRIBILIS.

This instant will be given
A bran new piece—the last and best of seven.



Gloomy Weather.

Open Country.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

In misery ! In despair ! Long an outcast, a wretched wanderer on the earth, and now a prisoner ! Chained down as a malefactor in the dungeon which opens only on the scaffold ! Spirit of Evil ! betrayer ! and thou hast kept it all concealed ! Stir not, but hear me ! Yes ! roll thy devilish eyes in infuriate delight ! A prisoner ! abandoned to distress which none can remove, none can mitigate ! Given up to spirits of evil, and to human judges as unfeeling as they ! And I, meanwhile, was led by thee the round of hell's monstrous and disgusting entertainments. Yes ! by thee

her increasing misery was concealed from my sight, and she was left to perish, body and soul, unaided, unprotected!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first.

FAUST.

Dog! bestial wretch! Change, thou eternal Spirit, change his shape once more to its canine form! make him become the attendant who courted and won my notice on my nightly path; become the fawning thing who crouched before the wanderer's feet, in guise as harmless as that wanderer was, when first he met him. Yes! assume the form of his companion, his favourite, crawl in the sand, that with his foot he may crush thee into its bosom! She not the first! Oh! misery, misery! That the woe of woman was ever such as hers! that the first should not have atoned for her children in the eyes of all-forgiving Heaven! The iron enters into my soul for the misery of one victim; thou grinnest in tranquil satisfaction at the fate of thousands.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now are we at what mortals call their wits' end ;
the pitch which snaps their reason's string. What for
should ye make community with us, if ye cannot go
through with it? You would fain fly before you have
proved your wings, and wonder that you are dizzy.—
Do we press our companionship on you, or you on us?

FAUST.

Set not thus thy hungry-looking teeth at me—I
loathe thee! Spirit of Power and Glory!—thou who
knowest my heart—who readest my soul! thou who
deignedst once to appear at my call—why make me
one with this ill-doer?—this battener on mischief!
this reveller in the perdition of man!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast thou said thy say?

FAUST.

Save her, or woe to thyself!—curses of horror upon
thee, for ages to come!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loosen the bonds of the Avenger. I may not draw his bolts.—Save her!—who was it placed her beyond salvation?—I or thou?—[FAUST *looks wildly round.*]—Dost thou grasp at the thunder? Well that it was not given to the hand of wretched mortality, to smite the guiltless object that crosses us. It is the true resource of the tyrant in distress.

FAUST.

Bear me to her. She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the danger to thyself. Know the curse of blood, shed by thy hand, is on the city! Spirits of vengeance are hovering over the tomb of the slain! They will lour on the returning murderer!

FAUST.

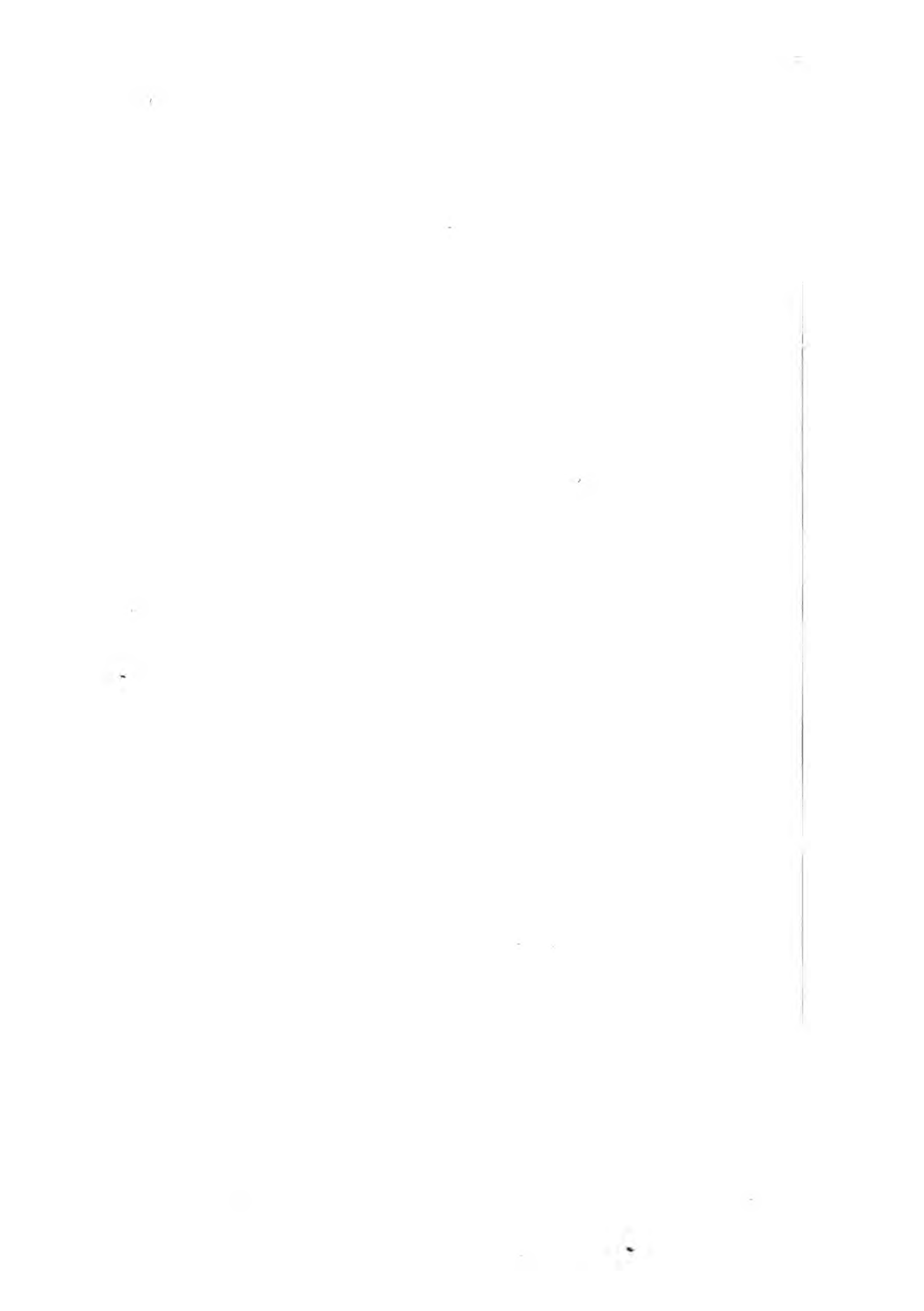
This from thee? The curse of murdered worlds upon thee, assassin of creation! Bear me to her, I say, and free her!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will bear thee to her ; and what I may perform, I will. Listen ! Have I all power in heaven and on earth ? I will dull the senses of her jailer ; seize thou upon the keys, and, with thy human hand, conduct her forth : I will watch the while. The magic steeds are ready : I will bear you off. This I may and will.

FAUST.

Mount, and away !



Night.

An open Field.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES *rushing along on black
Horses.*

FAUST.

Round the ravenstone, and the gallows-tree,
Tell me, what shapes are those?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They are cooking, but what the mess may be,
Or what they are, no one knows.

FAUST.

Upwards and downwards they swing themselves,
bend themselves.

†

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis a witch pastime.

FAUST.

They float, and disperse themselves.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Forward ! forward !

Dungeon.

FAUST, *with a Bundle of Keys, and a Lamp, before
a low Iron Door.*

FAUST.

Strength to my limbs my fainting soul denies,
Sick with the sense of man's collected woe ;
Behind this dungeon's dripping wall she lies,
Frenzy the crime for which her blood must flow.
Traitor, thou darest not enter in
To face the witness of thy sin.
Forward ! thy cowardice draws down the blow.

MARGARET (*within*) *sings.*

Now shame on my mother
Who brought me to light,

And foul fall my father
Who nursed me in spite.

FAUST (*unlocking the door*).

She dreams not that her lover hears the strain,
The straw's sad rustling, and the clanking chain.

MARGARET,

(*hiding herself in the straw on which she lies*).

Woe, woe! they wake me! bitter fate!

FAUST.

Hush, hush! I come to give thee means to fly.

MARGARET.

Art thou a man? then be compassionate.

FAUST.

Soft! thou wilt wake thy jailers with that cry.

[*He seizes the chains to unlock them.*

MARGARET (*on her knees*).

Who gave the hangman power

So soon to wake and slay?

Why callest thou me at midnight's hour?—

Oh! let me live till day!—

Is it not time when morn has sprung?

[*She stands up.*]

And I am yet so young—so young!

And yet so soon to perish by your laws.

Once I was fair too—that is just the cause.

One friend was near me then : he too is fled.

My flowers are wither'd, and my garland dead.

Seize me not thus ! it gives me pain.

Have I e'er wrong'd thee? why then bind me so?

Let not my woman's voice implore in vain —

Can I have hurt one whom I do not know?

FAUST.

Can I outlive this hour of woe !

MARGARET.

Ah ! I am now within thy power !

Yet let me clasp my only joy,

My child ! I nursed it many an hour,

But then they took it from me to annoy,

And now they say the mother kill'd her boy.

“ And she shall ne'er be happy more”—
That is the song they sing to give me pain ;
It is the end of an old strain,
But never meant me before.

FAUST.

He whom you deem'd so far before you lies,
To burst your chains, and give the life you prize.

MARGARET.

Oh ! raise we to the saints our prayer !
For see, beneath the stair,
Beneath the door-stone swell
The penal flames of hell.
The evil one,
In pitiless wrath,
Roars for his prey.

FAUST (*aloud*)

Margaret ! Margaret !

MARGARET (*starting*).

That was *his* voice !

[*She springs up; her chains fall off.*]

Where is he? for I know 'twas he.
None, none shall stay me; I am free!
'Tis to his bosom I will fly,
In his embraces I will lie.
His Margaret he calls, on the threshold he stands,
'Mid the laughter and howls of the fiendish bands;
Through the shouts of their malice, their hissings of
scorn,
How sweetly his voice of affection was borne!

FAUST.

'Tis I.

MARGARET.

Oh, say it, say it, once again,
My friend, my lover! Where is now my pain?
Where is my chain, my dungeon, and my grave?
He comes himself to comfort and to save.
I see the church's aisle, the street,
Where first we dared to gaze, to meet:
The garden blooms before me now,
Where first we shared the kiss, the vow.

FAUST.

FAUST.

Away! away!

MARGARET.

Oh, not so fast!

Time is with you so sweetly past.

FAUST.

Haste, Margaret, haste!

For if thou lingerest here,

We both shall pay it dear.

MARGARET.

What, thou canst kiss no more!

Away so short a time as this,

And hast so soon forgot to kiss!

Why are my joys less ardent than they were?

Once in those folding arms I loved to lie,

Clung to that breast, and deem'd my heaven was there,

Till, scarce alive, I almost long'd to die!

Those lips are cold, and do not move,

Alas! unkind, unkind!

Hast thou left all thy love,
 Thy former love, behind?

FAUST.

Follow me! follow, Margaret! be not slow:
 With twice its former heat my love shall glow.
 Margaret, this instant come, 'tis all I pray.

MARGARET.

And art thou, art thou, he for certain, say?

FAUST.

I am; come with me.

MARGARET.

Thou shalt burst my chain,
 And lay me in thy folding arms again.
 How comes it, tell me, thou canst bear my sight?
 Know'st thou to whom thou bring'st the means of
 flight?

FAUST.

Come, come!—I feel the morning breeze's breath.

MARGARET.

This hand was guilty of a mother's death!

I drown'd my child ! And thou canst tell
If it was mine, 'twas thine as well.
I scarce believe, though so it seem—
Give me thy hand—I do not dream—
That dear, dear hand. Alas, that spot !
Wipe it away, the purple clot !
What hast thou done ? Put up thy sword :
It was thy Margaret's voice implored.

FAUST.

Oh Margaret ! let the past be past :
Forget it, or I breathe my last.

MARGARET.

No : you must live till I shall trace
For each their separate burial place.
You must prepare betimes to-morrow
Our home of sorrow.
For my poor mother keep the best :
My brother next to her shall rest.
Me, Margaret, you must lay aside,
Some space between, but not too wide.

On the right breast my boy shall be ;
Let no one else lie there but he.
'Twere bliss with him in death to lie,
Which, on this earth, my foes deny.
'Tis all in vain—you will not mind,
And yet you look so good, so kind.

FAUST.

Then be persuaded—come with me.

MARGARET.

To wander with you ?

FAUST.

To be free.

MARGARET.

To death ! I know it—I prepare—
I come : the grave is yawning there !
The grave, no farther—'tis our journey's end.
You part. Oh ! could I but your steps attend.

FAUST.

You can ! But wish it, and the deed is done.

MARGARET.

I may not with you : hope for me is none !

How can I fly? They glare upon me still!
It is so sad to beg the wide world through,
And with an evil conscience too!
It is so sad to roam through stranger lands,
And they will seize me with their iron hands!

FAUST.

I will be with you.

MARGARET.

Quick! fly!
Save it, or the child will die!
Through the wild wood,
To the pond!
It lifts its head!
The bubbles rise!
It breathes!
Oh save it, save it!

FAUST.

Reflect, reflect!
One step, and thou art free!

MARGARET.

Had we but pass'd the hillside lone—
My mother there sits on a stone.
Long she has sat there, cold and dead,
Yet nodding with her weary head.
Yet winks not, nor signs, other motion is o'er ;
She slept for so long, that she wakes no more.

FAUST.

Since words are vain to rouse thy sleeping sense,
I venture, and with force I bear thee hence.

MARGARET.

Unhand me ! leave me ! I will not consent !
Too much I yielded once ! too much repent.

FAUST.

Day ! Margaret, day ! your hour will soon be past.

MARGARET.

True, 'tis the day ; the last—the last !
My bridal day !—'twill soon appear.
Tell it to none thou hast been here.

We shall see one another, and soon shall see—
But not at the dance will our meeting be.

We two shall meet

In the crowded street :

The citizens throng—the press is hot,

They talk together—I hear them not :

The bell has toll'd—the wand they break—

My arms they pinion till they ache !

They force me down upon the chair !

The neck of each spectator there

Thrills, as though itself would feel

The headsman's stroke—the sweeping steel !

And all are as dumb, with speechless pain,

As if they never would speak again !

FAUST.

Oh, had I never lived !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears in the door-way*).

Off! or your life will be but short :

My coursers paw the ground, and snort !

The sun will rise, and off they bound.

MARGARET.

Who is it rises from the ground ?

'Tis he!—the evil one of hell !

What would he where the holy dwell ?

'Tis me he seeks !

FAUST.

To bid thee live.

MARGARET.

Justice of Heaven ! to thee my soul I give !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come ! come ! or tarry else with her to die.

MARGARET.

Heaven, I am thine ! to thy embrace I fly !

Hover around, ye angel bands

Save me ! defy him where he stands.

Henry, I shudder ! 'tis for thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is condemn'd !

VOICES FROM ABOVE.

Is pardon'd!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Hence, and flee!

[*Vanishes with FAUST.*

MARGARET (*from within*)

Henry! Henry!

LESSING'S FAUST.

Madame de Staël, in the course of her observations upon Göethe's Faust, mentions the fact of his having borrowed the idea of his insatiable curiosity, the origin of his misery and perdition, from Lessing. I think a translation of the fragment by that author will not be misplaced here.

Engel's account of the Work.

The first scene displays a ruined cathedral, of Gothic architecture, with six side altars and one principal one. Destruction of the works of God is the chief delight of Satan, and the ruins of a temple, where the all-beneficent Deity was formerly worshipped, are the habitation in which he is best pleased to dwell. Satan himself is seated on the principal altar: the inferior evil spirits are dispersed among the others; but they are not visible to the eye: their hoarse and discordant voices alone betray their situation. Satan demands from them an account of their various performances; is content with some, and dissatisfied with others.

LESSING'S FAUST.

SATAN (*to a SPIRIT*).

SPEAK thou the first. Relate what thou hast performed.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Satan! I saw a cloud in the heavens; it carried destruction in its womb. I swooped upon it; hid myself in its deepest darkness, and guided its course; and stayed it over the hut of a poor and virtuous man, who was sinking into his first slumber in the arms of his wife. Here I rent the cloud, and shook out its fire in flakes upon the hut, and all that the wretches possessed was its prey. Satan, this was all I could. For himself,

his weeping children, his wife, these the angel of the Lord bore out of the flame ; and, as I saw him, I fled.

SATAN.

Coward and fool ! and thou sayest it was the hut of a poor, of a virtuous man ?

SPIRIT.

Even so, Satan. Now is he naked, and bare, and lost.

SATAN.

For us : yes, that is he, and for ever ! Take from the rich his treasure, that he may despair ; shake it out on the hearth of the poor, that it may lead his heart astray : thus we win a double prize ! To make poorer him who is already poor binds him still faster to his God. Speak, thou second spirit ! tell me a better tale.

SECOND SPIRIT.

Satan, I can ! I went over the sea, and I sought me out a storm with which I might destroy ; and I found one. —As I swept right on to the shore, I looked down and saw a fleet, and there were traders on board, usurers

and defrauders. Their yells and curses reached my ear: down I plunged with my whirlwind into the abyss, and up again I shot on the foam towards Heaven.

SATAN.

And drownedst them?

SECOND SPIRIT.

So that none escaped. Their souls are now thine!

SATAN.

Traitor! they were so before. Had they lived, they would have inflicted heavier curses and destruction on the earth; would have robbed, and murdered, and violated on other coasts; would have transported, from clime to clime, new temptations to sin. And all this is now lost. Oh! you should be sent back to hell! You do but disturb my government.—Speak, thou, the third. Hast thou to do with storms and whirlwinds?

The third Spirit narrates, that he has snatched from the lips of a sleeping girl the first kiss that had ever been printed on them, and thrown the first shade of pollution over the purity of her mind.

SATAN (*replies*).

'Tis well ; there is forethought and speculation in thy deed. Poor spirits ! who breathe corruption on material substance : this one does better, he corrupts the soul. Say on, thou fourth ! what hast thou performed ?

FOURTH SPIRIT.

Satan, nothing ! But I have conceived a conception which, could it be realised in deed, would cause all other deeds to shrink in comparison.

SATAN.

What is it ?

FOURTH SPIRIT.

To rob the Deity of his favourite : a thoughtful solitary youth, totally given up to the search after wisdom ; breathing and feeling alone for this ; renouncing every passion but this one for wisdom ; dangerous to you and to all of us, should he once become a teacher of the people—to gain from Heaven, Satan—

SATAN.

Excellent ! admirable ! and your plan ?

FOURTH SPIRIT.

See, I gnash my teeth! I have no plan! I have slunk about his soul on every side; but I found no single weakness on which to fix my hold.

SATAN.

Fool! has he not desire of knowledge?

FOURTH SPIRIT.

More than any mortal beside.

SATAN.

Then leave him to me; that is enough for his perdition.

With these words Satan concludes the scene; but, as the infernal ministers depart, the voice of the Angel of Prescience, *der ursehung*, is heard from above—

Ye shall not prevail!

Faust himself is thrown, by angelic agency, into a deep slumber, and a phantom is put in his place, on which the devil exercises his ingenuity in vain. Faust sees, in a dream, the progress of these temptations, and wakes more confirmed in virtue than ever.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

SCHILLER.

SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM SCHILLER.

Vivos voco—Mortuos plango—Fulgura frango.

THROUGH yonder clay, at close of day,
The molten mass shall run ;
The fashion'd bell itself shall tell
Our weary task is done.
From the hot brow
The sweat must flow :
Our master's praise shall then be given ;
The blessing yet must come from heaven.

Sure to the work which we prepare
 One serious thought is due ;
For labour ever prospers there,
 Where counsel enters too.
Then what our slavish hand effects
 With caution let us ponder o'er,
For vile the wretch who ne'er reflects,
 Toils like a drudge and does no more.
And this is man's ennobling part,
 His proper act to understand,
And ponder in his inward heart,
 The actions of his outward hand.

Choose me splinters of the pine,
 Choose them clean and dry,
That the spiry flame may shine
 Up the tube on high.
Pour the molten copper in,
 Mix it with the bubbling tin,
That the viscous mass may flow
 Duly through the mouth below.

That offspring of consuming fire,
And man's creative hand,
High from the summit of the spire
Shall murmur o'er the land.
Like flattery's voice, from yonder tower
Shall speak the genius of the hour—
Shall bid the sons of mirth be glad,
Shall tell of sorrow to the sad,
Reflection to the wise ;
Shall add to superstition's fear,
And peal on rapt devotion's ear
The sounds of Paradise.
All that his changeful fate brings down
On suffering man below,
Shall murmur from its metal crown,
Or be it joy or woe.

I see, in their appointed hour,
The bubbles on the mass ;

With salts of purifying power
Assist the streams to pass.
Let the surface come
Pure from foam and scum,
That, round and clear, the mighty bell
O'er the midnight air may swell.

That bell, at pining childhood's birth,
Shall hail the morning ray,
And raise deceitful sounds of mirth
O'er sorrow's opening way.
E'en while these sounds ascend the sky,
Their varied threads the sisters ply.
The golden morning of his days
A mother's watchful care surveys ;
But shafts fly quickly from the string,
And years are fast upon the wing :
He tears him from a mother's side,
Eager on stormy life to roam,

With pilgrim steps he wanders wide,
Returns a stranger to his home.
Too lovely for a form of earth—
For surely earth has nought so fair ;
A radiant shape of heavenly birth,
In virgin beauty greets him there.
The music then the lover hears,
May wake but once for mortal ears ;
The golden gate of heaven appears,
Where ne'er before
His cold heart, from this vale of tears,
Had dared to soar.
Bright are his hours when footsteps rude
Avoid his haunted solitude—
Those hours which fancy, unsubdued,
Asserts her own—
When he on whom no friends intrude,
Is least alone.
He dwells upon her lightest grace,
To every fond attention true ;

He lingers on her footsteps' trace—
The trace he blushes to pursue.
Oh! that the year were ever vernal!
And lovers' youthful dreams eternal!

Browner see the mass appearing;
Now the rod I dip within—
Should it glaze it close adhering,
We may then our work begin.
Come, pour the tide,
And be it tried,
To know if yet, with favouring sign,
The harder and the soft combine.

For where the tame alloys the wild,
Where meet the powerful and the mild,
The tone it gives is clear and strong.
The wise shall pause, and well compute
If bosoms mutually suit:
Desire is short, repentance long.

Gay the nuptial garland's bloom,
Twining round the virgin's hair,
When the bells, from yonder dome,
Bid us to the rites repair.
Fair one, when your fate is kindest,
Life's young May is o'er for you ;
With the zone that thou unbindest,
Passion's dream must vanish too.

That frenzy must fly,
But love must remain :
The flower must die
Ere the fruit we attain.
The husband must out
Into turmoil and rout ;
He must labour and strive ;
By craft he must thrive ;
He must venture and dare
For the bliss he would share.



And behold how his mansion with riches is teeming—
With warehouse and granary bursting and streaming.

And in that domestic round
Either tender name is found—

Wife and mother.

She rules and directs,
Rewards and corrects,
And increases the gain
Of her orderly reign.

The shelves of her chambers with treasures she spreads,
And the spindle resounds with the twine of her threads,
And she folds, and she gathers, and orders aright,
The fleece of her flocks, and the linen so white,
And she furthers her profit from morning till night.

The treasures of his groaning floors
The father loves to scan ;
The fragrant spice, the liquid stores,
That glad the heart of man.

A house so rifted on the rock,
May seem to brave misfortune's shock.
But ah ! what human contract ties
The ever-toiling destinies ?
Fast is Misfortune's step !

Lift the liberating latch,
Free the metals on their way—
First a hasty moment snatch,
Heaven's protecting aid to pray !
Strike the stopper ! out it goes—
God protect us !—now it flows.
Shooting, sparkling through the mould,
Now the fluid mass has roll'd.

Of wondrous use the might of flame,
When man is by to watch and tame ;
And in it lies the secret seed
Of many a work, and many a deed.

But fearful when, in fell disdain,
Forth on its path it goes,
As shaking from itself the chain
Which man has dared impose.
And Nature's liberated child
Through all her regions wanders wild.
Forth she rushes! Woe to those
O'er whose roofs, beyond command,
Into giant shape she grows,
Whirling wide the fatal brand:
For the elements oppose
All the works of Labour's hand.

From above proceeds the shower,
Big with fertilizing power,
Not alone, for, from the sky,
Thunders roll, and lightnings fly.
The alarum is clashing from steeple and tower!
A blaze of red
O'er Heaven is spread,
Yet day has not dawn'd on the mountain's head.

Shouts of fear,
Swelling near,
Chill the blood, and stun the ear !
The smoke-cloud dims the eye—
Sudden swells the pillar'd light,
Hurrying, with the whirlwind's flight,
Through the streets, so redly bright !
Like a furnace glows the air ;
Windows shiver, kennels glare ;
Beams are splitting, rafters crack !
'Mid the turmoil and the wrack,
Roaming like the salamander,
Children whimper, mothers wander,
Screaming, running every way,
To rob, to save, to curse, to pray !
And the night is light as day !
Far along the living chain
Speeds the bucket ;
And the arching stream, amain,
Shoots on high, to fall again
In its artificial rain.

But the storm, in all its pride,
Comes to woo his flaming bride.
Howling, crackling, now they pour,
On grainy heap, and hoarded store,
Where the timber spars are dry,
Or the spice is piled on high.
And, as if they ne'er would cease,
 Till, upon their wings of fire,
They had borne the earth's increase,
 Higher still they rise, and higher.
Man must tremble, and survey
All his labours swept away,
 Yielding to his heavenly sire.

 The street is bare :
 The embers there
May show us where the whirlwind rode
In triumph over man's abode.
Horror rules the lonely shade
 Of the window's blackening flaws ;

Hurrying clouds seem half afraid
O'er the gloomy scene to pause.

One lingering glance towards the grave
Of all his arm was vain to save,
The loser still must send ;
'Mid all his losses, all his woe,
They are not tears of grief that flow—
A parent tells his children o'er,
And does but worship him the more
Who darted on his worldly store
The unregarded blow.

Through the moulded chambers gliding,
Now the metal fills the soil ;
May the fashion'd mass, subsiding,
Prove deserving of our toil.
Should our hopes be wreck'd !
Should the stream be check'd !
While in doubt we stand suspended,
All our hopes perhaps are ended.

From earth, that now our work receives,
We trust to reap our future meed,
And he that sows his humbler seed,
Like us to reap his gain believes,
If Heaven approve the deed.
But costlier seeds we now confide
Deep to the all receiving earth,
And trust the harvest, in its pride,
Will prove its nobler birth.

Hark ! with sullen grate and swing,
Deeper, hollower murmurs ring ;
Pealing o'er the cypress gloom,
'Tis the music of the tomb ;
And the solemn sounds attend
One who nears his journey's end.

Ah ! 'tis she, the faithful wife,
'Tis the mother reft of life,

Whom the shadowy king, to-day,
In his cold arms bears away,
Tears her from the train of those
Who in her affection rose,
Whom her own parental breast
Pillow'd in their infant rest.
Ah! the tender ties that bound her,
 Now are burst for evermore;
Death has spread his pall around her,
 And the mother's race is o'er.
Her maternal reign has perish'd,
 Death has glazed her watchful eye—
Over those she loved and cherish'd
 Now the stranger's rule is high.

Short repose an instant courting,
 Till the bell has cool'd, we rest—
Like the bird in groves disporting,
 Each may play as likes him best.

Toil and labour quit the field,
To the starry light they yield,
And the tolling vesper bell
To the plodding hind may tell
That the hour of work has fled:
Ours, alas! is not completed.

Through the forest's dim expansion,
Quicker now the wanderer speeds,
Nearer to his humble mansion
Every rustling step succeeds.
Homeward now the crowding sheep,
And the mightier oxen, creep.
With forehead broad, and shining hide,
Onward, onward, still they glide,
Hailing, with their lengthen'd low,
Stalls which custom learns to know.
Heavy with its groaning freight,
Swinging high in balanced weight,
Moves the waggon.

Upon the sheaves the garland lies,
Of varied hue and thousand dyes,
And the reaper tribes advance,
Moving in their rustic dance.

Stiller now the street and square :
Round the hearth-fire's social glare
Circling neighbours sit them down ;
 And the jarring bolt and bar,
 Through the portal sounding far,
Closes in the guarded town.

 Night's sable pall

 Is over all ;

But the citizen fears not the gloomy night,
Nor the shapes that guiltier souls affright,
For the eye of the law is wakeful and bright.

Heavenly order ! who descending
 From a happier world to this,
Men and nations still is blending
 In her chain of social bliss.

Who, from wastes of desolation,
Call'd each yet untamed nation ;
To those who then forgot to roam,
Who gave a language and a home,
And wove the dearest, proudest band,
The love we bear our native land.

Lo, in mutual toil delighting,
See the busy hands combined,
Every energy exciting,
Humble limb, and mighty mind.
Many a kindred soul employing,
See the master toiling too—
Each your separate place enjoying,
Laugh at those who sneer at you.
By the poor man's work we know him—
Honour be to him decreed :
Give to Cæsar what we owe him,
Give to toil its humbler meed

Lovely peace and unity
Rest our mansions ever nigh ;
Never may the day appear
 When the hireling warrior's mail,
Or the wild marauder's spear,
 Gleam along our peaceful vale.
The tint our evening sun supplies
Shall serve to gild our western skies,
And burning villages would scare
The light of peaceful beauty there.

Break me down the mighty mould,
 It has reach'd its master's aim ;
Let the longing eye behold
 The created child of flame.
Break it down though strong it fit,
Swing the hammer till it split.
Would we raise the living bell,
We must break its mortal shell.

The master knows the time to shiver
The moulded form with cunning hand—
But fatal when the molten river
Shall stream unbidden through the land.
When bursting from its riven mansion,
Like bolts from skies of blackness hurl'd,
With force as blind, and fell expansion,
It blazes o'er a guilty world.
For shape and form can never be
Where law is nought, and strength is free ;
When nations own such freedom's lure,
Their happiness is past its cure.

Woe to the town in whose recesses
The fuel's hoarded stores remain,
When man his wrongs himself redresses,
And bursts, with wilful hand, his chain.

Then, swung to clashing strains of madness,
The tocsin peals its note afar ;

And, made for sounds of bridal gladness,
It does but start the dogs of war.

Beneath the specious titles, shrouded,
Of freedom and of equal sway,
With plunder's hordes the street is crowded,
And banded robbers seek their prey.
The land beholds each tigress daughter
With murder jest, with carnage toy ;
And revel on the feast of slaughter,
With all the hungry panther's joy
Religion flies, respect expires,
And holy things are known no more—
The wicked reigns, the good retires,
Degree is gone, restraint is o'er.

The lion from his sleep excited,
The tiger check'd upon his path,
Are fierce, but worse than both united
Is man in his delirious wrath.

And woe to him who madly raises
The torch to him who should be blind ;
It lights, it guides him not, but blazes,
And burns, to desolate mankind.

Lo ! from the clay asunder parting,
Untarnish'd by the lapse of years,
Rays of metallic lustre darting,
All freshly bright the bell appears.
From glancing crown and brilliant rim,
The eye retreats, fatigued and dim.
And praise we his experienced care,
Who stamped the blazon'd scutcheon there.

Come, close your ranks, your counsel tell,
To bless, and to baptise the bell—
Concordia's name may suit it well,
And wide may it extend the call
Of union and of peace to all,

And such be then its solemn name ;
And this its object and its aim.

Above, the mortals creeping under,
 High in the azure vault to swing,
The neighbour of the rolling thunder,
 And nearest to the Zodiac's ring.
To be a sounding voice of glory
 'Mid choral stars and tuneful spheres,
Who tell their great Creator's story,
 And lead along the wandering years.
To wake its notes of serious power
 For things eternal and sublime ;
To mark the still revolving hour,
 And trace the viewless flight of time.
To lend a tongue which fate shall borrow ;
 To speak the scenes it cannot feel ;
And, tuned alike for joy or sorrow,
 To answer each with varying peal.

To teach us, when its last vibration
Is floating on the listening ear,
How frail is man's terrestrial station,
That all must sink to silence here.

And now, with many a rope suspending,
Come, swing the monarch's weight on high,
By your last toil his throne ascending,
To rule the azure canopy.
Stretch the pulley—now he springs!
Yet another—now he swings!
Let him bid the land rejoice—
Peace be on his earliest voice!

THE
PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

FROM SCHILLER.

WHEN Jove had encircled our planet with light,
And had roll'd the proud orb on its way,
And had given the moon to illumine it by night,
And the bright sun to rule it by day ;
The reign of its surface he form'd to agree
With the wisdom that govern'd its plan ;
He divided the earth, and apportion'd the sea,
And he gave the dominion to man.

The hunter he sped to the forest and wood,
And the husbandman seized on the plain ;
The fisherman launch'd his canoe on the flood,
And the merchant embark'd on the main.
The mighty partition was finish'd at last,
When a figure came listlessly on ;
But fearful and wild were the looks that he cast
When he found that the labour was done.

The mien of disorder, the wreath which he wore,
And the frenzy that flash'd from his eye,
And the lyre of ivory and gold which he bore,
Proclaim'd that the poet was nigh ;
And he rush'd all in tears, at the fatal decree,
To the foot of the Thunderer's throne,
And complain'd that no spot of the earth or the sea
Had been given the bard as his own.

And the Thunderer smiled at his prayer and his mien,
 Though he mourn'd the request was too late ;
And he ask'd in what regions the poet had been
 When his lot was decided by fate.
Oh ! pardon my error, he humbly replied,
 Which sprung from a vision too bright ;
My soul at that moment was close at thy side,
 Entranced in these regions of light.

It hung on thy visage, it bask'd in thy smile,
 And it rode on thy glances of fire ;
And forgive, if, bewilder'd and dazzled the while,
 It forgot every earthly desire.
The earth, said the Godhead, is portion'd away,
 And I cannot reverse the decree ;
But the heavens are mine, and the regions of day,
 And their portal is open to thee.

T O M I N N A.

FROM SCHILLER.

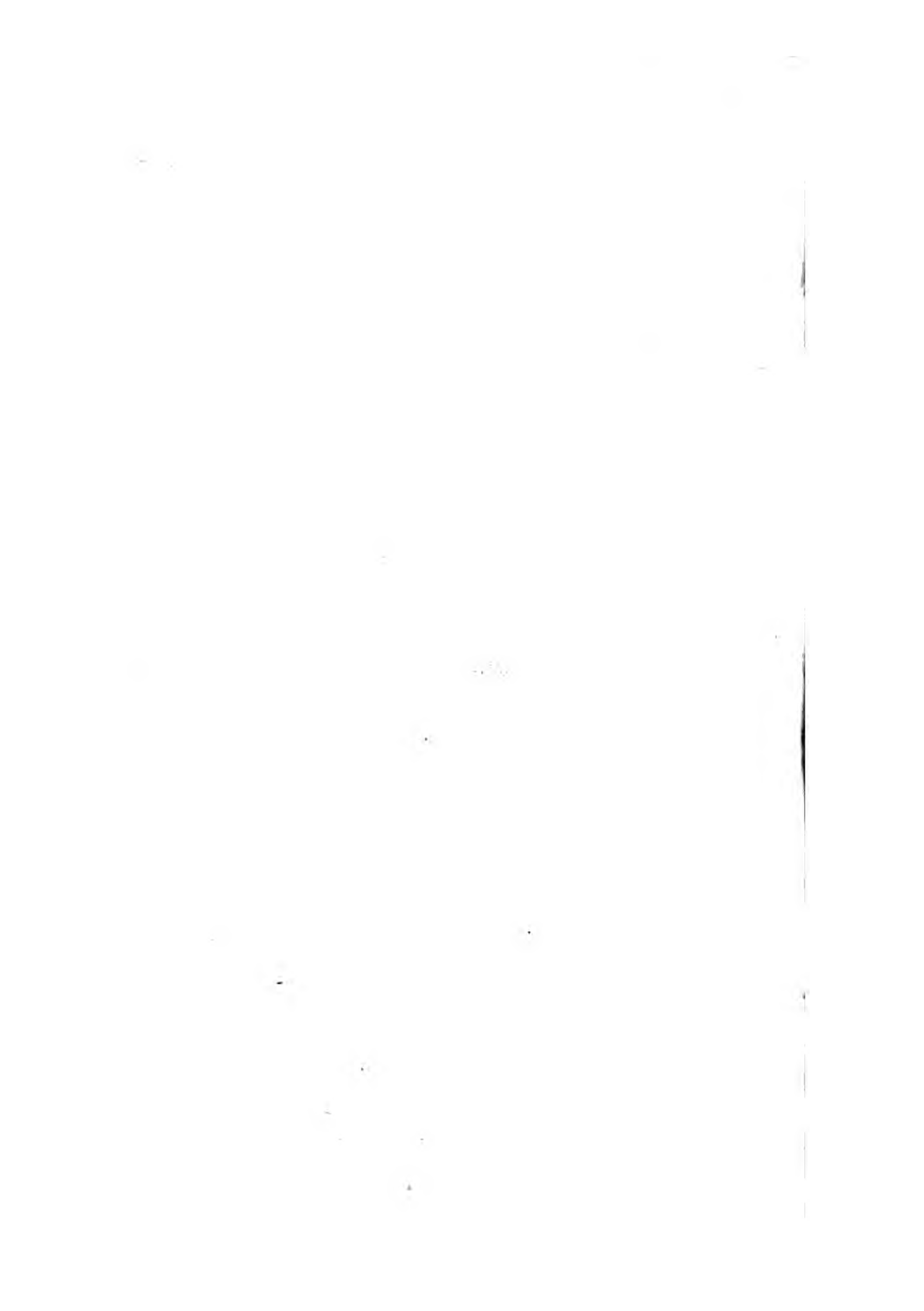
WHENCE the dream that hovers o'er me?
Have my senses told me right?
Yes, 'twas Minna pass'd before me—
And the trait'ress shunn'd my sight.
Leaning on some witless minion,
Fluttering, fanning, light, and fast,
Glorying in her new dominion ;
Yes, 'twas Minna's self that pass'd.

On her brow is nodding proudly
Many a plume,—the gift was mine ;
Many a love-knot tells as loudly
Him for whom they learn'd to twine.
Mine the hand which rear'd the flowers
On thy bosom blooming yet :
Ere they fade how few the hours—
Still they bloom, and you forget !

Go ! by flatterers vain surrounded—
Go ! forget my love to prize ;
Her, on whom my hopes were founded,
Changed and thankless, I despise.
Mine the heart no wish concealing—
Honest was its pulse and true :
It shall bear the bitter feeling,
That it ever beat for you.

In the wrecks of all thy beauty,
Lo, I see thee stand alone :
Flatterers, fools, have ceased their duty,
And thy May of life has flown.
Watch the swallow, as he hovers
Studious of the low'ring sky ;
Such thy minions—such thy lovers :
False one ! not like them was I.

Yes ! I see them pointing, scowling,
Baskers in thy early morn ;
Hear their fiendish laughter howling,
See their grinning looks of scorn.
How then, trait'ress, will I scorn thee !
Scorn thee, Minna ! Heaven forefend !
No ! the bitterest tears shall mourn thee—
Tears of a deserted friend.



THE IDEAL.

FROM SCHILLER.

ALAS! that reasoning age must sever
Each bond that youth, confiding, wove :
That cruel time must chase for ever
The dreams of happiness and love !
Say, can no spell arrest the graces
Of life's young visions, fleeting by ?
Or fix the billow's changing traces
That flows into eternity ?

Set is the cheerful sun that greeted
My opening path with joy and light,
And each ideal form is fledged,
That swam before my infant sight.
Past is the sweet belief that rested
On baseless dreams that still betray ;
Of which that power my soul detested,
Reality, has made his prey.

As erst, with passions wild imploring,
Pygmalion clasp'd the senseless stone,
Till life's strong current, fiercely pouring,
Into its marble breast was thrown :
'Twas thus, with powerful youth's sensation,
Round Nature's form my arms I threw,
Till life, and warmth, and respiration,
From my poetic breast she drew.

And sharing then the living fire,
Forth into language wild she broke,
And gave the kiss of warm desire,
While pulse to answering pulses spoke.
Life blush'd for me in every flower,
And music swell'd in every stream—
E'en Death's cold forms defied his power,
And lived and breathed in fancy's dream.

Warm'd by that vision'd form's caresses,
My soul, excursive, long'd to stray,
And pierce the deep, the last recesses
Where slumbering animation lay.
How bright the promised world extended!
How fair the bud before it blew!
How soon its brightest joys have ended!
Those little joys how cold and few

Not such the scene, when boldly daring
 In fond delusion's dream entranced,
No rein to check, no guidance bearing,
 Launch'd on its course my youth advanced.
Far as the palest orb of Heaven
 My wandering spirit knew to fly ;
And where his onward course was driven,
 Nought was too distant, wild, or high.

For light his airy car upbore him,
 And free from toil his trackless way ;
And gay the tribe that danced before him,
 The phantom sons of light and day.
Love in the gay procession bounded ;
 Pleasure with gold-encircled hair ;
High Glory's front with stars surrounded,
 And Truth, that courts the sun, were there.

But oh ! ere half their course was over,
Those gay companions deem'd it sped ;
How quickly then each faithless rover,
Each in succession, turn'd and fled !
Then pleasure past, and wisdom faded,
And left unquench'd the thirst of youth ;
And doubt with gathering mists o'ershaded
The sun of intellectual truth.

I saw the crown, that shone so brightly
On glory's brow, to others given ;
I saw the spring-tide, fading lightly,
Forsake the wintry face of heaven :
And lonelier grew the wide expansion,
And stiller, stiller grew the road—
Hope, from her ever-distant mansion,
Her paly radiance scarcely show'd.

And who, of all the faithless minions,
 Remain'd to cheer the wanderer's gloom,
Nor spreads e'en now, like them, his pinions,
 True from the cradle to the tomb?
Friendship, 'twas thou! the best and fairest,
 Whom never yet I sought in vain;
Thou who the varied burden sharest
 Of added joy, or lighten'd pain:—

And thou, like him the storm who gildest
 With many a sunny beam of joy—
Employment, thou who slowly buildest,
 Yet labourest never to destroy.
'Tis she of Time's unmeasured towers
 Who, brick by brick, the structure rears,
Yet, from the debt of endless hours,
 Is striking minutes, days, and years.

THE FEAST OF VICTORY.

Low were Priam's haughty towers,
Troy in smouldering ashes lay,
And the victor Grecian's powers
Rested round Sigeum's bay.
Flush'd with spoil, and drunk with slaughter,
There they crowded all the strand
Ere they plough'd th' Ægean water
To their country's native land.
Raise the song, and join the chorus!
For our vessel's destined track
To the parent soil that bore us,
To our homes, shall waft us back.

And, in lengthen'd ranks lamenting,
Many a Trojan dame was there ;
All in groans their misery venting,
Pale their cheeks, and loose their hair.
O'er the shouts of festal rapture
Rose their choral strain of woe,
Weeping for their country's capture,
And its glories fallen low.
Fare thee well, thou land so cherish'd !
Land from which we now are led,
Envious of our sons who perish'd :
Oh ! how truly blest the dead !

To the mightier dominations
Calchas bids his altars smoke :
Pallas first, who raises nations,
And destroys, his prayers invoke ;
Neptune, him who folds the ocean
Round our planet's girdled ball ;

Jove, who sways the dreaded motion
Of his ægis over all.
Conflict ends, the fight is foughten,
And the cycle now is run ;
Years, which fate refused to shorten,
All are past, and Troy is won.

Atreus' son, who led their legions,
Number'd o'er the ranks of those
Who with him had sought the regions
Where Scamander's current flows ;
And the mists of sad reflection
Clouded o'er the monarch's brow :
For how few, by Fate's direction,
Traced their homeward journey now !
Raise the song, and join the chorus !
All who sleep not on the plain :
Hail we loud the land that bore us,
All who see that land again !

Not to all to Greece returning
Is the hymn of triumph due ;
At your household altars burning,
Murder lights her torch for you :
Men may fall by friendship's treason,
Safe from conflict's rage retired ;
Spoke Ulysses' voice of reason,
By the blue-eyed maid inspired :
Happy he whom faith and duty
Watch like guardians pure and true ;
For the subtle smiles of beauty
Shun the old to seek the new.

Atreus' victor-son embraces
Now the prize he won in fight,
And around her slender graces
Twines his arms in fierce delight.
Short the life to evil given,
Vengeance marks the deed of crime ;

Saturn's offspring high in heaven
Holds his judgment-seat sublime.
Evil is the sentence spoken,
Evil for an evil deed ;
For the roof, whose laws were broken,
Sure revenge has Jove decreed.

Him who basks in wealth and glory,
Cried Oileus' daring son,
It may suit to tell the story
Of the throne that Jove has won.
Choice or justice ne'er directed
What the hand of fortune gives ;
For Patroclus sleeps neglected,
And Thersites breathes and lives.
Since, without discrimination,
Either urn by Fate is shared,
Let him shout with exultation
Whom the gloomier lot has spared.

Still to die the best are fated :

Teucer speaks his brother's fame,
And, at Grecian feasts related,
Hear that brother's mighty name.
When the Argive ships were flaming,
Ajax then was there to save ;
Craft the meed of valour claiming,
Left the warrior's prize—the grave.
Peace to him, the broken-hearted,
By no Trojan hand who died !
Peace to him who sleeps departed,
Which on earth his foes denied !

To his murder'd father's spirit
Pyrrhus pour'd the ruby wine—
Of the lots that men inherit,
Mighty father ! give me thine.
Of the blessings laid before us,
Glory is the meed I crave.

When the hero's mound is o'er us,
Lives the memory of the brave.
Fire may burn or earth inhume us ;
Bards shall yet preserve our name :
Though disease and death consume us,
Deathless, scatheless, lives our fame.

None the voice of sorrow raises
O'er the foe who bravely died ;
I will utter Hector's praises,
Tydeus' generous offspring cried.
Foremost in the field we knew him,
In his country's cause he fell ;
We forget the hand that slew him,
When the vanquish'd died so well.
For his household altars fighting,
Low at last he bit the ground ;
In a worthy foe delighting,
We will keep his fame renown'd.

He who thrice the weary hours
Of the age of man had seen,
Raised the goblet crown'd with flowers,
Raised it to the captive queen.
Let the wine-cup's sweet effusion
Bid thy tears forget to flow ;
Wondrous is its fond delusion,
Balsam for the widow's woe.
While those drops of life and gladness
All the wretch's senses lave,
Sinks the load of human sadness
Deep engulf'd in Lethe's wave.

By the cruel god o'erpower'd,
'Troy's sad prophetess arose,
And the distant smoke that lower'd
Seem'd the emblem of her woes ;
Like the smoke that o'er yon heaven
Changes still its shadowy form,

Is the bliss to mortals given—
 God alone defies the storm.
Ships, and steeds, and riders scorning,
 Care pursues our swiftest way :
We may never see the morning—
 Let us, therefore, live to-day.

THE VEILED STATUE AT SAIS.

A YOUTH, by wisdom's burning thirst impell'd,
His course o'er Egypt's sands to Sais held ;
In furious haste o'er learning's steps he past,
And, many a labour vanquish'd, stopp'd at last :
His priestly teacher labour'd to restrain
The fiery boy, impatient of the rein.
"What is a part of wisdom?" cried the youth ;
"Are there degrees of knowledge, shades of truth ?
"Must I for labour spent, for wasted time,
"Receive a fraction of the gift sublime ?
"Canst thou subtract one colour from the bow,
"Or change the octave's magic number? No!

“The grating discord shall thy theft betray,
“And heaven’s insulted arch shall melt away.”

The while he stood in converse, round him rose
The temple’s mighty dome in still repose :
Veil’d to the feet, and of colossal size,
A giant statue met his wondering eyes.

“Tell me,” he questions, “the mysterious tale,
“What likeness sleeps beneath yon shadowy veil?”
“Truth!” was the answer. “Do you then conceal
“The form your lessons promised to reveal?
“The very cause and cure of all the thirst I feel?”

“Then blame the god from whose tremendous shrine
“The mandate issued, that the hand divine
“Alone should lift it. If some daring wight
“Should venture—” “Well—that truth would meet
his sight.

“Strange precept! Tell me, didst thou never dare
“To raise the veil, and lay the wonder bare?”

“ No, in good sooth, nor ever felt desire.”
“ That is more strange. If such a light attire
“ Were all that hid from me the heavenly shape” —
“ Is a law nothing? This concealing crape,
“ Light to thy hand, or yonder statue’s head,
“ Shall press thy conscience with a cope of lead.”

Home went the youth, but, rankling in his breast,
The fatal secret robb’d him of his rest.
At midnight’s hour he ceased to toss and roll
His feverish limbs, and hastening to the goal
With trembling step, by powerful impulse led,
Straight to the temple’s gloomy pile he sped ;
With active grasp he climb’d the inmost ring,
And reach’d the dark rotunda with a spring.

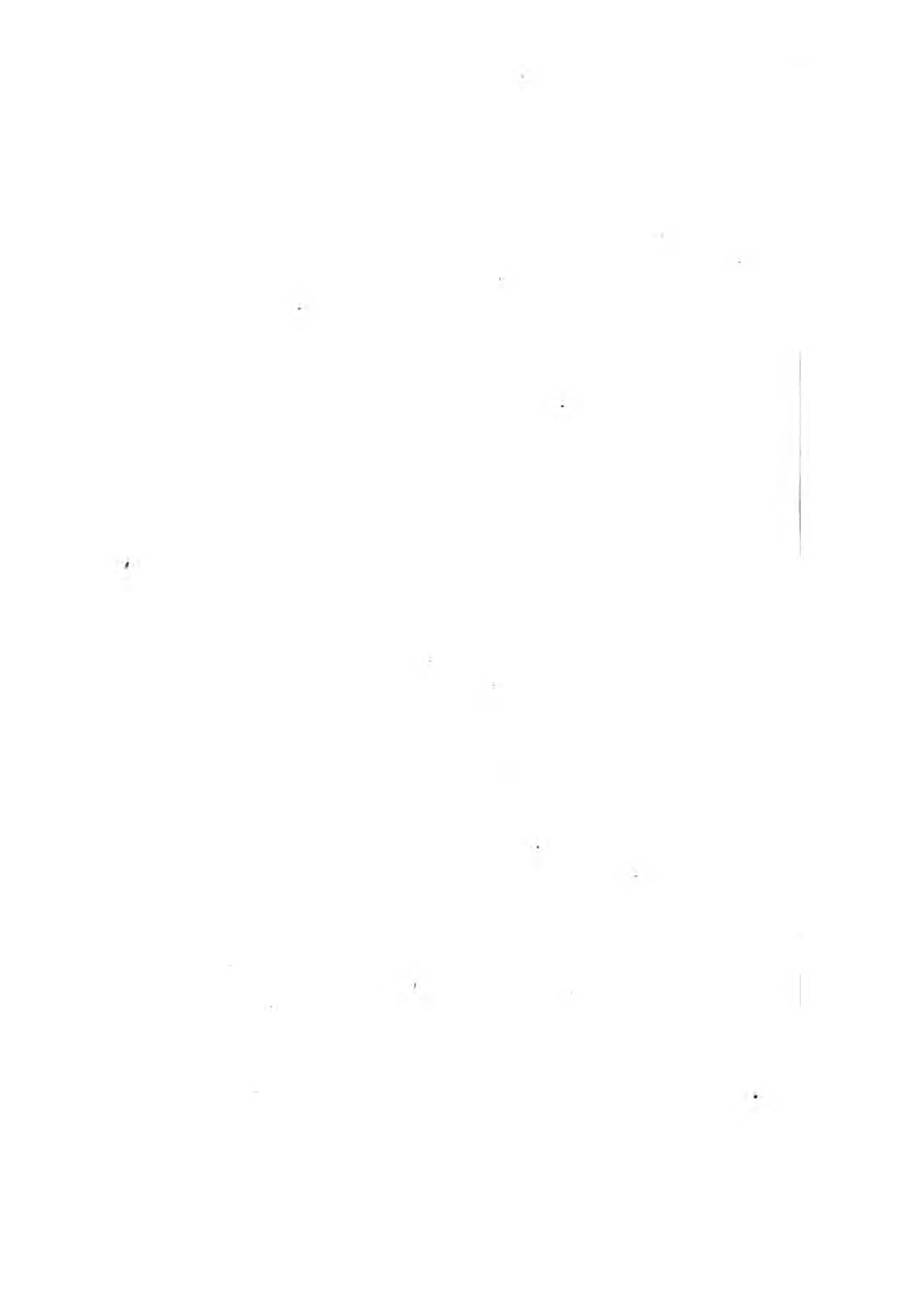
Silent he rested, for his heart with dread
Beat to the echo of his lonely tread.
Through the high dome the moonlight silver’d o’er
The spectral whiteness of the marble floor :

And like some present god the form appear'd,
Veil'd as before, in awful state uprear'd.

E'en as in act to draw the veil he stood,
Twice his protecting genius chill'd his blood.
Fever and ague coursed by turns his veins,
And bound his threatening arm in viewless chains.
A voice of warning thunder'd on his ear—
“Doom'd to eternal woe, what dost thou here ?
“Hast thou forgot the spirit of my shrine,
“Which gave the mandate other hand but mine
“Should still refrain ?” “That spirit further told,
“That truth would recompense the adventurer bold.
“Be what the phantom may, what will betide,
“I will behold !” the wretch in frenzy cried—
In mockery's tone, “Behold !” the echoing vault
replied.

He lifts the veil. Would you with question vain
Pierce the dark secrets of the statue's reign ?

I cannot tell them. With returning day,
The temple's servants found him as he lay
By Isis' statue senseless : where he fell,
They mark'd him stretch'd. 'Twas all they had to tell ;
For never would the youth narrate or draw
One tale, one sketch, of all he heard or saw.
His peace had vanish'd, never to return ;
His ashes slept in an untimely urn.
“ Woe to that man,” his warning voice replied
To all who question'd, or in silence sigh'd—
“ Woe to that man who ventures truth to win,
“ And seeks his object by the path of sin !”



EPITHALAMIUM.

BY SCHILLER.

Joy to him who twines to-day
Bands of holy power ;
Doubts and cares have pass'd away—
This is rapture's hour.
Strife of years, malicious foes,
Nought could make thee falter ;
Joys, that none could now oppose,
Wait thee at the altar.

Nought in which the narrowness
Of the heart rejoices ;
Nought that longing fools may bless,
Winning vulgar voices—
Wealth 'twas not, nor lineal pride,
Nor profane desire ;
Better, fairer, was thy guide—
Love's immortal fire !

Folly's praise, or Flattery's strains,
Ne'er with thee succeeded ;
And the clank of Custom's chains
Struck thine ear unheeded.
Praise may be Ambition's aim,
Gold with gold be sated—
Love its own return must claim,
Souls with souls be mated.

Yes! 'twas yours the charms to prize
Nature's self had taught her,
And with reckless eye despise
Fashion's fickle daughter.
Tinsel gold, and broider'd dress,
Win the fop's affection,
But you sought for happiness
Not by his direction.

Maiden's breasts are often found
Caskets made to vex us :
Gems and gold we linger round,
And the pearls perplex us.
Through the ninety-nine we run—
Fate will still be cruel ;
Only in the hundredth one
Lies the promised jewel.

Hearts like yours condemn the bride
 Conquest still affecting,
Weaving toils for all beside,
 You alone rejecting.
Vainer when her form she shrouds
 In its silks and gauzes,
Happier in approving crowds
 Than in your applauses.

Hearts like yours the dolls condemn,
 On their wires gliding ;
But the wit is worse than them,
 Others still deriding.
All who in romances read
 Turn the forced expression ;
All who purely from the head,
 Bring the cold confession.

No! the bride alone is thine,
 She, whose love unending,
Clings with generous nature's twine,
 Still from you depending.
Who, intent on you, is blind
 To another's graces,
And her heaven has learnt to find
 But in your embraces.

She who with responsive tears
 In your griefs can enter,
Sharing hopes, and soothing fears,
 Trembling when you venture.
She whose sympathetic voice,
 True to yours is trembling—
To the Minna of your choice,
 In a word, resembling.

L 2



He who clasps her in his arms
All the world possesses ;
And the cure of all its harms
Finds in her caresses.
From the store of bliss that lives
In her angel glances,
Back with usury she gives
All thy soul advances.

When employment's busy coil
On thy soul is preying,
And the leaden weight of toil
On thy brow is weighing ;
Friends untrue forsake thy side,
Foes are doubly bitter ;
And o'er black misfortune's tide,
Lightnings flash and glitter.

When thy genius 'mid the strife
On his post is weary,
And the wintry waste of life
Spreads around thee dreary ;
Sorrow's form her glance shall meet,
Pain and woe beguiling ;
And despair shall then retreat,
Blasted by her smiling.

Yours the union twined above
Time shall fail to sever ;
In the offspring of your love
It shall bloom for ever.
When your passion's warmer reign
Fleeting time effaces,
You shall hail its rise again
In their youthful graces.

Prospect teeming with delight !

With a prophet's glances
Into future years my sight
Rapturous advances.

Like their mother, good as fair,

Lovely forms are nigh her ;
And in manly virtue there
Sons bespeak the sire.

Lovely as the flowers that grow

Nursed by man's protection,
They shall flourish, bud, and blow,
Warm'd by your affection.

Joy shall e'en from anxious hours

Spring, when thou art near them,
As we highest prize the flowers
Which cost us pain to rear them.

Breathing life must fail at last,
Senses lose their power ;
When thy pilgrimage is past
Comes the destined hour.
Round a parent's bed of calm,
Sad the circle closes ;
Children's tears thy name embalm
When thy dust reposes.

Glory fades, and pleasure cloys :
All that most delighted,
All the world's uncertain joys,
At their birth are blighted.
Wisdom checks our youthful flame,
With our will contending :
But from love alone there came
Pleasures never ending.

Name not him for honour's theme,
Him who past and vanish'd,
From whose uninspired dream
Genial love was banish'd.
Him who ne'er his being gave
To the warmth of passion ;
Say what future worlds the slave
To himself can fashion ?

Be he wise or be he brave,
Still by all rejected ;
To his unrecorded grave
He shall slink neglected.
But thy faith was proved and tried,
Heaven its grace accords thee ;
Ask the angel at thy side
How that heaven rewards thee.

Pure as is the holy light
Of thy love's reflection,
Unextinguishably bright
As thy firm affection,
Is the joy you own to-day.
Such you still shall cherish,
When the sun shall pass away,
And the world shall perish !

HONOUR TO WOMAN.

HONOUR to Woman ! to her it is given
To wreath the dull earth with the roses of heaven,
The heart in the bonds of affection to twine,
And, with chastity's veil, round the form of the graces,
To raise and revive, in her holy embraces,
The feelings her virtues exalt and refine.

Reason's voice, and Truth's directions,
Haughty man delights to brave ;

And the spirit's own reflections
 Drive it forth on passion's wave.
Furthest distance still exploring,
 Nearer forms content to lose ;
O'er the bounds of æther soaring,
 Man his shadowy bliss pursues.
But with the charm of her magical glances,
Back to the joy which her presence enhances,
 Woman can lure him to wander again.
For she clings to the earth, where her fortune has
 placed her,
And, content with the charms with which Nature has
 graced her,
With a daughter's obedience submits to her chain.

Roused to each insane endeavour,
 Man collects his hostile might ;

On through life he speeds for ever,
Rests not, stops not, day or night.
What he joins, he tears asunder—
Wishes rise as wishes pall,
Like the hydra's heads of wonder,
Sprouting faster than they fall.

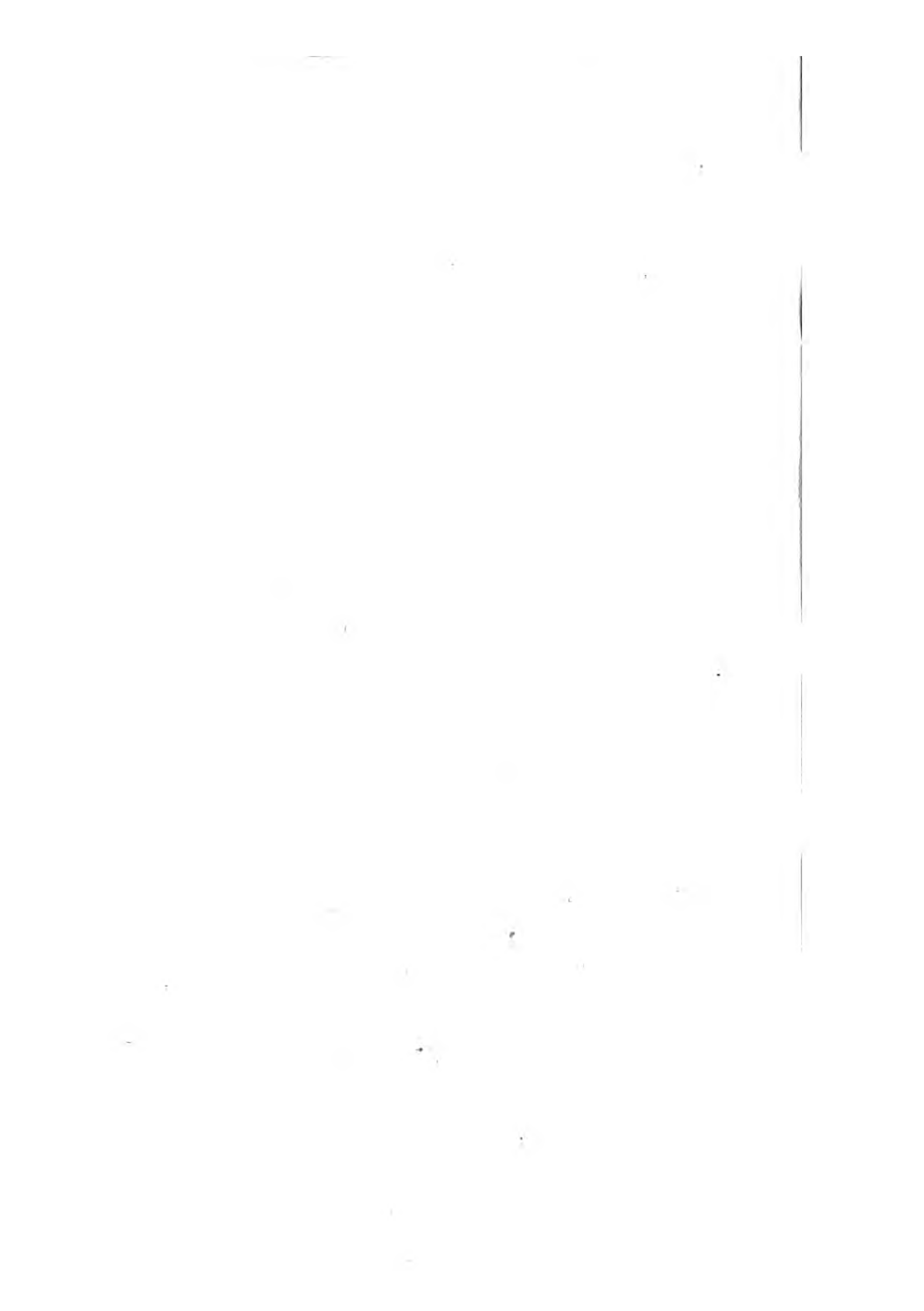
But woman, content with less arrogant powers,
From each hour of existence can gather the flowers,
And snatch them from Time as he hastens along.
More blest and more free in her limits remaining
Than man in the wide realms of wisdom's attaining,
Or in poetry's boundless dominions of song.

To his own enjoyment bending
Every wish that warms his breast ;
With the bosom's mutual blending,
Say, can selfish man be blest ?
Can he e'er exchange a feeling,

Can he melt in tears away,
When eternal strife is steeling
Every spring of passion's play?
But like the harp when the zephyr is sighing,
To the breath of that zephyr in music replying,
Woman can tremble with feelings as true.
From the breezes of life each emotion she borrows,
While her bosom swells high with its raptures or
sorrows,
And her glances express them through sympathy's
dew.

Mailed strength, and arm'd defiance—
These are rights which men allege:
Scythia's sword is her reliance—
Persia bows beneath its edge.
Man, where'er desire is strongest,
Wields the blade or draws the bow;

He that loudest shouts, and longest,
Wins what peace could ne'er bestow.
But woman can govern each tide and occasion,
With the eloquent voice of her gentle persuasion,
And extinguish Hate's torch, which was lighted in
hell ;
And the powers of strife which seem'd parted for ever
Are bound in an union which time cannot sever,
By the spirits who bow to her magical spell.



THE GODS OF GREECE.

FROM SCHILLER.

AH! how lightly pass'd the joyous hours,
Led by pleasure's rosy band along,
When ye reign'd with unsubverted powers,
Lovely beings of Greece's fabling song.
Ah! when yet your worshipp'd thrones were shining
All was lovelier, all was brighter far
When each hand thy altar yet was twining,
Venus Amathusia.

When the poet's veil was yet concealing
 In its classic folds the form of truth,
Ere that age had deaden'd many a feeling
 Which was buoyant in creation's youth ;
Nature gave to man when love caress'd him
 Prouder joy from beauty's warm embrace ;
In the eye that gleam'd, the arms that press'd him,
 Man could find a godhead's later trace.

Where, as sages tell, their sires deriding,
 Yon huge ball revolves with soulless ray,
Helios then his golden car was guiding
 On the orb'd zodiac's peopled way.
Oreads haunted yonder misty mountain,
 Withering with her tree the Dryad died,
And the Naiad of each mossy fountain died,
 Play'd and sported in its silver tide.

Yonder bay protection once afforded ;
 In yon stone Latona's rival slept ;
Syrinx on those reeds his woes recorded ;
 In that grove sad Philomela wept :
Yonder brook a mother's tears augmented,
 When for Proserpine she pour'd the strain ;
For the beauteous friend her cries lamented,
 From yon hill Cythera called in vain.

To Deucalion's favour'd race descending,
 Down to earth their way the immortals took,
And to Pyrrha's lovely daughter bending,
 Great Hyperion bore the shepherd's crook.
Higher rose the worth of every treasure
 Which its great Creator shared with man ;
Nations joy'd to quaff the stream of pleasure
 Nearer to the source from whence it ran.

Pure and never-dying was the fire

Which in Pindar's song of triumph shone,
Stream'd unquench'd on Arion's lyre ;

And where Phidias carved the living stone,
Brighter forms of beauty told the story

Whence that beauty drew its wondrous birth—
Gods, who left their thrones of heavenly glory,
Found their own Olympus here on earth.

Worthier then awhile to be their mansion,

Was the earth in nature's earlier hour ;
And where Iris spread her bow's expansion,
Brighter gleam'd the dew-drop on the flower.

Prouder then, by reddening clouds surrounded,

In Himera's veil the morning broke ;
With a sweeter spell the flute resounded,
When the shepherd god its music woke.

Beauty's youthful grace was lovelier, dearer,
When the cheek of Ganymede was fair ;
Valour's godlike radiance blazed the clearer,
Shielded by Medusa's serpent hair.
Love, by Hymen's torch more gladly guided,
Wove for subject hearts a holier band ;
E'en the sad thread of existence glided
Smoothlier through the toiling sisters' hand.

Shouts of worshippers the thyrsus swinging,
And the harness'd panther's dread array,
Hail'd the mighty one, fresh raptures bringing,
Fauns and satyrs bounded on his way ;—
And the wild Bacchantæ sprung before him
Praising in their dance the ruby wine ;
And the cup his ready votaries bore him
Foam'd and mantled with the drink divine.

Yours were palaces for gods to dwell in,
From your haunted mountains gleaming far,
Rival heroes for your praise excelling
Whirl'd the disc, or urged the thundering car.
Dances winding to the measured numbers,
Circl'd round each worshipp'd altar's base,
And the votive garland deck'd your slumbers,
Blooming yet with conquest's recent grace.

Dark severity, and rigid sadness,
To your sacred rites were never due ;
Breasts that swell'd with unforbidden gladness,
Drew the breath of all their joy from you :
Nought that nature or that love refuses,
Nought that joy rejects, by you was blest :
All you claim'd was sanction'd by the Muses,
And unvarying beauty's plain behest.

Each his earliest and his best bestowing,
 Gave the firstling lamb, or ripen'd ear ;
And the tide of generous plenty flowing,
 At the holy rite each guest could cheer.
Darker through the scenes of mortal trial,
 Now the path of sad devotion leads,
And the harder work of self-denial
 To profusion's easier task succeeds.

No fierce phantom, in his shroud attired,
 Call'd us to another world from this ;
One sad genius, as his torch expired,
 Drank the parting spirit in a kiss.
Lighter forms of sunny splendour gleaming,
 Still in bright succession floated by,
And the veil of sweet illusion streaming,
 Dimm'd the glance of stern necessity.

No barbarian, deaf to man's complaining,
 Judged his brother by his murderous lore,
And by heaven's perverted faiths ordaining,
 Marr'd the kindred form a woman bore.
One to mortals bound in near alliance,
 E'en the judgment-seat of Orcus held,
And a mortal prayer to mute compliance,
 E'en the Furies' hissing snakes compell'd.

In Elysium's shades the soul delighted,
 Found each joy to old existence dear ;
There were groves for lovers reunited,
 And his circus for the Charioteer.
Here Alcestis' love Admetus blesses,
 Orpheus wakes his unforgotten strain ;
Agamemnon's son his friend caresses,
 Philoctetes draws his bow again.

But for me without redemption perish'd,
All I love on earth is past away ;
Every feeling, every joy I cherish'd,
Now are Time's, the sad destroyer's prey.
Strange delights my soul revolts to share in,
Coldly summon me with heartless tone ;
And for bliss a present value bearing,
Joys they proffer alien and unknown.

Lovely world ! where art thou ?—fair creation !
Golden years of nature ! turn again :
Ah ! in songs that mourn its desolation,
Only may we trace its ancient reign.
They have left each grove and pillar'd mansion,
All the race of gods and godlike men ;
There remains through all the world's expansion,
But the ghost of what we worshipp'd then.

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED KNIGHT.

..
GOËTHE.



LAY OF THE IMPRISONED KNIGHT.

GOËTHE.

AH ! well I know the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair.
And in these dreary walls I pine,
Or I would make the treasure mine.
But be it squire, or be it knight,
Who brings it here to me,
Behold this jewel, blazing bright,
His guerdon it shall be.

THE ROSE.

Beneath thy grated window's seat,
 Beneath thy castle wall,
I bloom amid my kindred sweet,
 The sweetest of them all.
And surely then, Sir Knight, 'tis I
 For whom thy wishes long,
For whom they draw the weary sigh,
 For whom they wake the song.

KNIGHT.

To thee, when vernal zephyrs blow,
 The sweetest breath was given,
The brightest hue that decks the bow
 That spans the arch of heaven.
Thy tints may bloom on beauty's brow
 As radiant as her own ;
But, lovely rose, it is not thou
 For whom I make my moan.

THE LILY.

Her haughty glance the rose may cast
O'er all the subject plain ;
The lily's humbler charms surpass'd
The pomp of Judah's reign.
Each heart where virtuous passions rise
And chaste emotions lie,
May learn, Sir Knight, like you, to prize
The flower of purity.

KNIGHT.

This heart is pure, this hand is clear,
I boast them free from stain ;
Yet while one beats in prison here,
The other's might is vain.
And, lovely flower, the image thou
Of virgin beauty's form—
But, ah ! thy drooping petals bow
Before December's storm

THE CARNATION.

The warder of these haughty towers
Has rear'd me into day ;
And well the proud carnation's flowers
The cares of man repay.
In Flora's thousand glories drest,
My varied petals bloom,
And well the loaded gales attest
Their burdens of perfume.

KNIGHT.

Yes, foster'd by the care of man,
In sunshine or in shade,
The peasant rears thee as he can,
Or views thee droop and fade.
A flower which fears not winter's harms,
The ills that wait on you,
Of lowly but of native charms,
My wishes still pursue.

VIOLET.

From the far covert of the grove
All humble I implore ;
If such, Sir Knight, the flower you love,
Thy weary search is o'er.
No peasant's hand may e'er invade,
To culture or to kill,
The shelter of the wild wood's shade
That skirts the distant hill.

KNIGHT.

Thy modest beauties well I prize,
Retiring from the view,
Pure as the light of beauty's eyes,
And of their azure hue.
Not on the mountain's shelving side,
Nor in the cultured ground,
Nor in the garden's painted pride,
The flower I seek is found.

Where time on Sorrow's page of gloom
Has fixed its envious blot,
Or swept the record from the tomb,
It says Forget-me-not.
And this is still the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair ;
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair.

WAR SONG
OF THE
NEW ZEALANDER.
„
BÜRGER.



WAR SONG
OF THE
NEW ZEALANDER.

BÜRGER.

Up, comrades! awake with this lusty halloo!
There is mischief to hunt, there is murder to do!
Let us weave the war dance, like the billows which roar
O'er the reef which forbids them to flow on the shore!

Together! together! together we speed!
Each limb that can move, and each vein that can bleed!
Our lances and war clubs we point to the sky,
Like the rushes which wave when the tempest is high.

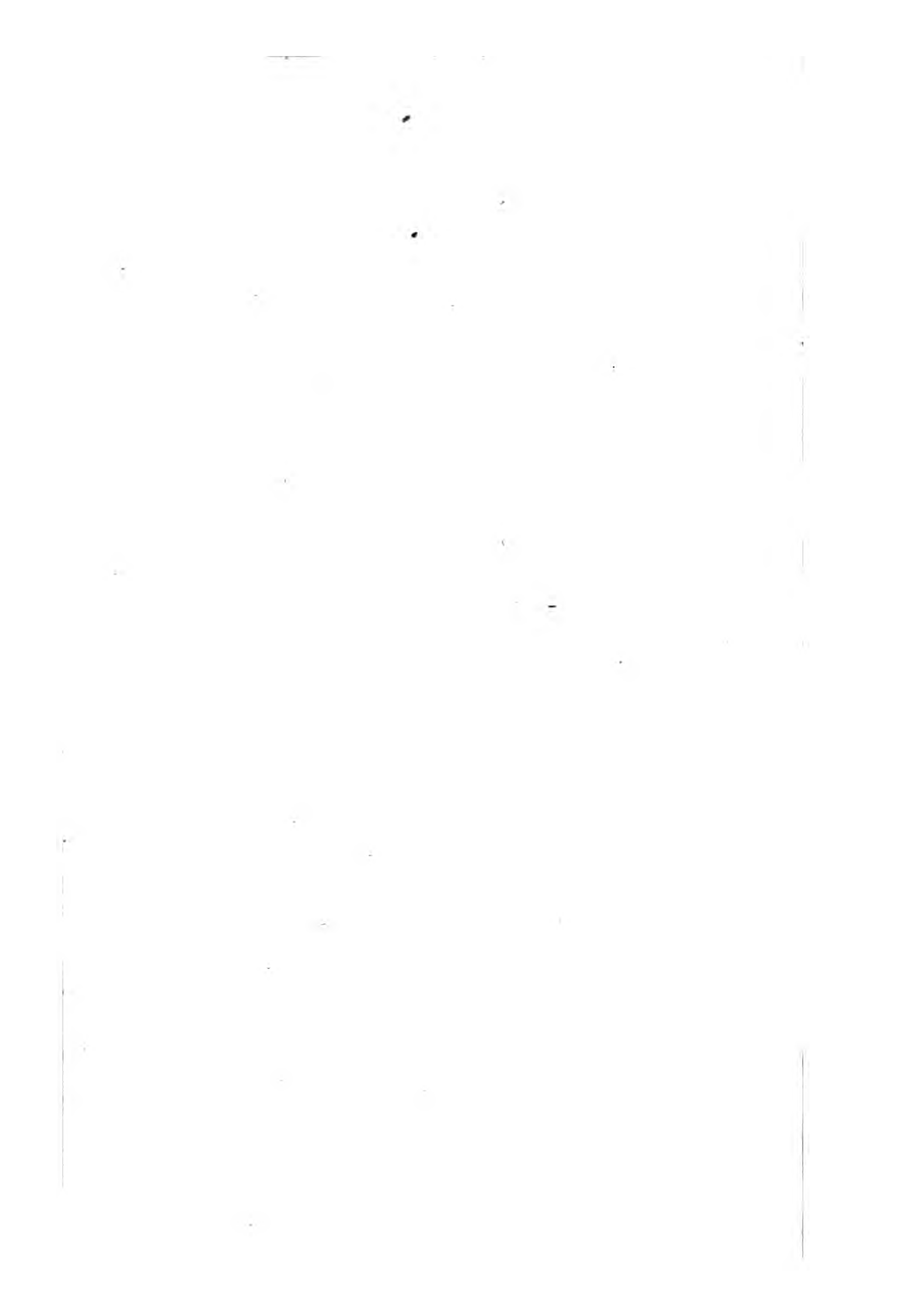
Like the tooth of the seal they are whetted, and fit
To bruise and to mangle, to thrust and to split !
Strike ! pierce ! let your points and your edges be known,
Through skull, and through clavicle, marrow and bone.

We ask ye for carnage, which you must afford ;
We have promised ye victims, and break not our word.
What heed we the storm though its thunders may roll ?
We have promised, are coming, and spare not a soul.

Our women and children we leave them the toil,
The brushwood to pile and the caldron to boil ;
The faggots they light, and they kindle the flame,
And from fathers and husbands the victim they claim.

We seek not for food from the forest or flood,
Yet are hungry for flesh, and are thirsting for blood ;
And the blood we will quaff, and the flesh we will tear,
Till the shinbones shall jingle, gnaw'd, whiten'd, and
bare.

Then, forward, companions ! awake and away !
Let the savour of food be the guide to your prey !
Your caldrons they boil, and your ovens they glow—
Then, comrades, away ! like the shaft from the bow !



THE GRAVE.

BY SALIS.



THE GRAVE.

BY SALIS.

THE grave all still and darkling lies
 Beneath its hallow'd ground,
And dark the mists to human eyes
 That float its precincts round.

No music of the grove invades
 That dark and dreary way ;
And fast the votive flow'ret fades
 Upon its heaving clay.

And vain the tear in beauty's eye—
 The orphan's groan is vain :
No sound of clamorous agony
 Shall pierce its gloomy reign.

Yet that oblivion of the tomb
 Shall suffering man desire,
And through that shadowy gate of gloom
 The weary wretch retire.

The bark by ceaseless storms oppress'd
 Runs madly to the shore ;
And thus the grief-worn heart shall rest
 There where it beats no more.

WAR SONG.

THEODORE KÖRNER.

WAR SONG.

THEODORE KÖRNER.

THE storm and the war-cry are waking round—
Where is the coward who flies the sound?
Fie on the rascal who trembles and pants
'Mid his female cousins and maiden aunts.

For thee no maid of German line
Through all the land from Elbe to Rhine
Shall raise the song, or pour the wine—
They could not cheer that soul of thine.

When we lie on the watch 'mid storm and cloud,
While the breath of the tempest is piping loud,
Can you upon pillows and cushions snore,
And stretch your limbs till your dreams are o'er?

For thee, &c.

When to us the trumpet tone breaks loud
Like the midnight voice of the thunder cloud,
Can you in the theatre's ranks rejoice
In the dancer's step and the eunuch's voice?

For thee, &c.

When the midday sunbeam is hotly keen,
And no drop is left in the void canteen,
Can you bid the sparkling bubbles dance
On the cup of your foemen, the wine of France?

For thee, &c.

When the soldier is bidding his fond good night
To those whom he loves on the eve of the fight,
Can you slink through alleys with gold to buy
The hollow smile of a wanton's eye?

For thee, &c.

When bullets whistle, and lances clash,
And death is rife on the howitzer's flash ;
Can you sit to mark with your cards and pins
Round the midnight table the colour that wins ?

For thee, &c.

And should that shot be my funeral knell,
Thou death of the soldier, I greet thee well !
To his silken couch let the coward creep,
While the spirit shrinks from the body's sleep !

He has lived a coward, and dies the same—
No German maiden shall weep his name—
No song of his country shall speak his fame ;
But the cup shall be empty to tell his shame,
Who fled from his post when the foemen came.

WAR SONG

WRITTEN BEFORE THE BATTLE OF DANNEBERG.

..
KÖRNER.

FRAUGHT with battles to be won,
Dawning breaks the eventful day ;
And the red and misty sun
Lights us on our gory way.
In a few approaching hours
Europe's doubtful fortunes lie,
While upon her banded powers
Thundering falls the iron die.

Brothers and comrades, on you it is falling—
On you the proud voice of your country is calling,
While the lot of the balance is trembling on high!

In the night we leave behind us,
Lies the shame and lies the yoke—
Chains of him who once could bind us,
Him who spoil'd the German oak.
E'en our native speech was slighted;
Ruin smote our holy fanes:
Now revenge's oath is plighted,
The redeeming task remains.

For honour and vengeance then join we our hands,
That the curses of Heaven may pass from our lands,
And the foe be expell'd from our native domains.

Hope and better days before us,
To a happier lot invite

All the heavens expanding o'er us,
Freedom greets our longing sight.
German arms again caress us,
German muses wake the strain ;
All that's great again shall bless us,
All that's fair shall bloom again.

But a game must be play'd of destruction and strife :
There is freedom to win, but the venture is life !
And thousands must die ere that freedom shall
reign.

Now, by heaven ! we will not falter,
But united firm to stand,
Lay our hearts upon the altar
Offer'd to our native land.
Yes, my country, take the spirit
Which I proudly give to thee ;
Let my progeny inherit
What his father's blood could free.

And the oaks of my country their branches shall wave,
Whose roots are entwined in the patriot's grave—
The grave which the foeman has destined for me.

Bend your looks of parting sorrow
On the friends you leave to-day ;
On the widows of to-morrow
Look your last, and turn away.
Should the silent tear be starting,
Those are drops to be forgiven ;
Give your last fond kiss of parting,
Give them to the care of heaven.

Thou god of the orphan, oh ! grant thy protection
To the lips which are pouring the prayer of affection,
And comfort the bosoms which sorrow has riven !

Freshly, as the foe advances,
Now we turn us to the fray ;

Heavenly radiance o'er us glances,
Earth and darkness pass away.
Yes! the oath we now have plighted
Joins us in a world of bliss—
There the free shall be united—
Brothers! fare ye well for this!
Hark! 'tis the thunder, where banners are streaming,
Where bullets are whistling, and sabres are gleaming!
Forward!—to meet in the mansions of bliss!



SONG OF THE SWORD.

WRITTEN A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE DEATH OF
THE AUTHOR IN BATTLE.

..
KÖRNER.

My sword, my only treasure,
What would thy glance of pleasure?
It makes thy master glow
To see thee gleaming so.

“ A patriot warrior rears me,
“ And this it is that cheers me ;
“ It makes me glad to be
“ The falchion of the free.”

Yes! none this hand shall fetter,
And none can prize thee better ;
 Affianced to my side
 I love thee like my bride.

With thy blue steel united,
My constant faith is plighted.
 “ Oh! would the knot were tied!
 “ When will you wed your bride?”

With death-smoke round him spreading,
The bridegroom seeks the wedding.
 When swells the cannon's roar
 Then ope thy chamber door.

“ Oh! how the thought inspires
“ The longing bride's desires ;
 “ Come then, my husband, now
 “ The garlands wait thy brow.”

Why, in thy scabbard dancing,
So restless, wild, and glancing?
Why, ere the trumpets blow,
My sword, why dost thou so?

“ I cannot choose but rattle
“ With longing for the battle :
“ 'Tis this that makes me glow,
“ And dance, and glitter so.”

Be still awhile, my beauty !
In patience do your duty.
E'en now I make thy dower—
Wait but the wedding hour.

“ In vain delay opposes ;
“ I long to pluck the roses
“ All redly as they bloom—
“ The flow'rets of the tomb !”

Then out! in splendour gleaming,
Thy glorious task beseeming—
Then out! in all thy pride—
Come forth, my love, my bride!

“ How gay the glad carousal
“ That honours such espousal!
“ How bright the sunbeams play
“ Upon my steel to-day!”

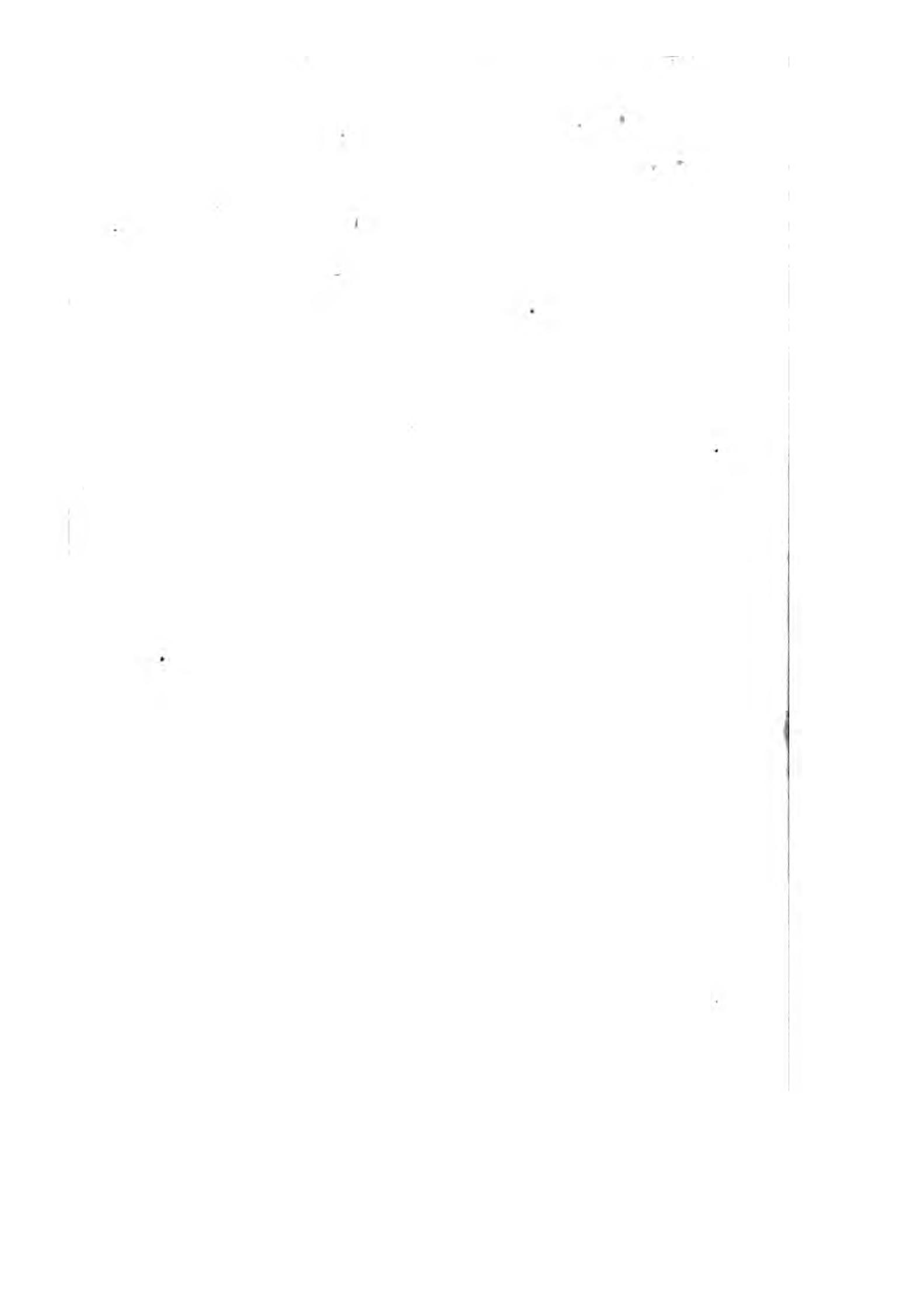
Then on to deeds of daring,
Of valour's lofty bearing—
On every German heart
Ne'er from such brides to part.

Once on the left they tarried,
But that was ere they married;
But now, in Heaven's fair sight,
We boast them on our right.

Then, with a soldier's kisses,
Partake your bridal blisses.
 Ill may the wretch betide
 Whoe'er deserts his bride !
What joy when sparks are flashing,
From hostile helmets crashing !
 In steely light to shine,
 Such joy, my bride, is thine !
 Hurrah !

THE END.

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