

# **Faust I**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

## DEDICATION

Again you show yourselves, you wavering Forms,  
Revealed, as you once were, to clouded vision.  
Shall I attempt to hold you fast once more?  
Heart's willing still to suffer that illusion?  
You crowd so near! Well then, you shall endure,  
And rouse me, from your mist and cloud's confusion:  
My spirit feels so young again: it's shaken  
By magic breezes that your breathings waken.  
You bring with you the sight of joyful days,  
And many a loved shade rises to the eye:  
And like some other half-forgotten phrase,  
First Love returns, and Friendship too is nigh:  
Pain is renewed, and sorrow: all the ways,  
Life wanders in its labyrinthine flight,  
Naming the good, those that Fate has robbed  
Of lovely hours, those slipped from me and lost.  
They can no longer hear this latest song,  
Spirits, to whom I gave my early singing:  
That kindly crowd itself is now long gone,  
Alas, it dies away, that first loud ringing!  
I bring my verses to the unknown throng,  
My heart's made anxious even by their clapping,  
And those besides delighted by my verse,  
If they still live, are scattered through the Earth.  
I feel a long and unresolved desire  
For that serene and solemn land of ghosts:  
It quivers now, like an Aeolian lyre,

My stuttering verse, with its uncertain notes,  
A shudder takes me: tear on tear, entire,  
The firm heart feels weakened and remote:  
What I possess seems far away from me,  
And what is gone becomes reality.

### **PRELUDE ON STAGE**

Director, Dramatist, Comedian.

DIRECTOR

You two, who've often stood by me,  
In times of need, when trouble's breaking,  
Say what success our undertaking  
Will meet with, then, in Germany?  
I'd rather like the crowd to enjoy it,  
Since they live and let live, truly.  
The stage is set, the boards complete,  
And they await our festivity.  
They're seated already, eyebrows raised,  
Calmly hoping they'll be amazed.  
I know how to make the people happy:  
But I've never been so embarrassed: not  
That they've been used to the best, you see,  
Yet they've all read such a dreadful lot.  
How can we make it all seem fresh and new,  
Weighty, but entertaining too?  
I'd love to see a joyful crowd, that's certain,  
When the waves drive them to our place,  
And with tremendous and repeated surging,

Squeeze them through the narrow gate of grace:  
In the light of day they're there already,  
Pushing, till they've reached the window,  
As if they're at the baker's, starving, nearly  
Breaking their necks: just for a ticket. Oh!  
Only poets can work this miracle on men  
So various: the day is yours, my friend!

#### DRAMATIST

O, don't speak to me of that varied crew,  
The sight of whom makes inspiration fade.  
Veil, from me, the surging multitude,  
Whose whirling will drives us everyway.  
No, some heavenly silence lead me to,  
Where for the poet alone pure joy's at play:  
Where Love and Friendship too grace our hearts,  
Created and inspired by heavenly arts.  
Ah! What springs here from our deepest being,  
What the shy trembling lips in speaking meant,  
Now falling awry, and now perhaps succeeding,  
Is swallowed in the fierce Moment's violence.  
Often, when the first years are done, unseeing,  
It appears at last, complete, in deepest sense.  
What dazzles is a Momentary act:  
What's true is left for posterity, intact.

#### COMEDIAN

Don't speak about posterity to me!  
If I went on about posterity,  
Where would you get your worldly fun?  
Folk want it, and they'll still have some.  
The presence of a fine young man

Is nice, I think, for everyone.  
Who, comfortably, shares his wit,  
And to their moods takes no exception:  
He'll make himself a greater hit,  
And win a more secure reception.  
Be brave, and show them what you've got,  
Have Fantasy with all her chorus, yes,  
Mind, Reason, Passion, Tears, the lot,  
But don't you leave out Foolishness.

DIRECTOR

Make sure, above all, plenty's happening there!  
They come to look, and then they want to stare.  
Spin endlessly before their faces,  
So the people gape amazed,  
You've won them by your many paces,  
You'll be the man most praised.  
The mass are only moved by things en masse,  
Each one, himself, will choose the bit he needs:  
Who brings a lot, brings something that will pass:  
And everyone goes home contentedly.  
You'll give a piece, why then give it them in pieces!  
With such a stew you're destined for success.  
Easy to serve, it's as easy to invent.  
What use to bring them your complete intent?  
The Public will soon pick at what you've dressed.

DRAMATIST

You don't see how badly such work will do!  
How little it suits the genuine creator!  
Already, I see, it's a principle with you.  
The finest master is a sloppy worker.

## DIRECTOR

Such a reproach leaves me unmoved:  
The man who seeks to be approved,  
Must stick to the best tools for it,  
Think, soft wood's the best to split,  
And have a look for whom you write!  
See, this is one that boredom drives,  
Another's from some overloaded table,  
Or, worst of all, he's one arrives,  
Like most, fresh from the daily paper.  
They rush here mindlessly, as to a Masque,  
And curiosity inspires their hurry:  
The ladies bring themselves, and in their best,  
Come and play their parts and ask no fee.  
What dream of yours is this, exalted verse?  
Doesn't a full house make you happy?  
Have a good look at your patrons first!  
One half are coarse, the rest are chilly.  
After the show he hopes for card-play:  
He hopes for a wild night, and a woman's kiss.  
Why then do so many poor fools plague,  
The sweet Muse, for such a goal as this?  
I tell you, just give them more and more,  
So you'll never stray far from the mark,  
Just seek to confuse them, in the dark:  
To keep them happy, that's hard - for sure.  
And now what's wrong? Delight or Pain?

## DRAMATIST

Go, look for another scribbler by night!  
Shall the poet throw away the highest right,

The right of humanity, that Nature gave,  
Carelessly, so that you might gain!  
How will he move all hearts again?  
How will each element be his slave?  
Is that harmony nothing, from his breast unfurled,  
That draws back into his own heart, the world?  
When Nature winds the lengthened filaments,  
Indifferently, on her eternal spindle,  
When all the tuneless mass of elements,  
In their sullen discord, jar and jangle  
Who parts the ever-flowing ranks of creation,  
Stirs them, so rhythmic measure is assured?  
Who calls the One to general ordination,  
Where it may ring in marvellous accord?  
Who lets the storm wind rage with passion,  
The sunset glow the senses move?  
Who scatters every lovely springtime blossom  
Beneath the footsteps of the one we love?  
Who weaves the slight green wreath of leaves,  
To honour work well done in every art?  
What makes Olympus sure, joins deities?  
The power of Man, revealed by the bard.

COMEDIAN

So use it then, all this fine energy,  
And drive along the work of poetry,  
To show how we are driven in Love's play.  
By chance we meet, we feel, we stay,  
And bit by bit we're tightly bound:  
Happiness grows, and then it's fenced around:  
We're all inflamed then comes the sorrowing:

Before you know it, there's a novel brewing!  
Why don't we give such a piece!  
Grasp the life of man complete!  
Everyone lives, though it's seldom confessed,  
And wherever you grasp, there's interest.  
In varied pictures there's little light,  
A lot of error, and a gleam of right,  
So the best of drinks is brewed,  
So the world's cheered and renewed.  
Then see the flower of lovely youth collect,  
To hear your words, and view the offering,  
And every tender nature will extract  
A melancholy food from what you bring,  
They'll gain now this and that from your art,  
So each sees what is present in their heart.  
They're readily moved to weeping or to laughter,  
They'll admire your verve, and enjoy the show:  
What's finished you can never alter after:  
Minds still in growth will be grateful, though.

DRAMATIST

So give me back that time again,  
When I was still 'becoming',  
When words gushed like a fountain  
In new, and endless flowing,  
Then for me mists veiled the world,  
In every bud the wonder glowed,  
A thousand flowers I unfurled,  
That every valley, richly, showed.  
I had nothing, yet enough:  
Joy in illusion, thirst for truth.



Give every passion, free to move,  
The deepest bliss, filled with pain,  
The force of hate, the power of love,  
Oh, give me back my youth again!

COMEDIAN

Youth is what you need, dear friend,  
When enemies jostle you, of course,  
And girls, filled with desire, bend  
Their arms around your neck, with force,  
When the swift-run race's garland  
Beckons from the hard-won goal,  
When from the swirling dance, a man  
Drinks until the night is old.

But to play that well-known lyre  
With courage and with grace,  
Moved by self-imposed desire,  
At a sweet wandering pace,  
That is your function, Age,  
And our respect won't lessen.  
Age doesn't make us childish, as they say,  
It finds that we're still children.

DIRECTOR

That's enough words for the moment,  
Now let me see some action!  
While you're handing out the compliments,  
You should also make things happen.  
Why talk so much of inspiration?  
Delay won't make it flow, you see.  
Since Poetry gave the gift of creation,  
Take your orders then from Poetry.

You know what's wanted here,  
We need strong ale to appear:  
So brew me a barrel right away!  
Tomorrow won't do what's undone today,  
We shouldn't waste a minute, so  
Decide what's possible, and just  
Grasp it firmly like a hoe,  
Make sure that you let nothing go,  
And work it about, because you must.  
On the German stage, you see,  
Everyone tries out what he can:  
Don't fail to show me, I'm your man,  
Your trap-doors, and your scenery.  
Use heavenly lights, the big and small,  
Squander stars in any number,  
Rocky cliffs, and fire, and water,  
Birds and creatures, use them all.  
So in our narrow playhouse waken  
The whole wide circle of creation,  
And stride, deliberately, as well,  
From Heaven, through the world, to Hell.

### **PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN**

God, the Heavenly Hosts, and then Mephistopheles.

The Three Archangels step forward.

RAPHAEL

The Sun sings out, in ancient mode,  
His note among his brother-spheres,

And ends his pre-determined road,  
With peals of thunder for our ears.  
The sight of him gives Angels power,  
Though none can understand the way:  
The inconceivable work is ours,  
As bright as on the primal day.

GABRIEL

And swift, and swift, beyond conceiving,  
The splendour of the Earth turns round,  
A Paradisial light is interleaving,  
With night's awesome profound.  
The ocean breaks with shining foam,  
Against the rocky cliffs' deep base,  
And rock and ocean whirl and go,  
In the spheres' swift eternal race.

MICHAEL

And storms are roaring in their race  
From sea to land, and land to sea,  
Their raging forms a fierce embrace,  
All round, of deepest energy.  
The lightning's devastations blaze  
Along the thunder-crashes' way:  
Yet, Lord, your messengers, shall praise  
The gentle passage of your day.

ALL THREE

The sight of it gives Angels power  
Though none can understand the way,  
And all your noble work is ours,  
As bright as on the primal day.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Since, O Lord, you near me once again,  
To ask how all below is doing now,  
And usually receive me without pain,  
You see me too among the vile crowd.  
Forgive me: I can't speak in noble style,  
And since I'm still reviled by this whole crew,  
My pathos would be sure to make you smile,  
If you had not renounced all laughter too.  
You'll get no word of suns and worlds from me.  
How men torment themselves is all I see.  
The little god of Earth sticks to the same old way,  
And is as strange as on that very first day.  
He might appreciate life a little more: he might,  
If you hadn't lent him a gleam of Heavenly light:  
He calls it Reason, but only uses it  
To be more a beast than any beast as yet.  
He seems to me, saving Your Grace,  
Like a long-legged grasshopper: through space  
He's always flying: he flies and then he springs,  
And in the grass the same old song he sings.  
If he'd just lie there in the grass it wouldn't hurt!  
But he buries his nose in every piece of dirt.

GOD

Have you nothing else to name?  
Do you always come here to complain?  
Does nothing ever go right on the Earth?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No, Lord! I find, as always, it couldn't be worse.  
I'm so involved with Man's wretched ways,  
I've even stopped plaguing them, myself, these days.

GOD

Do you know, Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES

The Doctor?

GOD

My servant, first!

MEPHISTOPHELES

In truth! He serves you in a peculiar manner.

There's no earthly food or drink at that fool's dinner.

He drives his spirit outwards, far,

Half-conscious of its maddened dart:

From Heaven demands the brightest star,

And from the Earth, Joy's highest art,

And all the near and all the far,

Fails to release his throbbing heart.

GOD

Though he's still confused at how to serve me,

I'll soon lead him to a clearer dawning,

In the green sapling, can't the gardener see

The flowers and fruit the coming years will bring.

MEPHISTOPHELES

What do you wager? I might win him yet!

If you give me your permission first,

I'll lead him gently on the road I set.

GOD

As long as he's alive on Earth,

So long as that I won't forbid it,

For while man strives he errs.

MEPHISTOPHELES

My thanks: I've never willingly seen fit

To spend my time amongst the dead,  
I much prefer fresh cheeks instead.  
To corpses, I close up my house:  
Or it's too like a cat with a mouse.

GOD

Well and good, you've said what's needed!  
Divert this spirit from his source,  
You know how to trap him, lead him,  
On your downward course,  
And when you must, then stand, amazed:  
A good man, in his darkest yearning,  
Is still aware of virtue's ways.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That's fine! There's hardly any waiting.  
My wager's more than safe I'm thinking.  
When I achieve my goal, in winning,  
You'll let me triumph with a swelling heart.  
He'll eat the dust, and with an art,  
Like the snake my mother, known for sinning.

GOD

You can appear freely too:  
Those like you I've never hated.  
Of all the spirits who deny, it's you,  
The jester, who's most lightly weighted.  
Man's energies all too soon seek the level,  
He quickly desires unbroken slumber,  
So I gave him you to join the number,  
To move, and work, and play the devil.  
But you the genuine sons of light,  
Enjoy the living beauty bright!

Becoming, that works and lives forever,  
Embrace you in love's limits dear,  
And all that may as Appearance waver,  
Fix firmly with everlasting Idea!  
Heaven closes, and the Archangels separate.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Alone.)

I like to hear the Old Man's words, from time to time,  
And take care, when I'm with him, not to spew.  
It's very nice when such a great Gentleman,  
Chats with the devil, in ways so human, too!

### **PART I SCENE I: NIGHT**

In a high-vaulted Gothic chamber, Faust, in a chair at his desk, restless.

FAUST

Ah! Now I've done Philosophy,  
I've finished Law and Medicine,  
And sadly even Theology:  
Taken fierce pains, from end to end.  
Now here I am, a fool for sure!  
No wiser than I was before:  
Master, Doctor's what they call me,  
And I've been ten years, already,  
Crosswise, arcing, to and fro,  
Leading my students by the nose,  
And see that we can know - nothing!  
It almost sets my heart burning.  
I'm cleverer than all these teachers,  
Doctors, Masters, scribes, preachers:

I'm not plagued by doubt or scruple,  
Scared by neither Hell nor Devil  
Instead all Joy is snatched away,  
What's worth knowing, I can't say,  
I can't say what I should teach  
To make men better or convert each.  
And then I've neither goods nor gold,  
No worldly honour, or splendour hold:  
Not even a dog would play this part!  
So I've given myself to Magic art,  
To see if, through Spirit powers and lips,  
I might have all secrets at my fingertips.  
And no longer, with rancid sweat, so,  
Still have to speak what I cannot know:  
That I may understand whatever  
Binds the world's innermost core together,  
See all its workings, and its seeds,  
Deal no more in words' empty reeds.  
O, may you look, full moon that shines,  
On my pain for this last time:  
So many midnights from my desk,  
I have seen you, keeping watch:  
When over my books and paper,  
Saddest friend, you appear!  
Ah! If on the mountain height  
I might stand in your sweet light,  
Float with spirits in mountain caves,  
Swim the meadows in twilight's waves,  
Free from the smoke of knowledge too,  
Bathe in your health-giving dew!



Alas! In this prison must I stick?  
This hollow darkened hole of brick,  
Where even the lovely heavenly light  
Shines through stained glass, dull not bright.  
Hemmed in, by heaps of books,  
Piled to the highest vault, and higher,  
Worm eaten, decked with dust,  
Surrounded by smoke-blackened paper,  
Glass vials, boxes round me, hurled,  
Stuffed with Instruments thrown together,  
Packed with ancestral lumber –  
This is my world! And what a world!  
And need you ask why my heart  
Makes such tremors in my breast?  
Why all my life-energies are  
Choked by some unknown distress?  
Smoke and mildew hem me in,  
Instead of living Nature, then,  
Where God once created Men,  
Bones of creatures, and dead limbs!  
Fly! Upwards! Into Space, flung wide!  
Isn't this book, with secrets crammed,  
From Nostradamus' very hand,  
Enough to be my guide?  
When I know the starry road,  
And Nature, you instruct me,  
My soul's power, you shall flow,  
As spirits can with spirits be.  
Useless, this dusty pondering here  
To read the sacred characters:

Soar round me, Spirits, and be near:  
If you hear me, then answer!  
(He opens the Book, and sees the Symbol of the Macrocosm.)  
Ah! In a moment, what bliss flows  
Through my senses from this Sign!  
I feel life's youthful, holy joy: it glows,  
Fresh in every nerve and vein of mine.  
This symbol now that calms my inward raging,  
Perhaps a god deigned to write,  
Filling my poor heart with delight,  
And with its mysterious urging  
Revealing, round me, Nature's might?  
Am I a god? All seems so clear to me!  
It seems the deepest works of Nature  
Lie open to my soul, with purest feature.  
Now I understand what wise men see:  
"The world of spirits is not closed:  
Your senses are: your heart is dead!  
Rise, unwearied, disciple: bathe instead  
Your earthly breast in the morning's glow!"  
(He gazes at the Symbol.)  
How each to the Whole its selfhood gives,  
One in another works and lives!  
How Heavenly forces fall and rise,  
Golden vessels pass each other by!  
Blessings from their wings disperse:  
They penetrate from Heaven to Earth,  
Sounding a harmony through the Universe!  
Such a picture! Ah, alas! Merely a picture!  
How then can I grasp you endless Nature?

Where are your breasts that pour out Life entire,  
To which the Earth and Heavens cling so,  
Where withered hearts would drink? You flow  
You nourish, yet I languish so, in vain desire.

(He strikes the book indignantly, and catches sight of the Symbol of the Earth-Spirit.)

How differently it works on me, this Sign!

You, the Spirit of Earth, are nearer:

Already, I feel my power is greater,

Already, I glow, as with fresh wine.

I feel the courage to engage the world,

Into the pain and joy of Earth be hurled,

And though the storm wind is unfurled,

Fearless, in the shipwreck's teeth, be whirled.

There's cloud above me –

The Moon hides its light –

The lamp flickers!

Now it dies! Crimson rays dart

Round my head – Horror

Flickers from the vault above,

And grips me tight!

I feel you float around me,

Spirit, I summon to appear, speak to me!

Ah! What tears now at the core of me!

All my senses reeling

With fresh feeling!

I feel you draw my whole heart towards you!

You must! You must! Though my Life's lost, too!

(He grips the book and speaks the mysterious name of the Spirit. A crimson flame flashes, the Spirit appears in the flame.)

SPIRIT

Who calls me?

FAUST

(Looking away.)

Terrible to gaze at!

SPIRIT

Mightily you have drawn me to you,

Long, from my sphere, snatched your food,

And now –

FAUST

Ah! Endure you, I cannot!

SPIRIT

You beg me to show myself, you implore,

You wish to hear my voice, and see my face:

The mighty prayer of your soul weighs

With me, I am here! – What wretched terror

Grips you, the Superhuman! Where is your soul's calling?

Where is the heart that made a world inside, enthralling:

Carried it, nourished it, swollen with joy, so tremulous,

That you too might be a Spirit, one of us?

Where are you, Faust, whose ringing voice

Drew towards me with all your force?

Are you he, who, breathing my breath,

Trembles in all your life's depths,

A fearful, writhing worm?

FAUST

Shall I fear you: you form of fire?

I am, I am Faust: I am your peer!

SPIRIT

In Life's wave, in action's storm,

I float, up and down,  
I blow, to and fro!  
Birth and the tomb,  
An eternal flow,  
A woven changing,  
A glow of Being.  
Over Time's quivering loom intent,  
Working the Godhead's living garment.

FAUST

You who wander the world, on every hand,  
Active Spirit, how close to you I feel!

SPIRIT

You're like the Spirit that you understand  
Not me!

(It vanishes.)

FAUST (Overwhelmed.)

Not you?

Who then?

I, the image of the Godhead!

Not even like you?

A knock.

Oh, fate! I know that sound – it's my attendant –

My greatest fortune's ruined!

In all the fullness of my doing,

He must intrude, that arid pedant!

Wagner enters, in gown and nightcap, lamp in hand. Faust turns to him impatiently.

WAGNER

Forgive me! But I heard you declaim:

Reading, I'm sure, from some Greek tragedy?

To profit from that art is my aim,  
Nowadays it goes down splendidly.  
I've often heard it claimed, you see  
A priest could learn from the Old Comedy.

FAUST

Yes, when the priest's a comedian already:  
Which might well seem to be the case.

WAGNER

Ah! When a man's so penned in his study,  
And scarcely sees the world on holidays,  
And barely through the glass, and far off then,  
How can he lead men, through persuading them?

FAUST

You can't, if you can't feel it, if it never  
Rises from the soul, and sways  
The heart of every single hearer,  
With deepest power, in simple ways.  
You'll sit forever, gluing things together,  
Cooking up a stew from others' scraps,  
Blowing on a miserable fire,  
Made from your heap of dying ash.  
Let apes and children praise your art,  
If their admiration's to your taste,  
But you'll never speak from heart to heart,  
Unless it rises up from your heart's space.

WAGNER

Still, lecturing brings orators success:  
I feel that I am far behind the rest.

FAUST

Seek to profit honestly!

Don't be an empty tinkling fool!  
Understanding, and true clarity,  
Express themselves without art's rule!  
And if you mean what you say,  
Why hunt for words, anyway?  
Yes, your speech, that glitters so,  
Where you gather scraps for Man,  
Is dead as the mist-filled winds that blow  
Through the dried-up leaves of autumn!

WAGNER

Oh, God! Art is long  
And life is short.  
Often the studies that I'm working on  
Make me anxious, in my head and heart.  
How hard it is to command the means  
By which a man attains the very source!  
Before a man has travelled half his course,  
The wretched devil has to die it seems.

FAUST

Parchment then, is that your holy well,  
From which drink always slakes your thirst?  
You'll never truly be refreshed until  
It pours itself from your own soul, first.

WAGNER

Pardon me, but it's a great delight  
When, moved by the spirit of the ages, we have sight  
Of how a wiser man has thought, and how  
Widely at last we've spread his word about.

FAUST

Oh yes, as widely as the constellations!

My friend, all of the ages that are gone  
Now make up a book with seven seals.  
The spirit of the ages, that you find,  
In the end, is the spirit of Humankind:  
A mirror where all the ages are revealed.  
And so often it's all a mere misery  
Something we run away from at first sight.  
A pile of sweepings, a lumber room, maybe  
At best, a puppet show, that's bright  
With maxims, excellent, pragmatic,  
Suitable when dolls' mouths wax dramatic!

WAGNER

But, the world! Men's hearts and minds!  
Something of those, at least, I'd like to know.

FAUST

Yes, what men choose to understand!  
Who dares to name the child's real name, though?  
The few who knew what might be learned,  
Foolish enough to put their whole heart on show,  
And reveal their feelings to the crowd below,  
Mankind has always crucified and burned.  
I beg you, friend, it's now the dead of night,  
We must break up this conversation.

WAGNER

I would have watched with you, if I might  
Speak with you still, so learned in oration.  
But tomorrow, on Easter's first holy day,  
I'll ask my several questions, if I may.  
I've pursued my work, zealously studying:  
There's much I know: yet I'd know everything.



(He leaves.)

FAUST (Alone.)

That mind alone never loses hope,  
That keeps to the shallows eternally,  
Grabs, with eager hand, the wealth it sees,  
And rejoices at the worms for which it gropes!  
Dare such a human voice echo, too,  
Where this depth of Spirit surrounds me?  
Ah yet! For just this once, my thanks to you,  
You sorriest of all earth's progeny!  
You've torn me away from that despair,  
That would have soon overwhelmed my senses.  
Ah! The apparition was so hugely there,  
It might have truly dwarfed my defences.  
I, image of the Godhead, already one,  
Who thought the spirit of eternal truth so near,  
Enjoying the light, both heavenly and clear,  
Setting to one side the earthbound man:  
I, more than Angel, a free force,  
Ready to flow through Nature's veins,  
And, in creating, enjoy the life divine,  
Pulsing with ideas: must atone again!  
A word like thunder swept me away.  
I dare not measure myself against you.  
I possessed the power to summon you,  
But not the power to make you stay.  
In that blissful moment, then  
I felt myself so small, so great:  
Cruelly you hurled me back again,  
Into Man's uncertain state.

What shall I learn from? Or leave?  
Shall I obey that yearning?  
Ah! Our actions, and not just our grief,  
Impede us on life's journey.  
Some more and more alien substance presses  
On the splendour that the Mind conceives:  
And when we gain what this world possesses,  
We say the better world's dream deceives.  
The splendid feelings that give us life,  
Fade among the crowd's earthly strife.  
If imagination flew with courage, once,  
And, full of hope, stretched out to eternity,  
Now a little room is quite enough,  
When joy on joy has gone, in time's whirling sea.  
Care has nested in the heart's depths,  
Restless, she rocks there, spoiling joy and rest,  
There she works her secret pain,  
And wears new masks, ever and again,  
Appears as wife and child, fields and houses,  
As water, fire, or knife or poison:  
Still we tremble for what never strikes us,  
And must still cry for what has not yet gone.  
I am no god: I feel it all too deeply.  
I am the worm that writhes in dust: see,  
As in the dust it lives, and seeks to eat,  
It's crushed and buried by the passing feet.  
Is this not dust, what these vaults hold,  
These hundred shelves that cramp me:  
This junk, and all the thousand-fold  
Shapes, of a moth-ridden world, around me?

Will I find here what I'm lacking else,  
Shall I read, perhaps, as a thousand books insist,  
That Mankind everywhere torments itself,  
So, here and there, some happy man exists?  
What do you say to me, bare grinning skull?  
Except that once your brain whirled like mine,  
Sought the clear day, and in the twilight dull,  
With a breath of truth, went wretchedly awry.  
For sure, you instruments mock at me,  
With cylinders and arms, wheels and cogs:  
I stand at the door: and you should be the key:  
You're deftly cut, but you undo no locks.  
Mysterious, even in broad daylight,  
Nature won't let her veil be raised:  
What your spirit can't bring to sight,  
Won't by screws and levers be displayed.  
You, ancient tools, I've never used  
You're here because my father used you,  
Ancient scroll, you've darkened too,  
From smoking candles burned above you.  
Better the little I had was squandered,  
Than sweat here under its puny weight!  
What from your father you've inherited,  
You must earn again, to own it straight.  
What's never used, leaves us overburdened,  
But we can use what the Moment may create!  
Yet why does that place so draw my sight,  
Is that flask a magnet for my gaze?  
Why is there suddenly so sweet a light,  
As moonlight in a midnight woodland plays?

I salute you, phial of rare potion,  
I lift you down, with devotion!  
In you I worship man's art and mind,  
Embodiment of sweet sleeping draughts:  
Extract, with deadly power, refined,  
Show your master all his craft!  
I see you, and my pain diminishes,  
I grasp you, and my struggles grow less,  
My spirit's flood tide ebbs, more and more,  
I seem to be where ocean waters meet,  
A glassy flood gleams around my feet,  
New day invites me to a newer shore.  
A fiery chariot sweeps nearer  
On light wings! I feel ready, free  
To cut a new path through the ether  
And reach new spheres of pure activity.  
This greater life, this godlike bliss!  
You, but a worm, have you earned this?  
Choosing to turn your back, ah yes,  
On all Earth's lovely Sun might promise!  
Let me dare to throw those gates open,  
That other men go creeping by!  
Now's the time, to prove through action  
Man's dignity may rise divinely high,  
Never trembling at that void where,  
Imagination damns itself to pain,  
Striving towards the passage there,  
Round whose mouth all Hell's fires flame:  
Choose to take that step, happy to go  
Where danger lies, where Nothingness may flow.

Come here to me, cup of crystal, clear!  
Free of your ancient cover now appear,  
You whom I've never, for many a year,  
Considered! You shone at ancestral feasts,  
Cheering the over-serious guests:  
One man passing you to another here.  
It was the drinker's duty to explain in rhyme  
The splendour of your many carved designs  
Or drain it at a draught, and breathe, in time:  
You remind me of those youthful nights of mine.  
Now I will never pass you to a friend,  
Or test my wits on your art again.  
Here's a juice will stun any man born:  
It fills your hollow with a browner liquid.  
I prepared it, now I choose the fluid,  
At last I drink, and with my soul I bid  
A high and festive greeting to the Dawn!  
(He puts the cup to his mouth.)  
Bells chime and a choir sings.

#### CHOIR OF ANGELS

Christ has arisen!  
Joy to the One, of us,  
Who the pernicious,  
Ancestral, insidious,  
Fault has unwoven.

#### FAUST

What deep humming, what shining sound  
Strikes the glass from my hand with power?  
Already, do the hollow bells resound,  
Proclaiming Easter's festive course? Our

Choirs, do you already sing the hymn of consolation,  
Which once rang out, in deathly night, in Angels' oration,  
That certainty of a new testament's hour?

#### CHORUS OF WOMEN

With pure spices  
We embalmed him,  
We his faithful  
We entombed him:  
Linen and bindings,  
We unwound there,  
Ah! Now we find  
Christ is not here.

#### CHOIR OF ANGELS

Christ has arisen!  
Blissful Beloved,  
Out of what grieved,  
Tested, and healed:  
His trial is won.

#### FAUST

You heavenly sounds, powerful and mild,  
Why, in the dust, here, do you seek me?  
Ring out where tender hearts are reconciled.  
I hear your message, but faith fails me:  
The marvellous is faith's dearest child.  
I don't attempt to rise to that sphere,  
From which the message rings:  
Yet I know from childhood what it sings,  
And I'm recalled to life once more.  
In other times a Heavenly kiss would fall  
On me, in the deep Sabbath silence:

The bell notes filled with presentiments,  
And a prayer was pleasure's call:  
A sweet yearning, beyond my understanding,  
Set me wandering through woods and fields,  
And while a thousand tears were burning  
I felt a world around me come to be.  
Love called out the lively games of youth,  
The joy of spring's idle holiday:  
Memory's childish feelings, in truth,  
Hold me back from the last sombre way.  
O, sing on you sweet songs of Heaven!  
My tears flow, Earth claims me again!

#### CHORUS OF DISCIPLES

Has the buried one  
Already, living,  
Raised himself, alone,  
Splendidly soaring:  
Is he, in teeming air,  
Near to creative bliss:  
Ah! In sorrow, we're  
Here on Earth's breast.  
Lacking Him, we  
Languish, and sigh.  
Ah! Master we  
Cry for your joy!

#### CHOIR OF ANGELS

Christ has arisen  
Out of corruption's sea.  
Tear off your bindings  
Joyfully free!

Actively praising him,  
Lovingly claiming him,  
Fraternally aiding him,  
Prayerfully journeying,  
Joyfully promising,  
So is the Master near,  
So is he here!

## **PART I SCENE II: IN FRONT OF THE CITY-GATE**

Passers-by of all kinds appear.

SEVERAL APPRENTICES

So, then, where are you away to?

OTHERS

We're away to the Hunting Lodge.

THE FORMER

We're off to saunter by the Mill.

AN APPRENTICE

Off to the Riverside Inn, I'd guess.

A SECOND APPRENTICE

The way there's not of the best.

THE OTHERS

What about you?

A THIRD

I'm with the others, still.

A FOURTH

Come to the Castle, you'll find there

The prettiest girls, the finest beer,

And the best place for a fight.



A FIFTH

You quarrelsome fool, are you looking  
For a third good hiding?  
Not for me, that place, I hate its very sight.

A MAIDSERVANT

No, No! I'm going back to town.

ANOTHER

We'll find him by those poplar trees for sure.

THE FIRST

Well that's no joy for me, now:  
He'll walk by your side, of course,  
He'll dance with you on the green.  
Where's the fun in that for me, then!

THE OTHER

I'm sure he's not alone, he said  
He'd bring along that Curly-head.

A STUDENT

My how they strut those bold women!  
Brother, come on! We'll follow them.  
Fierce tobacco, strong beer,  
And a girl in her finery, I prefer.

A CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER

They are handsome boys there, I see!  
But it's truly a disgrace:  
They could have the best of company,  
And run after a painted face!

SECOND STUDENT (To the first.)

Not so fast! Those two behind,  
They walk about so sweetly,  
One must be that neighbour of mine:

I could fall for her completely.

They pass by with demure paces,

But in the end they'll go with us.

THE FIRST

Brother, no! I shouldn't bother, anyway.

Quick! Before our quarry gets away.

The hand that wields a broom on Saturday,

Gives the best caress, on Sunday too, I say.

CITIZEN

No, the new mayor doesn't suit me!

Now he's there he's getting cocky.

And what's he done to help the town?

Isn't it getting worse each day?

As always it's us who must obey,

And pay more money down.

A BEGGAR (Sings.)

Fine gentlemen, and lovely ladies,

Rosy-cheeked and finely dressed,

You could help me, for your aid is

Needed: see, ease my distress!

Don't let me throw my song away,

Only he who gives is happy.

A day when all men celebrate,

Will be a harvest day for me!

ANOTHER CITIZEN

On holidays there's nothing I like better

Than talking about war and war's display,

When in Turkey far away,

People one another batter.

You sit by the window: have a glass:

See the bright boats glide down the river,  
Then you walk back home and bless  
Its peacefulness, and peace, forever.

#### THIRD CITIZEN

Neighbour, yes! I like that too:  
Let them go and break their heads,  
Make the mess they often do:  
So long as we're safe in our beds.

AN OLD WOMAN (To the citizen's daughter.)

Ah! So pretty! Sweet young blood!  
Who wouldn't gaze at you?  
Don't be so proud! I'm very good!  
And what you want, I'll bring you.

#### THE CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER

Agatha, come away! I must go carefully:  
No walking freely with such a witch as her:  
For on Saint Andrew's Night she really  
Showed me who'll be my future Lover.

#### THE OTHER

She showed me mine in a crystal ball,  
A soldier, with lots of other brave men:  
I look around: among them all,  
Yet I can never find him.

#### THE SOLDIERS

Castles with towering  
Ramparts and wall,  
Proud girls showing  
Disdain for us all,  
We want them to fall!  
The action is brave,

And splendid the pay!

So let the trumpet,

Do our recruiting,

Calling to joy

Calling to ruin.

It's a storm, blowing!

But it's the life too!

Girls and castles

We must win you.

The action is brave,

Splendid the pay!

And the soldiers

Go marching away.

FAUST AND WAGNER

Rivers and streams are freed from ice

By Spring's sweet enlivening glance.

Valleys, green with Hope's happiness, dance:

Old Winter, in his weakness, sighs,

Withdrawing to the harsh mountains.

From there, retreating, he sends down

Impotent showers of hail that show

In stripes across the quickening ground.

But the sun allows nothing white below,

Change and growth are everywhere,

He enlivens all with his colours there,

And lacking flowers of the fields outspread,

He takes these gaudy people instead.

Turn round, and from this mountain height,

Look down, where the town's in sight.

That cavernous, dark gate,

The colourful crowd penetrate,  
All will take the sun today,  
The Risen Lord they'll celebrate,  
And feel they are resurrected,  
From low houses, dully made,  
From work, where they're constricted,  
From the roofs' and gables' weight,  
From the crush of narrow streets,  
From the churches' solemn night  
They're all brought to the light.

Look now: see! The crowds, their feet  
Crushing the gardens and meadows,  
While on the river a cheerful fleet  
Of little boats, everywhere it flows.

And over-laden, ready to sink,  
The last barge takes to the stream.

From far off on the mountain's brink,  
All the bright clothing gleams.

I hear the noise from the village risen,  
Here is the people's true Heaven,  
High and low shout happily:

Here I am Man: here, dare to be!

WAGNER

Doctor, to take a walk with you,  
Is an honour and a prize:  
Alone I'd have no business here, true,  
Since everything that's coarse I despise.

Shrieking, fiddlers, skittles flying,  
To me it's all a hateful noise:

They rush about possessed, crying,

And call it singing: and call it joy.  
Farm-workers under the lime tree. Dance and Song.  
The shepherd for the dance, had on  
His gaudy jacket, wreath, and ribbon,  
Making a fine show,  
Under the linden-tree, already,  
Everyone was dancing madly.  
Hey! Hey!  
Hurrah! Hurray!  
So goes the fiddle-bow.  
In his haste, in a whirl,  
He stumbled against a girl,  
With his elbow flailing:  
Lively, she turned, and said:  
Mind out, you wooden-head!  
Hey! Hey!  
Hurrah! Hurray!  
Just watch where you're sailing!  
Fast around the circle bright,  
They danced to left and right,  
Skirts and jackets flying.  
They grew red: they grew warm,  
They rested, panting, arm on arm  
Hey! Hey!  
Hurrah! Hurray!  
And hip, and elbow, lying.  
Don't be so familiar then!  
That's how many a lying man,  
Cheated his wife so!  
But he soon tempted her aside,

And from the linden echoed wide:

Hey! Hey!

Hurrah! Hurray!

So goes the fiddle-bow.

AN OLD FARMER

Doctor, it's good of you today

Not to shun the crowd,

So that among the folk, at play,

The learned man walks about.

Then have some from the finest jug

That we've filled with fresh ale first,

I offer it now and wish it would,

Not only quench your thirst:

But the count of drops it holds

May it exceed your hours, all told.

FAUST

I'll take some of your foaming drink,

And offer you all, health and thanks.

The people gather round him in a circle.

THE OLD FARMER

Truly, it's a thing well done:

You're here on our day of happiness,

Since in evil times now gone,

You've eased our distress!

Many a man stands here alive,

Whom your father, at the last,

Snatched from the fever's rage,

While the plague went past.

And you, only a young man, went,

Into every house of sickness, then,

Though many a corpse was carried forth,  
You walked safely out again.  
Many a hard trial you withstood,  
A Helper helped by the Helper above.

ALL

Health to the man who's proven true,  
Long may he help me and you!

FAUST

To Him above bow down instead,  
Who teaches help, and sends his aid.  
He walks off, with Wagner.

WAGNER

How it must feel, O man of genius,  
To be respected by the crowd!  
O happy he whose gifts endow  
Him with such advantages!  
The father shows you to his son, now  
Each one asks and pushes near,  
The fiddle halts, and the dancers there:  
You pass: in ranks they stop to see,  
And throw their caps high in the air:  
A little more and they'd bend the knee,  
As if what they worshipped was holy.

FAUST

Climb these few steps to that stone,  
Here we'll rest from our wandering.  
Here I've sat often, thoughtful and alone,  
Tormenting myself with prayer and fasting.  
Rich in hope, and firm of faith,  
Wringing my hands, with sighs even,



Tears, to force the end of plague  
From the very God of Heaven.  
The crowd's approval now's like scorn.  
O if you could read within me  
How little the father and the son  
Deserve a fraction of their glory.  
My father was a gloomy, honourable man,  
Who pondered Nature and the heavenly spheres,  
Honestly, in his own fashion,  
With eccentric studies it appears:  
He, in his adepts' company,  
Locked in his dark workshop, forever  
Tried with endless recipes,  
To make things opposite flow together.  
The fiery Lion, a daring suitor,  
Wed the Lily, in a lukewarm bath, there  
In a fiery flame, both of them were  
Strained from one bride-bed into another,  
Until the young Queen was descried,  
In a mix of colours, in the glass:  
There was the medicine: the patient died.  
And who recovered? No one asked.  
So we roamed, with our hellish pills,  
Among the valleys and the hills,  
Worse than the pestilence itself we were.  
I've poisoned a thousand: that's quite clear:  
And now from the withered old must hear  
How men praise a shameless murderer.  
WAGNER  
How can you grieve at that!

Isn't it enough for an honest man  
To exercise the skill he has,  
Carefully, precisely, as given?  
Honour your father as a youth,  
And receive his teaching in your soul,  
As a man, then, add to scientific truth,  
So your son can achieve a higher goal.

FAUST

O happy the man who still can hope  
Though drowned in a sea of error!  
Man needs the things he doesn't know,  
What he knows is useless, forever.  
But don't let such despondency  
Spoil the deep goodness of the hour!  
In the evening glow, we see  
The houses gleaming, green-embowered.  
Mild it retreats, the day that's left,  
It slips away to claim new being.  
Ah, that no wing from earth can lift  
Me, closer and closer to it, striving!  
I'd see, in eternal evening's light,  
The silent Earth beneath my feet, forever,  
The heights on fire, each valley quiet  
While silver streams flow to a golden river.  
The wild peaks with their deep clefts,  
Would cease to bar my godlike way,  
Already the sea with its warm depths,  
Opens to my astonished gaze.  
At last the weary god sinks down to night:  
But in me a newer yearning wakes,

I hasten on, drinking his endless light:  
The dark behind me: and ahead the day.  
Heaven above me: and the waves below,  
A lovely dream, although it vanishes.  
Ah! Wings of the mind, so weightless  
No bodily wings could ever be so.  
Yet it's natural in every spirit, too,  
That feeling drives us, up and on,  
When over us, lost in the vault of blue,  
The lark sings his piercing song,  
When over the steep pine-filled peaks,  
The eagle widely soars,  
And across the plains and seas,  
The cranes seek their home shores.

WAGNER

I've often had strange moments, I know,  
But I've never felt yearnings quite like those:  
The joys of woods and fields soon fade  
I wouldn't ask the birds for wings: indeed,  
How differently the mind's raptures lead  
Us on, from book to book, and page to page!  
Then winter nights are beautiful, and sweet,  
A blissful warmth steals through your limbs, too  
When you've unrolled some noble text, complete,  
Oh, how heaven's light descends on you!

FAUST

You only feel the one yearning at best,  
Oh, never seek to know the other!  
Two souls, alas, exist in my breast,  
One separated from another:

One, with its crude love of life, just  
Clings to the world, tenaciously, grips tight,  
The other soars powerfully above the dust,  
Into the far ancestral height.

Oh, let the spirits of the air,  
Between the heavens and Earth, weaving,  
Descend through the golden atmosphere,  
And lead me on to new and varied being!  
Yes, if a magic cloak were mine, that  
Would carry me off to foreign lands,  
Not for the costliest garment in my hands,  
For the mantle of a king, would I resign it!

WAGNER

Don't call to that familiar crowd,  
Streaming in misty circles, spreading,  
Preparing a thousand dangers now,  
On every side, for human beings.  
The North winds' sharp teeth penetrate,  
Down here, and spit you with their fangs:  
Then the East's drying winds are at the gate,  
To feed themselves on your lungs.  
If, from the South, the desert sends them,  
And fire on fire burns on your brow,  
The West brings a swarm to quench them,  
And you and field and meadow drown.  
They hear us, while they're harming us,  
Hear us, while they are betraying:  
They make out they're from heaven above,  
And lisp like angels when they're lying.  
Let's go on! The world has darkened,

The air is cool: the mists descend!

Man values his own house at night.

What is it occupies your sight?

What troubles you so, in the evening?

FAUST

Through corn and stubble, see that black dog running?

WAGNER

I saw him long ago: he seems a wretched thing.

FAUST

Look at him closely! What do you make of him?

WAGNER

A dog that, in the way they do,

Sniffs around to find his master.

FAUST

See how he winds in wide spirals too,

Round us here, yet always coming nearer?

And if I'm right, I see a swirl of fire

Twisting about, behind his track.

WAGNER

Perhaps your eyesight proves a liar,

I only see a dog, that's black.

FAUST

It seems to me that with a subtle magic,

He winds a fatal knot around our feet.

WAGNER

I see his timid and uncertain antics,

It's strangers, not his master, whom he meets.

FAUST

The circle narrows: now he's here!

WAGNER

You see a dog, there's no spectre near!  
He barks uncertainly, lies down and crawls,  
Wags his tail. Dogs' habits, after all.

FAUST

Come on! Here, now! Here, to me!

WAGNER

He's a dogged hound, I agree.

Stand still and he holds his ground:

Talk to him, he dances round:

What you've lost, he'll bring to you:

Retrieve a stick from the water, too.

FAUST

You're right: and I see nothing

Like a Spirit there, it's only training.

WAGNER

A wise man finds agreeable,

A dog that's learnt its lesson well.

Yes, he deserves all your favour,

Among the students, the true scholar!

They enter the City gate.

### **PART I SCENE III: THE STUDY**

Faust enters, with the dog.

FAUST

Fields and meadows now I've left

Clothed in deepest night,

Full of presentiments, a holy dread

Wakes the better soul in me to light.

Wild desires no longer stir  
At every restless act of mine:  
Love for Humanity is here,  
And here is Love Divine.  
Quiet, dog! Stop running to and fro!  
Why are you snuffling at the door?  
Lie down now, behind the stove,  
There's my best cushion on the floor.  
Since you amused us running, leaping,  
Out on the mountainside, with zest,  
Now I take you into my keeping,  
A welcome, and a silent guest.  
Ah, when in our narrow room,  
The friendly lamp glows on the shelf,  
Brightness burns in our inner gloom,  
In the Heart, that knows itself.  
Reason speaks with insistence,  
And Hope once more appears,  
We see the River of Existence,  
Ah, the founts of Life, are near.  
Don't growl, dog! With this holy sound  
Which I, with all my soul, embrace,  
Your bestial noise seems out of place.  
Men usually scorn the things, I've found,  
That, by them, can't be understood,  
Grumbling at beauty, and the good,  
That to them seems wearisome:  
Can't a dog, then, snarl like them?  
Oh, yet now I can feel no contentment  
Flow through me, despite my best intent.

Why must the stream fail so quickly,  
And once again leave us thirsty?  
I've long experience of it, yet I think  
I could supply what's missing, easily:  
We learn to value what's beyond the earthly,  
We yearn to reach revelation's brink,  
That's nowhere nobler or more excellent  
Than where it burns in the New Testament.  
I yearn to render the first version,  
With true feeling, once and for all,  
Translate the sacred original  
Into my beloved German.  
(He opens the volume, and begins.)  
It's written here: 'In the Beginning was the Word!'  
Here I stick already! Who can help me? It's absurd,  
Impossible, for me to rate the word so highly  
I must try to say it differently  
If I'm truly inspired by the Spirit. I find  
I've written here: 'In the Beginning was the Mind'.  
Let me consider that first sentence,  
So my pen won't run on in advance!  
Is it Mind that works and creates what's ours?  
It should say: 'In the beginning was the Power!'  
Yet even while I write the words down,  
I'm warned: I'm no closer with these I've found.  
The Spirit helps me! I have it now, intact.  
And firmly write: 'In the Beginning was the Act!'  
If I'm to share my room with you,  
Dog, you can stop howling too:  
Stop your yapping!



A fellow who's always snapping,  
I can't allow too near me.  
One of us you see,  
Must leave the other free.  
I've no more hospitality to show,  
The door's open, you can go.  
But what's this I see!  
Can this happen naturally?  
Is it a phantom or is it real?  
The dog's growing big and tall.  
He rises powerfully,  
It's no doglike shape I see!  
What a spectre I brought home!  
Like a hippo in the room,  
With fiery eyes, and fearful jaws.  
Oh! Now, what you are, I'm sure!  
The Key of Solomon is good  
For conjuring your half-hellish brood.  
SPIRITS (In the corridor.)  
Something's trapped inside!  
Don't follow it: stay outside!  
Like a fox in a snare  
An old lynx from hell trembles there.  
Be careful what you're about!  
Float here: float there,  
Under and over,  
And he'll work his way out.  
If you know how to help him,  
Don't let yourself fail him!  
Since it's all done for sure,

Just for your pleasure.

FAUST

First speak the Words of the Four

To encounter the creature.

Salamander, be glowing,

Undine, flow near,

Sylph, disappear,

Gnome, be delving.

Who does not know

The Elements so,

Their power sees,

And properties,

Cannot lord it

Over the Spirits.

Vanish in flame,

Salamander!

Rush together in foam,

Undine!

Shine with meteor-gleam,

Sylph!

Bring help to the home,

Incubus! Incubus!

Go before and end it thus!

None of the Four

Show in the creature.

He lies there quietly grinning at me:

I've not stirred him enough it seems.

But you'll hear how

I'll press him hard now.

My good fellow, are you

Exiled from Hell's crew?  
Witness the Symbol  
Before which they bow,  
The dark crowd there!  
Now it swells, with its bristling hair.  
Depraved being!  
Can you know what you're seeing?  
The uncreated One  
With name unexpressed,  
Poured through Heaven,  
Pierced without redress?  
Spellbound, behind the stove,  
An elephant grows.  
It fills the room, completely,  
It will vanish like mist, I can see.  
Don't rise to the ceiling!  
Lie down at your master's feet!  
You see I don't threaten you lightly.  
I'll sting you with fire that's holy!  
Don't wait for the bright  
Triple glowing Light!  
Don't wait for  
My highest art!

(As the mist clears, Mephistopheles steps from behind the stove, dressed as a wandering Scholar.)

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why such alarms?  
What command would my lord impart?

FAUST

This was the dog's core!

A wandering scholar? The fact makes me smile.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I bow to the learned lord!

You certainly made me sweat, in style.

FAUST

How are you named?

MEPHISTOPHELES

A slight question

For one who so disdains the Word,

Is so distant from appearance: one

Whom only the vital depths have stirred.

FAUST

We usually gather from your names

The nature of you gentlemen: it's plain

What you are, we all too clearly recognise

One who's called Liar, Ruin, Lord of the Flies.

Well, what are you then?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Part of the Power that would

Always wish Evil, and always works the Good.

FAUST

What meaning to these riddling words applies?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I am the spirit, ever, that denies!

And rightly so: since everything created,

In turn deserves to be annihilated:

Better if nothing came to be.

So all that you call Sin, you see,

Destruction, in short, what you've meant

By Evil is my true element.

FAUST

You call yourself a part, yet seem complete to me?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'm speaking the truth to you, and modestly.

Even if Man's accustomed to take

His small world for the Whole, that's his mistake:

I'm part of the part, that once was - everything,

Part of the darkness, from which Light, issuing,

Proud Light, emergent, disputed the highest place

With its mother Night, the bounds of Space,

And yet won nothing, however hard it tried,

Still stuck to Bodily Things, and so denied.

It flows from bodies, which it beautifies,

And bodies block its way:

I hope the day's not far away

When it, along with all these bodies, dies.

FAUST

Now I see the plan you follow!

You can't destroy it all, and so

You're working on a smaller scale.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And frankly it's a sorry tale.

What's set against the Nothingness,

The Something, World's clumsiness,

Despite everything I've tried,

Won't become a nothing: though I'd

Storms, quakes, and fires on every hand,

It deigned to stay as sea and land!

And those Men and creatures, all the damned,

It's no use my owning any of that crew:

How many I've already done with too!  
Yet new fresh blood is always going round.  
So it goes on, men make me furious!  
With water, earth and air, of course,  
A thousand buds unfurl  
In wet and dry, warm and cold!  
And if I hadn't kept back fire of old,  
I'd have nothing left at all.

FAUST

So you set the Devil's fist  
That vainly clenches itself,  
Against the eternally active,  
Wholesome, creative force!  
Strange son of Chaos, start  
On something else instead!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Truly I'll think about it: more  
Next time, on that head!  
Might I be allowed to go?

FAUST

I see no reason for you to ask it.  
Since I've learnt to know you now,  
When you wish: then make a visit.  
There's the door, here's the window,  
And, of course, there's the chimney.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I must confess, I'm prevented though  
By a little thing that hinders me,  
The Druid's-foot on your doorsill

FAUST

The Pentagram gives you pain?  
Then tell me, you Son of Hell,  
If that's the case, how did you gain  
Entry? Are spirits like you cheated?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Look carefully! It's not completed:  
One angle, if you inspect it closely  
Has, as you see, been left a little open.

FAUST

Just by chance as it happens!  
And left you prisoner to me?  
Success created by approximation!

MEPHISTOPHELES

The dog saw nothing, in his animation,  
Now the affair seems inside out,  
The Devil can't get out of the house.

FAUST

Why not try the window then?

MEPHISTOPHELES

To devils and ghosts the same laws appertain:  
The same way they enter in, they must go out.  
In the first we're free, in the second slaves to the act.

FAUST

So you still have laws in Hell, in fact?  
That's good, since it allows a pact,  
And one with you gentlemen truly binds?

MEPHISTOPHELES

What's promised you'll enjoy, and find,  
There's nothing mean that we enact.  
But it can't be done so fast,

First we'll have to talk it through,  
Yet, urgently, I beg of you  
Let me go my way at last.

FAUST

Wait a moment now,  
Tell me some good news first.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'll soon be back, just let me go:  
Then you can ask me what you wish.

FAUST

I didn't place you here, tonight.  
You trapped yourself in the lime.  
Who snares the devil, holds him tight!  
He won't be caught like that a second time.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'm willing, if you so wish,  
To stay here, in your company:  
So long as we pass the time, and I insist,  
On arts of mine, exclusively.

FAUST

Gladly, you're free to present  
Them, as long as they're all pleasant.

MEPHISTOPHELES

My friend you'll win more  
For your senses, in an hour,  
Than in a whole year's monotony.  
What the tender spirits sing,  
The lovely pictures that they bring,  
Are no empty wizardry.  
First your sense of smell's invited,



Then your palate is delighted,  
And then your touch, you see.  
Now, I need no preparation,  
We're all here, so let's begin!

### SPIRITS

Vanish, you shadowy

Vaults above!

Cheerfully show,

The friendliest blue

Of aether, down here.

Would that shadowy

Clouds had gone!

Starlight sparkling

Milder sun

Shining clear.

Heavenly children

In lovely confusion,

Swaying and bending,

Drifting past.

Affectionate yearning,

Following fast:

Their garments flowing

With fluttering ribbons,

Cover the gardens,

Cover the leaves,

Where with each other

In deep conversation

Lover meets lover.

Leaves on leaves!

Tendrils' elation!

Grapes beneath  
Crushed in a stream,  
Pressed to extreme,  
Crushed to fountain,  
Of foaming wine,  
Trickling, fine,  
Through rocks divine,  
Leaving the heights,  
Spreading beneath,  
Broad as the seas,  
Valleys it fills  
Round the green hills.  
And the wings still,  
Blissfully drunk,  
Fly to the sun,  
Fly to the brightness,  
Towards the islands,  
Out of the waves  
Magically raised:  
Now we can hear  
The choir of joy near,  
Over the meadow,  
See how they dance now,  
All in the air  
Dispersing there.  
Some of them climbing  
Over the mountains,  
Others are swimming  
Over the ocean,  
Others take flight:

All towards Life,  
All towards distant,  
Love of the stars, and  
Approval's bliss.

MEPHISTOPHELES

He's asleep! Enough, you delicate children of air!

You've sung to him faithfully, I declare!

I'm in your debt for all this.

He's not yet the man to hold devils fast!

Spellbind him with dream-forms, cast

Him deep into illusions' sea:

Now, for the magic sill I must pass,

I could use rat's teeth: no need for me

To conjure up a lengthier spell,

One's rustling here that will do well.

The Lord of Rats and Mice,

Of Flies, Frogs, Bugs and Lice,

Summons you to venture here,

And gnaw the threshold where

He stains it with a little oil -

You've hopped, already, to your toil!

Now set to work! The fatal point,

Is at the edge, it's on the front.

One more bite, then it's complete -

Now Faust, dream deeply, till we meet.

FAUST (Waking.)

Am I cheated then, once again?

Does the Spirit-Realm's deep yearning fade:

So a mere dream has conjured up the devil,

And only a dog, it was, that ran away?

## PART I SCENE IV: THE STUDY

Faust, Mephistopheles.

FAUST

A knock? Enter! Who's plaguing me again?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I am

FAUST

Enter!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Three times you must say it, then.

FAUST

So! Enter!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ah, now, you please me.

I hope we'll get along together:

To drive away the gloomy weather,

I'm dressed like young nobility,

In a scarlet gold-trimmed coat,

In a little silk-lined cloak,

A cockerel feather in my hat,

With a long, pointed sword,

And I advise you, at that,

To do as I do, in a word:

So that, footloose, fancy free,

You can experience Life, with me.

FAUST

This life of earth, its narrowness,

Pains me, however I'm turned out,  
I'm too old to play about,  
Too young, still, to be passionless.  
What can the world bring me again?  
Abstain! You shall! You must! Abstain!  
That's the eternal song  
That in our ears, forever, rings  
The one, that, our whole life long,  
Every hour, hoarsely, sings.  
I wake in terror with the dawn,  
I cry, the bitterest tears, to see  
Day grant no wish of mine, not one  
As it passes by on its journey.  
Even presentiments of joy  
Ebb, in wilful depreciation:  
A thousand grimaces life employs  
To hinder me in creation.  
Then when night descends I must  
Stretch out, worried, on my bed:  
What comes to me is never rest,  
But some wild dream instead.  
The God that lives inside my heart,  
Can rouse my innermost seeing:  
The one enthroned beyond my art,  
Can't stir external being:  
And so existence is a burden: sated,  
Death's desired, and Life is hated.  
MEPHISTOPHELES  
Yet Death's a guest  
Who's visit's never wholly celebrated.

FAUST

Happy the man whom victory enhances,  
Whose brow the bloodstained laurel warms,  
Who, after the swift whirling dances,  
Finds himself in some girl's arms!  
If only, in my joy, then, I'd sunk down  
Before that enrapturing Spirit power!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yet someone, from a certain brown  
Liquid, drank not a drop, at midnight hour.

FAUST

It seems that you delight in spying.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I know a lot: and yet I'm not all-knowing.

FAUST

When sweet familiar tones drew me,  
Away from the tormenting crowd,  
Then my other childhood feelings  
Better times echoed, and allowed.  
So I curse whatever snares the soul,  
In its magical, enticing arms,  
Banishes it to this mournful hole,  
With dazzling, seductive charms!  
Cursed be those high Opinions first,  
With which the mind entraps itself!  
Then glittering Appearance curse,  
In which the senses lose themselves!  
Curse what deceives us in our dreaming,  
With thoughts of everlasting fame!  
Curse the flattery of 'possessing'

Wife and child, lands and name!  
Curse Mammon, when he drives us  
To bold acts to win our treasure:  
Or straightens out our pillows  
For us to idle at our leisure!  
Curse the sweet juice of the grape!  
Curse the highest favours Love lets fall!  
Cursed be Hope! Cursed be Faith,  
And cursed be Patience most of all!

CHOIR OF SPIRITS (Unseen.)

Sorrow! Sorrow!  
You've destroyed it,  
The beautiful world,  
With a powerful fist:  
It tumbles, it's hurled  
To ruin! A demigod crushed it!  
We carry  
Fragments into the void,  
And sadly  
Lament the Beauty that's gone.  
Stronger  
For all of Earth's sons,  
Brighter,  
Build it again,  
Build, in your heart!  
Life's new start,  
Begin again,  
With senses washed clean,  
And sound, then,  
A newer art!

MEPHISTOPHELES

They're little, but fine,  
These attendants of mine.  
Precocious advice they give, listen,  
Regarding both action, and passion!  
Into the World outside,  
From Solitude, that's dried  
Your sap and senses,  
They tempt us.  
Stop playing with grief,  
That feeds, a vulture, on your breast,  
The worst society, you'll find, will prompt belief,  
That you're a Man among the rest.  
Not that I mean  
To shove you into the mass.  
Among 'the greats', I'm second-class:  
But if you, in my company,  
Your path through life would wend,  
I'll willingly condescend  
To serve you, as we go.  
I'm your man, and so,  
If it suits you of course,  
I'm your slave: I'm yours!

FAUST

And what must I do in exchange?

MEPHISTOPHELES

There's lots of time: you've got the gist.

FAUST

No, no! The Devil is an egotist,  
Does nothing lightly, or in God's name,



To help another, so I insist,  
Speak your demands out loud,  
Such servants are risks, in a house.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'll be your servant here, and I'll  
Not stop or rest, at your decree:  
When we're together, on the other side,  
You'll do the same for me.

FAUST

The 'other side' concerns me less:  
Shatter this world, in pieces,  
The other one can take its place,  
The root of my joy's on this Earth,  
And this Sun lights my sorrow:  
If I must part from them tomorrow,  
What can or will be, that I'll face.  
I'll hear no more of it, of whether  
In that future, men both hate and love,  
Or whether in those spheres, forever,  
We're given a below and an above.

MEPHISTOPHELES

In that case, you can venture all.  
Commit yourself: today, you shall  
View my arts with joy: I mean  
To show you what no man has seen.

FAUST

Poor devil what can you give? When has ever  
A human spirit, in its highest endeavour,  
Been understood by such a one as you?  
You have a never-satiating food,

You have your restless gold, a slew  
Of quicksilver, melting in the hand,  
Games whose prize no man can land,  
A girl, who while she's on my arm,  
Snares a neighbour, with her eyes:  
And Honour's fine and godlike charm,  
That, like a meteor, dies?  
Show me fruits then that rot, before they're ready.  
And trees grown green again, each day, too!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Such commands don't frighten me:  
With such treasures I can truly serve you.  
Still, my good friend, a time may come,  
When one prefers to eat what's good in peace.

FAUST

When I lie quiet in bed, at ease.  
Then let my time be done!  
If you fool me, with flatteries,  
Till my own self's a joy to me,  
If you snare me with luxury –  
Let that be the last day I see!  
That bet I'll make!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Done!

FAUST

And quickly!  
When, to the Moment then, I say:  
'Ah, stay a while! You are so lovely!'  
Then you can grasp me: then you may,  
Then, to my ruin, I'll go gladly!

Then they can ring the passing bell,  
Then from your service you are free,  
The clocks may halt, the hands be still,  
And time be past and done, for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Consider well, we'll not forget.

FAUST

You have your rights, complete:  
I never over-estimate my powers.

I'll be a slave, in defeat:

Why ask whose slave or yours?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Today, likewise, at the Doctors' Feast

I'll do my duty as your servant.

One thing, though! – Re: life and death, I want  
A few lines from you, at the least.

FAUST

You pedant, you demand it now in writing?  
You still won't take Man's word for anything?  
It's not enough that the things I say,  
Will always accord with my future?  
The world never ceases to wear away,  
And shall a promise bind me, then, forever?  
Yet that's the illusion in our minds,  
And who then would be free of it?  
Happy the man, who pure truth finds,  
And who'll never deign to sacrifice it!  
Still a document, written and signed,  
That's a ghost makes all men fear it.  
The word is already dying in the pen,

And wax and leather hold the power then.  
What do you want from me base spirit?  
Will iron: marble: parchment: paper do it?  
Shall I write with stylus, pen or chisel?  
I'll leave the whole decision up to you.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why launch into oratory too?  
Hot-tempered: you exaggerate as well.  
Any bit of paper's just as good.  
And you can sign it with a drop of blood.

FAUST

If it will satisfy you, and it should,  
Then let's complete the farce in full.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Blood is a quite special fluid.

FAUST

Have no fear I'll break this pact!  
The extreme I can promise you: it is  
All the power my efforts can extract.  
I've puffed myself up so highly  
I belong in your ranks now.  
The mighty Spirit scorns me  
And Nature shuts me out.  
The thread of thought has turned to dust,  
Knowledge fills me with disgust.  
Let the depths of sensuality  
Satisfy my burning passion!  
And, its impenetrable mask on,  
Let every marvel be prepared for me!  
Let's plunge into time's torrent,

Into the whirlpools of event!  
Then let joy, and distress,  
Frustration, and success,  
Follow each other, as well they can:  
Restless activity proves the man!

MEPHISTOPHELES

No goal or measure's set for you.  
Do as you wish, nibble at everything,  
Catch at fragments while you're flying,  
Enjoy it all, whatever you find to do.  
Now grab at it, and don't be stupid!

FAUST

It's not joy we're about: you heard it.  
I'll take the frenzy, pain-filled elation,  
Loving hatred, enlivening frustration.  
Cured of its urge to know, my mind  
In future, will not hide from any pain,  
And what is shared by all mankind,  
In my innermost self, I'll contain:  
My soul will grasp the high and low,  
My heart accumulate its bliss and woe,  
So this self will embrace all theirs,  
That, in the end, their fate it shares.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Believe me, many a thousand year  
They've chewed hard food, and yet  
From the cradle to the bier,  
Not one has ever digested it!  
Trust one of us, this Whole thing  
Was only made for a god's delight!

In eternal splendour he is dwelling,  
He placed us in the darkness quite,  
And only gave you day and night.

FAUST

But, I will!

MEPHISTOPHELES

That's good to hear!

Yet I've a fear, just the one:

Time is short, and art is long.

I think you need instruction.

Join forces with a poet: use poetry,

Let him roam in imagination,

You'll gain every noble quality

From your honorary occupation,

The lion's brave attitude

The wild stag's swiftness,

The Italian's fiery blood,

The North's persistence.

Let him find the mysterious

Meeting of generous and devious,

While you, with passions young and hot,

Fall in love, according to the plot.

I'd like to see such a gentleman, among us,

And I'd call him Mister Microcosmus.

FAUST

What am I then, if it's a flight too far,

For me to gain that human crown

I yearn towards with every sense I own?

MEPHISTOPHELES

In the end, you are – what you are.

Set your hair in a thousand curlicues  
Place your feet in yard-high shoes,  
You'll remain forever, what you are.

FAUST

All the treasures of the human spirit  
I feel that I've expended, uselessly.  
And wherever, at the last, I sit,  
No new power flows, in me.  
I'm not a hair's breadth taller, as you see,  
And I'm no nearer to Infinity.

MEPHISTOPHELES

My dear sir, you see the thing  
Exactly as all men see it: why,  
We must re-order everything,  
Before the joys of life slip by.  
Hang it! Hands and feet, belong to you,  
Certainly, a head, and a backside,  
Yet everything I use as new  
Why is my ownership of it denied?  
When I can count on six stallions,  
Isn't their horsepower mine to use?  
I drive behind, and am a proper man,  
As though I'd twenty-four legs, too.  
Look lively! Leave the senses be,  
And plunge into the world with me!  
I say to you that scholarly fellows  
Are like the cattle on an arid heath:  
Some evil spirit leads them round in circles,  
While sweet green meadows lie beneath.

FAUST

How shall we begin then?

MEPHISTOPHELES

From here, we'll first win free.

What kind of a martyrs' hole can this be?

What kind of a teacher of life is he,

Who fills young minds with ennui?

Let your neighbours do it, and go!

Do you want to thresh straw forever?

The best things you can ever know,

You dare not tell the youngsters, ever.

I hear one of them arriving, too!

FAUST

I've no desire to see him, though.

MEPHISTOPHELES

The poor lad's waited hours for you.

He mustn't go away un-consoled.

Come: give me your cap and gown.

The mask should look delicious. So!

(He disguises himself.)

Now I've lost what wit's my own!

I want fifteen minutes with him, only:

Meanwhile get ready for our journey!

Faust exits.

MEPHISTOPHELES (In Faust's long gown.)

Reason and Science you despise,

Man's highest powers: now the lies

Of the deceiving spirit must bind you

With those magic arts that blind you,

And I'll have you, totally –

Fate gave him such a spirit



It urges him ever onwards, wildly,  
And, in his hasty striving, he has leapt  
Beyond all earth's ecstasies.  
I'll drag him through raw life,  
Through the meaningless and shallow,  
I'll freeze him: stick to him: keep him ripe,  
Frustrate his insatiable greed, allow  
Food and drink to drift before his eyes:  
In vain he'll beg for consummation,  
And if he weren't the devil's, why  
He'd still go to his ruination!

A student enters.

STUDENT

I'm only here momentarily,  
I've come, filled with humility,  
To speak to, and to stand before,  
One who's spoken of with awe.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Your courtesy delights me greatly!  
A man like other men you see.  
Have you studied then, elsewhere?

STUDENT

I beg you, please enrol me, here!  
I come to you strong of courage,  
Lined in pocket, healthy for my age:  
My mother didn't want to lose me: though,  
I'd like to learn what it's right for me to know.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Then you've come to the right place, exactly.

STUDENT

To be honest, I'd like to go already:  
There's little pleasure for me at all,  
In these walls, and all these halls.  
It's such a narrow space I find,  
You see no trees, no leaves of any kind,  
And in the lectures, on the benches,  
All thought deserts me, and my senses.

MEPHISTOPHELES

It will only come to you with habit.  
So the child takes its mother's breast  
Quite unwillingly at first, and yet it  
Soon sucks away at her with zest.  
So will you at Wisdom's breast, here,  
Feel every day a little zestier.

STUDENT

I'll cling to her neck with pleasure:  
But only tell me how to find her.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Explain, before you travel on  
What faculty you've settled on.

STUDENT

I want to be a true scholar,  
I want to grasp, by the collar,  
What's on earth, in heaven above,  
In Science, and in Nature too.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Then here's the very path for you,  
But don't allow yourself to wander off.

STUDENT

I'll be present heart and soul:

Of course I'll want to play,  
Have some fun and freedom, though,  
On each sweet summer holiday.

#### MEPHISTOPHELES

Use your time well: it slips away so fast, yet  
Discipline will teach you how to win it.

My dear friend, I'd advise, in sum,

First, the Collegium Logicum.

There your mind will be trained,

As if in Spanish boots, constrained,

So that painfully, as it ought,

It creeps along the way of thought,

Not flitting about all over,

Wandering here and there.

So you'll learn, in many days,

What you used to do, untaught, as in a haze,

Like eating now, and drinking, you'll see

The necessity of One! Two! Three!

Truly the intricacy of logic

Is like a master-weaver's fabric,

Where the loom holds a thousand threads,

Here and there the shuttles go

And the threads, invisibly, flow,

One pass serves for a thousand instead.

Then the philosopher steps in: he'll show

That it certainly had to be so:

The first was - so, the second - so,

And so, the third and fourth were - so:

If first and second had never been,

Third and fourth would not be seen.

All praise the scholars, beyond believing,  
But few of them ever turn to weaving.  
To know and note the living, you'll find it  
Best to first dispense with the spirit:  
Then with the pieces in your hand,  
Ah! You've only lost the spiritual bond.  
'Natural treatment', Chemistry calls it  
Mocks at herself, and doesn't know it.

STUDENT

I'm not sure that I quite understand.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You'll soon know it all, as planned,  
When you've learnt the science of reduction,  
And everything's proper classification.

STUDENT

After all that, I feel as stupid  
As if I'd a mill wheel in my head.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Next, before all else, you'll fix  
Your mind on Metaphysics!  
See that you're profoundly trained  
In what never stirs in a human brain:  
You'll learn a splendid word  
For what's occurred or not occurred.  
But for the present take six months  
To get yourself in order: start at once.  
Five hours every day, lock  
Yourself in, with a ticking clock!  
Make sure you're well prepared,  
Study each paragraph with care,

So afterwards you'll be certain  
Only what's in the book, was written:  
Then be as diligent when you pen it,  
As if the Holy Ghost had said it!

STUDENT

You won't need to tell me twice!  
I think, myself, it's very helpful, too  
That one can take back home, and use,  
What someone's penned in black and white.

MEPHISTOPHELES

But choose a faculty, any one!

STUDENT

I wouldn't be comfortable with Law.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I couldn't name you anything more  
Vile, I know how dogmatic it's become.  
Laws and rights are handed down  
It's an eternal disgrace:  
They're moved round from town to town  
Dragged around from place to place.  
Reason is nonsense, kindness a disease,  
If you're a grandchild it's a curse!  
The rights we are born with,  
To those, alas, no one refers!

STUDENT

That just strengthens my disgust.  
Happy the student that you instruct!  
I've nearly settled on Theology.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I wouldn't wish to guide you erroneously.

In what that branch of knowledge concerns  
It's so difficult to avoid a fallacious route,  
There's so much poison hidden in what you learn,  
And it's barely distinguishable from the antidote.  
The best thing here's to make a single choice,  
Then simply swear by your master's voice.  
On the whole, to words stick fast!  
Through the safest gate you'll pass  
To the Temple of Certainty.

STUDENT

Yet surely words must have a sense.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why, yes! But don't torment yourself with worry,  
Where sense fails it's only necessary  
To supply a word, and change the tense.  
With words fine arguments can be weighted,  
With words whole Systems can be created,  
With words, the mind does its conceiving,  
No word suffers a jot from thieving.

STUDENT

Forgive me, I delay you with my questions,  
But I must trouble you again,  
On the subject of Medicine,  
Have you no helpful word to say?  
Three years, so little time applied,  
And, God, the field is rather wide!  
If only you had some kind of pointer,  
You would feel so much further on.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Aside.)

I'm tired of this desiccated banter

I really must play the devil, at once.  
(Aloud.) To grasp the spirit of Medicine's easily done:  
You study the great and little world, until,  
In the end you let it carry on  
Just as God wills.  
Useless to roam round, scientifically:  
Everyone learns only what he can:  
The one who grasps the Moment fully,  
He's the proper man.  
You're quite a well-made fellow,  
You're not short of courage too,  
And when you're easy with yourself,  
Others will be easy with you.  
Study, especially, female behaviour:  
Their eternal aches and woes,  
All of the thousand-fold,  
Rise from one point, and have one cure.  
And if you're half honourable about it  
You shall have them in your pocket.  
A title first: to give them comfort you  
Have skills that far exceed the others,  
Then you're free to touch the goods, and view  
What someone else has prowled around for years.  
Take the pulse firmly, you understand,  
And then, with sidelong fiery glance,  
Grasp the slender hips, in haste,  
To find out whether she's tight-laced.

STUDENT

That sounds much better! The Where and How, I see.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Grey, dear friend, is all theory,  
And green the golden tree of life.

STUDENT

I swear it's like a dream to me: may I  
Trouble you, at some further time,  
To expound your wisdom, so sublime?

MEPHISTOPHELES

As much as I can, I'll gladly explain.

STUDENT

I can't tear myself away,  
I must just pass you my album, sir,  
Grant me the favour of your signature!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Very well.

(He writes and gives the book back.)

STUDENT (Reading Mephistopheles' Latin inscription which means:  
'You'll be like God, acquainted with good and evil'.)

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

(He makes his bows, and takes his leave.)

MEPHISTOPHELES

Just follow the ancient text,  
And my mother the snake, too:  
And then your likeness to God will surely frighten you!

Faust enters.

FAUST

Where will we go, then?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Where you please.

The little world, and then the great, we'll see.

With what profit and delight,



This term, you'll be a parasite!

FAUST

Yet with my long beard, I'll

Lack life's superficial style.

My attempt will come to nothing:

I know, in this world, I don't fit in.

I feel so small next to other men,

It only means embarrassment.

MEPHISTOPHELES

My friend, just give yourself completely to it:

When you find yourself, you'll soon know how to live it.

FAUST

How shall we depart from here, then?

I see not one servant, coach, or horse.

MEPHISTOPHELES

We'll just spread this cloak wide open,

Then through the air we'll take our course.

For a daring trip like this we're on,

Better not take much baggage along.

A little hot air I'll ready, first,

To lift us nimbly above the Earth,

And as we're light we'll soon get clear:

Congratulations on your new career!

## **PART I SCENE V: AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG**

Friends happily drinking.

FROSCH

Will none of you laugh? Nobody drink?

I'll have to teach you to smile, I think!  
You're all of you like wet straw today,  
And usually you're well away.

BRANDER

That's up to you, you bring us nothing.  
Nothing dumb, or dirty, nothing.

FROSCH (Pouring a glass of wine over Brander's head.)

You can have both!

BRANDER

Rotten swine!

FROSCH

You wanted them both, so you got mine!

SIEBEL

Out the door, whoever fights! Get out!

Let's sing a heart-felt chorus, drink and shout!

Up! Hurray! Ha!

ALTMAYER

Ah! I'm in agony!

Earplugs, here! This fellow's deafened me.

SIEBEL

It's only when it echoes in the tower,

You hear a bass voice's real power.

FROSCH

Right, out with him who takes offence!

Ah! Do, re, me!

ALTMAYER

Ah! Do, re, me!

FOSCH

Our throats are tuned: commence.

(He sings.)

‘Dear Holy Roman Empire,  
How do you hold together?’

BRANDER

A lousy song! Bah! A political song -  
A tiresome song! Thank God, every morning,  
It isn't you who must sit there worrying  
About the Empire! At least I'm better for  
Not being a King or a Chancellor.  
But we should have a leader, so  
We'll choose a Pope of our own.  
You know the qualities that can  
Swing the vote, and elevate the man.

FROSCH (Sings.)

‘Sing away, sweet Nightingale,  
Greet my girl, and never fail.’

SIEBEL

Don't greet my girl! I'll not allow it!

FROSCH

Greet and kiss her! You'll not stop it!  
(He sings.)

‘Slip the bolt in deepest night!  
Slip it! Wake, the lover bright.  
Slip it to! At break of dawn.’

SIEBEL

Yes, sing in praise of her, and boast: sing on!  
I'll laugh later when it suits:  
She leads me a dance, she'll lead you too.  
She should have a dwarf for a lover!  
At the crossroads, let him woo her:  
An old goat from Blocksberg, galloping over,

Can bleat goodnight, as it passes by her.

An honest man, of flesh and blood,

For a girl like that's far too good.

I'm not bothered even to say hello

Except perhaps to break her window.

BRANDER (Pounding on the table.)

Quiet! Quiet! Or you won't hear!

I know about life, you lot, confess.

Besotted persons sit among us,

As fits their status, then, I must

Give them, tonight, of my very best.

Listen! A song in the newest strain!

And you can shout out the refrain!

(He sings.)

'Once there was a cellar rat,

Who lived on grease, and butter:

He had a belly, round and fat,

Just like Doctor Luther.

The cook set poison round about:

It brought on such a violent bout,

As if he'd love inside him.'

CHORUS

(Shouting.)

'As if he'd love inside him!'

BRANDER

'He ran here, and he ran there,

And drank from all the puddles,

Gnawing, scratching, everywhere,

But nothing cured his shudders.

In torment, he leapt to the roof,

Poor beast, soon he'd had enough,  
As if he'd love inside him.'

CHORUS

'As if he'd love inside him!'

BRANDER

'Fear drove him to the light of day,  
Into the kitchen then he ran,  
Fell on the hearth and twitched away,  
Pitifully weak, and wan.

Then the murderess laughed with glee:

He's on his last legs, I see,  
As if he'd love inside him.'

CHORUS

'As if he'd love inside him.'

SIEBEL

How pleased they are, the tiresome fools!  
Spreading poison for wretched rats,  
To me, that's the right thing to do!

BRANDER

You're in sympathy with them, perhaps?

ALTMAYER

That fat belly with a balding head!  
Bad luck makes him meek and mild:  
From a swollen rat, he sees, with dread,  
His own natural likeness is compiled.  
Faust and Mephistopheles appear.  
First of all, I had to bring you here,  
Where cheerful friends sup together,  
To see how happily life slips away.  
For these folk every day's a holiday.

With lots of leisure, and little sense,  
They revolve in their round-dance,  
Chasing their tails as kittens prance,  
If the hangovers aren't too intense,  
If the landlord gives them credit,  
They're cheerful, and unworried by it.

BRANDER

They're fresh from their travelling days,  
You can tell by their foreign ways:  
They've not been back an hour: you see.

FROSCH

True, you're right! My Leipzig's dear to me!  
It's a little Paris, and educates its people.

SIEBEL

Who do you think the strangers are?

FROSCH

Let me find out! I'll draw the truth,  
From those two, with a brimming glass,  
As easily as you'd pull a child's tooth.  
It seems to me they're of some noble house,  
They look so discontented and so proud.

BRANDER

They're surely strolling players, I'd guess!

ALTMAYER

Perhaps.

FROSCH

Watch me screw it out of them, then!

MEPHISTOPHELES (To Faust.)

These folk wouldn't feel the devil, even  
If he'd got them dangling by the neck.

FAUST

Greetings, sirs!

SIEBEL

Thank you, and greetings.

(He mutters away, inspecting Mephistopheles side-on.)

What's wrong with his foot: why's he limping?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Allow us to sit with you, if you please.

Instead of fine ale that can't be had,

We can still have good company.

ALTMAYER

You seem a choosy sort of lad.

FROSCH

Was it late when you started out from Rippach?

Perhaps you dined with Hans there, first?

MEPHISTOPHELES

We passed straight by, today, without a rest!

We spoke to him last some time back,

When he talked a lot about his cousins,

And he sent to each his kind greetings.

(He bows to Frosch.)

ALTMAYER (Aside.)

He did you, there! He's smart!

SIEBEL

A shrewd customer!

FROSCH

Wait, I'll have him soon, I'm sure!

MEPHISTOPHELES

If I'm not wrong, we heard

A tuneful choir singing?

I'm sure, with this vault, the words  
Must really set it ringing!

FROSCH

Are you by any chance a virtuoso?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No! Though my desire is great,  
My skill is only so-so.

ALTMAYER

Give us a song!

MEPHISTOPHELES

If you wish it, a few.

SIEBEL

So long as it's a brand-new one!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, it's from Spain that we've just come,  
The lovely land of wine, and singing too.

(He sings.)

'There was once a king, who  
Had a giant flea' –

FROSCH

Listen! Did you get that? A flea.

A flea's an honest guest to me.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Sings.)

'There was once a king, who  
Had a giant flea,  
He loved him very much, oh,  
He was like a son, you see.  
The king called for his tailor,  
He came right away:  
Now, measure up the lad for



A suit of clothes, I say!’

BRANDER

Make sure the tailor’s sharp,  
And cuts them out precisely,  
And, since his son’s dear to his heart,  
Make sure there’s never a crease to see.

MEPHISTOPHELES

‘All in silk and velvet,  
He was smartly dressed,  
With ribbons on his coat,  
A cross upon his chest.  
He was the First Minister,  
And so he wore a star:  
His brothers and his sisters,  
He made noblest by far.  
The lords and the ladies,  
They were badly smitten,  
The Queen and her maids,  
They were stung and bitten.  
They didn’t dare to crush them,  
Or scratch away, all night.  
We smother them, and crush them,  
The moment that they bite.’

CHORUS (Shouted.)

‘We smother them, and crush them,  
The moment that they bite.’

FROSCH

Bravo! Bravo! That went sweetly!

SIEBEL

So shall it be with every flea!

BRANDER

Sharpen your nails, and crush them fine!

ALTMAYER

Long live freedom, and long live wine!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'd love to drink a glass,

In freedom's honour,

If only the wine were a little better.

SIEBEL

Not again, we don't want to hear!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I fear the landlord might complain

Or I'd give these worthy guests,

One of my cellar's very best.

SIEBEL

Just bring it on! He'll accept it: I'll explain.

FROSCH

Make it a good glass and we'll praise it.

But don't make it so small we can't taste it.

Because if I'm truly going to decide,

I need a really big mouthful inside.

ALTMAYER (Aside.)

They're from the Rhine, as I guessed.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Bring me a corkscrew!

BRANDER

What for?

Is it outside already, this cask?

ALTMAYER

There's one in the landlord's toolbox, for sure.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Takes the corkscrew. To Frosch.)

Now, what would you like to try?

FROSCH

What? Is there a selection, too?

MEPHISTOPHELES

There's a choice for every one of you.

ALTMAYER (To Frosch.)

Ah! You soon catch on: your lips are dry?

FROSCH

Good! When I've a choice, I drink Rhenish.

The Fatherland grants those best gifts to us.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Boring a hole in the table-edge where Frosch is sitting.)

Bring me a little wax, to make the seals, as well!

ALTMAYER

Ah, that's for the conjuring trick, I can tell.

MEPHISTOPHELES (To Brander.)

And yours?

BRANDER

Champagne for me is fine:

Make it a truly sparkling wine!

(Mephistopheles bores the holes: one of the others makes the wax stoppers and stops the holes with them.)

We can't always shun what's foreign,

Things from far away are often fine.

Real Germans can't abide a Frenchman,

And yet they gladly drink his wine.

SIEBEL (As Mephistopheles approaches his seat.)

I must confess I do dislike the dry,

Give me a glass of the very sweetest!

MEPHISTOPHELES (Boring a hole.)

I'll pour an instant Tokay for you, yes?

ALTMAYER

Now, gentlemen, look me in the eye!

I see you've had the better of us there.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now! Now! With guests so rare,

That would be far too much for me to dare.

Quick! Time for you to declare!

Which wine can I serve you with?

ALTMAYER

Any at all! Don't make us ask forever.

(Now all the holes have been stopped and sealed.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (With a strange gesture.)

Grapes, they are the vine's load!

Horns, they are the he-goat's:

Wine is juice: wood makes vines,

The wooden board shall give us wine.

Look deeper into Nature!

Have faith, and here's a wonder!

Now draw the stoppers, and drink up!

ALL

(Draw the stoppers, and the wine they chose flows into each glass.)

O lovely fount, that flows for us!

MEPHISTOPHELES

But careful, don't lose a drop!

(They drink repeatedly.)

ALL (Singing.)

'We're all of us cannibals now,

We're like five hundred sows.'

MEPHISTOPHELES

The folk are free, and we can go, you see!

FAUST

I'd like to leave here now.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Watch first: their bestiality

Will make a splendid show.

SIEBEL (He drinks carelessly, wine pours on the ground and bursts into flame.)

Help! Fire! Hell burns bright!

MEPHISTOPHELES (Charming away the flame.)

Friendly element, be quiet!

(To the drinkers.)

For this time, just a drop of Purgatory.

SIEBEL

What's that? You wait! You'll pay dearly!

It seems you don't quite see us right.

FROSCH

Try playing that trick a second time, on us!

ALTMAYER

I think we should quietly send him packing.

SIEBEL

What, sir? You think you're daring,

Tricking us with your hocus-pocus?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Be quiet, old wine-barrel!

SIEBEL

You broomstick! You'll show us you're ill bred?

BRANDER

Just wait, it'll rain blows, on your head!

ALTMAYER (Draws a stopper and fire blazes in his face.)

I'm burning! Burning!

SIEBEL

It's magic, strike!

The man's a rascal! Kick him as you like!

They draw knives and rush at Mephistopheles.

MEPHISTOPHELES (With solemn gestures.)

Word and Image, ensnare!

Alter, senses and air!

Be here, and there!

They look at each other, amazed.

ALTMAYER

Where am I? What a lovely land!

FROSCH

Vineyards? Am I seeing straight?

SIEBEL

And, likewise, grapes to hand!

BRANDER

Deep in this green arbour, here,

See, the vines! What grapes appear!

(He grasps Siebel by the nose: the others do the same reciprocally, and raise their knives.)

MEPHISTOPHELES

From their eyes, Error, take the iron band,

And let them see how the Devil plays a joke.

He vanishes with Faust: the revellers separate.

SIEBEL

What's happening?

ALTMAYER

And how?

FROSCH

Was that your nose?

BRANDER (To Siebel.)

And I've still got your nose in my hand!

ALTMAYER

It was a tremor, that passed through every limb!

Pass me a stool: I'm sinking in!

FROSCH

Tell me: what happened there, my friend?

SIEBEL

Where is he? When I catch that fellow,

He won't leave here alive again!

ALTMAYER

I saw him myself fly out of the cellar

Riding on a barrel – and then –

I feel there's lead still in my feet.

(He turns towards the table.)

Ah! Does the wine still flow as sweet?

SIEBEL

It was deception, cheating, lying.

FROSCH

Still, it seemed that I drank wine.

BRANDER

And what about all those grapes that hung there?

ALTMAYER

Tell me, now, we shouldn't believe in wonders!

## **PART I SCENE VI: THE WITCHES' KITCHEN**

A giant cauldron stands on a low hearth, with a fire under it. Various shapes

appear in the fumes from the cauldron. A She-Ape sits next to it, skimming it, watching to see it doesn't boil over. The He-Ape, with young ones, sits nearby warming himself. The ceiling and walls are covered with the Witches' grotesque instruments.

FAUST

These magical wild beasts repel me, too!  
Are you telling me I can be renewed,  
Wandering around in this mad maze,  
Demanding help from some old hag:  
That her foul cookery will spirit away  
Thirty years from my age, just like that?  
It's sad, if you know of nothing better!  
The star of hope has quickly set.  
Hasn't some noble mind, or Nature,  
Found some wondrous potion yet?

MEPHISTOPHELES

My friend, what you say, again, is intelligent!  
There's a natural means to make you younger:  
But it's written, in a book quite different,  
And in an odd chapter.

FAUST

I'll know it, then.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Fine! You've a method here that needs  
No gold, no doctor, no magician:  
Take yourself off to the nearest field,  
To scratch around, and hoe, and dig in,  
Maintain yourself, and constrain  
Your senses in a narrow sphere:  
Feed yourself on the purest fare,



Be a beast among beasts: think it no robbery,  
To manure the fields you harvest, there:  
Since that's the best of ways, believe me,  
To keep your youth for eighty years!

FAUST

I'm not used to it, can't condescend,  
To take a spade in hand, and bend:  
That narrow life wouldn't suit me at all.

MEPHISTOPHELES

So you must call the witch then, after all.

FAUST

Why is that old witch necessary!  
Why can't you, yourself, make the brew?

MEPHISTOPHELES

What a lovely occupation for me!  
And build a thousand bridges, meanwhile, too.  
It's not just art and science that tell,  
Patience is needed in the work as well.  
A calm mind's busy years in its creation,  
Only time strengthens the fermentation.  
And everything about it  
Is quite a peculiar show!  
It's true the Devil taught it:  
The Devil can't make it though.

(Seeing the creatures.)

See what a dainty race I hail!

This is the female: this is the male!

(To the creatures.)

The mistress isn't home, I say?

THE CREATURES

Feasting away,

Gone today,

The Chimney way!

MEPHISTOPHELES

How long will she be swarming?

THE CREATURES

As long as our paws are warming.

MEPHISTOPHELES (To Faust.)

What do you think of these tender creatures?

FAUST

As rude as any I ever saw!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ah, but to me this kind of discourse

Shows the most delightful features!

(To the creatures.)

Accursed puppets, tell me true,

What are you stirring in that brew?

THE CREATURES

We're cooking up thick beggars' soup.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Then there'll be thousands in the queue.

THE HE-APE (Approaches and fawns on Mephistopheles.)

O, throw the dice quick,

And let me be rich!

I'll be the winner!

It's all arranged badly,

And if I had money,

I'd be a thinker.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why does the ape think he'd be lucky,

If he'd only a chance to try the lottery!

(Meanwhile the young apes have been playing with a large ball, and they roll it forward).

THE HE-APE

The world's a ball

It lifts to fall,

Rolls without rest:

Rings like glass,

And breaks as fast!

It's hollow at best.

It's shining here,

Here, what's more:

'I am living!'

A place dear son,

To keep far from!

You must die!

Its clay will soon

In pieces, lie.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why the sieve?

THE HE-APE (Lifting it down.)

If you were a thief

I'd know you this minute.

(He runs to the She-Ape, and lets her look through the sieve.)

Look through the sieve!

Can you see the thief,

But daren't name him?

MEPHISTOPHELES (Approaching the fire.)

And this pot?

THE HE-APE AND SHE-APE

What a silly lot!

Not to know a pot,

Not to know a kettle!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Rude creature!

THE HE-APE

Take this brush here,

And sit on the settle.

(He invites Mephistopheles to sit down.)

FAUST (Who all this time has been standing in front of a mirror, alternately approaching it and distancing himself from it.)

What do I see? What heavenly form

Is this that the magic mirror brings!

Love, lend me your swiftest wings,

Then bear me to fields she adorns!

Ah, if I do not stand still here,

If I dare to venture nearer,

I see as if through a mist, no clearer –

The loveliest form of Woman, there!

Is it possible: can Woman be so lovely?

Must I, in her outspread body, declare

The incarnation of all that's heavenly?

Can any such this earth deliver?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Naturally, if a God torments himself six days,

And says to himself, Bravo, at last, in praise,

He must have made something clever.

See, this time, what will satisfy you, forever:

I'll know how to fish that treasure out for you,

Happy, the one who finds good fortune in her,

And carries her home again, as his bride, too.

(Faust gazes endlessly in the mirror. Mephistopheles stretches himself on the settle, plays with the brush, and continues to speak).

Here I sit like a king on his throne,

The sceptre's here, but where's the crown?

THE CREATURES (Who up till now have been making all kinds of grotesque movements together, bring Mephistopheles a crown, with great outcry.)

Oh, with sweat and with blood,

If you'll be so good,

Glue on this crown, sublime!

(They are awkward with the crown, and snap it in two pieces, with which they leap about).

Now that's out of the way!

We see, and we say,

We hear, and we rhyme -

FAUST (In front of the mirror.)

Ah! I'll go completely mad.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Pointing to the creatures.)

Now my head's almost spinning.

THE CREATURES

If our luck's not bad,

If there's sense to be had,

We must be thinking!

FAUST (As before.)

My heart pains me with its burning! Quick,

Let's leave this place, forego it!

MEPHISTOPHELES (Still in the same position.)

Well, at least one must admit

That they're honest poets.

(The cauldron that the She-Ape has forgotten to keep a watch on, now

boils over: a great flame flares from the chimney. The Witch comes careering down through the flames, with horrendous cries).

Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

Damned creature! Accursed sow!

You left the kettle: you've singed me now!

Accursed creature!

(Seeing Faust and Mephistopheles.)

What have we here?

Who are you, here?

What do you want?

Who creeps unknown?

The fire's pain own

In all your bone!

(She plunges the skimming-ladle into the cauldron, and scatters flame towards Faust, Mephistopheles and the Creatures. The Creatures whimper).

MEPHISTOPHELES (Reversing the brush he holds in his hand, and striking among the jars and glasses.)

One, two! One, two!

There lies the brew!

There lies the glass!

A joke at last,

In time, she-ass,

To your melody, too.

As the Witch starts back in Anger and Horror.

Do you know me? Skeleton! Scarecrow!

Do you know your lord and master?

What stops me from striking you, so,

Crushing you, and your ape-creatures?

Have you no respect for a scarlet coat?

Don't you understand a cockerel's feather?

Have I hidden my face, you old she-goat?

Have I to name myself, as ever?

THE WITCH

Oh sir, forgive the rude welcome!

I don't see a single foot cloven.

And your two ravens - are where?

MEPHISTOPHELES

This once, you get away with it:

It's truly a good while, isn't it,

Since we've been seen together.

And Civilisation makes men level,

It even sticks to the Devil:

That Northern demon is no more:

Who sees horns now, or tail or claw?

As for the feet, which I can't spare,

That would harm me with the people.

So like many a youth, now, I wear,

False calves and false in-steps, as well.

THE WITCH (Dancing.)

Sense and reason flee my brain,

I see young Satan here again!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Woman, I forbid that name!

THE WITCH

Why? What harm is caused so?

MEPHISTOPHELES

It's written in story books, always:

Men are no better for it, though:

The Evil One's gone: the evil stays.

Call me the Baron: that sounds good:

I'm a gentleman, like the other gentlemen.

Perhaps you doubt my noble blood:

See, here's the crest I carry, then!

(He makes an indecent gesture.)

THE WITCH (Laughing immoderately.)

Ha! Ha! That's your way, as ever.

You're the same rogue forever!

MEPHISTOPHELES (To Faust.)

My friend, take note: learn that this is

The proper way to handle witches.

THE WITCH

Now, gentlemen, say how I can be of use.

MEPHISTOPHELES

A good glass of your well-known juice!

But I must insist on the oldest:

The years double what it can do.

THE WITCH

Gladly! Here's a flask, on the shelf:

I sometimes drink from it myself,

And it doesn't really stink at all:

I'll gladly give him a glass or so.

(Whispering.)

If he drinks it unprepared, recall,

He won't live a single hour, though.

MEPHISTOPHELES

He's my good friend: it'll go down well:

Don't begrudge the best of your kitchen.

Draw the circle: speak the speech, then

Offer him a glass full!

(The Witch draws a circle with fantastic gestures, and places mysterious



articles inside it: meanwhile the glasses start to ring, and the cauldron to echo, and make music. Finally she brings a large book, sits the Apes in a ring, who serve as a reading desk and hold torches. She beckons Faust to approach).

FAUST (To Mephistopheles.)

Tell me, now, what's happening?

These wild gestures, crazy things,

All of this tasteless trickery,

Is known, and hateful enough to me.

MEPHISTOPHELES

A farce! You should be laughing:

Don't be such a serious fellow!

This hocus-pocus she, the doctor's, making,

So you'll be aided by the juice to follow.

He persuades Faust to enter the circle.

THE WITCH (Begins to declaim from the book, with much emphasis.)

You shall see, then!

From one make ten!

Let two go again,

Make three even,

You're rich again.

Take away four!

From five and six,

So says the Witch,

Make seven and eight,

So it's full weight:

And nine is one,

And ten is none.

This is the Witch's one-times-one!

FAUST

I'm in the dark, the hag babbles with fever.

## MEPHISTOPHELES

There's still more she's not gone over,  
I know it well, the whole book's like this:  
I've wasted time on it before, though,  
A perfect contradiction in terms is  
Ever a mystery to the wise: fools more so.  
My friend, the art's both old and new,  
It's like this in every age, with two  
And one, and one and two,  
Scattering error instead of truth.  
Men prattle, and teach it undisturbed:  
Who wants to be counted with the fools?  
Men always believe, when they hear words,  
There must be thought behind them, too.

## THE WITCH (Continuing.)

The highest skill,  
The science, still  
Is hidden from the rabble!  
One who never thought,  
To him it's brought,  
He owns it without trouble.

## FAUST

Why talk this nonsense to us?  
My head's near split in two.  
It seems I hear the chorus,  
Of a hundred thousand fools.

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Enough, enough, O excellent Sibyl!  
Bring the drink along: and fill  
The cup, quick, to the very brim:

The drink will bring my friend no harm:

He's a man of many parts, and him

Many a noble draught has charmed.

The Witch, ceremoniously, pours the drink into a cup: as Faust puts it to his lips, a gentle flame rises.

Down it quickly! Every time! It'll

Likewise, warm your heart, entire.

You're hand in hand with the Devil:

Will you shrink before the fire?

The Witch breaks the circle. Faust steps out.

Now, quick, away! You may not rest.

THE WITCH

Much good may that potion do you!

MEPHISTOPHELES (To the Witch.)

On Walpurgis Night you can tell me best,

What favour I can return to you.

THE WITCH

Here's a song! Sing it sometimes, and you,

Will feel a peculiar effect: don't ask me how.

MEPHISTOPHELES (To Faust.)

Come on, quickly, run about now:

You need to sweat, that will allow

The power to penetrate, through and through.

Later, I'll teach you to value leisure,

And soon you'll find with deepest pleasure,

How Cupid stirs, and, now and then, leaps, too.

FAUST

Let me look quickly in the glass, once more!

How lovely that woman's form, I descried!

MEPHISTOPHELES

No! No! The paragon of all women, you're  
About to see before you, personified.  
(Aside.)

With that drink in your body, well then,  
All women will look to you like Helen.

## **PART I SCENE VII: A STREET**

Faust. Margaret, passing by.

FAUST

Lovely lady, may I offer you  
My arm, and my protection, too?

MARGARET

Not lovely, nor the lady you detected,  
I can go home, unprotected.  
(She releases herself and exits.)

FAUST

By Heavens, the child is lovely!  
I've never seen anything more so.  
She's virtuous, yet innocently  
Pert, and quick-tongued though.  
Her rosy lips, her clear cheeks,  
I'll not forget them in many a week!  
The way she cast down her eyes,  
Deep in my heart, imprinted, lies:  
How curt in her speech she was,  
Well that was quite charming, of course!  
Mephistopheles enters.  
Listen, you must get that girl for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Which one?

FAUST

The girl who just went by.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That one, there? She's come from the priest,

Absolved of all her sins, while I

Crept into a stall nearby:

She is such an innocent thing,

She's no need to sit confessing:

I've no power with such as those, I mean!

FAUST

Yet, she's older than fourteen.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now you're speaking like some Don Juan

Who wants every flower for himself alone,

Conceited enough to think there's no honour,

To be plucked except by him, nor favour:

But that's never the case, you know.

FAUST

Master Moraliser is that so?

With me, best leave morality alone!

I'm telling you, short and sweet,

If that young heart doesn't beat

Within my arms, tonight - so be it,

At midnight, then our pact is done.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Think, what a to and fro it will take!

I need at least fourteen days, to make

Some kind of opportunity to meet her.

FAUST

If I'd seven hours at my call,  
I'd not need the Devil at all,  
To seduce such a creature.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You're almost talking like a Frenchman:  
But don't let yourself get all annoyed:  
What's the use if she's only part enjoyed?  
Your happiness won't be as prolonged,  
As if you were to knead and fashion  
That little doll, with every passion,  
Up and down, as yearning preaches,  
And many a cunning rascal teaches.

FAUST

I've enough appetite without all that.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now, without complaint or jesting, what  
I'm telling you is, with this lovely child,  
Once and for all, you mustn't be wild.  
She won't be taken by storm, I said:  
We'll need to use cunning instead.

FAUST

Get me a part of the angels' treasure!  
Lead me to where she lies at leisure!  
Get me a scarf from her neck: aspire  
To a garter, that's my heart's desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES

So you can see how I will strain  
To help you, and ease your pain,  
We'll not let an instant slip away,

I'll lead you to her room today.

FAUST

And shall I see her? And have her?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No! She has to visit a neighbour.

Meanwhile, you can be alone there,  
With every hope of future pleasure,  
Enjoy her breathing space, at leisure.

FAUST

Can we go?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Her room's not yet free.

FAUST

Look for a gift for her, from me!

(He exits.)

MEPHISTOPHELES

A present? Good! He's sure to work it!  
I know many a lovely place, up here,  
And many an ancient buried treasure:  
I must have a look around for a bit.  
(He exits.)

### **PART I SCENE VIII: EVENING,**

A small well-kept room. Margaret, plaiting and fastening the braids of her hair.

MARGARET

I'd give anything if I could say  
Who that gentleman was, today!  
He's brave for certain, I could see,

And from some noble family:

That his face readily told –

Or he wouldn't have been so bold.

(She exits. Mephistopheles and Faust appear).

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come in: but quietly, I mean!

FAUST (After a moment's silence.)

I'd ask you, now, to leave me be!

MEPHISTOPHELES (Poking about.)

Not every girl keeps things so clean.

(He exits.)

FAUST

Welcome, sweet twilight glow,

That weaves throughout this shrine!

Sweet love-pangs grip my heart so,

That on hope's dew must live, and pine!

How a breath of peace breathes around,

Its order, and contentment!

In this poverty, what wealth is found!

In this prison, what enchantment!

(He throws himself into a leather armchair near the bed.)

Accept me now, you, who with open arms

Gathered joy and pain, in past days, where,

How often, ah, with all their childish charms

The little flock hung round their father's chair!

There my beloved, perhaps, cheeks full, stands,

Grateful for all the gifts of Christmas fare,

Kissing her grandfather's withered hands.

Sweet girl, I feel your spirit, softly stray,

Through the wealth of order, all around me,



That with motherliness instructs, each day,  
The tablecloth to lie smooth, at your say,  
And even the wrinkled sand beneath your feet.

O beloved hand, so goddess-like!

This house because of you is Heaven's like.

And here!

(He lifts one of the bed curtains.)

What grips me with its bliss!

Here I could stand, slowly lingering.

Here, Nature, in its gentlest dreaming,

Formed an earthly angel within this.

Here the child lay! Life, warm,

Filled her delicate breast,

And here, in pure and holy form,

A heavenly image was expressed!

And I! What leads me here?

Why do I feel so deeply stirred?

What do I seek? Why such a heavy heart?

Poor Faust! I no longer know who you are.

Is there a magic fragrance round me?

I urged myself on, to the deepest delight,

And feel myself melt in Love's dreaming flight!

Are we the sport of every lightest breeze?

And if she appeared at this instant,

How to atone for being so indiscreet?

The great man, alas, of little moment!

Would lie here, melting, at her feet.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Appearing.)

Quick! I see her coming, there.

FAUST

Away! Away! I'll not return again.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Here's a casket fairly loaded, then,

I've taken it from elsewhere.

Put it just here on the chest,

I swear it'll dazzle her, when she sees:

I've put in some trinkets, and the rest,

For you to win another, if you please.

Truly, a child's a child, and play is play.

FAUST

I don't know, shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Are you asking, pray?

Perhaps you'd like to keep the treasure, too?

Then I'd advise your Lustfulness,

To spare the sweet hours of brightness,

And spare me a heap of trouble over you.

I hope that you're not full of meanness!

I scratch my head: I rub my hands –

(He places the casket in the chest, and shuts it again.)

Now off we go, and go quickly!

Through this you'll bend the child, you see,

To your wish and will: as any fool understands:

Yet now you seem to me

As if you were heading for the lecture hall, and see

Standing there grey-faced, in front of you,

Physics, and Metaphysics too!

Now, away!

(They exit.)

Margaret with a lamp.

MARGARET

It's so close and sultry, here,

(She opens the window.)

And yet it's not warm outside.

It troubles me so, I don't know why –

I wish that Mother were near.

A shudder ran through my whole body –

I'm such a foolish girl, so timid!

(She begins to sing, while undressing.)

'There was a king in Thule, he

Was faithful, to the grave,

To whom his dying lady

A golden goblet gave.

He valued nothing greater:

At every feast it shone:

His tears were brimming over,

When he drank there-from.

When he himself was dying

No towns did he with-hold,

No wealth his heir denying,

Except the cup of gold.

He gave a royal banquet,

His knights around him, all,

In his sea-girt turret,

In his ancestral hall.

There the old king stood, yet,

Drinking life's last glow:

Then threw the golden goblet

Into the waves below.

He saw it falling, drowning,

Sinking in the sea,  
Then, his eyelids closing,  
Never again drank he.'  
(She opens the chest in order to arrange her clothes, and sees the casket.)  
How can this lovely casket be here? I'm sure  
I locked the chest when I was here before.  
It's quite miraculous! What can it hold in store?  
Perhaps someone brought it as security,  
And my mother's granted a loan on it?  
There's a ribbon hanging from it, there's a key,  
I'm quite determined to open it.  
What's here? Heavens! What a show,  
More than I've ever seen in all my days!  
A jewel box! A noble lady might glow  
With all of these on high holidays!  
How would this chain look? This display  
Of splendour: who owns it, it's so fine?  
(She puts the jewellery on and stands in front of the mirror.)  
If only the earrings were mine!  
At once one looks so different.  
What makes us beautiful, young blood?  
All that's fine and good,  
But it's discounted, in the end,  
They praise us half in pity.  
To gold they tend,  
On gold depend,  
All things! Oh, poverty!

## **PART I SCENE IX: PROMENADE**

Faust walking about pensively. Mephistopheles appears.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Scorned by all love!

And by hellfire! What's worse?

I wish I knew: I could use it in a curse!

FAUST

What's wrong? What's pinching you so badly?

I never, in all my life, saw such a face!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'd pack myself off to the Devil, in disgrace,

If I weren't a Devil myself already!

FAUST

Is something troubling your brain?

It's fitting that you've a raging pain.

MEPHISTOPHELES

To think, the priest should get his hands on

Jewellery that was meant for Gretchen!

Her mother snatched it up, to see,

And was gripped by secret anxiety.

That woman's a marvellous sense of smell,

From nosing round in her prayer-book too well,

And sniffs things, ever and again,

To see if they're holy or profane:

And about the jewels, she felt, that's clear,

There's not much of a blessing here.

'My child,' she said, 'ill-gotten goods

Snare the soul, and dissipate the blood.

We'll dedicate it to the Virgin,

She'll repay us with manna from Heaven!'

Margaret, grimacing wryly, was quite put out:  
Thinking: 'Don't look a gift horse in the mouth,  
He's not a godless man, nor one to fear,  
He who left these fine things here.'

Her mother let the parson in:  
He'd scarcely let the game begin  
Before his eyes filled with enjoyment.  
He said: 'So we see aright, we sinners,  
Who overcome themselves are winners.  
The Church has a healthy stomach, when,  
It gobbles up lands, and don't forget,  
It's never over-eaten yet.  
The Church alone, dear lady, could  
Always digest ill-gotten goods.'

FAUST

That's a universal custom, too, my friend,  
With all those who rule, and those who lend.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Then he took the bangles, chains and rings,  
As if they were merely trifling things,  
Thanked her too, no less nor more  
Than if it were a sack of nuts one wore.  
Promised them their reward when they died,  
And left them suitably edified.

FAUST

And Gretchen?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Sits there, restlessly, still  
Not knowing what she should do, or will,  
Thinks of the jewels night and day,

But more of him who placed them in her way.

FAUST

The dear girl's sadness brings me pain.

Find some jewels for her, again!

Those first were not so fine, I'd say.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh yes, to gentlemen it's child's play!

FAUST

Fix it: arrange it, as I want you to,

Attach yourself to her neighbour, too!

Don't be a devil made of clay,

Get her fresh jewels straight away!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes, gracious sir, gladly, with all my heart.

Faust exits.

Such a lovesick fool would blow up the Sun,

High up in the air, with the Moon and Stars,

To provide his sweetheart with some diversion.

(He exits.)

## **PART I SCENE X: THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE**

MARTHA (Alone.)

God forgive that man I love so well,

He hasn't done right by me at all!

Off into the world he's gone,

And left me here, in the dust, alone.

Truly I did nothing to grieve him,

I gave him, God knows, fine loving.

(She weeps.)

Perhaps, he's even dead! – Yet, oh!  
If I'd only his death certificate to show!

(Margaret enters).

MARGARET

Martha!

MARTHA

My little Gretchen, what's happened?

MARGARET

My legs are giving way beneath me!  
I've found another box of jewellery  
In the chest: it's of ebony, fashioned,  
Full of quite splendid things,  
And richer than the first, I think.

MARTHA

You'd better not tell your mother:  
She'll give it to the Church, like the other.

MARGARET

Ah, See now! See what a show!

MARTHA (Dressing her with jewels.)

O you're a lucky creature, though!

MARGARET

I can't wear them in the street, alas,  
Nor be seen like this, at Mass.

MARTHA

Come often then, to me, as before:  
You can put them on, here, secretly:  
Stand, for an hour, in front of the mirror,  
We'll take delight in them privately.  
Then give us a holiday, an occasion,



When people can see a fraction of them.  
A chain first, then a pearl in the ear: your  
Mother won't know, say you'd them before.

MARGARET

Who could have left the second casket?  
There's something not proper about it!  
A knock.

Good God! Is it my mother, then?

MARTHA (Looking through the shutter.)

It's a stranger, a gentleman – Come in!  
(Mephistopheles enters).

MEPHISTOPHELES

In introducing myself so freely,  
I ask you ladies to excuse me.  
(He steps back reverently on seeing Margaret.)  
It's Martha Schwerdtlein I seek!

MARTHA

I'm she, what do you wish with me?

MEPHISTOPHELES (Aside to her.)

I know you now: that's enough for me:  
You've a distinguished visitor there, I see.  
Pardon the liberty I've taken, pray,  
I'll return this afternoon, if I may.

MARTHA (Aloud.)

To think, child: of all things: just fancy!  
The gentleman takes you for a lady.

MARGARET

I'm a poor young thing he'll find:  
Heavens! The gentleman's far too kind:  
The jewels and trinkets aren't mine.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ah, it's not just the jewellery, mind:  
The look: the manner: she has a way!  
I'm pleased that I'm allowed to stay.

MARTHA

What brings you here? I wish that you –

MEPHISTOPHELES

I wish I brought you happier news! –  
This news I hope you'll forgive me repeating:  
Your husband's dead, but sends a greeting.

MARTHA

He's dead? That true heart! Oh!  
My man is dead! I'll die, also!

MARGARET

Ah! Dear lady, don't despair!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Hear the mournful tale I bear!

MARGARET

That's why I'll never love while I've breath,  
Such a loss would grieve me to death.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Joy must have sorrows: sorrow its joys, too.

MARTHA

Tell me of his last hours: ah tell me!

MEPHISTOPHELES

He's buried in Padua, close to  
The blessed Saint Anthony,  
In a consecrated space,  
A cool eternal resting place.

MARTHA

Have you brought nothing else, from him?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes a request, it's large and heavy:

For you to sing a hundred masses for him!

Otherwise, no, my pocket's empty.

MARTHA

What? No piece of show? No jewellery?

What every workman has in his purse,

And keeps with him as his reserve,

Rather than having to starve or beg!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Madam, it's a heavy grief to me:

But truly his money wasn't wasted.

And then, he felt his errors greatly,

Yes, and bemoaned his bad luck lately.

MARGARET

Ah! How unlucky all men are! I'll

Be sure to offer many a prayer for him.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You're worthy of soon marrying:

You're such a kindly child.

MARGARET

Oh, no! That wouldn't do as yet.

MEPHISTOPHELES

If not a husband, a lover, while you wait.

It's heaven's greatest charm,

To have a dear one on one's arm.

MARGARET

That's not the custom of the country.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Custom or not! It seems to be.

MARTHA

Go on with your tale!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I stood beside his death-bed,  
Hardly better than a rubbish-tip, poor man,  
Of half-rotten straw: yet he died a Christian,  
And found that he was even further in debt.  
'Alas,' he cried, 'I hate myself, with good reason,  
For leaving, as I did, my wife and my occupation!  
Ah the memory of that is killing me,  
Would in this life I might be forgiven, though!'

MARTHA (Weeping.)

The dear man! I forgave him long ago.

MEPHISTOPHELES

'Although, God knows,  
She was more to blame than me.'

MARTHA

The liar! What! At death's door, lies he was telling!

MEPHISTOPHELES

In his last wanderings, he was rambling,  
If I'm any judge myself of the thing.  
'I had,' he said, 'no time to gaze in play:  
First children, then bread for them each day,  
And I mean bread in the wider sense:  
And couldn't even eat my share in silence.'

MARTHA

Did he forget the love, the loyalty,  
My drudgery, night and day!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Not at all, he thought of it deeply, in his way.

He said: 'As I was leaving Malta  
I prayed hard for my wife and children:  
And favour came to me from heaven,  
Since our ship took a Turkish cutter,  
Carrying the great Sultan's treasure.  
There was a reward for bravery,  
And I received, in due measure,  
The generous share that fell to me.'

MARTHA

What? And where? Has he buried it by chance?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Who can tell:  
The four winds know the circumstance.  
A lovely girl there took him on,  
As he, a stranger, roamed round Naples:  
She gave him loyalty, and loved the man,  
And he felt it so, till his last hour fell.

MARTHA

He stole from his children, and his wife!  
The rogue! All the pain and misery he met,  
Couldn't keep him from that shameful life!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ah, but: now he's died of it!  
If I were truly in your place,  
I'd mourn him quietly for a year,  
And look, meanwhile, for a dear new face.

MARTHA

Ah, sweet God! I'll not easily find another,  
In all the world, such as my first one was!

There never was a dearer fool than mine.  
Only he loved roaming too much, at last,  
And foreign women, and foreign wine,  
And the rolling of those cursed dice.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, that would have still been fine,  
If, with you, he'd followed that line,  
And noticed nothing, on your side.  
I swear that, with that same condition,  
I'd swap rings with you, no question!

MARTHA

O, the gentleman's pleased to jest!

MEPHISTOPHELES (To himself.)

I must fly from here, swift as a bird!  
She might hold the Devil to his word.  
(To Gretchen.)

How does your heart feel? At rest?

MARGARET

What does the gentleman mean?

MEPHISTOPHELES (To himself.)

Sweet, innocent child!

(Aloud.)

Farewell, ladies!

MARGARET

Farewell!

MARTHA

Oh, speak to me yet, a while!

I'd like a witness, as to where, how, and when  
My darling man died and was buried: then,  
As I've always been a friend of tradition,

Put his death in the paper, the weekly edition.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes, dear lady, two witnesses you need

To verify the truth, or so all agree:

I've a rather fine companion,

He can be your second man.

I'll bring him here.

MARTHA

Oh yes, please do!

MEPHISTOPHELES

That young lady will be here, too?

He's a brave youth! Travelled, yes,

And with ladies he's all politeness.

MARGARET

I'd be shamed before the gentleman.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Not before any king on earth, madam.

MARTHA

Behind the house, then, in my garden,

Tonight: we'll expect you gentlemen.

## **PART I SCENE XI: THE STREET**

Faust. Mephistopheles.

FAUST

How goes it? Will it be? Will it soon be done?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ah, bravo! Do I find you all on fire?

In double-quick time you'll have your desire.

You'll meet tonight, at her neighbour Martha's home:

There's a woman, who's the thing,

For procuring and for gipsying!

FAUST

All right!

MEPHISTOPHELES

But, she needs something from us, too.

FAUST

One good turn deserves another, true.

MEPHISTOPHELES

We only have to bear a valid witness,

That her husband's outstretched members bless

A consecrated place in Padua.

FAUST

Brilliant! We must first make the journey there!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Sacred Simplicity! There's no need to do that.

Just testify, without saying too much to her.

FAUST

If you can't do better than that, your pact I'll tear.

MEPHISTOPHELES

O holy man! Now I see you there!

Is it the first time in your life, come swear,

That you've ever born false witness?

Haven't you shown skill in definition

Of God, the World, what's in it, Men,

What moves them, in mind and breast?

With impudent brow, and swollen chest?

And if you look at it more deeply, oh yes,

Did you know as much now - confess,



As you do about Herr Schwerdtlein's death?

FAUST

You are, and you'll remain, a Liar and a Sophist.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes when no one's the wiser for it.

This coming morn, in all honour though,

Won't you beguile poor Gretchen so:

And swear you love her with all your soul?

FAUST

From my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, and good!

And will your eternal Truth and Love,

Your one all-powerful Force, above –

Flow from your heart, too, as it should?

FAUST

Stop! Stop! It will! If I but feel,

For that emotion, for that throng,

Seek the name, that none reveal,

Roam, with senses, through the world.

Seize on every highest word,

And call the fire, that I'm tasting,

Endless, eternal, everlasting –

Does that to some devil's game of lies belong?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yet, I'm still right!

FAUST

Hear one thing more,

I beg you, and spare my breath – the one

Who wants to hold fast, and has a tongue,

He'll hold for sure.

Come, chattering fills me with disgust,

And then you're right, especially since I must.

## **PART I SCENE XII: THE GARDEN**

Margaret on Faust's arm, Martha and Mephistopheles walking up and down.

MARGARET

I know the gentleman flatters me,

Lowers himself, and shames me, too.

A traveller is used to being

Content, out of courtesy, with any food.

I know too well, so learned a man,

Can't feed himself on my poor bran.

FAUST

A glance, a word from you, feeds me more,

Than all the world's wisest lore.

(He kisses her hand.)

MARGARET

Don't trouble yourself! How could you kiss it?

It's such a nasty, rough thing!

What work haven't I done with it!

My mother's so exacting.

(They move on.)

MARTHA

And you, sir, you're always travelling?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ah, work and duty are such a bother!

There's many a place one's sad at leaving,

And daren't stay a moment longer!

MARTHA

In youth it's fine, up and down,  
Flitting about, the whole world over:  
Then harsher days come round,  
And lonely bachelors small joy discover,  
In sliding towards their hole in the ground.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I view the prospect with horror.

MARTHA

Then take advice in time, dear sir.

(They move on.)

MARGARET

Yes, out of sight is out of mind!  
Politeness comes naturally to you:  
But you'll meet friends, often, who,  
Are more sensible than me, you'll find.

FAUST

Dearest, believe me, what men call sense,  
Is often just vanity and short-sightedness.

MARGARET

How so?

FAUST

Ah, that simplicity and innocence never know  
Themselves, or their heavenly worth!  
That humble meekness, the highest grace  
That Nature bestows so lovingly –

MARGARET

It's only for a moment that you think of me,  
I've plenty of time to dream about your face.

FAUST

You're often alone, then?

MARGARET

Yes, our household's a little one,  
Yet it has to be cared for by someone.  
We have no servant: I sweep, knit, sew,  
And cook, I'm working early and late:  
And in everything my mother is so  
Strict, and straight.

Not that she has to be quite so economical:  
We could be more generous than others:  
My father left a little fortune for us:  
A house and garden by the town-wall.  
But now my days are spent quietly:  
My brother is a soldier: I'd  
A younger sister who died.  
The trouble I had with that child:  
Yet I'd take it on again, the worry,  
She was so dear to me.

FAUST

An angel, if like you.

MARGARET

I raised her, and she loved me too.  
After my father died, she was born,  
We gave mother up for lost, so worn  
And wretchedly she lay there then,  
And slowly, day by day, grew well again.  
She couldn't think of feeding  
It herself: that poor little thing,  
And so I nursed it all alone,

On milk and water, as if it were my own,  
In my arms, in my lap,  
It charmed me, tumbling, and grew fat.

FAUST

You found your greatest happiness there, for sure.

MARGARET

But also truly many a weary hour.

The baby's cradle stood at night

Beside my bed: and if it hardly stirred

I woke outright:

Now I nursed it, now laid it beside me: heard

When it cried, and left my bed, and often

Danced it back and forth, in the room: and then,

At break of dawn stood at the washtub, again:

Then the market and the kitchen, oh,

And every day just like tomorrow.

One sometimes lacks the courage, sir, and yet

One appreciates one's food and rest.

(They move on.)

MARTHA

Women have the worst of it: it's true:

A bachelor is hard to change, you see.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That just depends on the likes of you,

The right teacher might improve me.

MARTHA

Say, have you never found anyone, dear sir?

Has your heart never been captured, anywhere?

MEPHISTOPHELES

The proverb says: A hearth of your own,

And a good wife, are worth pearls and gold.

MARTHA

I mean: have you never felt desire, even lightly?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I've everywhere been treated most politely.

MARTHA

I meant to say: were you never seriously smitten?

MEPHISTOPHELES

With ladies,

One should never dare be flippant.

MARTHA

Ah, you won't understand me!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I am sorry! Yet you'll find

I understand – that you are very kind.

(They move on.)

FAUST

And, Angel, did you recognise me again,

As soon as I appeared in the garden?

MARGARET

Didn't you see my gaze drop then?

FAUST

And you forgive the liberty I've taken,

The impertinence of it all,

Just as you were leaving the Cathedral?

MARGARET

I was flustered, such a thing's never happened to me:

'Ah', I thought, 'has he seen, in your behaviour,

Something that's impertinent or improper?

No one could ever say anything bad about me.

He seems to be walking suddenly, with you,  
As though he dealt with a girl of easy virtue'.  
I confess, I didn't know what it was, though,  
That I began to feel, and to your advantage too,  
But certainly I was angry with myself, oh,  
That I could not be angrier with you.

FAUST

Sweet darling!

MARGARET

Wait a moment!

(She picks a Marguerite and pulls the petals off one by one.)

FAUST

What's that for, a bouquet?

MARGARET

No, it's a game.

FAUST

What?

MARGARET

No, you'll laugh if I say!

(She pulls off the petals, murmuring to herself.)

FAUST

What are you whispering?

MARGARET (Half aloud.)

He loves me – he loves me not.

FAUST

You sweet face that Heaven forgot!

MARGARET (Continuing.)

Loves me – Not – Loves me – Not

(She plucks the last petal with delight.)

He loves me!

FAUST

Yes, my child! Let this flower-speech

Be heaven's speech to you. He loves you!

Do you know what that means? He loves you!

(He grasps her hands.)

MARGARET

I'm trembling!

FAUST

Don't tremble, let this look,

Let this clasping of hands tell you

What's inexpressible:

To give oneself wholly, and feel

A joy that must be eternal!

Eternal! – Its end would bring despair.

No, no end! No end!

(Margaret presses his hand, frees herself, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought: then follows her).

MARTHA (Coming forward.)

Night is falling.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes, and we must away.

MARTHA

I'd ask you to remain here longer,

But this is quite a wicked place.

It's as if they had nothing to do yonder,

And no work they should be doing

But watching their neighbours' to-ing and fro-ing,

And whatever one does, insults are hurled.

And our couple, now?

MEPHISTOPHELES



Flown up the passage, there.

Wilful little birds!

MARTHA

He seems keen on her.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And she on him. It's the way of the world.

### **PART I SCENE XIII: AN ARBOUR IN THE GARDEN**

Margaret comes in, hides behind the door of the garden-house, holds her fingers to her lips, and peeps through the gaps.

MARGARET

He's coming.

FAUST (Appearing.)

Ah, rascal, you tease me so! I've got you!

(He kisses her.)

MARGARET (Clasping him, and returning the kiss.)

Dearest man! With all my heart I love you!

Mephistopheles knocks.

FAUST (Stamping his foot in frustration.)

Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES

A dear friend!

FAUST

A creature!

MEPHISTOPHELES

It's time to go.

MARTHA (Appearing.)

Yes, sir, it's late!

FAUST

May I keep company with you, though?

MARGARET

My mother would tell me, – Farewell!

FAUST

Must I go, then?

Farewell!

MARTHA

Goodbye, now!

MARGARET

And soon to meet again!

(Faust and Mephistopheles exit).

MARGARET

Dear God! That one man, by thinking,

Can know everything, oh, everything!

I stand in front of him, ashamed

And just say yes to all he says.

I'm such a poor, ignorant child, and he -

I can't understand what he sees in me.

## **PART I SCENE XIV: FOREST AND CAVERN**

Faust, alone.

FAUST

Sublime spirit, you gave me all, all,

I asked for. Not in vain have you

Revealed your face to me in flame.

You gave me Nature's realm of splendour,

With the power to feel it, and enjoy.

Not merely as a cold, awed stranger,

But allowing me to look deep inside,  
Like seeing into the heart of a friend.  
You lead the ranks of living creatures  
Before me, showing me my brothers  
In the silent woods, the air, the water.  
And when the storm roars in the forest,  
When giant firs fell their neighbours,  
Crushing nearby branches in their fall,  
Filling the hills with hollow thunder,  
You lead me to the safety of a cave,  
Show me my own self, and reveal  
Your deep, secret wonders in my heart.  
And when the pure Moon, to my eyes,  
Rises, calming me, the silvery visions  
Of former times, drift all around me,  
From high cliffs, and moist thickets,  
Tempering thought's austere delight.  
Oh, I know now that nothing can be  
Perfect for Mankind. You gave me,  
With this joy, that brings me nearer,  
Nearer to the gods, a companion,  
Whom I can no longer do without,  
Though he is impudent, and chilling,  
Degrades me in my own eyes, and with  
A word, a breath, makes your gifts nothing.  
He fans a wild fire in my heart,  
Always alive to that lovely form.  
So I rush from desire to enjoyment,  
And in enjoyment pine to feel desire.  
(Mephistopheles enters).

MEPHISTOPHELES

Haven't you had enough of this life yet?

How can you be happy all this time?

It's fine for a man to try it for a bit,

But then you need a newer clime!

FAUST

I wish you'd something else to do,

Than plague me on a good day.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now, now! I'd gladly ignore you,

You don't really mean it anyway.

You'd be little loss to me,

A rude, mad, sour companion.

One's hands are full all day, and see,

What pleases you, or what to let be,

No one can tell from your expression.

FAUST

So that's the tone he takes!

I'm to thank him, for boring me.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Poor Son of Earth, how could you make

Your way through life without me?

I've cured you for a while at least

Of your twitches of imagination,

If I weren't here, you'd certainly

Have walked right off this earthly station.

In rocky hollows, in a hole,

Why sit around here, like an owl?

From soaking moss and dripping stone,

Sucking your nourishment, like a toad?

Spend your time sweeter, better!

Your body's still stuck there with the Doctor.

FAUST

Do you understand the new power of being

That a walk in the wilderness can bring?

But then, if you were able to guess,

You're devil enough to begrudge my happiness.

MEPHISTOPHELES

An other-worldly pleasure.

Night and day, mountains for leisure.

Clasping heaven and earth, blissfully,

Inflating yourself, becoming a deity.

With expectant urge burrowing through earth's core,

Feeling all that six days' work, in yours,

To taste who knows what, in power's pride,

Overflowing, almost, with the joy of life,

Vanishing, the Earthly Son,

And into some deep Intuition –

(With a gesture.)

I can't say how – passing inside.

FAUST

Fie, on you!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ah, you don't like it from me!

You've the right, to say 'fie' to me, politely.

Before chaste ears men daren't speak aloud,

That which chaste hearts can't do without:

Short and sweet, I begrudge the pleasure you get

From occasionally lying to yourself, about it.

But you won't hold out for long, I'm sure.

You're already over-driven,  
Sooner or later you'll be given  
To madness, or to fear and horror.  
Enough! Your lover sits inside,  
All is dull, oppressive to her,  
She can't get you out of her mind,  
Her deep love overwhelms her.  
First your love's flood round her flowed,  
As a stream pours from melted snow:  
You've so filled her heart, and now,  
Your stream again is shallow.  
Instead of enthroning yourself in the wood,  
Let the great gentleman do some good,  
To that poor little ape of flesh and blood,  
And reward her, I think, for her love.  
Her days seem pitifully long:  
She sits at the window, cloud drifting  
Over the old City wall, sees it lifting.  
'Would I were a little bird!' runs her song,  
All day long, and all night long.  
Sometimes lively, mostly not,  
Sometimes crying out, in tears,  
Then quiet again, it appears,  
And always in love.

FAUST

You snake! You snake, you!

MEPHISTOPHELES

A touch! That caught you!

FAUST

Wretch! Be gone from my presence:

Don't name that lovely girl to me!  
Don't bring desire for that sweet body  
Before every half-maddened sense!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, what then?

She thinks you've flown away,  
And, half and half, you already have, I'd say.

FAUST

I'm near her, and were I still far,  
I can't lose her or forget her,  
I even envy the body of our Lord,  
When her lips touch it at the altar.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Quite so, my friend! My envy often closes  
On that pair of twins that feed among the roses.

FAUST

Away from me, procurer!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Fine, you curse and I must smile.  
The god who made both man and woman,  
He likewise knew the noblest profession,  
So made the opportunity as well.  
Go on, it's a crying shame!  
Since you're bound, all the same  
For your lover's room, not death.

FAUST

Where is the heavenly joy in her arms?  
Let me warm myself with her charms!  
Do I not always feel her absent breath?  
Am I not the fugitive? The homeless one?

The creature without aim or rest,  
A torrent in the rocks, still thundering down,  
Foaming eagerly into the abyss?  
And she beside it, with vague childlike mind,  
In a hut there, on a little Alpine field,  
So, her first homely life you'd find,  
Hidden there in that little world.  
And I, the god-forsaken,  
Was not great enough,  
To grasp the cliffs, and take them,  
And crush them into dust!  
I still must undermine her peaceful life!  
You, Hell, must have your sacrifice.  
Help, Devil, curtail the anxious moment brewing.  
What must be, let it be, and swiftly!  
Let her fate also fall on me,  
And she and I rush to ruin!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Again it glows: again it seethes!  
Go in and comfort her, you fool!  
When a brain, like yours, no exit sees,  
It calls it the end of all things, too.  
Praise him who keeps his courage fresh!  
Or you'll soon get quite be-devilled, there.  
I find nothing in the world so tasteless,  
As a Devil, in despair.

Part I Scene XV: Gretchen's Room

Gretchen alone at the spinning wheel.

'My peace is gone,

My heart is sore:



I'll find it, never,  
Oh, nevermore.  
When he's not here,  
My grave is near,  
The world is all,  
A bitter gall.  
My poor head  
Feels crazed to me.  
My poor brain  
Seems dazed to me.  
My peace is gone,  
My heart is sore:  
I'll find it, never,  
Oh, nevermore.  
Only to see him  
I look out.  
Only to meet him,  
I leave the house.  
His proud steps,  
His noble figure,  
His smiling lips,  
His eyes: their power.  
And all his speech  
Like magic is,  
His fingers' touch,  
And, oh, his kiss!  
My peace is gone,  
My heart is sore:  
I'll find it, never,  
Oh, nevermore.

My heart aches  
To be with him,  
Oh if I could  
Cling to him,  
And kiss him,  
The way I wish,  
So I might die,  
At his kiss!

## **PART I SCENE XVI: MARTHA'S GARDEN**

Margaret. Faust.

MARGARET

Promise me, Heinrich!

FAUST

If I can!

MARGARET

Say, as regards religion, how you feel.

I know that you are a dear, good man,

Yet, for you, it seems, it has no appeal.

FAUST

Leave that alone, child! You feel I'm kind to you:

For Love I'd give my blood, my life too.

I'll rob no man of his church and faith.

MARGARET

That's not right, we must have faith.

FAUST

Must we?

MARGARET

Ah, if in this I was only fluent!

You don't respect the Holy Sacrament.

FAUST

I respect it.

MARGARET

Without wanting it, though. You've passed  
So many years without confession, or mass.

Do you believe in God?

FAUST

My darling, who dare say:

'I believe in God'?

Choose priest to ask, or sage,

The answer would seem a joke, would it not,

Played on whoever asks?

MARGARET

So, you don't believe?

FAUST

Sweetest being, don't misunderstand me!

Who dares name the nameless?

Or who dares to confess:

'I believe in him'?

Yet who, in feeling,

Self-revealing,

Says: 'I don't believe'?

The all-clasping,

The all-upholding,

Does it not clasp, uphold,

You: me, itself?

Don't the heavens arch above us?

Doesn't earth lie here under our feet?

And don't the eternal stars, rising,  
Look down on us in friendship?  
Are not my eyes reflected in yours?  
And don't all things press  
On your head and heart,  
And weave, in eternal mystery,  
Visibly: invisibly, around you?  
Fill your heart from it: it is so vast,  
And when you are blessed by the deepest feeling,  
Call it then what you wish,  
Joy! Heart! Love! God!  
I have no name  
For it! Feeling is all:  
Names are sound and smoke,  
Veiling Heaven's bright glow.

MARGARET

That's all well and good, I know,  
The priest says much the same,  
Only, in slightly different words.

FAUST

It's what all hearts, say, everywhere  
Under the heavenly day,  
Each in its own speech:  
And why not I in mine?

MARGARET

Listening to you, it almost seems quite fine,  
Yet something still seems wrong, to me,  
Since you don't possess Christianity.

FAUST

Dear child!

MARGARET

I've long been grieved  
To see you in such company.

FAUST

Why, who?

MARGARET

That man who hangs round you so,  
I hate him in my innermost soul:  
Nothing in all my life has ever  
Given my heart such pain, no, never,  
As his repulsive face has done.

FAUST

Don't be afraid of him, sweet one!

MARGARET

His presence here, it chills my blood.  
To every other man I wish good:  
But much as I'm longing to see you  
I've a secret horror of seeing him, too,  
I've thought him a rogue, all along!  
God forgive me, if I do him wrong!

FAUST

There have to be such odd fellows.

MARGARET

I'd rather not live with such as those!  
Once he's inside the door, again,  
He looks around in a mocking way,  
And half-severely:  
You can see he's not at all in sympathy:  
It's written on his forehead even,  
That there's no spirit of love within.

I'm so happy in your arms,  
Free, untroubled, and so warm,  
Yet I'm stifled in his presence.

FAUST

You angel, full of presentiments!

MARGARET

It oppresses me, so deeply, too,  
That when he meets with us, wherever,  
I feel that I no longer love you.

Ah I can't pray when he's there,  
And that gnaws inside me: oh,  
Heinrich, for you too, surely it's so.

FAUST

It's merely an antipathy!

MARGARET

I must go now.

FAUST

Ah, will there never be  
An hour where I can clasp you to my heart,  
And heart to heart, and soul, to soul impart?

MARGARET

Ah, if I only slept alone!  
For you, I'd gladly draw the bolt tonight:  
But my mother hears the slightest tone,  
And if we were caught outright,  
I'd die on the selfsame spot!

FAUST

You angel: no need for that.  
Here is a little phial to keep!  
Three drops of this, in her drink, she'll take,

And Nature will favour her with deepest sleep.

MARGARET

What would I not do for your sake?

I hope that it won't harm her though!

FAUST

Would I advise it, Love, if it were so?

MARGARET

Ah, I only have to see you, dearest man,

And something bends me to your will,

For you, so much, I have already done,

Little remains for me to do for you still.

(She exits. Mephistopheles enters).

MEPHISTOPHELES

The little monkey! Has it gone?

FAUST

Spying again, are you?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I've heard in infinite detail, how

The Doctor works his catechism through,

And I hope it does you good, now.

Girls are always so keen to review

Whether one's virtuous, and sticks to the rules.

They think if a man can be led, he'll follow too.

FAUST

Monster, you can't see

How this true loving soul,

Full of a belief,

That is wholly

Her salvation, torments herself so,

In case her lover should be lost indeed.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You sensual wooer, beyond the sensual,  
A Magdalen leads you by the nose, I see.

FAUST

Abortion, of the filth and fire of hell!

MEPHISTOPHELES

And how well she reads one's physiognomy:  
In my presence, senses, without knowing how,  
The hidden mind behind the mask: she feels  
That I'm an evil genius, at least, and now  
Perhaps, that it's the Devil it conceals.  
So, tonight? –

FAUST

What's that to you?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I take my pleasure in it too!

## **PART I SCENE XVII: AT THE FOUNTAIN**

Gretchen and Lisbeth.

LISBETH

Have you not heard from Barbara?

GRETCHEN

Not a word. I go out so seldom.

LISBETH

It's certain, Sibyl told me: well then,  
She finally fell to that seducer.  
There's a lady for you!

GRETCHEN



How so?

LISBETH

It stinks!

She's feeding two when she eats and drinks.

GRETCHEN

Oh!

LISBETH

Serves her right then, finally.

She clung to that fellow, oh so tightly!

That was a fine to-ing and fro-ing,

Round the village, and dance-going,

Ahead of us all, they had to shine,

Him treating her always to cakes and wine:

She the picture of loveliness, oh so fine,

So low after all, then, and so shameless,

And the gifts she took from him, nameless.

It was all kissing and carrying on:

But now the flower is gone!

GRETCHEN

The poor thing!

LISBETH

Why are you so pitying?

When each of us was at our spinning,

When mother never let us out,

She and her lover hung about:

On the bench, in a dark alley,

Forgetting the time, he and she.

She can't raise her head again,

In a sinner's shift now, penitent.

GRETCHEN

Surely he'll take her for his wife.

LISBETH

He'd be a fool! A lively fellow  
Can ply his trade elsewhere, and so -  
He's gone.

GRETCHEN

Oh, that's not nice!

LISBETH

If she gets him, she'll reap ill in a trice,  
The lads will tear at her wreath, what's more  
We'll scatter chaff in front of her door!  
(She exits.)

GRETCHEN (Walking home.)

How proudly I'd revile her, then,  
Whenever some poor girl had fallen!  
I couldn't find words enough, I mean,  
To pour out scorn for another's sin!  
Black as it seemed, I made it blacker,  
Not black enough for me: oh never.  
It blessed its own being, that proud self,  
Yet now I'm the image of sin, myself!  
Yet all that drove me on to do it,  
God! Was so fine! Oh, so sweet!

### **PART I SCENE XVIII: A TOWER**

In a niche of its wall a shrine, and image of the Mater Dolorosa, with flowers  
in front of it. Gretchen sets out fresh flowers.

GRETCHEN

Oh bow down,

Sorrowful one,  
Your kind face, to my affliction!  
A sword in your heart,  
Where a thousand pains start,  
You look up, at your dead Son.  
You look up to the Father,  
You send Him your sighs, there,  
For His, and for your, affliction.  
Who then can feel,  
How like steel,  
Is the pain inside my bones?  
What my poor heart fears for,  
What it quakes for, and longs for  
You know, and you alone!  
Wherever I go now,  
How sore, sore, sore now  
How sore my heart must be!  
Ah, when I'm alone here,  
I moan, moan, moan here:  
My heart it breaks in me.  
The pots before my window!  
My tears bedewed them so,  
In the early dawn, when  
I picked the flowers below.  
The sun it shone so brightly,  
And early, in my room,  
Where I sat already,  
On my bed, in deepest gloom.  
Help me! Oh, save me, from shame and destruction!  
Oh, bow down,

Sorrowful one,  
Your kind face, to my affliction!

### **PART I SCENE XIX: NIGHT**

The Street in front of Gretchen's door.

VALENTINE (A soldier, Gretchen's brother.)

When I have sat, and heard the toasts,  
Where everyone makes good his boasts,  
And comrades praised, to me, the flower  
Of maidenhood, and loud the hour,  
With brimming glass that blurred the praise,  
And elbows sticking out all ways,  
I sat in my own peace secure,  
Listening to the boastful roar,  
And as I stroked my beard, I'd smile  
And take a full glass in my hand,  
Saying: 'Each to his own, but I'll  
Ask if there's any in this land,  
Who, to my Gretel, can compare  
Whose worth can ever equal hers?'  
Hear! Hear! Clink! Clang! Went around:  
Some cried out: 'He's quite correct,  
She's an ornament to all her sex.'  
There sat the boasters, not a sound.  
And now! – I could tear my hair out, bawl,  
And dash my head against the wall! –  
With jeers, they now turn up their noses:  
Every rogue can taunt me, he supposes!

Like a bankrupt debtor, when I'm sitting,  
A casual word can start me sweating!  
And though I thrash them all together,  
I've still no right to call them liars.  
Who goes there? What's creeping by?  
If I'm not wrong, there's two I spy.  
If it's him, I'll have him by the skin,  
Alive he'll not leave the place he's in!  
(Faust. Mephistopheles).

FAUST

How the glow of the eternal light  
Shines from the Sacristy window, there,  
On either side grows fainter, fainter,  
And all around draws in the night!  
Now it seems as dark within my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And I've a little of the tom-cat's art,  
That creeps around the fire escape,  
Then slinks along the wall, a silent shape,  
I'm quite virtuous in my way,  
A little prone to thieve, and stray.  
The splendour of Walpurgis Night,  
Already haunts all my members,  
It's the day after tomorrow's light:  
There, why one watches, one remembers.

FAUST

Meanwhile you'll bring that wealth to view,  
That I see there, glimmering, behind you?

MEPHISTOPHELES

You'll soon experience the delight

Of holding this cauldron to the light.

I recently had a squint inside –

Where splendid silver dollars hide.

FAUST

And not a jewel, or a ring,

To adorn my darling girl?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Among the rest I saw a thing,

A sort of necklace, made of pearl.

FAUST

That's good! It's painful to me,

To take no gift for her to see.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You shouldn't find it so annoying,

To get something now, for nothing.

Now the sky glows, filled with stars,

You'll hear the work of a master:

I'll sing a few moralising bars,

All the better to seduce her.

(Sings to the zither.)

'Why are you here,

Katrina dear,

In daylight clear,

At your lover's door?

No, no! Not when,

It will let in,

A maid, and then,

Let out a maid no more!

Take care: for once

It's over and done,

And it's all gone,  
Goodnight to you, poor thing!  
Keep love's belief,  
And pleasure brief,  
From every thief,  
Unless you've a wedding ring.'

VALENTINE (Approaching.)

Whom do you lure? By every element!  
You evil-tongued rat-catcher!  
To the devil, with your instrument!  
To the devil, too, with the singer!

MEPHISTOPHELES

The zither's broken! There's nothing left of it.

VALENTINE

There's a still a skull left I'll need to split!

MEPHISTOPHELES (To Faust.)

Look lively, Doctor! Don't give ground.

Stand by: I'll command this thing.

Out with your fly-whisk, now.

You lunge! I'm parrying.

VALENTINE

Parry, then!

MEPHISTOPHELES

And why not, indeed?

VALENTINE

And that!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ah, yes!

VALENTINE

The devil opposes me!

What's this? My hand's already maimed.

MEPHISTOPHELES (To Faust.)

Thrust, home!

VALENTINE (Falls.)

Ah!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now, the lout is tamed!

Away, we must go! Swiftly, of course,

Soon the cries of murder will begin,

With the police, now, I'm well in:

But not so much so with the courts.

(He exits with Faust.)

MARTHA (At the window.)

Come here! Come here!

GRETCHEN (At the window.)

Here's a light!

MARTHA

Hear how they swear and struggle, yell and fight.

ON-LOOKERS

Here's one dead already!

MARTHA (Leaving the house.)

Where have the murderers gone?

GRETCHEN (Leaving the house.)

Who is it, lying there?

ON-LOOKERS

Your mother's son.

GRETCHEN

Almighty God! What misery!

VALENTINE

I'm dying! That's soon spoken,



And, sooner still, it will be done.

Why stand there, crying, woman?

Come, hear me everyone!

(They gather round him.)

You're still young, my Gretchen, see!

And still haven't sense enough, to be

Effective in your occupation.

I'll tell you confidentially:

Now that you're a whore indeed,

Be one, by proclamation!

GRETCHEN

My brother! God! Why speak to me so?

VALENTINE

In this business, leave God alone!

Sadly, what is done is done,

And what will come: will come.

Begin with one, in secret, then,

Soon you'll gather other men,

And, when a dozen of them have had you,

All the town can have you too.

When Shame herself appears,

She's first brought secretly to light,

Then they draw the veil of night

Over both her eyes and ears:

Men would gladly kill her, I say,

But they let her walk about and prosper,

So she goes nakedly by day,

Yet isn't any lovelier.

She's the uglier to our sight,

The more it is she seeks the light.

Truly I can see the day  
When all honest people  
Will turn aside from you, girl,  
As from a corpse with plague.  
Your heart's flesh will despair,  
When they look you in the face,  
You'll have no golden chain to wear!  
At the altar, there, you'll have no place!  
You'll not be dancing joyfully  
In all your lovely finery!  
In some wretched gloomy corner, you  
Will hide, with cripples and beggars too,  
And, though God may still forgive,  
Be damned on earth while you live!

MARTHA

Commend your soul to God's mercy!  
Will you end your life with blasphemy?

VALENTINE

If I could destroy your withered body,  
Shameless, bawd, I'd hope to see  
A full measure of forgiveness  
For me, and all my sinfulness.

GRETCHEN

My brother! These are the pains of hell!

VALENTINE

I said, leave off weeping, girl!  
When you and honour chose to part,  
That was the sword-thrust in my heart.  
I go, through a sleep within the grave,  
To God, as a soldier, true and brave.

(He dies.)

## **PART I SCENE XX: THE CATHEDRAL**

A Mass, with organ and choir. Gretchen among a large congregation: the Evil Spirit behind Gretchen.

THE EVIL SPIRIT

How different it was, Gretchen,  
When you, still innocent,  
Came here to the altar,  
And from that well-thumbed Book,  
Babbled your prayers,  
Half, a childish game,  
Half, God in your heart!  
Gretchen!  
What's in your mind?  
In your heart,  
What crime?  
Do you pray for your mother's soul, who  
Through you, fell asleep to long, long torment?  
Whose blood is on your doorstep?  
And beneath your heart,  
Does not something stir and swell,  
And trouble you, and itself,  
A presence full of foreboding?

GRETCHEN

Oh! Oh!  
Would I were free of the thoughts  
That rush here and there inside me,  
Despite myself!

CHOIR (Singing the Requiem mass, the verses of Thomas of Celano, which commence: 'That day, the day of wrath, will dissolve the world to ash'.)

'Dies Irae, dies illa,  
Solvat saeculum in favilla!'

(The organ sounds.)

THE EVIL SPIRIT

Wrath grasps you!  
The trumpet sounds!  
The grave trembles!  
And your heart,  
From ashen rest,  
To fiery torment  
Brought again,  
Shudders!

GRETCHEN

Would I were not here!  
It seems to me as if the organ  
Steals my breath,  
The Hymn dissolves  
My heart in the abyss.

CHOIR (Verse: 'So when the Judge takes the chair, whatever is hidden will appear, nothing is left unpunished there.')

'Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet adparebit,  
Nil unultum remanebit.'

GRETCHEN

I'm so stifled!  
The pillars of the walls  
Imprison me!  
The arches

Crush me! – Air!

THE EVIL SPIRIT

Hide yourself! Sin and shame

Cannot be hidden.

Light? Air?

Misery, to you!

CHOIR (Verse: ‘What shall I say in that misery, who shall I ask to speak for me,

when the righteous will be saved, and barely?’)

‘Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,

Quem patronum rogaturus,

Cum vix Justus sit securus?’

THE EVIL SPIRIT

The transfigured, turn

Their faces from you.

The pure, shudder

To offer you their hand.

Misery!

CHOIR (Repeats: ‘What shall I say in that misery?’)

‘Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?’

GRETCHEN

Neighbour! Your restorative!

(She falls, fainting.)

## **PART I SCENE XXI: WALPURGIS NIGHT**

The Hartz Mountains, in the region of Schierke and Elend. Faust,  
Mephistopheles.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Don’t you just long for a broomstick?

I wish I'd the sturdiest goat to ride.  
Like this, the journey's not so quick.

FAUST

So long as my legs can do the trick,  
This knotted stick will do me fine.  
Why do we need a shorter way! –  
To wander this labyrinth of valleys,  
Climb all these cliffs and gullies,  
From which the waters ever spray,  
That's a delight enchants the day!  
Spring stirs already in the birches,  
And even the fir tree knows it now:  
Shouldn't our limbs feel it search us?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Truly, I don't feel a thing!  
It's winter in my body, still,  
On my path I want it frosty, snowing.  
How sadly the Moon's imperfect circle  
With its red belated glow, is rising,  
So dim its light that at every step  
You scrape a rock, or else a tree!  
Ah, there, a will o' the wisp leapt!  
It's burning fiercely, now, I see.  
Hey! My friend! May I ask your aid?  
Would you like to give us a blaze?  
Be so good as to light us up the hill!

WILL O' THE WISP

With respect, I hope I'll still be able,  
To keep my Natural light quite stable:  
We usually zig-zag here, at will.

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Ha, ha! He thinks to play the human game.  
Go straight along now, in the Devil's name!  
Or I'll blow out your flickering spark!

## WILL O' THE WISP

You're master of the house, I'll remark,  
And yes, I'll serve you willingly.  
But think! The mount is magically mad today,  
And if a will o' the wisp should lead the way,  
You mustn't judge things too precisely.

## FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, THE WILL O' THE WISP

(In alternating song.)

We it seems, now find ourselves.  
In the sphere of dreams and magic,  
Do us honour, guide us well  
So our journey will be quick,  
Through the wide, deserted spaces!  
Tree on tree now shift their places,  
See how fast they open to us  
And the cliffs bow down before us,  
And their long and rocky noses,  
How they whistle and blow, for us!  
Through the stones, and through the grasses,  
Stream and streamlet, downward, hurrying.  
Is that rustling? Is that singing?  
Do I hear sweet lovers' sighing,  
Heavenly days, is that their babbling?  
What we hope for, what we love!  
And the echoes, like the murmuring  
Of those other days, are ringing.

‘Too-wit! Too-woo!’ sounding nearer,  
Owl there, and jay, and plover,  
Are they all awake above?  
A salamander in the scrub, he’s  
Long of leg, and fat of belly!  
And every root like a snake,  
Over sand and rock all bent,  
Stretches with a strange intent,  
To scare us, of us prisoners make:  
From the gnarled and living mass,  
Stretching towards those who pass,  
Fibrous tentacles. And mice  
Multi-coloured, lemming-wise,  
In the moss and in the heather!  
And all the fire-flies glowing,  
Crushed together, tightly crowding,  
In their tangled cohorts gather.  
Tell me, are we standing still,  
Or are we climbing up the hill?  
All seems spinning like a mill,  
Rocks and trees, with angry faces  
Lights, now, wandering in spaces,  
Massing: swelling at their will.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Grasp me bravely by the coat-tail!  
Here’s a summit in the middle,  
Where, astonished you can see,  
Mammon glowing furiously.

FAUST

How strangely, through the hollow, glows



A sort of dull red morning light!  
Into the deepest gorge it flows,  
Scenting abysses in their night.  
There vapour rises: here cloud sweeps,  
Here the glow burns through the haze,  
Now like a fragile thread it creeps,  
Now like a coloured fountain plays.  
Here a vast length winds its way,  
In a hundred veins, down the vales,  
And here in a corner, locked away,  
All at once, now lonely, fails.  
Nearby the sparks pour down,  
Like showers of golden sand,  
But see! On all the heights around,  
The cliffs, now incandescent, stand.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Has Mammon not lit his palace  
Splendidly, for this festivity?  
It's fortunate you're here to see,  
I already sense the eager guests.

FAUST

How the wind roars through the air!  
And whips around my head!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Grasp the ancient stony bed,  
Lest you're thrown in the abyss, there.  
Mist dims the night to deepest black.  
Hear the forest timbers crack!  
The owls are flying off in terror.  
Hear, how the columns shatter,

In the vast, evergreen halls.  
Now the boughs groan and fall!  
All the tree-trunks are thrumming!  
All their roots are creaking, gaping!  
Sinking in a tangled horror,  
Crashing down on each other,  
And through the ruined gorges  
The wind howls and surges.  
Hear the voices on the heights?  
Far away, and then nearby?  
Yes, a furious magic song  
Sweeps the mountain, all along!  
WITCHES (In chorus.)  
To Brocken's tip the witches stream,  
The stubble's yellow, the seed is green.  
There the crowd of us will meet.  
Lord Urian has the highest seat.  
So they go, over stone and sticks,  
The stinking goat, the farting witch.  
A VOICE  
Old Baubo comes, alone, and how:  
She's riding on a mother-sow.  
CHORUS  
So honour then, where honour's due!  
Baubo, goes first! Then, all the crew!  
A tough old sow, a mother proud,  
Then follow, all the witches' crowd.  
A VOICE  
Which way did you come?  
A VOICE

By the Ilsen Stone!

I gazed at the owl in her nest alone.

What a pair of Eyes she made!

A VOICE

O, all you who to Hell's gate go!

Why ride there so quickly though?

A VOICE

She's driven me hard: oh, see,

The wounds, all over me!

WITCHES, CHORUS

The way is broad: the way is long.

Where is this mad yearning from?

The fork will prick, the broom will scratch,

The child will smother: the mother crack.

WIZARDS, HALF-CHORUS

Like snails in their shells, we're crawlers,

All the women are there before us.

At the House of Evil, when we're callers,

Woman's a thousand steps before us.

THE OTHER HALF

We don't measure with so much care,

In a thousand steps a Woman's there.

But make whatever speed she can,

A single leap, and there is Man.

A VOICE (From above.)

Come now: come now from stony mere!

A VOICE (From below.)

We'd like to climb the heights from here.

We're as bright and clean as ever,

But we're unfruitful still, forever.

BOTH CHORUSES

The wind is quiet: a star shoots by,  
The shadowy Moon departs the sky.  
The magic choir's a rush of sparks,  
Thousands shower through the dark.

A VOICE (From below.)

Halt! Halt!

A VOICE (From above.)

Who calls there, from the stony vault?

A VOICE (From below.)

Take me with you! Take me with you!  
Climbing for three hundred years,  
I haven't reached the summit yet,  
I long to be where my peers are met.

BOTH CHORUSES

Here's the broom: and here's the stick,  
The ram is here, the fork to prick.  
Tonight, whoever can't deliver  
There's a man is lost forever.

HALF-WITCHES (Below.)

I've stumbled round so long, down here:  
How far ahead the rest appear!  
I get no peace around the house,  
And get none either hereabouts.

WITCHES, CHORUS

An ointment makes the witches hale:  
A rag will do them for a sail,  
A trough's a goodly ship, and tight:  
He'll fly not who flies not tonight.

BOTH CHORUSES

And once we've soared around,  
So, alight then, on the ground,  
Cover the heather, far and wide,  
With your swarming witches' tide.

(They let themselves fall.)

MEPHISTOPHELES

They push and shove, they roar and clatter!

They whistle and whirl, jostle and chatter!

They glimmer and sparkle, stink and flare!

The genuine witch-element's there!

We'll soon be parted, so stay near!

Where are you?

FAUST (In the distance.)

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES

What! Nearly out of sight?

Then I'll have to use a master's right.

Ground! Sir Voland comes. Sweet folk, give ground!

Here, Doctor, hold tight! In a single bound,

Far from the crowd, we'll soon be free:

It's too much, even for the likes of me.

Something burned there with a special light,

In that thicket, as far then as I could see,

Come on! We can slip inside, all right.

FAUST

You spirit of contradiction! Go on! I follow you.

I think after all it's worked out quite cleverly:

We walk the Brocken on Walpurgis Night, yet we

Are as isolated now, as we ever could choose.

MEPHISTOPHELES

See now, what colours flare!

A lively mob club together there.

In little groups one's not alone.

FAUST

I'd still rather be higher, though!

I can see fire and whirling smoke.

There the crowd stream, to the Evil One:

There many a puzzle finds solution.

MEPHISTOPHELES

But many a puzzle's knotted so.

Let the whole world have its riot,

Here we'll house ourselves in quiet.

It's a long and well-established tradition,

From the great one makes a smaller edition.

I see young witches, naked, bare,

And old ones, veiled cunningly.

For my sake, be a little friendly.

The trouble's slight, the fun is rare.

I hear instruments being tuned, too!

A cursed din, you'll soon get used to.

Come, with me! There's no way otherwise,

I'll step ahead, lead you to their eyes,

And earn your fresh gratitude, so.

What say you? There's lots of room, my friend.

Look over there! You can't see its end.

A hundred fires burning, in a row,

They love, and drink, and dance, and chat,

Tell me where you'll find better than that?

FAUST

Will you, as we make our bow,

Play the devil, or wizard now?

MEPHISTOPHELES

To be sure I'm used to travelling incognito,  
But on formal occasions rank's allowed to show.

I've no Knight's garter to mark me out,  
But the cloven foot's honoured in this house.

Do you see how that snail there crawls to me:

With those delicate feelers on its head,

It's already scented me, you see,

I can't deny myself, if I wished.

Come! We'll go from fire to fire,

I'm the broker: you're the suitor.

(To some, sitting by dying embers.)

Old sirs, what do you sit at the edge for?

I'd praise you, in the middle, more,

Among the youthful buzz, and shout.

You're alone enough inside the house.

THE GENERAL

Who would trust the Nation!

One's toiled so long for it:

With the people, as with women,

Youth's always the best fit.

THE MINISTER

From every rule they've gone astray,

Me, I praise the good old days,

Then, truly, we were all the rage,

That was a real golden age.

THE NOUVEAU RICHE

We weren't so stupid, you'd have found,

And often did, what wasn't right:

But now it all turns round and round,  
Just as we'd like to grasp it tight.

AUTHOR

Who writes anything good these days,  
Or reads with moderate intelligence!  
And what the dear young folk all praise,  
I've never seen such stupid nonsense.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Suddenly looking old.)

I feel folk are ripe for Judgement Day,  
Of Witches' Mount, I've made my last ascent.  
And now my cask runs cloudy, anyway,  
The world itself is all as good as spent.

WITCH-MARKETEER

Gentlemen: don't pass me by!  
Don't lose the opportunity!  
Inspect my wares attentively,  
I've a selection for your eye.  
There's nothing on my stall, here,  
On Earth, it's equal you'll not find,  
That hasn't caused some harm somewhere,  
To the world itself, and then, mankind.  
No knife that isn't dyed in gore,  
No cup that, through some healthy body,  
Hot, gnawing venom hasn't poured,  
No gems that haven't bought some kindly  
Girl, no sword that's not cut ties that bind,  
Or, perhaps, struck an enemy from behind.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Granny! You misunderstand the age.  
What's gone: is done! What's done: is gone!



Get novelties they're all the rage!

Now it's novelties that lead us on.

FAUST

Don't let me lose myself in here!

Now, this is what I call a fair!

MEPHISTOPHELES

This whole whirlpool's trying to climb above,

You think you're shoving, and you're being shoved!

FAUST

Who is that, there?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Note that madam!

That's Lilith.

FAUST

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES

First wife to Adam.

Pay attention to her lovely hair,

The only adornment she need wear.

When she traps a young man in her snare,

She won't soon let him from her care.

FAUST

Those two, the old and young one, sitting,

They've leapt about more than is fitting!

MEPHISTOPHELES

No rest tonight for anyone.

Let's grasp them. There's a new dance, come!

FAUST (Dancing with the lovely young witch.)

A lovely dream once came to me,

And there I saw an apple-tree,

Two lovely apples, there, did shine,  
Tempting me so, I had to climb.

THE YOUNG WITCH

Apples you love a lot, I know,  
That once in Paradise did grow.  
I'm deeply moved with joy to feel,  
That such my garden does reveal.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Dancing with the old witch.)

A vile dream once came to me,  
In it, I saw an old cleft tree,  
A monstrous crack there met my eyes,  
It pleased me, though, despite its size.

THE OLD WITCH

I offer my best greetings to  
The knight of the cloven shoe!  
He'll need to have a real stopper,  
If he's not scared of that whopper.

A RATIONALIST (Nicolai)

Cursed Folk! How do you dare to?  
Haven't we shown, for many a season,  
Spirits can't exist: it stands to reason?  
Yet you dance around, just as we do!

THE LOVELY WITCH (Dancing.)

Why's he here then, at our ball?

FAUST (Dancing.)

Oh! He's everywhere, and into all.  
While others dance, he must reflect.  
If he can't discuss every last step,  
It's as good as if it didn't happen.  
He's angriest at a forward pattern.

But if you turn around in circles,  
As he does in his ancient mills,  
He'll call it excellent, least ways  
If you greet with interest what he says.

THE RATIONALIST

You're still there! Oh, it's quite unheard of.  
We're enlightened now, so take yourselves off!  
The Devil's crew's discounted by every rule:  
Yet though clever, still we're haunted, in Tegel, too.

THE YOUNG WITCH

Well listen: here we're bored with it!

THE RATIONALIST

I tell you, Spirit, to your face:  
For me, spirit-rule has no place:  
Because my spirit can't exercise it.  
The dance continues.

I see, tonight, I'll have no success:  
But I get a bit from every trip,  
And hope, before the final step,  
I'll defeat the devils and the poets.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now he'll sit in some wet sump,  
And console himself, like that, about you,  
And if he sticks leeches on his rump,  
He's cured of the Spirit, and Spirits, too.  
(To Faust, who has left the dance.)

Why have you deserted that lovely girl,  
Who sang so sweetly in the dancing?

FAUST

Ugh! Right in the middle of her singing

A red mouse sprang out of her mouth.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That's fine: don't brood on it, anyway:

Enough, that the mouse wasn't grey.

At harvest time who queries a mouse?

FAUST

Then I saw –

MEPHISTOPHELES

What?

FAUST

Mephisto, can you see

That lovely child, far off, alone there,

Travelling slowly, so painfully,

As if her feet were chained together.

I must admit, without question

She's the image of my sweet Gretchen.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Forget all that! It benefits no one.

It's a lifeless magic form, a phantom.

Encountering it will do you no good:

Its fixed stare freezes human blood,

And then one's almost turned to stone:

Medusa's story is surely known.

FAUST

Those are the eyes of the dead, truly,

No loving hand has closed their void.

That's the breast Gretchen offered to me:

That's the sweet body I enjoyed.

MEPHISTOPHELES

It's magic, fool: you're an easy one to move!

She comes to all, as if she were their love.

FAUST

What delight! What pain!

I can't turn from her, again.

Strange, around her lovely throat,

A single scarlet cord adorns her,

Like a knife-cut, and no wider!

MEPHISTOPHELES

That's right! I see it too: and note,

She can carry her head under her arm,

Since Perseus did her that fatal harm.

Always desire for that illusion!

Come on, climb this bit of mountain:

It's as lively as the Vienna Prater,

And if no one's deceiving me,

I'm looking at a genuine theatre.

You're showing?

SERVIBILIS

It'll be on again shortly.

A fresh performance: last of seven.

That number, for us, is traditional.

An amateur's written it, and then

It's amateurs who perform it all.

Forgive me, sir, if I break off here,

Since I'm the amateur curtain-raiser.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That I find you on the Blocksberg's good,

Since I find you exactly where I should.

## **PART I SCENE XXII: A WALPURGIS NIGHT'S DREAM**

Or, Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding

An Interlude (Intermezzo)

THEATRE MANAGER

You brave stagehands, of Weimar,

Take a rest, at least for today.

Ancient mountains, misty vales are,

All the scenery for our play.

HERALD

Fifty years we've passed by,

To make this wedding golden,

But let some argument arise:

There's gold in it, for me, then.

OBERON

Spirits, where I am, be seen:

Appear, all, at this moment:

Fairy King, and Fairy Queen,

Renew their old intent.

PUCK

Puck comes shooting through the air,

And moves his feet, in time:

After him a hundred, there,

Share his joyful rhyme.

ARIEL

Ariel conducts his singing

In pure and heavenly tones:

Ugly faces greet its ringing,

But also lovely ones.

OBERON

Partners if you'd get along,  
Learn then from the two of us!  
If we in pairs would love for long,  
Someone needs to separate us.

TITANIA

The sulky man, the wilful wife,  
So they might know each other,  
I'd show him all the Northern ice,  
And show her the Equator.

THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA (Tutti. Very loud.)

From fly-snout and midge-nose,  
And all of their relations,  
Frog and cricket, too, there flow  
These musical vibrations!

SOLO

See, the bagpipes on their way!  
Made from a soap-bubble.  
Hear the snail's-twaddle play  
Through its stumpy nozzle.

SPIRIT (Newly formed.)

Spider's-feet and toad's-belly,  
With useless winglets to 'em!  
A little creature, it can't be  
But it makes a little poem.

A TINY COUPLE

Little steps and high leaps,  
Through honeydew and fragrance here,  
You still won't do enough it seems,  
To climb into the atmosphere.

A CURIOUS TRAVELLER

A masquerade of mockery?

Do I dare to trust my eyes?

Oberon, that fair divinity,

Do I see him here, tonight?

THE ORTHODOX

He's no tail, and not a claw!

And yet it's him, it's true:

Like the gods of Greece, I'm sure,

He must be a devil too.

NORTHERN ARTIST

What I capture here today,

In truth is only sketchy:

Yet I prepare myself, someday

For my Italian journey.

PURIST

Ah! My bad luck brings me here:

Since I haven't been invited!

Of all the witches to appear,

Only two are powdered.

YOUNG WITCH

Powder like a petticoat

On an old, grey witch you'll see,

While I sit naked on my goat,

And show a fine young body.

MARRIED WOMAN

We have too much experience,

To moan about you, here, then!

Yet, as young and tender you are, once,

So, I hope you will be, rotten.

ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTOR



Fly-snout and midge-nose,

Don't swarm around the naked!

Frog and cricket, too, all know

Your time, and don't mistake it!

A WIND-VANE (Swinging to one side.)

Society, as one would like it done:

True pure brides along the slope!

And young fellows, one for one,

People quite brimful of hope!

A WIND-VANE (Swinging to the other side.)

And if the ground doesn't split,

And swallow everyone,

I'll be so amazed at it,

I'll leap into hell at once.

XENIES (Barbed verses: Greek – gifts exchanged.)

As insects we appear,

With little claws we're nipping,

To do Satan, our Papa,

Due honour as is fitting.

HENNINGS (August Von Hennings, a literary enemy.)

See them, packed in a crowd,

Naïve, together, poking fun!

At last, they'll even say, aloud,

Their hearts were blameless ones.

MUSAGETE (Controller of the Muses: Greek – epithet of Apollo)

Among this witches' crew,

I'd gladly lose my way:

They're easier to manage, too

Than Muses, any day.

FORMER 'GENIUS OF THE AGE'

One was someone,  
among real folk.

Come on, then: I can hold my end up!  
Like Germany's Parnassus, look,  
The Blocksberg's summit's broad enough.

CURIOUS TRAVELLER (Nicolai.)

Say, who's that haughty man?  
He walks with such proud steps.  
He sniffs as only a sniffer-out can.

'He smells out Jesuits.'

A CRANE (Lavater.)

I like to fish among the clear  
And the muddy levels:  
So the pious man appears  
Mixing with the devils.

A CHILD OF THIS WORLD (Goethe himself.)

To the pious man, as I'm aware,  
Every place is fitting,  
So you build, on the Blocksberg here,  
Many a house of meeting.

A DANCER

Does some new choir succeed?  
I hear a distant drum.  
'No! It's the booming in the reeds,  
Of bitterns, in unison.'

A DANCING MASTER

How they lift their legs, this lot!  
As best they can, they all take flight!  
The cripples skip, the clumsy hop,  
And don't care at all what they look like.

### A FIDDLE-PLAYER

The ragged mob all hate so much,  
They'd gladly crush the others.  
Here the bagpipe draws them, just  
As Orpheus' lyre the creatures.

### THE DOGMATIST

I won't declare it's madness, now,  
Or show myself too critical.  
The devil must exist somehow,  
Or how could we act the devil?

### THE IDEALIST

The fantasy in my mind,  
For once, is too despotic.  
Truly, if I am all, I find  
Today I'm idiotic!

### THE REALIST

Here's real pain, at hand,  
It annoys me so to see it:  
For the first time, here I stand,  
Unsteady, on my feet.

### A BELIEVER IN THE SUPERNATURAL

It's very pleasant to be here,  
And this crowd too has merit:  
Since from the devil I infer  
Some much more virtuous spirit.

### A SCEPTIC

These little flames a-hunting go,  
And think they're near the treasure:  
But Devil rhymes with doubtful: so  
My being here's a pleasure.

### ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTOR

Frog on leaf, and cricket, oh

You amateur editions!

Fly-snout and midge-nose,

Remember you're musicians!

### THE SKILFUL

Carefree, is what they call

This band of happy creatures:

When we can't go on foot at all

Our head it is that features.

### THE MALADROIT

We picked up many a titbit once,

But now, God orders things so,

Our shoes are ragged from the dance,

And we travel on naked soles.

### WILL-O'-THE-WISPS

From the swamps we've come,

Where we first arose:

In the ranks here, we, at once,

As glittering gallants pose.

### A SHOOTING STAR

I shoot here from the sky

And star and firelight meet.

Now across the grass I lie -

Who'll help me to my feet?

### THE HEAVY-FOOTED

Room, round about us, room!

We crush the grasses under.

Spirits come, and spirits too

Have their bulky members.

PUCK

Don't tread so heavily,  
Like elephantine calves: let  
Puck himself, the sturdy, be,  
On this night, the stoutest.

ARIEL

Loving nature winged your backs,  
You spirits, one supposes,  
Follow, then, on my light track,  
To the hill of roses!

ORCHESTRA (Quietly: pianissimo.)

Trailing cloud, and misted trees,  
Brighten with the day.  
Breeze in leaves, and wind in reeds,  
And all have flown away.

## **PART I SCENE XXIII: GLOOMY DAY**

A Field. Faust, Mephistopheles.

FAUST

In misery! Despair! Wandering wretchedly on the face of the earth, for ages, and now imprisoned! That kind, unfortunate creature, locked up in prison as a criminal, and lost in torment! To this! This! – Treacherous, worthless spirit, you hid it from me! – Stand there, then! Roll the devil's eyes in your head, in anger! Stand there, and defy me with your unbearable presence! Imprisoned! In irredeemable misery! Delivered up to evil spirits, and the judgement of unfeeling men! And you've troubled me meanwhile with tasteless diversions, concealed her growing misery from me, and left her helpless in the face of ruin!

MEPHISTOPHELES

She is not the first.

FAUST

Dog! Loathsome Monster! – Change him, infinite Spirit! Change the worm into his dog-form, in which he often liked to scamper in front of me, at night, rolling at the feet of the unsuspecting traveller, and clambering on his shoulders when he fell. Change him into his favourite likeness, so he can crawl on his belly in the sand in front of me, and I can trample him, depraved thing, under my feet! – ‘Not the first!’ – Misery! Misery! That no human spirit can grasp. That more than one being should sink into the depth of this wretchedness: that the first, writhing in its death-pangs, under the eyes of Eternal Forgiveness, did not expiate the guilt of all the others! It pierces to the marrow of my bones, the misery of this one being – and you smile calmly at the fate of thousands!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now we’re out of our wits again, already, at the point where men’s brains are cracked. Why did you enter into partnership with us, if you can’t go through with it? Would you take wing, and yet be free of dizziness? Did we thrust ourselves on you, or you on us?

FAUST

Don’t gnash your greedy jaws at me! It disgusts me! – Great and glorious Spirit, you who revealed yourself to me, nobly, who know my heart and soul, why shackle me to this disgraceful companion, who feeds on injury, and at the last on ruin?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Have you finished?

FAUST

Save her, or woe to you! May the weightiest curse fall on you for a thousand ages!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I can’t undo the bonds of the Avenger, nor loose his bolts. – ‘Save her!’ –

Who was it dragged her to ruin? I or you?

(Faust looks around, wildly).

Would you grasp the lightning? A good thing it has not been allowed you miserable mortals! To crush the innocent one who replies is the tyrant’s way to free oneself of an embarrassment.

FAUST

Take me to her! She shall be freed!

MEPHISTOPHELES

And the danger you expose yourself to? Be aware, the guilty blood from your hands lies on the town. Avenging spirits hover over the place of death, and lie in wait for the murderer's return.

FAUST

And not from yours, too? Murder, and death in this world, be on you, monster! Take me there, I say, and free her.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'll take you: listen to what I can do! Have I all the powers of heaven and earth? I'll confuse the jailor's mind: you take possession of the key, and bring her out, hand in human hand! I'll keep watch: magic horses are ready: I'll carry you away. That, I can do.

FAUST

Away!

#### **PART I SCENE XXIV: NIGHT**

An open field. Faust and Mephistopheles flying onwards on black horses.

FAUST

What do they weave, round the Ravenstone?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I don't know what

They're cooking and brewing.

FAUST

Soaring up, diving down, bending and bowing.

MEPHISTOPHELES

A guild of witches.

FAUST

They scatter, they consecrate.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Away! Away!

## PART I SCENE XXV: A DUNGEON

Faust, with a bunch of keys and a lamp, in front of an iron door.

FAUST

A long-forgotten shudder grips me,  
I'm gripped by all of Mankind's misery,  
Here behind these damp walls, she  
Lives: and all her guilt's illusory.  
Do I tremble, then, to free her!  
Do I dread, once more, to see her!  
On! Fear adds to death's proximity.

(He grips the lock. She sings within.)

My mother, the whore

She killed me!

My father, the rogue,

He gnawed me!

Little sister alone

Laid out the bone

In the cool of the clay:

Then I was a sweet bird on the stone.

Fly away! Fly away!

FAUST (Unlocking the door.)

She doesn't know her lover's listening,

Hears the chains, the straw's rustling.

(He enters.)

MARGARET (Hiding herself in the bed of straw.)

Woe! Woe! It comes. Bitterest Death!

FAUST (Whispering.)



Hush! Hush! It's I who come, to free you.

MARGARET (Throwing herself down in front of him.)

Are you a man? Then pity my distress.

FAUST

Your cries will wake the jailors, too!

(He grasps the chains, to loose them.)

MARGARET (On her knees.)

Who gives the executioner

Such power over me!

At midnight you're already here.

Let me live, have mercy on me!

Won't it be soon enough when dawn should come?

(She stands up.)

I'm still so young, so young!

And yet I'll die!

I was lovely too, that was my

Ruin. My love was near, now he's gone:

The garland's torn: the flowers are done.

Don't grip me, now, so violently!

What harm have I done you? Spare me!

Don't let me beg for mercy, in vain,

I've never seen you before today!

FAUST

How shall I endure this misery, say!

MARGARET

I'm wholly in your power. Oh,

Let me feed my baby first.

I caressed it all night, though,

They told me I caused it hurt,

And now they say I killed it, so,

And now I'll never be happy again.  
They sing songs of me! It's wicked of folk!  
There's an old story ends this way,  
Who told them to tell it so?

FAUST (Falling on his knees.)

A lover lies at your feet,  
Who'll end your painful slavery.

MARGARET (Throwing herself down next to him.)

O let's kneel, the saints will bless!

See here! Under these steps,

Under this sill,

Seethes Hell!

The Evil One

With fierce anger,

Makes his groan!

FAUST (Aloud.)

Gretchen! Gretchen!

MARGARET (Listening closely.)

The voice of my lover!

(She leaps to her feet: the chains fall away.)

Where? I heard him call me.

I'm free! No one holds me.

To his neck, I shall fly,

On his breast, I shall lie!

He called Gretchen! Stood at the sill.

Among the howls and cries of Hell,

Among the devil's, scornful groans,

I knew his sweet, dear tones.

FAUST

I'm here!

MARGARET

Here! O, say it once again!

(She embraces him.)

It's he! It's he! Where now is all the pain?

Where now the chains, the dungeon's misery?

You're here! You come to save me.

I am saved!

Already the street is there again,

Where I first saw you plain,

And the joyful garden,

Where Martha and I waited, then.

FAUST (Struggling to move.)

Come with me! Come!

MARGARET (Caressing him.)

O stay,

I'll gladly stay, if you are with me.

FAUST

Away!

If you don't hurry,

We'll pay for this.

MARGARET

What? You can no longer kiss?

My dear, so short a time to miss me,

And you've forgotten how to kiss me?

Why am I so anxious on your breast?

When, once, at your words, your gaze,

With a whole heaven I was blessed,

And you kissed me, enough to suffocate.

Kiss me!

I kiss you: see!

(She embraces him.)

Oh! How cold and silent,

Your lips.

Where has your passion

Gone?

Who brought me this?

(She turns away from him.)

FAUST

Come! Follow me! Darling, be bold!

I'll clasp you with a thousand-fold

Warmth: now follow me! I beg you!

MARGARET (Turning to him.)

And is it you? Is it really you?

FAUST

It is! Come, with me!

MARGARET

You'll loose the chains,

And take me to your breast, again.

How is it you don't shrink from me?

Do you know, friend, whom you free?

FAUST

Come! Come! The night will soon be over.

MARGARET

I've killed my mother,

I've drowned my child.

Was it not given to you and I?

You too. - You here! I scarce believe.

Give me your hand! This is no dream.

Your dear hand! - Ah, but it's damp!

Wipe it clean! Why do I think,

It has blood on.

Ah God! What have you done?

Put your sword away,

I beg you, please!

FAUST

Let past be past I say!

You're destroying me!

MARGARET

No you must live on: must do.

I'll describe our graves to you.

You must begin them

This very dawn:

The best one is for my mother,

Then, by her, my brother,

Myself, a little further, lay,

But not too far away!

And the little one, at my right breast.

No one else by me will lie! –

Ah, to nestle at your side,

That was a sweet, a darling bliss!

But no more will I achieve it:

It's as if I must force you to it,

As if you turn aside my kiss:

And yet it's you, so good, so sweet to see!

FAUST

You know it is, so come with me!

MARGARET

Out there?

FAUST

To Freedom.

MARGARET

If the grave is there,  
Death waiting, then I come!  
From here to everlasting rest,  
And not a step further would  
You go now? O Heinrich, if I could!

FAUST

You can! Just will it! The door is open!

MARGARET

I dare not: there's no hope for me then.  
What use is flight? They lie in wait for me.  
To be forced to beg is a bitter existence,  
And cursed too with an evil conscience!  
To wander among strangers, bitter,  
And even then I'd still be captured!

FAUST

I'll stay beside you.

MARGARET

Quickly! Quickly!  
Save my poor baby!  
Away! Down the ridge,  
Now, by the brook,  
Over the bridge,  
Into the wood,  
Left, where the plank is,  
There, in the pool.  
Seize it now: you!  
It's trying to rise,  
It's moving still!  
Save it! Save it!

FAUST

Be sensible!

Only one step, and then you're free!

MARGARET

If we were on the mountain, only!

There my mother sits, on a stone,

And oh, the cold, it grips me!

There my mother sits on a stone,

And wags her head, so heavy.

No sign, no nod, for me, I'm sure

Her sleep's so long: she'll wake no more.

She slept, while we took our pleasure.

That was such a time to treasure!

FAUST

Here all's useless, speech or prayer:

I'll take you from this place: I'll dare.

MARGARET

Let me alone! No, no force!

Don't grip me so murderously, oh,

I've done all else to please you so.

FAUST

The day breaks! Dearest! Dearest!

MARGARET

Day! Yes, it's dawn! The last I'll see:

My wedding day, that was to be!

Tell no one you've been with Gretchen. Ah, bright glance!

It's done with: all in vain!

We two will meet again:

But not in the dance.

The crowd gather, without speech.

The streets, the square,  
Can't hold them, there.  
The bell tolls, the wand breaks.  
Now, they seize and tie me!  
I'm dragged already to the block.  
The blade that quivers over me,  
Has quivered before over every neck.  
Silent the world, now, as the grave!

FAUST

Oh, would that I'd never seen the light!  
MEPHISTOPHELES (Appears outside.)  
Away! Or you'll be lost, tonight.  
Useless staying and praying! Chattering!

The horses are shivering,  
The dawn breaks, clear.

MARGARET

What rises in the doorway, here?  
Him! Him! Send him away!  
Why is he here in this holy place?  
He wants me!

FAUST

You will live!

MARGARET

God of Judgement! To you, myself I give!

MEPHISTOPHELES (To Faust.)

Come! Now! Or I leave you both to stew.

MARGARET

Father, save me! I belong to you!

Angels! In Holy Company,

Draw round me: guard me!



Heinrich! For you, I fear.

MEPHISTOPHELES

She is judged!

A VOICE (From above.)

She is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES (To Faust.)

To me, here!

(He vanishes, with Faust.)

A VOICE

(From within, dying away.)

Heinrich! Heinrich!

# **Faust II**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

## **PART II ACT I SCENE I: A PLEASANT LANDSCAPE**

Faust is lying on flowery turf, tired and restless, trying to sleep. A circle of tiny, graceful spirits hovers round him.

ARIEL (Chanting, accompanied by Aeolian Harps.)

When the springtime blossoms, falling,

Shower down, and cover all things,

When the fields with greener blessing

Dazzle all the world of earthlings,

Little elves, but great in spirit,

Haste to help, where help they can,

And, be he holy, be he wicked,

Pity they the luckless man.

You, hovering in airy circles, round his head

Show yourselves in proud elf-form, instead,

Calm all the fierce resistance of his heart,

Remove the bitter barbs of sharp remorse,

Free him from past terrors, by your art.

Four are the watches night makes in its course,

At once, now, mercifully, let the dark depart.

Let his head sink down on pillow's coolness,

Next sprinkle him with dew from Lethe's stream:

Then let his joints be free of cramps and stiffness,

So that he's strong enough to greet day's gleam:

Elves exert your sweetest right,

Return him to the holy light!

CHOIR (Singly, and two or more, alternately and together.)

When the balmy breezes smother

All the green-encircled land,

Sweetly fragrant and mist-covered,  
Twilight gathers all around.  
Sweet peace then whispers softly,  
Rocks the heart on childhood's shores,  
And on the eyelids, tired and weary,  
Closes daylight's golden doors.  
Here the night's already passing,  
Sacred stars set, star by star,  
Great lights, and the lesser glittering,  
Sparkling near, and gleaming far:  
Sparkling, where the lake reflects her,  
Gleaming bright in cloudless height,  
Protecting the deep bliss of rest, there,  
Moon, in splendour, rules the night.  
The hours have vanished now, already  
Joy and pain have flown away,  
You are whole! Recover, wholly:  
Trust the sight of breaking day.  
Greening valleys, swelling hills there,  
Rise from out their shadowy sleep:  
And, drifting in its waves of silver,  
On to harvest, flows the wheat.  
Wish then, to achieve your wishes,  
Gaze up, at the brightness there!  
You are lightly tangled: this is  
Sleep, a shell, so now emerge!  
Don't delay, walk bravely, tall,  
When the crowd waits, hesitating:  
The noblest man achieves his all,  
By seeing, and then, swiftly, taking.

ARIEL

Listen! Hear the hour nearing!  
Ringing out to spirit-hearing,  
Now, the new day is appearing.  
Doors of stone creak and chatter,  
Phoebus' wheels roll and clatter,  
What a din the daylight's bringing!  
Trombone- and trumpeting,  
Eyes amazed, and ears ringing,  
The Unheard drops out of hearing.  
Slip into the flowers presence,  
Deeper, deeper, lie there silent,  
In the pebbles, where the leaves bend:  
If it strikes you, you'll be deafened.

FAUST

Life's pulses beating now, with new existence,  
Greet the mild ethereal half-light round me:  
You, Earth, stood firm tonight, as well: I sense  
Your breath is quickening all the things about me,  
Already, with that joy you give, beginning  
To stir the strengthening resolution in me,  
That strives, forever, towards highest Being. –  
Now the world unfolds, in half-light's gleam,  
The wood's alive, its thousand harmonies singing,  
While through the valleys, misted ribbons stream:  
And heavenly light now penetrates the deep:  
Twigs, branches shoot, with fresher life it seems,  
From fragrant gulfs, where they were sunk in sleep:  
Colour on colour lifts now from the ground,  
As leaf and flower with trembling dewdrops weep –

And a paradise reveals itself, all round.  
Gaze upwards! – The vast mountain heights  
Already with the solemn hour resound:  
They are the first to enjoy the eternal light  
That later, for us, will work its way below.  
Now, to the sloping Alpine meadows bright,  
It gives a fresh clarity, a newer glow,  
And step by step it reaches us down here: –  
It blazes out! – Ah, already blinded, though  
I turn away, my eyesight wounded, pierced.  
So it is, when to the thing we yearn for  
The highest wish so intimately rehearsed,  
We find fulfilment opening wide the door:  
And then, from eternal space, there breaks  
A flood of flame, we stand amazed before:  
We wished to set the torch of life ablaze,  
A sea of fire consumes us, and such fire!  
Love, is it, then? Or hate? This fierce embrace,  
The joy and pain of alternating pyres,  
So that, gazing back to earth again,  
We seek to veil ourselves in youth's desire.  
Let the sun shine on, behind me, then!  
The waterfall that splits the cliffs' broad edge,  
I gaze at with a growing pleasure, when  
A thousand torrents plunge from ledge to ledge,  
And still a thousand more pour down that stair,  
Spraying the bright foam skywards from their beds.  
And in lone splendour, through the tumult there,  
The rainbow's arch of colour, bending brightly,  
Is clearly marked, and then dissolved in air,

Around it the cool showers, falling lightly.  
There the efforts of mankind they mirror.  
Reflect on it, you'll understand precisely:  
We live our life amongst refracted colour.

**PART II ACT I SCENE II: THE EMPEROR'S CASTLE: THE  
THRONE ROOM**

A council of state waits for the Emperor. Trumpets. Enter court attendants of all kinds, splendidly dressed. The Emperor approaches the throne: the Astrologer is to his right.

THE EMPEROR

I greet you all, the loved, and true,  
Gathered here from far and wide: -  
I see a wise man's at my side,  
But where on earth's the fool?

ATTENDANT

Right behind your mantle there,  
He suddenly tumbled on the stair,  
They dragged away the pile of fat.  
Dead: or drunk? No man knows that.

A SECOND ATTENDANT

At once, and at a wondrous pace,  
Another came to take his place.  
Quite extravagantly dressed,  
Yet troubling, since he's so grotesque:  
Guards closed the door in his face,  
Their halberds held crosswise too –  
Yet here he comes, the daring fool!

MEPHISTOPHELES (Kneeling in front of the throne.)

What is cursed, and yet is welcomed?  
What's desired, yet chased away?  
What's always carefully defended?  
What's abused: condemned, I say?  
What do you not dare appeal to?  
What will all, happily, hear named?  
What stands on the step before you?  
What's banished from here, all the same?

#### THE EMPEROR

For once, at least, spare us your babble!  
This is no time or place for riddles,  
They're a matter for these gentlemen. –  
Solve it! I'll gladly hear it all again.  
I fear my old fool's wandered far in space:  
Come to my side, here, and take his place.  
Mephistopheles places himself on the Emperor's left.

#### MURMURS FROM THE CROWD

A newer fool – for newer cares –  
Where's he from? – How'd he get there? –  
The old one fell – He's all done in –  
He was fat – Now this one's thin –

#### THE EMPEROR

So now, my faithful and beloved,  
Welcome here from near and far!  
We meet beneath a lucky star,  
Since health and luck are written above.  
But tell me, why in days like these,  
When we've conquered care,  
And carnival masks are all our wear,  
And delightful things are waiting,



We trouble ourselves with debating?

Yet since you say we have to do it,

It's settled then, and we'll go to it.

THE CHANCELLOR

The highest virtue, like a sacred halo

Circles the Emperor's head: and so

He alone may validly exercise it:

Justice! – All men love and prize it,

What all ask, yet wish they could do without,

The people look to him to hand it out.

But ah! What help can human wit deliver,

Or kindly heart, or willing hand, if fever

Rages wildly through the state, and evil

Itself is broodingly preparing evil?

Look about, from this height's extreme,

Across the realm: it seems like some bad dream,

Where one deformity acts on another,

Where lawlessness by law is furthered,

And an age of crime is discovered.

Here one steals cattle, there, a wife,

Cross, cup and candlestick, from the altar,

And boasts of it for many a year,

His skin's intact, and so's his life.

Then they take their claims to court

The judge, in pomp, on his high cushion,

Meanwhile there grows a furious roar,

From swelling tides of revolution.

They insist it's crime and disgrace,

With their accomplices beside them,

And 'Guilty!' is the verdict in a case,

Only where Innocence is its own defence.

So all the world will slash and chop,

Destroying just what suits themselves:

How then can that true sense develop

That shows the morally acceptable?

At last the well-intentioned man

Yields to the bribe, the flatterer:

And the judge who can't convict, is hand

In hand with the criminal offender.

I've painted in black, but I'd rather draw

Its image in the deeper colour that I saw.

(Pause)

The conclusion's inescapable:

If all men suffer when all cause trouble,

Then His Majesty himself is harmed.

THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF

How riotous things are in this wild age!

They all lash out, and are lashed, these days,

And everyone is deaf to all command.

The citizen behind his wall,

The knight in his cliff-top tower,

Have sworn to defy us all,

And hold fast to their power.

The impatient mercenaries

Impetuously demand their pay,

And if we owed them less, already

They'd be off, and march away.

If one forbids what all desire,

He's disturbed a hornet's nest:

The kingdom, they should keep entire,

Is plundered, and distressed.

They'd like to wreak a wild disorder,

Half the world has been dissolved:

There are still kings beyond our border,

But none of them think they're involved.

THE TREASURER

In allies, then, who'd put their trust!

The subsidies they promised us,

Like water pipes are all blocked up.

And, Sire, in all your wide estate,

Who's benefited from the take?

Wherever you go, there's some new pup,

Who declares his independence.

We watch, while they carry on:

We've given away our rights, and hence,

No rights are left for us, not one.

Our parties too, however called,

Can't be depended on today:

They like to praise, and blame: it's all

Impartial both their love and hate.

They're resting: they take cover,

The Ghibelline, and Guelph.

Now, who'll help his neighbour?

Each man just helps himself.

The golden doors are fastened tight,

Men scrape and scratch and glean, all right,

But our coffers still are empty.

THE STEWARD

What evils, too, I must endure!

We try to save each day, I'm sure,

But every day sees greater need:  
So, daily, some new torment's mine.  
The cooks, alas, have all they want:  
Boar, pheasant, hare and venison,  
Ducks and peacocks, chickens, geese,  
Payment in kind, and guaranteed,  
They keep coming all the time,  
But in the end we're short of wine.  
Though cask on cask once filled the cellar,  
The best of vintages, and names, there,  
These noble lords can drink forever,  
And haven't left a single drop.  
The council too must have their fill,  
They grasp their tankards tight until,  
Under the table, they have to stop.  
Now I'll count the cost, you'll see,  
The moneylenders won't spare me,  
The advances that they give gladly,  
Will eat the future years, on top.  
Pigs don't have time to fatten: instead  
Men seize the pillows from your bed,  
Even the bread from your table's gone.  
THE EMPEROR (After reflection, to Mephistopheles.)  
Fool, do you know anything else that's wrong?  
MEPHISTOPHELES  
Me? Nothing at all! I see splendour, as I must,  
Around me, of you and yours! – Lack trust,  
Where Majesty commands so, without question,  
Where ready force scatters the enemy faction?  
Where strong wills, with wit to understand,

Active and various, are all at hand?  
What, for some evil purpose, could combine,  
For darkness, then, where such stars shine?

#### MURMURS

Here's a rogue – who understands –  
He'll tell lies – as long as he can –  
I wonder too – what lies behind –  
And what's in front? – A project of some kind –

#### MEPHISTOPHELES

In this world,  
What isn't lacking, somewhere, though?  
Sometimes it's this, or that: here what's missing's gold.  
True you can't just rake it up from the floor,  
But wisdom knows the mines where one gets more.  
In mountain veins, foundation walls,  
Coined and un-coined golden hoards,  
And ask me, now, who'll bring it to the light:  
One gifted with Mind's power and Nature's might.

#### THE CHANCELLOR

Mind and Nature – don't speak to Christians so.  
That's why men burn atheists, below,  
Such speech is dangerous, all right,  
Nature is sin, and Mind's the devil,  
It harbours within it, Doubt, that evil,  
Their misshapen hermaphrodite.  
Not so with us! – In the Emperor's land  
Two kinds of men are still at hand  
Worthy alone to defend the throne:  
The Saints are they, and the Knights:  
They enter life's uncertain fights,

Rewards of Church and State they own:

Firm in their resistance, check

The confused aims of everyman.

No, Nature and Mind are heretics!

Wizards! Ruining town and land.

And you, with brazen impudence still

Invoke them here in this high circle:

You're fostering the corrupted will,

Fools are always hand in hand.

MEPHISTOPHELES

By this I recognise a most learned lord!

What you can't feel lies miles abroad,

What you can't grasp, you think, is done with too.

What you don't count on can't be true,

What you can't weigh won't weigh, of old,

What you don't coin: that can't be gold.

THE EMPEROR

You won't sort out our faults like that,

Will Lenten sermons make men fat?

I'm tired of the eternal 'if and when':

We're short of gold, well fine, so fetch some then.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'll fetch what you wish, and I'll fetch more:

Easy it's true, but then easy things weigh more:

It's there already, yet how we might achieve it,

That's the tricky thing, knowing how to seize it.

Just think how, in those times of consternation,

When a human flood drowned land and nation,

People were so terrified, everywhere,

They hid their treasures, here and there.

So it was when mighty Rome held sway,  
And so it goes on, yesterday and today.  
Still buried in the earth, why, there it is:

The earth is the Emperor's, so it's his.

THE TREASURER

For a Fool his aim's not out of sight:  
It's true, that's an old Imperial right.

THE CHANCELLOR

Satan lays out his gilded nets, for you,  
These things don't square with what's good and true.

THE STEWARD

Only bring them to court: I'll welcome the sight,  
And I'll gladly accept the thing as not quite right.

THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF

The Fool's clever,  
To promise what each of us needs:  
A soldier will never ask from whence it all proceeds.

MEPHISTOPHELES

If you think I'm cheating you, maybe,  
Why here's the man: ask Astrology!  
He knows each circling hour and house:  
So ask him: how are the Heavens now?

MURMURS

Two rogues, there – already known –  
Fool and Dreamer – so near the throne –  
An idle song – an ancient rhyme –  
The Fool plays – the Wise Man speaks, in time –

THE ASTROLOGER (Speaks, with Mephistopheles prompting him.)

The Sun, himself, he is of purest gold:  
Mercury, messenger, of riches told:

Venus has bewitched you all, and she  
Looks on you, soon and late, quite lovingly:  
The chaste Moon's mood holds fast:  
Mars won't harm: his strength won't last:  
And Jupiter remains the loveliest sight:  
While Saturn's great, but far away and slight.  
His metal we don't greatly venerate,  
Light of worth, though leaden in its weight.  
Yes! When Sun and Moon are conjoined fine,  
Silver and gold will make the whole world shine:  
The rest as well in turn are all achieved,  
Palaces, gardens proud, and rosy cheeks:  
All this he brings this highly knowledgeable man:  
He can deliver, too, what nobody else here can.

#### THE EMPEROR

The words they say, I hear them twice,  
And yet I'm not convinced they're right.

#### MURMURS

What's all that? - A joke gone flat -  
Horoscopy - And Chemistry -  
I've heard that vein - Hoped in vain -  
Come, quick - It's still a trick -

#### MEPHISTOPHELES

They stand around: they're all amazed,  
They don't trust what can be found,  
One babbles about deadly nightshade,  
The other of some jet-black hound.  
What matter if one thinks I'm jesting,  
Or another calls it sorcery,  
If the soles of their feet are itching,



If their firm step totters towards me.  
All can feel the secret working  
Of Nature's everlasting power,  
And from its deepest lurking,  
A living vein shall rise and flower.  
When every member twitches,  
When all looks strange to your eyes,  
Make up your minds, be delvers,  
Here the players, there the prize!

#### MURMURS

It's like a lead-weight on my feet –  
My arm's swollen – but then, it's gouty –  
There's a tickle here in my big toe –  
All the way down my back it goes –  
From these signs, I'd say we're near  
A rich vein of treasure, here.

#### THE EMPEROR

Quick then! Don't slope off there!  
Let's test your froth of lies,  
Show us, all, this rarest prize.  
I'll lay down the sword and sceptre,  
With my own noble hands, as well,  
If you don't lie, complete the work myself,  
And, if you lie, then send you down to Hell!

#### MEPHISTOPHELES

I'll find the way there anyway –  
Yet I really can't exaggerate  
What's lying round ownerless, everywhere.  
The farmer, ploughing the furrows, lays bare  
A crock of gold the clods unfold:

Seeks saltpetre from damp limy walls,  
And finds there golden rolls of gold,  
In his poor hands: frightened by all.  
What caverns exist to be blown open,  
Through what shafts and cuttings then,  
Burrow those gold-divining men,  
Those neighbours of the Underworld!  
Secure in vast ancient cellars, find,  
Golden plates, bowls, cups for wine,  
In rows, and heaps where they were hurled:  
Goblets fashioned out of rubies,  
And if they wants to try their uses,  
Beside them there's the ancient fluid.  
Yet – I would trust the expert though –  
The wooden casks rotted long ago,  
The wine makes tartar, in the liquid.  
Not just gold, and jewels, fine  
But the essence then of noble wine  
Terror hides, and night, as stark.  
So quiz the wise untiringly:  
It's trivial, by day, to see:  
Mystery: houses in the dark.

THE EMPEROR

See to it then! What use is it out of sight?  
Whatever's valuable must see the light.  
Who knows a rogue for certain but by day?  
At night all cows are black, and cats are grey.  
The pots down there, full of golden weight –  
Drive your plough, and, ploughing, excavate.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Take hoe and spade: and dig yourself,  
Labouring will make you great,  
A herd of golden calves, you'll help  
To rise from out their buried state.  
Then with delight, without delay,  
You can, yourself, your love array:  
Glittering colours, shining gems, will best  
Enhance your majesty, and her loveliness.

THE EMPEROR

Quick then, quick! How slow it always is!

THE ASTROLOGER (Prompted by Mephistopheles.)

Sire, restrain your urgent passion, please.  
First let all your pleasant pastimes go:  
Distracted natures won't achieve the goal.  
First we must atone for them in quiet,  
Lower things are gained by the higher.  
Who wants the good, must first be good:  
Who wants delight, must calm the blood:  
Who longs for wine, treads ripened grapes:  
Who hopes for miracles, strengthens then his faith.

THE EMPEROR

So let the time be passed in merriment!  
Ash Wednesday will achieve our grave intent.  
And we can celebrate, wild Carnival,  
More riotously, meanwhile, after all.  
(They exit to the sound of trumpets.)

MEPHISTOPHELES

How merit and luck are linked together  
These fools can't see, no, not a one:  
If they'd the Philosopher's Stone, as ever,

There'd lack a philosopher for the stone.

**PART II ACT I SCENE III: A SPACIOUS HALL WITH ADJOINING  
ROOMS**

Arranged and decorated for a Carnival Masque.

HERALD

In our German lands, fear no evil,  
Dance of Death or Fool, or Devil:  
There's a cheerful feast, here: wait.  
Our Sire, on his Roman travels,  
Has, for his profit, and our revels,  
Crossed the highest Alpine levels,  
And gained himself a happier State.  
The Emperor kissed the holy slipper,  
First, won sovereign rights, and as,  
He was gifted with the crown, there,  
Accepted a fool's cap, for us.  
We're all newly born, now:  
Every sophisticated man,  
Pulls it snug over ears and brow:  
He seems a poor fool, but he'll vow  
To wear it wisely as he can.  
I see they're gathering already,  
Hesitant alone, or paired off intimately:  
Chorus on chorus pushing through.  
In, and out, quite undeterred:  
And end up where they were before, too.  
With its hundred thousand scenes of the absurd,  
The World itself is just one giant Fool.

FLOWER GIRLS (Singing, accompanied by mandolins.)

Dressed to win your praises,  
We are here tonight,  
Young Florentine ladies,  
At the German Court of light.  
Many a bright flower we wear  
To adorn our tawny hair:  
Silken threads, silken gear,  
They play their own part here.  
Then our position's well deserved, oh,  
Worth your praise, without a doubt,  
Our shining-flowers, by hand we sew,  
So they bloom year in, year out.  
All kinds of coloured snippets,  
Placed with perfect symmetry:  
You might mock us bit by bit, yes,  
But the whole attracts you see.  
We are pretty things to look on,  
Flower Girls, and very smart:  
Then, the temperament of Woman  
Is so very close to Art.

HERALD

Let's see those trays of flowers  
That you carry on your heads,  
That paint your arms with colours:  
What each likes, let her select.  
Quick: in walks and branches  
What a garden we will share!  
They are fit to crowd around us,  
Flower sellers and their wares.

## FLOWER GIRLS

Haggle in this cheerful place,  
But seek no market here!  
At a quick and witty pace,  
Let all know what you bear.

## AN OLIVE-BRANCH WITH OLIVES

I don't envy flowery ones,  
Every kind of strife I shun:  
It's unnatural, to me:  
So I am the sign of nations,  
And I seal their obligations,  
Mark of peace in any field.  
I hope I'm worth good luck today:  
Some lovely head I might array.

## A GARLAND OF WHEAT-EARS (Golden)

Ceres gift, for you to wear,  
Charming, sweet, we were all sent:  
The most desired of uses, here  
As your beautiful adornment.

## A FANCY GARLAND

Like a mallow, bright with colour,  
A marvellous flower grew from the moss!  
Never known before to Nature,  
Yet Fashion brought it us.

## A FANCY BOUQUET

My name's for you to know,  
Theophrastus couldn't tell you though:  
Yet I hope, if not all do,  
Many of us will still please you,  
She, I'd like, most to possess us,

Who might twine us in her tresses:  
Or if she should so decide,  
Set beside her heart, I'd ride.

#### ROSEBUDS

Many-coloured fancies may  
Form the fashion of the day,  
Strange and curious of shape,  
Such as Nature never made:  
Stalks of green and bells of gold,  
Show in tresses all untold! –  
Yet we – remain here, covered up:  
Lucky those who first discover us.  
When the summer is proclaimed,  
Then the rosebuds are in flame,  
Who would do without such pleasures?  
Promises, and yielded treasures,  
That, in the flowery kingdom, rule,  
Mind and heart and glances, too.

(The Flower Girls garland themselves, and show their wares, gracefully, in the green leafy arcades).

#### THE GARDENERS (Singing, accompanied by lutes.)

See the flowers quietly growing,  
On your brows, sweetly amuse you,  
And their fruit will not seduce you,  
One may taste delight in knowing.  
Sunburned faces offer up,  
Peaches, plums, and cherries, yet.  
Buy! Against the tongue and palate,  
The eye is the worst way to judge.  
Come, of all this ripest fruit,

Eat with taste, and delight!  
Poems on roses might still suit,  
But on the apple man must bite.  
So then let us join with their  
Flowering youth itself,  
And we'll dress our riper wares  
In our neighbour's wealth.  
Dressed in cheerful garlands, there,  
Along this jewelled leafy route,  
All things can be found together,  
Buds and leaves, and flowers and fruit.

(Both choruses set out their goods on the flight of steps, with alternating song accompanied by the lutes and mandolins, and offer their wares to the spectators).

A MOTHER (With her daughter.)  
Child, when you came to light,  
I dressed you in your little hat:  
Your face was so sweet and bright,  
And your body was soft, at that.  
I thought you'd soon be a bride,  
To the wealthiest of men allied,  
I thought you'd find a match.  
Ah! Now already many a year  
Has flown by, uselessly,  
The motley crowd of suitors here,  
Pass you quickly by, I see:  
With him you danced a lively dance,  
Gave that other a knowing glance  
With your elbow, sharply.  
I've thought about the many feasts



We went to, all in vain,  
Forfeits, and Hide and Seek,  
Couldn't help, that's plain:  
Today the fools are out the trap,  
Darling, open then your lap,  
There's someone you can gain.

Other young and lovely girls join the Flower Girls, and they gossip together. Fishermen and bird-catchers with fishing rods, nests, limed twigs and other implements appear, and scatter themselves among the girls. Mutual attempts to win over, catch, escape and embrace, allow the most agreeable conversation.

WOOD-CUTTERS (Entering, loudly and boisterously.)

Make way! Stand back!

We must be free,

We fell the trees,

They crash, and smash:

And when we pass,

Expect a smack.

To give us praise

Consider this:

If coarser ways,

Weren't in this land,

How'd the finest,

Have means to stand,

Despite they're jesting?

So learn our meaning!

For you'd be freezing,

If we weren't sweating.

PULCINELLI

You're fools, a troop,

That's born to stoop.

We're the wise,  
We see through lies:  
And then our bags  
Our caps and rags,  
Are light to wear:  
And free from care,  
We're always idle,  
Slippered, we sidle,  
Through market crowds,  
Slithering about,  
Standing to gaze,  
And croak, amazed:  
And at that sound,  
Through heaving mounds,  
Eel-like slipping,  
Lightly skipping,  
We romp together.  
Praise us ever,  
Or scold us so,  
We let both go.

THE PARASITICAL (Fawning, and lustful.)

You brave woodsmen,  
And your next of kin,  
The charcoal-burners,  
You're the men for us.  
Since all the stooping,  
The ready nodding,  
The winding phrase,  
That plays both ways,  
That warms or chills,

Just as one feels,  
What profit is it then?  
The mighty fire  
From heaven or higher,  
Might come in vain  
Without logs again,  
And coal heaps there,  
To light the oven  
And make it glare.  
It roasts and steams,  
It boils and teems.  
The finger-picker,  
The plate-licker,  
He sniffs the fry,  
Suspects the fish:  
Rules, by and by,  
The patron's dish.  
A DRUNK (Confused.)  
Nothing seems bad to me today!  
I feel so frank, and free:  
New joys, and happy songs, I say.  
I brought them both with me!  
So let's drink! Drink, and drink!  
Drink up, you! Clink, and clink!  
You behind me, come around!  
Drink it up, and send it down.  
My wife was so outraged, she screamed,  
When I turned up, dressed so funny,  
However much I boasted, she  
Kept calling me a tailor's dummy.

So I drink! Drink, and drink!  
Clink the tankards! Clink, and clink!  
Tailor's dummy: swill it round!  
When it's clinked, drink it down!  
Don't you say, I've lost my way:  
I'm here, where I've got it made.  
If host and hostess won't play,  
I'll get credit from the maid.  
Always drinking! Drink, and drink!  
Lift, you others! Clink, and clink!  
Each to each! So it goes round!  
Too soon, I know, it's all gone down.  
However I please myself, may I  
Have it happen at my command:  
Let me lie here, where I lie,  
If I can't, any longer, stand.

#### CHORUS

Every pal, now: drink and drink!  
A toast again, a clink and clink!  
Hold tight now to bench and ground!  
Under the table, he'll be found.

The Herald announces sundry poets – Poets of Nature, and Court, and Minstrels, Sentimentalists and Enthusiasts. In this competitive crowd no one allows anyone else to start reciting. One slips by with a few words.

#### A SATIRICAL POET

As a poet, do you know  
What I'd most enjoy, here?  
If I dared to sing, or bellow  
What no one wants to hear.

The Night and Church Poets excuse themselves having become engaged in

a very interesting conversation with a newly-risen Vampire, from which a new school of poetry might derive. The Herald has to accept their excuses, and meanwhile calls on characters from Greek Mythology, who even in modern masks lose neither their character nor power to charm.

The Three Graces appear.

AGLAIA

Grace it is we bring, to living:

So be graceful in your giving.

HEGEMONE

Gracefully may you receive:

Lovely is the wish achieved.

EUPHROSYNE

And in quieter hours, and places,

Chiefly, in your thanks, be gracious.

The Three Fates appear

ATROPOS

I, the eldest, I, the spinning

Am lumbered with this time: I've

Need of lots of pondering, thinking,

To yield the tender threads of life.

So you may be soft and supple,

I sift through the finest flax:

Drawn through clever fingers, double

Fine, and even, smooth as wax.

If you wish all joy and dancing,

Excessive now, in what you take,

Think about those threads: their ending.

Then, take care! The threads might break.

CLOTHO

Know that in these latter days,

I was trusted with the shears:  
Since our eldest sister's ways,  
Failed to help men, it appears.  
She dragged all her useless spinning,  
Endlessly to air and light,  
While the hopes of wondrous winnings,  
Were clipped and buried out of sight.

I too made a host of errors:  
Myself, in my younger years,  
But, to keep myself in check, there's  
The case, in which I keep my shears.  
And so, willingly restrained,  
I look kindly on this place,  
In these hours, your freedom gained,  
Run on and on, at your wild pace.

#### LACHESIS

I, the only one with sense,  
To twist the threads am left:  
My ways brook no nonsense,  
I've never hurried yet.  
Threads they come, threads I wind,  
Guiding each one on its track,  
Letting no thread wander blind,  
Twining each one in the pack.  
If I, once, forgot myself, my fears  
For the world would give me pause:  
Counting hours, measuring years,  
So the Weaver holds her course.

#### HERALD

You wouldn't recognise the ones who come now,

However much you know of ancient troubles,  
To look at them, the cause of many evils,  
You'd call them welcome guests, and bow.  
They're the Furies: no one will believe me,  
Pretty, shapely, friendly, young in years:  
But meet with them, you'll quickly learn I fear,  
How serpent-like these doves are to hurt freely.  
Though they're malicious, in modernity,  
Where fools now boast about their sinful stories,  
They too have ceased to want the Angels' glories:  
Confess themselves the plague of land and city.  
The Furies approach.

ALECTO

What does that matter? You still believe in us:  
Then, we're pretty, young, and fawning kittens:  
If one of you has a lover, with whom he's smitten,  
We'll tickle his ears at length, sweetly fuss,  
Till it would be safe to tell him, eye to eye,  
That she waves to him, and him, the same,  
She's thick up top, a crooked back, and lame,  
And married, she'd be no good, by and by.  
We know how to pester the bride-to-be as well:  
Scarcely a week ago, her lover himself,  
Said nasty things to her about herself! –  
They're reconciled, but something rankles still.

MEGAERA

That's a joke! Let them be married, any way,  
I'll take it up, and know, whatever may befall,  
Through wilfulness the sweetest joys will pall,  
Man's changeable, and changeable the day.

And no one holds the desired one in his arms,  
Without longing, foolishly, for the more-desired,  
Leave's his good fortune, with which he was fired:  
Flies from the sun, and asks the frost for warmth.  
I know how to give birth to those things: there,  
Is Asmodi, who is my faithful servant,  
To work true mischief at the proper moment,  
And send to ruin all Mankind, in pairs.

#### TISIPHONE

Instead of malice: poison and the knife  
I'm mixing, sharpening for that betrayer:  
Love another, and sooner now or later,  
Ruin itself will penetrate your life.  
Gall and wormwood they must roam  
Through all those sweetest moments!  
No bargaining here, no bartering, come –  
The perpetrator must atone.  
Let no one sing about forgiveness!  
I cry my cause to the cliffs again,  
Echo! Hear! Reply: Avenge!  
Let him who alters, cease existence.

#### THE HERALD

I'll ask you please, to move aside,  
Since what comes next, is otherwise.  
You can see, here's a mountain coming,  
Decked with princely coloured trappings,  
A tusked head, snaking trunk, there too,  
A mystery, but I'll reveal the key to you.  
A delicate and dainty girl sits on its neck,  
And with a thin wand keeps the beast in check:



Another, up there, standing, wonderfully,  
Surrounded with light, almost blinding me.  
Beside it, two girls walk in chains, one fearful,  
While the other girl seems quite cheerful:  
One wishes to be, and one feels she is, free.  
Let each of them declare who they might be.

#### FEAR

Smoking torches, flares and lights,  
Are burning at the troubled feast:  
Among all these deceptive sights,  
Ah, I'm held fast by the feet.  
Away, you ridiculous smilers!  
I suspect those grins so bright:  
All my enemies, beguilers,  
Press towards me through the night.  
Here! A friend becomes a foe,  
Yet I know that mask, I'd say:  
One that wants to kill me, though,  
Now unmasked he creeps away.  
Gladly, heedless of direction  
I'd escape from out this world:  
But, beyond, there roars destruction:  
In mists of terror I am furred.

#### HOPE

I greet you, sisters! Though today,  
And the whole of yesterday,  
You enjoyed the masquerade,  
I know all will be displayed:  
In the morning you'll unveil.  
And if, in the torchlight, we

Don't feel particular delight,  
Yet the days to come, so bright,  
More wholly suited, we shall hail,  
Now as one, now solitary,  
Through fair fields, we'll roam loose,  
To act, or rest, as we choose,  
And in that carefree way of living,  
Dispense with nothing, go on striving:  
Guests are welcome everywhere,  
Confidently, let's appear:  
Surely, the best anywhere,  
Must be somewhere, here.

#### INTELLIGENCE

Two of Man's worst enemies,  
Fear and Hope, I bind for you,  
Now this country worries me.  
Make room! I'll rescue you.  
I lead the living Colossus,  
Turret-crowned, as you see,  
Step by step, he crosses,  
The highest passes, tirelessly.  
But above me, on the summit,  
Is a goddess, there, who's bearing  
Outspread wings, and turns about,  
Everywhere, to see who's winning.  
Ringed by splendour, and by glory,  
Shining far, on every side:  
She calls herself – Victory,  
Goddess of the active life.

ZOILO-THERSITES (An Ugly Dwarfish Warrior.)

Ah, ha! I've come just in time,  
I hold you all guilty of crime!  
Yet my goal I assume to be  
Her up there: Queen Victory.  
With her pair of snowy wings,  
She's an eagle, she must think:  
And that whenever she's on hand,  
To her belong the folk and land:  
But when famous deeds are done,  
At once I'm here with armour on,  
When low is high, and high is low,  
Bent is straight, and straight not so,  
That alone fills me with mirth,  
I wish it so throughout the Earth.

#### THE HERALD

So I'll lend you, dog from birth,  
This good baton's masterstroke!  
Twist and turn now: it's no joke! –  
See how the twin dwarfish ape,  
Rolls into a foul lumpish shape!  
A wonder – the lump's an egg, on cue,  
It swells and then it cracks in two:  
Now a pair of twins appear,  
An adder and a bat roll clear.  
One through the dust is swiftly winding,  
The black one's flitting round the ceiling.  
They hurry outside, in company,  
I wouldn't choose to be number three.

#### MURMURS

Lively now! There's dancing there –

No! I'd much rather be elsewhere—  
Can't you feel some ghostly race  
Fly about us, through this place? —  
Something just rushed through my hair —  
Round my feet, it's flying, where? —  
None of us are injured though —  
But we all are frightened so —  
All the fun is spoilt completely —  
As those creatures wished, you see.

#### THE HERALD

Since I play the herald's role,  
As this masquerade unfolds,  
I watch sternly at the door,  
In case some devious outlaw  
To this happy place, comes creeping:  
Never yielding, never wavering.  
Through the window, though, I fear  
Airborne spectres enter here:  
From magic and from devilry  
Alas, I cannot set you free.  
All this makes the dwarf suspicious,  
Now! From behind, a new masque issues.  
And I must dutifully explain  
The meaning of the forms, again.  
But I can't easily announce  
What cannot be understood:  
Help me explain it, if you would! —  
See it wander through the crowd?  
A splendid chariot, a four-in-hand,  
Rolling through them, where they stand:

But it doesn't split the people,  
I see no one's crushed at all.  
Colours glitter in the distance,  
Sundry wandering stars for instance,  
A magic-lantern-like performance.  
It blows along, a storm's assault.  
Make way, there! I shudder!

THE BOY CHARIOTEER

Halt!

Dragons, your wings restrain,  
Feel your accustomed rein,  
Control yourselves, if I control you,  
Sweep away when I inspire you –  
Let us do honour to this place!  
Look round, a widening display  
Of admirers, circle now on circle.  
Herald, now, then! As you will,  
Before we leave you all,  
Describe us, and say our name:  
Since we're allegorical,  
You should know us, plain.

THE HERALD

No, indeed, I can't tell your name:  
I'll try and describe you all the same.

THE BOY CHARIOTEER

So try!

THE HERALD

I must confess  
To young and handsome, before the rest.

You're a half-grown boy: yet a woman  
Would prefer to see you fully grown.  
You seem to me a wooer, in future,  
Out of her house, a real seducer.

THE BOY CHARIOTEER

Let's hear more! Go on: go on,  
Find the riddle's bright solution.

THE HERALD

Dark eyes that shine: night-black hair  
Which brightly jewelled bands enclose:  
And what a dainty garment flows  
From shoulder down to ankle, there:  
With purple hem its glittering shows!  
One might take you for a girl:  
Yet for good or ill, you'd be,  
Prized already by any girl,  
She'd teach you your ABC.

THE BOY CHARIOTEER

And he, who like a splendid vision,  
Sits on the chariot, enthroned there?

THE HERALD

He seems a king, a rich and kind one,  
Blessed are they who gain his favour!  
He has no further need to strive,  
His eyes observe whatever's lacking,  
And to spread his pure delight,  
Is more to him than joy and owning.

THE BOY CHARIOTEER

You daren't stop there:  
What you see, you must describe it precisely.

## THE HERALD

I can't express all the dignity.  
But the glowing moon face, I see,  
The full mouth, the bright cheeks, then  
That shine beneath the jewelled turban:  
Rich comfort in the clothes he's wearing!  
What shall I say about his bearing?  
As a ruler he seems known to me.

## THE BOY CHARIOTEER

Plutus the God of Riches, this is he!  
He's come himself in all his splendour,  
The Emperor wished greatly he were here.

## THE HERALD

Explain your own what and how to me!

## THE BOY CHARIOTEER

I am Extravagance: I am Poetry:  
I am the Poet, who is self-perfected  
When his special gift is squandered.  
Yet I'm immeasurably wealthy,  
Like Plutus, worth as much as he,  
I adorn, enliven, dance and feast,  
And whatever he lacks, I complete.

## HERALD

Your boasting makes you handsomer,  
But let's see all your skill appear.

## THE BOY CHARIOTEER

Just watch me snap my fingers, now,  
The chariot will gleam and glow.  
There a string of pearls appear!

(He continues to snap his fingers, in all directions.)

Golden jewels for neck and ear:  
Flawless combs and diadems,  
Set in a ring, rare precious gems:  
I scatter flames too, here and there,  
Waiting for their chance to flare.

#### THE HERALD

How the dear crowd snatch, I see!  
The giver's soon in difficulty.  
He snaps out jewels, as in a dream,  
And they all snatch them, in a stream.  
But now a different trick, you see:  
What each has grasped so eagerly,  
Has gained him but a poor reward,  
The gifts already fluttering skyward.  
The pearls are loosened from their band,  
And beetles crawl there in his hand,  
The poor man shakes them off, instead  
They're humming now around his head.  
Another, for some solid thing,  
Catches at a butterfly's wing.  
That's what the rascal's promise means:  
He only lends them golden gleams!

#### THE BOY CHARIOTEER

You know how to announce masks:  
It's true, but it's not the herald's task to search below  
The outer surface of existence:  
That requires a keener sense.  
Still I'm wary of all disputes.  
Lord, I'll direct my speech and questioning to you.  
(Turning towards Plutus.)



Have you not trusted me with the task, to stand  
And guide the tempest of your four-in-hand?  
Don't I steer well, as you direct?  
Am I not there, when you expect?  
And don't I know how to win  
The palm, for you, on daring wing?  
When I've fought for you in war, now,  
I've been successful every time:  
When laurel wreaths adorn your brow  
Have I not fashioned them with hand and mind?

#### PLUTUS

If I'm required to be a witness to it,  
I'd say: You are the spirit of my spirit.  
You always act according to my wishes,  
And as I gain myself, you too are richer.  
To reward your services, I value now  
The green branch higher than my crown.  
One true word, then, for everyone:  
I've found delight in you, dear Son.

#### THE BOY CHARIOTEER

The greatest gifts from my hand,  
See! I've scattered them around.  
On every head there's the glow  
Of some little flame I throw:  
Leaping from one brow to another,  
Halts on him, then leaves his brother,  
But rarely does the flame-let rise,  
And briefly flower in bright skies:  
For many, before they know, it's vanished,  
Sadly, it's burnt out, and finished.

WOMEN (Chatting to each other.)

Up there, on the four-in-hand,  
He's certainly a charlatan:  
And there's a clown perched behind,  
By hunger and thirst he's been refined,  
Like nothing one's ever seen before:  
Pinch, and he'll feel nothing at all.

THE STARVELING

Disgusting women, leave me alone!  
Not to come here again, I'll know.  
When women kept to their hearths, then  
Avaritia, Greed: was my name:  
The houses were fine, all about,  
Lots came in, nothing went out!  
I took care of cupboard and chest:  
That was a burden, to top the rest.  
But now in this younger age,  
Wives don't know how to save,  
And like all those wicked students,  
They have more desires than 'talents',  
And their men have much to suffer,  
Their debts are left about all over.  
They spend whatever they can extract,  
On their lovers, and on their backs:  
They eat of the best, and drink deeper,  
With their wretched army of admirers:  
Which adds to the value of gold, for me:  
We're manly fellows, the Miserly!

LEADER OF THE WOMEN

Let dragon be miserly with dragon:

In the end it's merely lies, illusion!  
Men flock around, and turn the charm on,  
But they're soon annoyance and confusion.

#### THE CROWD OF WOMEN

That Scarecrow! Give him a poke!  
What's the Wooden Rake threaten?  
We'll all shun his ugly looks, then!  
Dragons of wood and paper: a joke!  
Look lively, now, and we'll do him in!

#### THE HERALD

By my wand! Keep the peace! –  
Though there's no need for my assistance:  
Look at those grim monsters, how each  
Clears round itself a proper distance,  
Unfolding its quadruple wings, the beast.  
The dragons shake themselves, indignant,  
With fiery throats, their tails rampant:  
The place is cleared: the people flee.  
Plutus descends from the chariot.

#### THE HERALD

He steps down, in a kingly manner!  
He beckons, and the dragons stir:  
From the chariot bearing Avarice,  
And gold, down comes the chest,  
See, there at his feet, it's landed:  
It's a wonder how it happened.

#### PLUTUS (To the Boy Charioteer)

Now you've left that troubling burden here,  
You're free: so, fly now to your own sphere!  
Not this! Where, confused, motley, wild,

Distorted objects crowd around us, child.

No: where you see clear, with sweetest Clarity,  
Self-possessed, trusting in your own self: flee,  
Where Goodness and Beauty may be viewed,  
And there create your world – in Solitude!

#### THE BOY CHARIOTEER

So, I'll be your worthy envoy then,  
So, I'll love you like my dearest kin.  
Where you live, is Plenty: and where  
I am, all feel they gain in splendour.  
And often hesitate in life's uncertainty:  
Should they yield to you, or yield to me?  
Certainly your followers will have rest:  
Who follows me, with work's forever blessed.  
My actions are never kept a secret,  
I only have to breathe and I'm apparent.  
Farewell, then! You granted me my joy:  
But whisper low, and you shall have your boy!  
(He exits as he came.)

#### PLUTUS (Faust in disguise.)

And now it's time to reveal the treasure!  
I strike the lock with the herald's wand.  
It's open! Look! Vessels of noblest measure,  
Pour the golden blood through your hands,  
First it swells, roars, writhes as if it's molten:  
A jewelled hoard of crowns, rings, and chains.

#### VARIOUS SHOUTS FROM THE CROWD

Look here, oh, there!  
How rich it flows:  
The chest, right to the brim, it glows. –

Golden vessels, molten too,  
Rolls of coins, turning too. –  
Minted ducats leaping,  
Oh, how my heart is beating –  
I see all, for which I'm yearning,  
On the floor there, burning! –  
It's offered you, don't be a fool,  
Be rich, you only need to stoop. –  
For, quick as lightning, all the rest,  
Will take possession of the chest.

#### THE HERALD

What's this, you Fools? Ah, yes,  
It's no more than a maskers' jest.  
Tonight, don't ask for any more:  
Think you, we'd give you golden ore?  
In this game there are any amount  
Of pennies: too many for you to count.  
You clumsy idiots! A fine appearance,  
Seems, to you, truth's naked essence.  
What is your Truth? – Hollow illusion  
Grasps you, with its fool's cap on. –  
Heroic Mask, Plutus that conceals,  
Drive these folk, then, from the field.

#### PLUTUS

Your wand's best by a mile,  
Lend it me for a little while. –  
I'll dip it, quick, in heat and glow. –  
You Maskers, all take care then, now!  
It gleams and bursts and throws off sparks!  
The wand already shines in the dark.

And anyone who gets too near me,  
Will be scorched, as well, mercilessly. –  
And now I'll sweep with my brand.

#### SHOUTS AND CONFUSION

Ah! We're done for every man. –  
Fly, now, whoever can! –  
Back, back, the hindmost man! –  
It's shining brightly in my eyes. –  
On me the wand's hot weight lies –  
We're all lost, lost for good. –  
Back, back, you masks in flood!  
Back, back, you senseless mob! –  
If I'd wings, I'd soar aloft. –

#### PLUTUS

The circle backwards sinks,  
Yet no one's scorched, I think.  
The crowd will now give way,  
They're only scared I'd say. –  
But to guarantee good order,  
I'll mark out an unseen border.

#### THE HERALD

You've done a fine job all right,  
Thanks to your cunning, and might.

#### PLUTUS

Noble friend, you'll still need patience:  
All kinds of turmoil still threaten us.

#### AVARICE

Now, if it pleases you, you may  
Cast your eye around with pleasure:  
The women are to the fore as ever,

Where they can nibble things, or gaze.  
Still, I'm not completely rusty!  
A lovely woman's always lovely:  
And since, today, it costs me nothing,  
With confidence, I too go wooing.  
Still, here, in such a crowded space,  
Lest words fall in an idle place,  
I'll try being clever, attempt success,  
And in clear mime make my address.  
Hands, feet, gesturing won't cut the ice,  
So, I'll have to employ a comical device.  
I'll shape the gold like moistened clay,  
Since the metal's malleable anyway.

#### THE HERALD

What's he up to that skinny Fool!  
Is there a jest in the starveling too?  
He kneads the gold just like dough,  
It's soft between his hands, although  
However he squeezes and forms it all,  
It still remains a shapeless ball.  
He turns now towards the women,  
They all scream, and start to run,  
Gesturing in complete disgust:  
That rascal's up to no good.  
I fear he'll be in ecstasy  
If he can offend morality.  
I shan't remain silent, anyway  
Give me the wand: I'll drive him away.

#### PLUTUS

He doesn't see what we threaten here:

Let him pursue his foolishness!  
There'll be no room left for his excess:  
The law is great, but necessity's greater.

#### TUMULT AND SINGING

The wild crowd come here, specially,  
From mountain-top, and wooded valley,  
Shouting forcefully, as they can:  
They celebrate the great god Pan.  
They know what none can know,  
And into the empty circle flow.

#### PLUTUS

'I know you well, and your great Pan!  
Together these daring steps you plan.  
I know all that no one knows,  
And clear for you this narrow close.'  
May good fortune follow them too!  
The strangest things may happen:  
They don't know where they're going to:  
Since they never look before them.

#### WILD SINGING

You plaster people: you tinsel show!  
Rough and coarse is how they go,  
Leaping: wild is their track ahead,  
Solid and sturdy is their tread.

#### FAUNS

The Faun flocks  
In happy dance,  
Oaken garlands,  
On curling locks,  
Fine pointed ears



Through tangled hair,  
Snub noses, faces broad and flat,  
The women can't fault any of that:  
When the Fauns begin to prance,  
The loveliest won't scorn the dance.

#### A SATYR

The Satyr's leaping here behind,  
Goat's foot, and lean of thigh,  
Sinewy, skinny he'll go by,  
And chamois-like, on mountain height,  
He looks around, and takes delight.  
He's alive in the free air,  
Mocks at man, child, woman there,  
Who deep in the valley's damp flue,  
Think, cosily, they're living too,  
While, still pure and undisturbed,  
To him alone is the upper world.

#### THE GNOMES

The little crowd trips by there,  
They don't like to travel in pairs:  
In mossy clothes with lanterns bright,  
They pass together, quick and light,  
Each one passing on his own,  
Like glowing ants swarming home:  
And always busy, here and there,  
Industrious, and everywhere.  
Kin to the 'Little People', known  
As surgeons to the rock and stone:  
'We bleed the mountains high,  
We drain the deep veins dry:

We hurl the metals round,  
With hearty greetings: Luck! Well found!  
And it's always kindly meant: again,  
We're the friends of all good men.  
Yet we the gold to light deliver,  
So men may steal, and covet ever,  
So princely hand won't lack the steel  
That worldwide murder longs to deal.  
Who those three commandments breaks  
Scant heed of the other seven takes.  
But of all that we're innocent:  
About it all, like us, be patient.'

#### THE GIANTS

The wild men, we are named,  
Known in all the Hartz range:  
Natural, plain, in all our antics,  
Appearing frightfully gigantic.  
A fir-tree trunk in each right hand,  
Round our body a thick band,  
A solid apron of branches, not  
The bodyguard the Pope has got.

NYMPHS IN CHORUS (Surrounding Great Pan, who is the masked Emperor.)

Here he'll stand! –  
The world's All,  
Is shown to all,  
In mighty Pan.  
You the happiest, surround him,  
In magic dances soar around him:  
Here now, serious and good, he

Wishes all men to be happy.  
Under the curving roof of blue  
He seems endlessly wakeful, too,  
Yet the streams flow gently for him,  
And the breezes gently rock him,  
And, when he sleeps at noon, the leaf  
Is motionless in the branches' wreath:  
The rich plants' fragrant balsams there  
Fill all the still and silent air:  
The Nymph no longer dares to leap,  
And where she stands, falls fast asleep.  
But when his powerful shout,  
Unexpectedly, rings out,  
Like thunder crack, or wave's roar,  
Who knows what's happening any more,  
The army's witless in the fight,  
The hero in battle's filled with fright.  
So honour him, where honour's due,  
And hail him, who led us to you!

A DEPUTATION OF GNOMES (To Great Pan.)

When the rich and shining goods,  
Spread threadlike through the deep,  
Then delicate divining rods,  
Reveal what labyrinths keep.  
Bending in our dark vaults, there,  
As troglodytes we're measured,  
While in the purest daylight air,  
Gracious, you divide the treasure.  
Now we find we've discovered  
A marvellous fountain here,

Promising, easily, to deliver  
Things that infrequently appear.  
It all waits for your command:  
Master, take and care for it: do.  
Every treasure in your hand,  
Helps the whole world too.

PLUTUS (To the Herald.)

We must grasp things in the highest sense,  
And let what may come, come, with confidence.  
You've shown the highest courage once before.  
So now too what is fearful, we must try it:  
World, and posterity, will stubbornly deny it,  
So pen it faithfully in your report.

THE HERALD (Grasping the wand in Plutus' hand, and assisting with the Masquerade.)

The dwarves lead on great Pan,  
Gently, to the fiery fountain:  
It boils from the deep profound,  
Then sinks again, through the ground,  
And gloomy is its open round:  
Yet shows again the heat and glow.  
Great Pan stands there, well disposed,  
Pleased with all this wondrous thing,  
Pearl foam, right, left, showering.  
How can he trust such a show?  
He bends to look inside, and so,  
His beard gets caught within! –  
Who's made that hairless chin?  
His hand hides it from our vision. –  
What follows is all clumsy action:

The beard, on fire, flies back, soon  
Scorching garland, chest and head:  
Delight is turned to pain instead. –  
They rush to quench it all again,  
But none of them are free of flames,  
And how they flare and dart,  
Exciting fire in every part:  
Wreathed in that element,  
The whole masked crowd is burnt.  
But what's all this news about,  
Ear after ear, mouth after mouth!  
O eternally unlucky night  
So little of it's turned out right!  
Tomorrow's dawn will declare  
What nobody wants to hear:  
In every ear we'll hear it plain:  
'The Emperor is in such pain.'  
O, would that it were something other!  
Burnt, Emperor and Court together.  
Cursed be those who led him astray,  
In resinous twigs did him array,  
To rage, and bellow out that song,  
To the ruin of all that throng.  
O Youth, Youth will you never  
Restrict joy's purest measure?  
O Power, Power, will you never,  
Sense and Omnipotence treasure?  
The 'forest' too is soon in flames,  
The pointed tongues play their games,  
To the real wooden beams lick higher:

We're threatened by universal fire.  
The cup of misery overflows,  
Who will save us? No one knows.  
See, Imperial splendour, by dawn's light,  
Turned to a heap of ash, in a single night.

PLUTUS

That's enough terror overhead,  
Let help arrive here, instead! –  
Strike, you heavenly wand, with power,  
So the earth will ring and tremor!  
You, the wide realms of air,  
Fill with cool fragrance there!  
Hurry down, to sweep around us,  
Cloudy mists and swelling vapours,  
Quench the thronging flames!  
Murmuring, trickling, fogs gather,  
Sliding, rolling, softly drenching,  
Slipping everywhere, and quenching.  
You, the moist, who soothe forever,  
Change them all to gleaming weather,  
All these empty fiery games! –  
Threatening Spirits, that would harm,  
We, by magic, will disarm.

**PART II ACT I SCENE IV: A PLEASURE GARDEN IN THE  
MORNING SUN**

The Emperor, his Court, Noblemen and Ladies: Faust and Mephistopheles  
dressed fashionably but not ostentatiously, both kneel.

FAUST

Sire, forgive the fiery conjuring tricks?

THE EMPEROR (Beckoning to him to rise.)

More fun, in that vein, would be my wish. –

At once, I saw myself in a glowing sphere,

It seemed as if I were divine Pluto, there.

A rocky depth of mine, and darkness, lay

Glowing with flame: out of each vent played

A thousand wild and whirling fires,

And flickered in the vault together, higher,

Licking upwards to the highest dome,

That now seemed there, and now was gone.

Through a far space wound with fiery pillars,

I saw a long line of people approach us,

Crowding till they formed a circle near,

And paid me homage, as they do forever.

From Court, I knew one face, and then another's,

I seemed the Prince of a thousand salamanders.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You are, Sire! Since every element

Knows your Majesty, amongst all men.

You've now proved the fire obedient:

Leap in the sea, in its wildest torrent,

You'll barely touch its pearl-strewn bed,

A noble dome will rise round you, instead:

You'll see green translucent waves swelling

Purple edged, to make the loveliest dwelling,

And you will be its centre. At each step

Wherever you go, the palace follows yet,

The very walls themselves delight in life,

Flash to and fro, in swarming arrow-flight.

Sea-wonders crowd around this sweet new sight,  
Shoot past, still not allowed to enter quite.  
There, golden-scaled, bright sea-dragons play,  
The shark gapes wide, you smile in his face.  
However much your court attracts you now,  
You've never seen such an amazing crowd.  
Nor will you part there from the loveliest:  
The Nereids will be gathering, curious,  
To this wondrous house, in seas eternally fresh,  
The youngest shy and pleasure-loving, like fish,  
The old ones: cunning. Thetis at the news,  
Gives hand and lips to this second Peleus. –  
A seat there, on the height of Olympus, too...

THE EMPEROR

I'll leave the airy spaces all to you:  
Soon enough we'll be climbing to that throne.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And, Sire, the Earth already is your own!

THE EMPEROR

What brought you here, now: what good fortune,  
Straight from the Thousand Nights and One?

If you're as fertile as Scheherezade  
I'll guarantee you a sublime reward.

Be ready then, when your world's light,  
As it often does, disappoints me quite.

THE STEWARD (Entering hastily.)

Your Supreme Highness, I never thought  
To announce such luck, the finest wrought,  
As this is, for me the greatest blessing,  
Which I've revealed in your presence:



For debt after debt I've accounted,  
The usurer's claws now are blunted,  
I'm free of Hell's pain, and then,  
It can't be any brighter in Heaven.

THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF (Follows hastily.)

Something's paid of what we owe,  
The Army's all renewed their vow,  
The Cavalry's fresh blood is up,  
And girls and landlords can sup.

THE EMPEROR

Now your chests breathe easier!  
Now your furrowed brows are clear!  
How quickly you hurried to the hall!

THE TREASURER (Appearing.)

Ask them: it was they who did it all.

FAUST

It's right the Chancellor should read the page.

THE CHANCELLOR (Coming forward slowly.)

I'm happy enough to do so, in my old age. –

See and hear the scroll, heavy with destiny,

That's changed to happiness, our misery.

'To whom it concerns, may you all know,

This paper's worth a thousand crowns, or so.

As a secure pledge, it will underwrite,

All buried treasure, our Emperor's right.

Now, as soon as the treasure's excavated,

It's taken care of, and well compensated.'

THE EMPEROR

I smell a fraud, a monstrous imposture!

Who forged the Emperor's signature?

Have they gone unpunished for their crime?

#### THE TREASURER

Remember! You yourself it was that signed:

Last night. You acted as great Pan,

Here's how the Chancellor's speech began:

'Grant yourself this great festive pleasure,

The People's Good: a few strokes of the feather.'

You wrote it here, and while night ruled the land,

A thousand artists created another thousand,

So all might benefit from your good deed,

We stamped the whole series with your screed,

Tens, Thirties, Fifties, Hundreds, all are done.

You can't think how well the folk get on.

See your city once half-dead with decay,

Now all's alive, enjoying its new day!

Though your name's long filled the world with glee,

They've never gazed at it so happily.

Now the alphabet's superfluous,

In these marks there's bliss for all of us.

#### THE EMPEROR

And my people value it as gold, you say?

The Court and Army treat it as real pay?

Then I must yield, though it's wonderful to me.

#### THE STEWARD

It was impossible to catch the escapee:

It flashed like lightning through the land:

The moneychanger's shops are jammed,

Men pay, themselves, the papers mount

They're gold and silver, and at a discount.

Now used by landlords, butchers, bakers:

Half the world think they're merrymakers,  
The others, newly clothed, are on show.  
The drapers cut the cloth: the tailors sew.  
The toast is 'Hail, the Emperor!' in the bars,  
With cooking, roasting, tinkling of jars.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Strolling, lonely, on the terrace,  
You see a beauty, smartly dressed,  
One eye hidden by her peacock fan,  
She smiles sweetly, looks at your hand:  
And, quicker than wit or eloquence,  
Love's sweetest favour's arranged at once.  
You're not plagued with pouch or wallet,  
A note beneath the heart, install it,  
Paired with love-letters, conveniently.  
The priest carries his in a breviary,  
And wouldn't the soldier be quicker on his way,  
With a lighter belt around his middle, say.  
Your Majesty will forgive me if, in miniature,  
I produce a low note, in our high adventure.

FAUST

The wealth of treasure that solidifies,  
That in your land, in deep earth lies,  
Is all unused. In our boldest thought,  
Such riches are only feebly caught:  
Imagination, in its highest flight,  
Strives to, but can't reach that height.  
But grasping Spirits, worthy to look deeply,  
Trust in things without limit, limitlessly.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Such paper's convenient, for rather than a lot  
Of gold and silver, you know what you've got.  
You've no need of bartering and exchanging,  
Just drown your needs in wine and love-making.  
If you lack coin, there's moneychangers' mile,  
And if it fails, you dig the ground a while.  
Cups and chains are auctioned: well,  
Since the paper, in this way, pays for itself,  
It shames the doubters, and their acid wit,  
People want nothing else, they're used to it.  
So now in all of your Imperial land  
You've gems, gold, paper enough to hand.

THE EMPEROR

The Empire thanks you deeply for this bliss:  
We want the reward to match your service.  
We entrust you with the riches underground,  
You are the best custodians to be found.  
You know the furthest well-concealed hoard,  
And when men dig, it's you must give the word.  
You masters of our treasure, then, unite,  
Accept your roles with honour and delight:  
They make the Underworld, and the Upper,  
Happy in their agreement, fit together.

THE TREASURER

No dispute will divide us in the future:  
I'm happy to have a wizard for a partner.  
(He exits with Faust.)

THE EMPEROR

Now, presents for the court: everyone  
Confess to me whatever it is you want.

A PAGE (Accepting his present.)

I'll live well, happy, have the best of things.

ANOTHER (Also.)

I'll quickly buy my lover chains and rings.

A CHAMBERLAIN

I'll drink wines that are twice as fine.

A SECOND CHAMBERLAIN

The dice in my pockets itch I find.

A KNIGHT (Thoughtfully.)

My lands and castle will be free of debt.

A SECOND KNIGHT

It's treasure: a second treasure I will get.

THE EMPEROR

I hoped for desire and courage for new deeds:

But whoever knows you, thinks you slight indeed.

I see, clearly: despite this treasure and more,

You're all the same, still, as you were before.

THE FOOL (Recovered, and approaching the throne.)

You're handing presents out: give me one too!

THE EMPEROR

Alive again? You'd drink it all you fool.

THE FOOL

Magic papers! I don't understand them, truly.

THE EMPEROR

That I'd believe: you'll only use them badly.

THE FOOL

Others are falling: I don't know what to do.

THE EMPEROR

Just pick them up: those are all yours too.

(The Emperor exits.)

THE FOOL

Five thousand crowns I'm holding, in my hand!

MEPHISTOPHELES

You two-legged wineskin, so you still stand?

THE FOOL

I've had my luck, but this is the best yet.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You're so delighted: look, it's made you sweat.

THE FOOL

But see here, is it truly worth real gold?

MEPHISTOPHELES

You've there just what belly and throat are owed.

THE FOOL

And can I buy a cottage, cow and field?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why yes! There's nothing to it: make a bid.

THE FOOL

A castle: with forests, hunting, fishing?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Trust me!

To see you a proper Lord would make me happy!

THE FOOL

Tonight I'll plant my weight on what I'll get! –

(He Exits.)

MEPHISTOPHELES

Who doubts now that our Fool's full of wit!

## **PART II ACT I SCENE V: A GLOOMY GALLERY**

Faust. Mephistopheles.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why bring me here to this dark passage?  
Isn't there fun enough inside,  
In the Court's colourful tide,  
Opportunities for jests and sharp practice?

FAUST

Don't give me that: in the good old days  
You wore us out in a thousand ways:  
And now this wandering, there and here,  
Is only so I can't catch your ear.  
But there's something I need done:  
Commander and Chamberlain egg me on.  
The Emperor, I must work quickly for him,  
Wants Helen and Paris to appear before him:  
He wants to see the ideal form of Man  
Clearly revealed to him, and Woman.  
Get to work! I daren't break my word.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Such a thoughtless promise was absurd.

FAUST

Friend, you haven't considered  
Where your powers have lead us:  
First we made him rich, and how,  
So he wants us to amuse him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You think it's fixed that quickly:  
We're looking at a deeper track,  
To the strangest realm, and wickedly,  
Adding new faults to the old,

Do you think it's easy to call Helen back,  
Like a pasteboard spirit edged with gold –  
Witch-bitches, ghost-hostesses, freely,  
Or dwarf-maidens, I'll serve you equally:  
But Devil's sweethearts, though you're for them,  
Still you can't, as heroines, applaud them.

FAUST

Still the same old story, every day!  
With you, things are always difficult.  
You're the father of all obstacles,  
For every miracle you want more pay.  
I know: a little muttering, and it's done:  
At a blink, you'll bring her here.

MEPHISTOPHELES

With Pagan folk I don't get on:  
They live in their own Hell there:  
Yet, there is a way.

FAUST

Tell, without delay!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Unwillingly! There's a greater mystery, I say,  
Goddesses, enthroned on high, and solitary.  
No space round them, not even time: only  
To speak of them embarrasses me.

They are The Mothers!

FAUST (Terrified.)

Mothers!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Are you afraid?

FAUST



The Mothers! Mothers! It sounds so strange!

MEPHISTOPHELES

As, it is. Goddesses, unknown, as you see,  
To you Mortals, not named by us willingly.  
You must dig in the Depths to reach them:  
It's your own fault that we need them.

FAUST

Where is the path?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No path! Into the un-enterable,  
Never to be entered: One path to the un-askable,  
Never to be asked. Are you ready?  
No locks, no bolts to manipulate,  
You'll drift about in solitary space.  
Can you conceive the waste and solitary?

FAUST

I think you might spare the speeches then:  
They always smell of the witches' kitchen,  
Of a long forgotten time, to me.  
Have I not trafficked with the world?  
Learned the void, the void unfurled? –  
When I spoke with reason, as I descried,  
Contradiction, doubly loud, replied:  
Have I not fled, from hateful trickery,  
Into the wild, into the solitary,  
And, not to lose all, and live alone,  
Surrendered to the Devil's own?

MEPHISTOPHELES

And if you'd swum through every ocean,  
And seen the boundless space all round

You'd still have seen wave on wave in motion,  
Though you might have been afraid to drown.  
You'd have seen something. Seen, within  
The green still seas, the leaping dolphin:  
Seen clouds go by, Sun, Moon and star –  
You'll see none in the endless void, afar,  
Hear not a single footstep fall,  
Find no firm place to rest at all.

FAUST

You speak as chief of all Mystagogues, who  
Deceive their neophytes, the loyal and true:  
Only reversed. You send me to the Void,  
So I'll increase the power and skill employed:  
To use me, like a cat, that's your desire:  
Just to claw your chestnuts from the fire.  
The same as ever! I'll find what I'll discover:  
In your Nothingness, I hope, the All I will recover.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'll praise you, before you separate from me,  
That you know the Devil, I can truly see:  
Here take this key.

FAUST

That tiny thing!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Grasp it, it has a worth you're undervaluing.

FAUST

It's growing in my hand, it shines and glows!

MEPHISTOPHELES

What one possesses in it, would you now know?

The key will sniff the place out, from all others.

Follow it down: it leads you to the Mothers.

FAUST

The Mothers! That always strikes me like a blow!

What is that word that, once heard, scares me so?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Are you so limited one new word disturbs you?

Will you only hear what you're accustomed to?

Don't be troubled, whatever strange sound rings,

You've already long been used to marvellous things.

FAUST

Yes, there's no good for me in lethargy.

A shudder's the truest sign of humanity:

Though the world is such we may not feel it,

Once seized by it, we feel Immensity deeply.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Then, descend! I might as easily say rise!

It's all the same. Escape from what exists,

Into the boundless realm where all Form lies!

Delight in what's no longer on the list:

Where turmoil rolls along all cloudily:

Then, far from your body, swing the key!

FAUST (Inspired.)

Good! I feel new strength, firmly grasped,

My heart expands, on now to the great task.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Sight of a glowing tripod will tell you, finally,

You're in the last deep, deepest there might be.

By its light you'll see the Mothers,

Some sit about, as they wish, the others,

Stand and move. Formation, Transformation,

Eternal minds in eternal recreation.

Images of all creatures float, portrayed:

They'll not see you: they only see a shade.

Be of good heart, the danger there is great,

Go to the tripod: don't hesitate,

And touch it with the key!

Faust assumes a commanding attitude with the key.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Watching him.)

That's right!

It will close itself, and follow as a servant might:

Exalted by your good luck, you'll calmly rise,

And be back with it, before you've blinked your eyes.

And, once you've brought it here all right,

Call the Hero and Heroine from the night,

The first man who has ever achieved it:

It's done, and you're the one who did it.

By magic process then you'll surely find,

The incense' vapour will become divine.

FAUST

And now: what?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Strain with all your being: downward.

Stamp to descend, stamp again to go upward.

Faust stamps and sinks out of sight.

If he might only gain some good from that key!

I'm curious as to whether he'll return to me.

## **PART II ACT I SCENE VI: BRILLIANTLY LIT HALLS**

The Emperor and Princes. The Court in Action.

THE CHAMBERLAIN (To Mephistopheles.)

You still owe us that scene with the Spirits:

The Emperor's impatient. Get on with it!

THE STEWARD

That's what His Grace just now was saying:

You! Don't offend His Majesty by delaying.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That's why my companion has just gone:

He knows how to put the whole thing on,

And has to labour away in silence: still,

All the most special diligence he applies:

He who'd own that treasure, the Beautiful,

Needs highest arts, the magic of the wise.

THE STEWARD

The arts you need are neither here nor there:

The Emperor orders it to be prepared.

A BLONDE LADY (Approaching Mephistopheles.)

Sir, a word! You see a clear complexion,

Yet it's not so in summertime's dejection!

A hundred red-brown freckles all sprout there,

And cover my white skin: I'm in despair.

A cure!

MEPHISTOPHELES

A pity! Such a shining beauty,

Spotted like a panther-cub, in May!

Take frogspawn, toads' tongues, in cohabitation,

Skilfully, under a full moon, make a distillation,

When it wanes, apply it undiluted,

When spring comes, the spots have been uprooted.

A DARK-HAIRED LADY

The crowd are pressing round  
To squeeze you dry.

I ask a cure! For a frozen foot  
That hinders me in dancing, walking by,  
And I curtsy awkwardly to boot.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Permit a little kick from my foot.

DARK-HAIRED LADY

Well, between lovers that's occurred before.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Child! My kick means something more.  
Like cures like, when one's suffering:  
Foot heals foot, and so with every member.  
Come! Pay attention! No retaliation there.

DARK-HAIRED LADY (Crying out.)

Ouch! Ouch! That hurt! I call that kicking  
Like a horse's hoof.

MEPHISTOPHELES

With that the cure I bring.  
You can indulge in any amount of dancing,  
Touch feet under the table with your darling.

A LADY (Pushing forward.)

Let me through! My suffering is so great,  
He used to hold me in his heart's embrace:  
Yesterday his joy was in my glances,  
He turns his back on me: with her romances.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That's serious, but listen to me now.  
You must gently press your advances,

Take this charcoal: mark him anyhow,  
On his cloak or on his sleeve alight,  
He'll feel sweet Remorse's blow.

Swallow the charcoal straight away,  
No wine or water on your lips all day:  
He'll be sighing at your door tonight.

THE LADY

It's not poisonous?

MEPHISTOPHELES (Offended.)

Respect now, where it's due!

You'd have to travel far to find such charcoal:  
It comes from the dying pyre at a funeral,  
On which I, once more, diligently blew.

A PAGE

I'm in love: they say I'm not old enough to.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Aside.)

I'm not sure now, whom I should listen to.

(To the Page.)

Don't set your heart on the younger ones.

The older will value what they've won.

Others crowd round.

More, already! What a demanding crew!

I'll help myself, and out now with the truth:

The worst expedient! The pain is great, you see. —

O Mothers, Mothers! Just let Faust go free!

(Gazing round him.)

The lights burn dim, already, in the hall,

The Court's moving off, and they're all

Arranged in their proper rank, I see,

Through the far aisles and galleries.

Now they assemble in the largest place,  
The vast Hall of the Knights, there's barely space,  
Who bought the mass of bright tapestry,  
Filled corners, niches like an armoury.  
Here I doubt there's need of magic spells:  
The ghosts will find this place for themselves.

**PART II ACT I SCENE VII: THE HALL OF THE KNIGHTS, DIMLY  
LIT**

The Emperor and Court.

THE HERALD

My ancient duty, to announce the play,  
Is thwarted by the Spirits' secret action:  
Please forgive: there's no sensible way  
To explain such confused transformation.  
The chairs are here: the stools and all:  
The emperor's high up, by the wall:  
He can see the battles on the tapestry  
From mighty ages: watching comfortably.  
Here they all sit now, Prince, Court around,  
Benches packed together, as background:  
In this hour of spirits, too, the lovers  
Have lovingly found room beside their lovers.  
And now that all have found their proper places,  
We're ready: let the spirits show their faces!  
(Trumpets).

THE ASTROLOGER

Begin the drama then without delay,  
The Emperor commands: take walls away!



No further hindrance, here magic is at hand:  
The Tapestry's shrivelled as if by burning brand.  
The walls divide, and sweep apart, as one,  
An empty stage it seems has been created,  
A mysterious light falls on our faces,  
And I climb up to the proscenium.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Rising to view in the prompter's box.)

From here I hope for general acclamation,  
Prompting is the devil's true oration.

(To the Astrologer.)

You know the measures that all the stars obey,  
You'll understand my whispers in a masterly way.

THE ASTROLOGER

By miraculous power appears to view,  
A massive temple-front: it's ancient too.  
Like Atlas, who once held up the sky,  
The many rows of columns stand on high.  
They might well bear the stony weight,  
Since two could raise a building straight.

THE ARCHITECT

That's the antique! It doesn't earn my praise,  
Clumsy, overstretched we call it, nowadays.  
Men think that crude is noble: bulk is greatness.  
I love slender shafts, uplifting, boundless:  
A pointed arch sends the spirit to the sky:  
Architecture such as that will edify.

THE ASTROLOGER

Receive with reverence  
These hours the stars allow:  
Let words of magic bind pure Reason now:

Let marvellously daring Fantasy,  
In return, sweep onward, wide and free.  
Your eyes see what you daringly conceived:  
It's impossible, so more worthy to be believed.  
Faust rises into view on the other side of the proscenium.  
In priestly vestments, crowned, a wondrous man,  
Fulfilling what he confidently began.  
A tripod rises with him from deep abyss,  
I smell the odour of incense in the dish.  
He prepares to bless this sacred labour:  
From this moment on it will find favour.

FAUST (Sublimely.)

In your name, Mothers, you enthroned  
In boundlessness, set eternally alone,  
And yet together. All the Forms of Life  
Float round your heads, active, not alive.  
Whatever was, in all its glow and gleam,  
Moves there still, since it must always be.  
And you assign it, with omnipotent might,  
To day's pavilion or the vault of night.  
Life holds some fast on its sweet track,  
Others the bold magician must bring back:  
Filled with faith, and richly generous,  
He shows, what each desires, the Marvellous.

THE ASTROLOGER

The glowing key has scarcely touched the dish,  
At once the room is filled with darkened mist:  
It swirls about, as puffs of cloud will do,  
Grows, condenses, shrinks, and splits in two.  
And now behold a spirit-masterpiece!

As it moves about, there's music without cease.  
In heavenly tones, pours out a who-knows-how,  
And while it moves, all's turned to melody now.  
The pillared shafts, even the tri-glyph, ringing  
I think that the whole temple's singing.  
The dark sinks down: from the light mist,  
A handsome youth steps out in time to it.  
I needn't name him, so my task is finished,  
Who doesn't know the name of charming Paris!

A LADY

O! What a shining healthy powerful youth!

A SECOND

Like a peach, so fresh and full of juice!

A THIRD

The finely delineated, sweetly swelling lip!

A FOURTH

From such a cup you'd surely like to sip?

A FIFTH

He's quite pretty, but a little unrefined.

A SIXTH

He could be a bit more graceful, to my mind.

A KNIGHT

I sense the shepherd here, I think,

No trace of Courtier or Prince.

ANOTHER

Yes! Half naked the youth's quite handsome

We'd need to see him first with armour on!

A LADY

He sits down so gently and pleasantly.

A KNIGHT

You'd like to sit on his lap, comfortably?

ANOTHER

He lifts his arm so lightly above his head.

A CHAMBERLAIN

The lout! That's not acceptable: how ill-bred!

A LADY

You lords find fault with everything.

THE CHAMBERLAIN

In the Emperor's presence, all that stretching!

THE LADY

He's posed there! He thinks he's quite alone.

THE CHAMBERLAIN

Even a play should be polite in tone.

THE LADY

Now sleep has overcome the charming boy.

THE CHAMBERLAIN

And now he'll snore: that's natural, what joy!

A YOUNG LADY

What refreshes my heart so deeply, that fragrance

Mixed with fumes from the burning incense?

AN OLDER LADY

Truly! It's breath penetrates one's nature,

It comes from him!

AN ELDERLY LADY

It's the sap of nurture,

It's generated in youth, like ambrosia,

And spreads around in the atmosphere.

(Helen emerges).

MEPHISTOPHELES

So that's her! I'd not lose sleep for that. She

Is quite pretty, true, but doesn't do much for me.

THE ASTROLOGER

There's nothing more now for me to do,

As men of honour confess, I confess it too.

Beauty comes: if only I'd a tongue of fire! –

Beauty so many songs has forever inspired –

Whom she appears to, of self he's dispossessed,

Whom she belonged to, was too greatly blessed.

FAUST

Is this the fount of beauty? Have I still, eyes?

What pours here, through my mind, so richly?

My dreadful journey yields a blessed prize.

How void the world was, undeveloped for me!

What is it now since my priesthood?

Desirable, lasting, solid underfoot!

The power of my life's breath should

Fail, if I'm ever again estranged from you! –

The perfect form that drew me before,

Delighting me, in the magic mirror,

Was only an airy phantom of such beauty! – You

Are the true embodiment of my passion:

Towards you is my powers' whole direction

To you, love, feeling, faith, madness are owed.

MEPHISTOPHELES (From the prompter's box.)

Calm yourself, now, and don't fail in your role!

AN OLDER LADY

Tall, well formed, only the head is small.

A YOUNGER LADY

Just look! Could clumsier feet exist at all?

A DIPLOMAT

I've seen princesses of this kind: though  
I think she's beautiful, from head to toe.

A COURTIER

Soft and sly, she goes towards the sleeper.

A LADY

How ugly, near that form so young and pure.

A POET

From her Beauty shines towards him.

A LADY

A picture! Luna and Endymion!

THE POET

Quite so! The goddess seems to descend,  
Leans above him to drink his breath, ah then:  
Enviably! – A Kiss! – The cup's full to excess.

A DUENNA

In front of everyone! What utter madness!

FAUST

A dreadful favour to grant a boy! –

MEPHISTOPHELES

Quiet now! Be still!

And let the spectre do what it will.

A COURTIER

She slips away, lightly: he awakes.

A LADY

Just as I thought! That glance she takes!

A COURTIER

He stares! It's wonderful what's happening.

A LADY

But not so wonderful what she sees in him.

A COURTIER

She turns towards him now with dignity.

A LADY

I see she'll soon take him through his lesson:

At such times men behave quite stupidly,

Perhaps he even thinks that's he the first one.

A KNIGHT

Let me be worthy! Majestically fine! –

A LADY

The trollop! I'd call that table wine!

A PAGE

I'd like to swap his place for mine!

A COURTIER

Who wouldn't be tangled in such a net?

A LADY

That treasure's been handled often, you forget,

And the gilding's mostly rubbed away.

ANOTHER

Worthless since it was ten years old, I'd say.

A KNIGHT

Sometimes one takes the best that one can get:

I'd be content with the loveliness that's left.

A LEARNED MAN

I see clearly but I'll confess, quite freely,

It's doubtful if that's the true one I see.

The Present's tempted to exaggerate,

I hold to what the ancient texts relate.

There I read she gave particular joy

To all the grey-bearded men of Troy:

And that fits perfectly here too, you see:

I'm not young: still she gives joy to me.

THE ASTROLOGER

No longer a boy! A daring hero, he:  
Grasped she defends herself, but barely.  
He lifts her high in his strong arms, too,  
Will he carry her off?

FAUST

Audacious fool!  
You dare? Do you hear? Stop! Enough, I say!

MEPHISTOPHELES

You created the mime these phantoms play!

THE ASTROLOGER

A word! After what we've been given,  
I'll call this piece: The Rape of Helen.

FAUST

What rape! Am I nothing in this place!  
Is this key no longer in my hand!  
It led me through terror, waste and wave,  
Through solitude, to where, set firm, I stand.  
Here's a foothold! Here's reality,  
Where spirit dare with spirits disagree,  
And prepare itself for its great, dual mastery.  
She was so far: how could she closer shine!  
I'll rescue her, and she'll be doubly mine.  
The risk! The Mothers! They must grant her!  
Who knows her once, can never live without her.

THE ASTROLOGER

What are you doing, Faust!  
Faust! –With force  
He seizes her, the form dims in its course.  
He turns the key against the youth, and then,



Touches him! – Ah! – Gone, in a moment! Gone!

An explosion. Faust falls to the ground. The spirits vanish in mist.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(Taking Faust on his shoulders.)

You've done it now! Carrying fools, my friend,

Brings harm to the Devil himself, in the end.

Darkness. Tumult.

**PART II ACT II SCENE I: A HIGH-ARCHED, NARROW, GOTHIC  
CHAMBER**

Formerly Faust's, Unchanged

MEPHISTOPHELES (Entering from behind a curtain. As he holds it up and looks behind him, Faust is seen lying stretched out on an antiquated bed.)

Lie there, unlucky man! One tempted by

The bonds of a love not readily undone!

The man whom Helena shall paralyse

Won't find it easy to regain his reason.

(Looking around him.)

I look upwards, here, around me,

All's unaltered, and undamaged:

Stained glass, there, shows darkly,

Spiders have added to their webs:

The ink is dry: the paper's yellow,

But everything's still in its place:

Even the quill-pen's here, on show,

With which Faust and the Devil embraced.

Yes! Deeper in the nib there's still

A drop of blood, I tempted him to spill.

It's a unique piece, in my book,

So I'll wish the great collectors luck.  
The old fur-robe, on the hook, too,  
Reminds me of a joke or two,  
That time when I taught the student,  
What, perhaps, in youth, he's glad he learnt.  
Truly the same desire is on me, for  
You, smoke-singed gown: you and I,  
To flaunt ourselves once more as a professor,  
And speak as one who's always in the right.  
How to achieve that all the learned know:  
It's something the Devil lost long ago.

(He shakes the fur as he takes it down, and moths, crickets and beetles fly out.)

#### CHORUS OF INSECTS

Greetings! We're greeting  
Our Patron of old,  
We're floating and buzzing,  
To us you're well known.  
Singly, in silence,  
You sowed us like plants.  
Father, in thousands  
We've come to the dance.  
The jester is snugly  
Contained in the breast,  
The lice in the fur they  
Are sooner expressed.

#### MEPHISTOPHELES

What a nice surprise, this young brood of mine!  
One merely sows, and harvests in due time.  
I'll shake this ancient fleece about,

Here and there, one flutters out. –  
Away! Around! In a hundred leavings,  
Hurry and hide yourself, you darlings.  
There, where the ancient boxes lie,  
Here, in the smoky parchment try,  
In that broken dusty old pottery,  
Or the skull, its eye-sockets empty.  
All this jumbled mildewed existence,  
Always gives one whims and fancies.  
Again let's dress up as a lecturer!  
Today I'll be the Principal, once more.  
But it's no use naming myself, you see:  
Where are the people, to welcome me?  
FAMULUS (A College Servant, tottering here, down the long gallery.)  
What a noise! What a quake!  
The stairs sway, the walls shake:  
Through the windows' trembling colours  
I see the lightning gleam above us.  
The floor leaps, and, on high,  
Plaster, rubble from the sky.  
And the door, once tightly locked,  
By wondrous force is thrown back. –  
There! How fearful! A giant  
Look, in Faust's old garment!  
At his gazing, and his pleas,  
I want to sink to my knees.  
Shall I go? Shall I remain?  
Oh, what will happen to me, then!  
MEPHISTOPHELES  
Here, my friend! – You're called Nicodemus.

FAMULUS

Honoured Sir! That's my name – Oremus.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Enough of that!

FAMULUS

How pleased I am you knew me!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I know you well: a student still, I see,

Mossy Sir! After all, a learned man

Studies hard, and does the best he can.

So one builds a respectable house of cards,

That greater minds can't finish afterwards.

But he's a witty fellow, is your master,

Who doesn't know the noble Doctor Wagner?

He's the first in all the world of learning!

He's unique: wisdom, each day increasing,

And all of it he still holds together,

Crowds, around him, panting, gather

Listeners, eaves'-droppers, welcome.

Alone, he shines there at the rostrum.

He holds a key, just like Saint Peter,

That unlocks the lower, and the higher.

He glows and sparkles above the rest,

No name and fame has wider standing:

Even that of Faust has dimmed, at best:

He's the one who's always inventing.

FAMULUS

Forgive me, honoured Sir, if I dare

To speak, and contradict you, there:

There's no question of that, I must declare:

Since modesty's his role, as all discern.  
Discovering nothing of the circumstances,  
Baffled by the great man's disappearance:  
He seeks all health and comfort in his return.  
The room waits for its old master  
While Doctor Faustus is away,  
Untouched, still, as in his day.  
And I scarcely dare to enter.  
What can the stars be doing? –  
The walls themselves are frightening me:  
The doorframes quiver, bolts work free,  
Or you yourself couldn't have got in.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And your great man where is he?  
Lead me there: or bring him here to me!

FAMULUS

Oh! His warnings are quite clear,  
I'm not allowed to interfere.  
For months I've left him in utter peace,  
Till his great work is complete.  
He, the most delicate of scholars,  
His face looks like a charcoal burner's,  
Blackened now from nose to ears,  
Eyes crimson, blowing up the fires,  
All the while, so enthusiastic:  
Clinking of tongs, that's his music.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why would he deny an entrance to me?  
I'm one who'd speed his luck, you see.  
The Famulus exits: Mephistopheles sits down, gravely.

I've hardly taken my seat here,  
And I see a guest behind my chair.  
But he's one of the new school's persuasion:  
He'll be arrogant, I think, on this occasion.  
BACCALAUREUS (Storming along the corridor.)  
I find the gates and doors are open!  
Now there's room at last for hope then,  
That it won't be merely as before,  
A live man, acting as a corpse,  
Wasting away, and rotting,  
Till he merely dies of living.  
These walls and these partitions,  
Bow and sink towards perdition,  
And if we don't look about us,  
Their decline and fall will rout us.  
I'm audacious, no one more so,  
But no further in do I go.  
What will I find here today?  
It's years since I've been this way,  
Where timid and innocent  
As a freshman I was sent!  
Where I trusted in my elders,  
Edified by all their blather.  
From the dry old books, they knew  
They lied to me: what they knew,  
Not believing in it truly,  
Stealing life itself, from me.  
What? – There, in his cell,  
Sits a darkly bright one still!  
With astonishment now, nearer,

See him sitting in his dark fur,  
Truly, as I left him sitting  
Still in all his coarse wrapping!  
Then he seemed a fount of wisdom,  
Since I didn't understand him.  
He won't find me so today,  
Fresh and new, I'm on my way!  
Sir, if in Lethe's melancholy stream  
That bald nodding head's not swum,  
See your grateful scholar come,  
Outgrown, his academic dream.  
I find you now, as I saw you:  
I was another though: that's true.

#### MEPHISTOPHELES

I'm glad the ringing brought you.  
I rated you once before as high:  
The caterpillar, the chrysalis too,  
Showed the bright future butterfly.  
Your curly hair and pointed collar,  
Made you a childishly pleasing scholar.  
You never wore pigtails I believe? –  
And today you're cropped like a Swede.  
I see you're bold and resolute:  
But don't go home too absolute!

#### BACCALAUREUS

My old master! We're in our old places:  
But don't think to renew time's journey,  
And spare me words with dual-faces:  
I treat them now quite differently.  
You teased the true, and honest youth.

It wasn't difficult for you to do  
It's what no one dares to do today.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Pure truth on the young is thrown away,  
The little beaks don't like it, any way,  
But afterwards when years have passed,  
And they've learnt it for themselves at last,  
And think it came from them, not school:  
Then we hear: 'The Master was a fool.'

BACCALAUREUS

A rascal, maybe! – What teacher ever shows us  
The Truth directly, underneath our noses?  
They know the way to make it seem more, or less,  
Now serious, now playful, as suits the children best.

MEPHISTOPHELES

There's a moment given us for learning, truly:  
But you're ready now to teach, yourself, I see.  
For many moons, united with their suns,  
You the riches of experience have won.

BACCALAUREUS

Experience! Mist and Foam!  
And not the Spirit's equal.  
Confess! What one has known,  
Is not worth knowing at all.

MEPHISTOPHELES (After a pause.)

I've thought so for ages. I was a Fool,  
But I think that shallow now I'm sensible.

BACCALAUREUS

That pleases me! I hear pure Reason's sound:  
The first old man of sense I've ever found.



MEPHISTOPHELES

I sought for treasure, buried gold,  
And brought to light frightful coals.

BACCALAUREUS

Confess now, your skull, bald and old,  
Is worth no more than that empty poll.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Amiably.)

Do you know, my friend, how rude you seem to me?

BACCALAUREUS

In German, one's lying if one speaks politely.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(Wheeling his chair nearer to the proscenium and the audience.)

Up here I'm dazed by light and air:

Shall I take shelter with you down there?

BACCALAUREUS

I find it arrogant that in times like these,  
A man wants to be what he no longer is.  
Man's life is in his arteries, and when  
Are they so vibrant as in younger men?  
There the fresh blood full of strength  
Creates new life from its own life again.  
There all works, and things get done,  
The waverers fall, the capable get on.  
While we've conquered half the world,  
What have you done? Nodded, curled  
In the sun, dreamed, weighed, plan on plan.  
For sure, age is a chilling fever:  
The frost of whims and need ahead.  
When your thirtieth year is over,  
A man's as good as dead.

It would be best to seek an early grave.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That leaves the Devil nothing more to say.

BACCALAUREUS

Unless I will it, no Devil can exist.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Aside.)

The Devil will still trip you, in a bit.

BACCALAUREUS

This is youth's noblest profession!

The world was nothing before my creation:

I drew the Sun out of the sea:

The Moon began her changeful course with me:

The daylight decked my path to greet me,

The Earth flowered, grew green, to meet me.

At my command, in primal night,

The stars in splendour swam to sight.

Who, but I, loosed from its prison

Cramped thought's philistinism?

I, quite free, as my spirit cites,

Happily following my inner light,

And speeding on, in delight,

Darkness behind: and all before me, bright.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Go forth in splendour, you primal man! –

How could insight harm you, ever:

Who can think of stupid things or clever,

That past ages didn't, long ago, understand.

Yet there's no danger from him, you see,

He'll think about it differently in time:

Even if the grape-juice acts absurdly,

In the end it changes into wine.  
To the younger members of the audience, who do not applaud.  
My words have left you cold, I gather,  
May it be so for you, sweet children:  
But think: the Devil's a lot older,  
So you need to be old to understand him!

## **PART II ACT II SCENE II: A LABORATORY**

In the fashion of the Middle Ages: lots of heavy apparatus for strange purposes.

WAGNER (At the furnace.)  
The fearful bell is sounding,  
The soot-black walls shudder.  
My deepest expectation  
Will be unsure no longer.  
Soon the dark itself will lighten:  
Soon in the innermost phial,  
It will glow like living fire,  
Yes, like the noblest ruby's glow,  
Lightning flashing in the shadow.  
A clearest white light shines now!  
Ah, not to lose it once more! –  
Oh, God! Who's rattling at the door?  
MEPHISTOPHELES (Entering.)  
Greetings! And kindly meant now.  
WAGNER (Anxiously.)  
Welcome, to the planet of the hour!  
(Whispering.)  
But stifle your breath, and words' power,

A noble work is likewise being weighed.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Whispering.)

What might it be?

WAGNER (Whispering.)

A Man is being made.

MEPHISTOPHELES

A Man? And what loving couple

Have you got hidden, up the chimney?

WAGNER

God Forbid! How unfashionable!

We're free of all that idle foolery.

The tender moment from which life emerged,

The charming power with which its inner urge,

Took and gave, and clearly stamped its seal,

First in a near, and then a further field,

We now divest of all that dignity:

Though the creatures still enjoy it, we,

As Men, with all our greater gifts, begin,

To have, as we should, a nobler origin.

(He turns towards the furnace.)

It brightens! See! – Now there's a real chance,

That, if from the hundred-fold substance,

By mixing – since mixing makes it happen –

The stuff of human life's compounded,

And distilled in a flask, well-founded,

And in proper combination, grounded,

Then the silent work is done.

(He turns again to the furnace.)

It will be! The mass is clearer!

The proof comes nearer, nearer:

What man praises in deepest Nature,  
Through Reason we dare to probe it,  
And what she organises, here,  
We're now able to crystallise it.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Who lives a while, gains much experience,  
And nothing new can happen on his journey.  
In years of travelling, and in my presence,  
I've seen, already, crystallised humanity.

WAGNER (Up till now attending to the phial.)

It rises: flashes, there's expansion  
In a moment more it will be done.  
Great aims seem foolish at the outset:  
But we'll laugh at Chance itself, yet,  
And brains, with thoughts to celebrate,  
In the future, a Thinker will create.

(He inspects the phial, rapturously.)

The glass rings with sweet power,  
It darkens, clears: it must have being!  
In a delicate form I see appear  
A well-behaved little Man behaving.

What can the world ask more, what can we?  
Now that this mystery's visible to each.

Give ear to what these sounds may be,  
They make a voice: they're forming speech.

HOMUNCULUS (From the phial, to Wagner.)

Now, father! That was no joke. How are you?

Come: press me tenderly to your heart, too!

But not too hard, the glass may be too thin.

It's in the very nature of the thing:

For the natural the world has barely space:  
What's artificial commands a narrow place.  
(To Mephistopheles.)

But you, Rascal, my dear Cousin, are you  
Here at the right moment? I thank you, too.  
Good fortune's led you here to me:  
Since I exist, I must be doing, you see.  
I'd like to begin my work today:  
You're skilful at shortening the way.

WAGNER

But first, a word! Till now I've had no direction,  
When old or young teased me with a question.  
For example: no one's found out, ever,  
What makes body and soul fit together:  
Stick tight, as if there'll be no separation,  
Yet always cause each other irritation.  
So then, -

MEPHISTOPHELES

Stop! I'd rather he told me,  
Why married people get by so wretchedly?  
You'll never discover that, my friend.  
There's work to do the little Man can tend.

HOMUNCULUS

What work's to do?

MEPHISTOPHELES

(Pointing to a side door.)

Employ your gifts on this!

WAGNER (Still gazing at the phial.)

Truly, you're the loveliest boy there is!

The side-door opens: Faust is seen stretched out on a couch.

HOMUNCULUS (Astonished.)

Interesting!

The phial slips out of Wagner's hands, hovers over Faust, and shines on him.

Lovely surroundings! – Clear water

In thick forest! Women there: undressing.

The loveliest of all! – It's getting clearer.

One's left, different from the rest, gleaming:

Of highest race, for sure, a heavenly name.

She places her foot in the transparent glow,

Her noble body's sweetly living flame

Cools itself in the yielding crystal flow. –

But what's that rush of beating wings for:

That thrashing, splashing, in the mirror?

The lovely girls, intimidated, flee:

Their queen, alone, looks on, composedly,

To see, with a proud feminine pleasure,

The Swan-Prince press against her knee, there,

Forward yet tame. Familiar, he seems. –

But suddenly a vapour heaves,

And covers, with the veil it weaves,

The loveliest of scenes.

MEPHISTOPHELES

All the things that you could murmur!

So little: and such a great dreamer.

I see nothing –

HOMUNCULUS

So I believe. You're Northern,

In the age of mist you're born then,

In a jumble of priest-craft and chivalry,

So how could your sight be free!

You're at home with darkness.

(He gazes around.)

Brown repulsive, mildewed walls,

Low, pointed arches, full of scrolls! –

One wakes, and gives another pain,

On the spot, dead then, he'll remain.

Wooded founts, swans, naked beauty,

That was his far-sighted dream:

How could this place do duty!

I can scarcely endure the scene.

Carry him off!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'd be happy: a last chance.

HOMUNCULUS

Order the soldier to the fight,

Lead the maiden to the dance,

Then everything's done right.

Even now, thinks, quick as light,

It's Classical Walpurgis Night:

That's the best, if he were sent

To his own true element!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I've never heard that event named, here.

HOMUNCULUS

How could it come to your ear?

Only Romantic ghosts, for you:

A true ghost must be Classic too.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Which path do we take there? Already



Your antique colleagues quite repel me.

HOMUNCULUS

North-westward Satan, is your pleasure ground,

But this time we're South-eastward bound –

In wider space flows Peneus, the free

By bushes, groves, and damp still bays:

Its levels stretch to mountain ways,

And over it Pharsalus: old, yet contemporary.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh! Enough! And keep all the fight,

Of tyranny and slavery, out of sight.

It bores me: they're scarce done when

They start the whole thing over again:

And no one sees: they're being re-aligned,

By Asmodeus, who works them from behind.

They clash, it's said, for Freedom's right:

Seen rightly, slave with slave is all the fight.

HOMUNCULUS

Leave Mankind's wilfulness to me, then.

Each man defends himself, as best he can,

From childhood, till, at last, he is a man.

Just ask how we can get back there again.

Have you a method, then, let's see:

If you haven't, leave it all to me.

MEPHISTOPHELES

There's many a Brocken trick I could display,

But I find that Pagan bolts have barred the way.

The whole Greek race was never that much use!

They dazzle with the senses' freer play: it's true:

They lure the heart of man to happier sins:

While ours, one always finds, are gloomy things.

And now, what?

HOMUNCULUS

Once you weren't so witless:

When I spoke about Thessalian witches.

I can deliver what I said: just think a little.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Lustfully.)

Thessalian witches! Good! They're the people

I once enquired about long ago.

I don't think it would suit me, at all,

To live with them night after night, though,

Still, a visit, and a trial –

HOMUNCULUS

This mantle here,

Fold it around your knight there!

As before, the cloak can carry another,

One of you, along with the other.

I'll light the way.

WAGNER (Anxiously.)

And I?

HOMUNCULUS

Well, now, you

Stay home, there are important things to do.

Unfold all your ancient parchments,

Then, by rote, collect life's elements,

And place them together with due care,

Consider What, more deeply consider How.

Meanwhile round the world, a bit, I'll fare,

And find the last dot on the 'i', for now.

Then the great work will see its final stage:

Great effort will merit great reward, you'll see:  
Gold, honour, fame, a long and ripe old age,  
And science too – and virtue, possibly.  
Farewell!

WAGNER (Sadly.)

Farewell! It gives me pain.  
Already, I fear, I'll not see you again.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now to Peneus, lively, on!  
Sir Cousin's highly rated.

(To the audience.)

In the end we're dependent on  
The creatures we've created.

## **PART II ACT II SCENE III: CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT.**

The Pharsalian Fields. Darkness.

ERICHTHO (The Thessalian Witch, see Lucan's Pharsalia.)

This night's awesome feast, as so often in the past,  
I enter now, I, Erichtho, the gloomy one:  
Not so abominable as the wretched poets  
Painted me, with excessive slander...they never  
Cease their blame or praise...I see the valley whiten  
With waves of tents that gleam greyer in the distance,  
The after-image of that anxious, fearful night.  
How often it's repeated! In eternity  
Acted out, again, forever...No one gives the realm  
To another: to the one whose power won it:  
Whose strength rules. Since each, incapable of ruling

His inner self, would gladly rule his neighbour's will,  
In the manner that his proud mind dictates to him...  
But here a great instance was fought out, to the end,  
Of how force may battle against a greater force,  
Freedom's lovely thousand-blossomed garland be torn,  
And stubborn laurel be wound round the ruler's brow.  
Here, Pompey dreams of his youth and former greatness,  
There, Caesar, listening, watches the balance tremble!  
It settles, and the world knows whom it sinks towards.  
The watch fires, glowing, send out their crimson flames:  
The field exhales those images of squandered blood,  
And lured by the strange wondrous splendour of the night,  
A legion of Hellenic legends gather here.  
They hover around all the fires uncertainly,  
Or sit nearby, the fabled forms of ancient days....  
The Moon, not full it is true, but of clearest light,  
Rises, scattering mild radiance everywhere:  
The ghostly tents vanish: the fires burn bluish now.  
But, over my head, what sudden meteor's this?  
It shines, illuminates the material globe.  
I smell Life. It's not fitting for me to approach  
Closer to the living, since I'm harmful to them:  
It gives me a bad name, and is no benefit to me.  
It sinks down already. I give way, thoughtfully!  
She Exits. The Airy Travellers speak from above.

#### HOMUNCULUS

Once again float round the circle  
Over flames and shuddering horror:  
On the ground, and in the vale still,  
It's quite ghostly, we discover.

MEPHISTOPHELES

It's the same as through my old window  
In the grim and tangled north,  
Really loathsome ghosts below,  
I'm at home here: and there, of course.

HOMUNCULUS

See! There's a tall one striding,  
With gigantic steps, before us.

MEPHISTOPHELES

As if she were afraid, now: gliding  
Through the air above, she saw us.

HOMUNCULUS

Let her stride! Right away,  
Set the knight down there:  
He'll return to life again,  
Once he breathes this mythic air.

FAUST (As he touches the ground.)

Where is she?

HOMUNCULUS

We can't say, I fear,  
But you can probably enquire here.  
Hurry now before it's daylight,  
Go and search, from fire to fire:  
Who found his way to the Mothers' side,  
Won't find this harder to survive.

MEPHISTOPHELES

On my own behalf too, I'm here:  
But I don't know anything better  
Than each to seek, among the fires,  
The adventure he desires.

Then, so that we can reunite,  
Little one, shine your ringing light.

HOMUNCULUS

It shines like this, and rings.  
(The glass shines and rings out powerfully.)  
Now off to new and wondrous things!

FAUST (Alone.)

Where is she? – But no further answer seek...

If this is not the soil she trod,  
Nor the wave that bathed her foot,  
It is the air that spoke her speech.  
Here! By a miracle, on Hellenic land!

I feel, the earth, too, where I stand:  
A fresh power glows in me, the Sleeper,  
So I am Antaeus-like in nature.  
And I find the strangest things lie here,  
First let me search this Labyrinth of fire.

(He moves away.)

On the Upper Peneus

MEPHISTOPHELES (Looking around.)

And as I wander through these fires,  
I feel myself a total stranger: in the event,  
They're mostly naked, a shirt here and there:  
The Sphinx shameless, the Gryphon impudent:  
And what's more, curly-haired and winged,  
Before, behind, in eyes, reflected things...  
Of course, at heart, indecency's my ideal,  
But I find the Antique is a little too real.  
One should control all with a modern mind,  
Overlay it with fashions of assorted kinds....

Repulsive people! Yet still I have to meet them,

And, as a new guest too, correctly greet them...

Luck to you, fair ladies, and men, you wise grey ones!

A GRYPHON (Snarling. For the gold-guarding Gryphons see Herodotus' Histories.)

Not Grey ones! Gryphons! – No one likes the name

Of something grey. Every word rings

With what conditioned it: its origins:

Grey, grievous, grumpy, gruesome, gravely, grimly,

Similarly harmonious etymologically,

Disharmonise us.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And yet, without deviation,

You like the gryp in your proud name of Gryphon.

THE GRYPHON (Snarling continuously.)

Naturally! The relationship's tried and tested:

It was often censured, but more often praised:

One grips maidens, money, gold,

To the gripper, Fortune's never cold.

GIANT ANTS

You spoke of gold: we've collected lots of it,

In rocks and caves, secretly, we've crammed it:

The Arimaspi, discovered it all, one day,

They're laughing now: they took it far away.

THE GRYPHON

We'll soon make them confess.

THE ARIMASPI (For the Scythian race of the Arimaspi and their association with gold mining see Herodotus' Histories.)

But not on this night of public festival.

By morning we'll have spent it all.

This time at least we'll achieve success.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Sitting among the Sphinxes.)

How free, and easy, I feel here,

I understand you, one and all.

A SPHINX

We breathe out spirit-tones, clear,

That for you become substantial.

Now name yourself, so we can know your fame.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Men choose to saddle me with a host of names...

Are there Britons here? They travel about so much,

Looking for battlefields, and ruined walls,

The dullest classical places, waterfalls:

Here's a site that's worth all their fuss.

They spoke of me too: in their Mysteries:

And portrayed me there as Old Iniquity.

A SPHINX

How so?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I don't know why that should be.

A SPHINX

Perhaps you've knowledge of the stars?

What do you think of the present hour?

MEPHISTOPHELES (Gazing upwards.)

Star glides by star, the horned moon shines bright,

And I feel happy here, in this mournful site,

I warm myself on a lion skin: your right.

To have to take off, again: that would be hard:

Give us a riddle, or at least charades.

A SPHINX



To express yourself, that would be a riddle.  
Try for once to solve your own inner muddle:  
'Needed by the good man and the sinful,  
To the first a breastplate in ascetic swordplay,  
A wild friend for the other, to show the way,  
And both amusing Zeus with their display.'

THE FIRST GRYPHON (Snarling.)

I don't like him!

THE SECOND GRYPHON (Snarling more fiercely.)

What's he after?

BOTH GRYPHONS

The nasty thing, he's not been heard of here!

MEPHISTOPHELES (Nastily.)

Perhaps you think a guest's nails can't claw  
Every bit as sharply as those talons of yours?  
Just try it, then!

A SPHINX (Gently.)

You'll only stay until,  
You leave our company, yourself, as you will:  
In your own land everything worked for you,  
But this if I'm not wrong's too much for you.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Looked at above, you're rather appetising,  
But lower down the creature's somewhat frightening.

A SPHINX

False one, you'll do bitter penance,  
These claws of ours are sound and good:  
You with your withered horse's hoof,  
Aren't comfortable in our presence.  
The Sirens start to sing, above them.

What are those birds shaking  
The poplar branches by the stream?

A SPHINX

Take care! The song they're making  
Conquered the best there's ever been.

THE SIRENS

Ah, why should you choose to live  
Amongst amazing ugliness!

Listen, we flock to you, ah yes,  
With tuneful sounds, in excess,  
That Sirens ought to give.

THE SPHINXES (Mocking them.)

Make them fly down here to us!

Their falcon-claws, so hideous,

They've hidden in the leaves:

They'll fall on you, cruelly, you see

If you choose to hear them sigh.

THE SIRENS

Away with hate! Away with envy!

We gather purest ecstasies,

Scattered through the sky!

On the earth, or on the sea,

With the happiest gestures, we

Greet men who wander by.

MEPHISTOPHELES

This is news of the sweetest,

Here from lyre and chest,

One note twines round another.

But this warbling's lost on me:

It crawls into my ear, you see,

Yet my heart feels nothing, here.

THE SPHINXES

Don't talk of hearts! That's idle:

A leather bag would do as well,

To match that face you wear.

FAUST (Approaching.)

Marvellous! Gazing's enough for me,

At grand repulsiveness, and solidity:

I suspect I'll find good fortune shortly:

Where will this serious gazing take me?

(He points at the Sphinxes.)

Once Oedipus stood in front of them:

(He points at the Sirens.)

Ulysses writhed in ropes for them:

(He points to the Ants.)

They gathered a mighty treasure.

(He points to the Gryphons.)

They guarded it in fullest measure.

I feel new power flowing through me:

Mighty these forms: of mighty memory.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Once you'd have run from things like these,

But now they look good to you:

When a man seeks his beloved, he's

Ready to meet monsters too.

FAUST (To the Sphinxes.)

You female forms, tell me then,

Have any of you seen Helen?

THE SPHINXES

None of us lasted till her day,

Hercules the last did slay.  
You can ask Chiron, anyway:  
He gallops round in this spirit night:  
When he stops for you, you might.

#### THE SIRENS

You will not fail at all!...  
How Ulysses lingered with us,  
Not hurrying scornfully by us,  
He'd many times recall:  
All will be shown you,  
If you make your journey to  
Our fields, in the green sea.

#### A SPHINX

Don't let yourself be deceived.  
Instead of Ulysses self-bonded,  
We bind with good advice. On!  
When you reach noble Chiron,  
You'll find it's as I promised.  
Faust wanders off.

#### MEPHISTOPHELES (In a temper.)

What croaks by me on beating wing,  
So quick that one can't see a thing.  
And one behind the other, flying?  
Even a hunter would weary of these.

#### A SPHINX

That storm, like the winds of winter, here,  
Hercules' arrows could scarce get near:  
They are the swift Stymphalides,  
And their croaked greetings are well-meant,  
The vulture-beaked, and goose-webbed.

They'd gladly appear in our place,  
As a closely-related race.

MEPHISTOPHELES (As if intimidated.)

Something else is having a hissing fit.

SPHINX

Don't be worried about those either!

They're the heads of the Lernaean Hydra,  
Lopped from the trunk, but think they're it.

But, what's the matter, now then?

Why all the restless movements?

Where are you going? He's gone!...

I see that Chorus over there, that one,  
Has turned your head. You'll get nowhere,  
Go on: greet every sweet face there!

They're Lamiae, the lustful girls,  
With smiling lips, impudent curls,  
The race of Satyrs all delight in:

With them a cloven foot's the very thing.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Will you stay here? So I can find you again.

SPHINX

Yes! Mix with the flighty rabble.

In Egypt, we were accustomed, you know,  
To rule for a thousand years or so.

And if you respect our location,  
We'll regulate the days of Moon and Sun.

We'll sit in front of the Pyramids,  
To pass judgement on the nations:

With changeless faces, there, amid  
War and peace, and inundations.

On the Lower Peneus. The river-god, surrounded by nymphs and tributary streams.

PENEUS

Stir, you reed-beds, whispering, flowing!

Sigh softly, slender rushes, bowing,

Lightly, willow-bushes, rustling,

Lisp, you poplar-branches trembling,

Through the broken dream!.....

Dreadful premonitions wake me,

Secret quivering, now, shakes me,

In my peaceful wandering stream.

FAUST (Approaching the river.)

If I heard true, as I believe:

From behind the tangled leaves

Of these shrubs and branches,

Came sounds of human voices.

Then the fount seemed to chatter,

And the breeze filled with laughter.

THE NYMPHS (To Faust.)

Just to lie here, now,

For you would be best,

Reviving your wearied

Body with coolness,

Enjoy here forever

Your fugitive rest:

Murmuring, trickling,

We'll whisper, and bless.

FAUST

I'm awake! O let them linger there

Those images without compare,

As they reached my sight.  
I'm moved so marvellously!  
Is it dream? Or is it memory?  
Once before, I knew this delight.  
The waters creep through the freshness,  
The softly swaying bushes' thickness,  
Without rushing, barely trickling:  
A hundred founts from all sides press,  
And gather to the purest brightness,  
Fill the pool's shallow ring.  
Glowing limbs of young girls are  
Reflected by the liquid mirror,  
And added to the eye's delight!  
Companionably, bathing joyfully,  
Swimming boldly, wading shyly,  
Crying out, at last, in watery fight.  
This sight's enough to renew  
My eyes with gazing at the view,  
But ever wider vision strains.  
My glance cuts sharply through the cover,  
Rich foliage, green wealth, around her,  
Serves to hide the noble queen.  
Marvellous! The swans approaching:  
From the bays, come softly swimming,  
Majestically pure their movement.  
Floating calm, in sweet society,  
But how proudly, self-delightedly,  
Head and neck are lifted, bent.....  
One shines out above all others,  
Boasting boldly of his favours,

Sailing swiftly in their race:  
His ruffled plumage swelling,  
Wave-like, on the wave he's stirring,  
He hastens to the sacred place...  
The others swimming here and there,  
With their smooth shining feathers,  
Soon meet in fine contention,  
Drive away the frightened maidens,  
Not thinking of their service, then  
But only of their own protection.

#### THE NYMPHS

Sisters, bend and set you ears  
To the river-banks' green turf:  
If I hear rightly, coming near,  
That's the sound of hooves on earth.  
If I only knew who that message might  
Be bringing, swiftly, to the Night!

#### FAUST

To me, the ground seems ringing, too  
Echoing to some swift stallion's hoof.  
There, gaze, my eyes!  
Good luck, is nigh,  
Will it come to me as well?  
O, wonder without parallel!  
A rider trots towards us, now,  
Gifted, shines with spirit and power  
Grafted to a snow-white horse...  
I know him too, I can't be wrong,  
It's Philyra's famous son! –  
Halt, Chiron! Halt! Hear my discourse...



CHIRON (The Centaur.)

What then? What is it?

FAUST

Delay a moment!

CHIRON

I never rest.

FAUST

Well, take me with you, then!

CHIRON

Mount! And I can question you, at leisure:

Where are you going? You're by the river,

I'll carry you through the flood, with pleasure.

FAUST (Mounting his back.)

Wherever you wish. My thanks forever...

You, the great man, the noble teacher,

Famed for educating the race of heroes,

That splendid company of the Argonauts,

And all who edified the Poets' thoughts.

CHIRON

All that in its proper place!

As Mentor, even Pallas wasn't rated:

In the end they do things their own way,

As if they'd none of them been educated.

FAUST

The doctor who can name the plants,

And roots, profoundly, understands:

Who heals the sick, and soothes the wound,

Here, strong in mind and body, have I found!

CHIRON

When a hero was injured near me.

I gave the right assistance and advice:  
But, at last, bequeathed my art, you see,  
To priests, and herb-gathering old wives.

FAUST

You've a truly great man's ways:  
He won't hear a word of praise.  
He'll modestly defer to us  
And act as if all were equals.

CHIRON

You seem artful at those pretences,  
Which flatter common folk and princes.

FAUST

But surely you'd confess today:  
You saw the greatest, of your age,  
Among the noblest deeds, you trod,  
And lived life as a demi-god.  
Among those great heroic forms,  
Who was the finest of them all?

CHIRON

Among the Argonauts, in my day,  
Each was worthy, in his own way.  
And with the powers he inhaled,  
Knew enough when others failed.  
Castor and Pollux always conquered,  
When youth and beauty were honoured.  
In determination, and swift help to others,  
First was Calais, and Zetes his brother,  
Thoughtful, clever, strong, well-advised,  
Jason conquered, woman-folk's delight.  
Then Orpheus: gentle, always brooding,

Sounding the lyre, quite over-powering.  
Sharp-eyed Lynceus, by night and day,  
Steering the sacred ship past reef and bay...  
Let such dangers always be faced as brothers:  
If one achieves he's praised by all the others.

FAUST

Of Hercules, you say nothing?

CHIRON

Oh! Don't rouse my yearning....

Never noting how Phoebus

Ares, or Hermes, were defined,

With my own eyes I saw before us

What all men praise as divine.

He was born a king, no other,

A splendid youth to gaze upon:

Yielding to his elder brother,

And the loveliest of women.

Gaea's never known a second,

Nor Hebe led such on to heaven's zone:

In vain for him they sing the songs,

In vain for him they carve the stone.

FAUST

The sculptors never caught his form,

However many images they made.

You've spoken of the loveliest man,

Now speak about the loveliest maid!

CHIRON

What!...I won't talk of woman's beauty,

It's so often a frozen mask to me:

I can only praise that nature, truly,

Flowing freely, and cheerfully.

Beauty's delighted with itself:

Grace makes it irresistible,

Like Helen, whom I carried.

FAUST

You carried her?

CHIRON

Yes on this very back.

FAUST

Was I not sufficiently aroused?

Such a seat, now, will bring me luck!

CHIRON

She gripped me by the mane, so,

As you are doing.

FAUST

I'm vanquished, oh,

Completely! Tell me, why here?

She is my one and only desire!

Carried her from where, to where?

CHIRON

That's easy to tell, since you enquire.

At that time, the Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux,

Freed their sister, Helen, from a nest of robbers.

The robbers then, not used to being conquered,

Regained their courage, and chased them onward.

The sister and brothers' hasty course was halted

By all the swamps that lie below Eleusis:

The brothers waded: I swam over, swiftly:

Then she sprang off, and, stroking gently

My wet mane, caressed me, thanked me,

Confident, sweetly clever were her ways.

She was so charming! Youth, delighting Age!

FAUST

Only ten years old!...

CHIRON

The philologists deceive you,

I see, while deceiving themselves too.

It's strange that with a mythological woman,

Poets use her, at will, to draw our attention,

She can never age, is never old,

Cast in the same enticing mould,

Seduced when young, in age delights:

Enough, no age restricts a poet's flights.

FAUST

Then let her be as if no age has bound her!

As Achilles on Pherae once found her,

Beyond all ages. What rare luck:

In spite of every fate, to win her love!

And shall I, by the strength of my yearning,

Not draw that unique form towards me, living,

That eternal being, equal to the divine,

Great yet tender: kind as she's sublime.

You saw her once: today I too have seen her,

Lovely in her attraction: as lovely as desired.

Now my soul and being is strongly tied:

If I can't win her, I shan't survive.

CHIRON

Ah, stranger! You're enraptured like Mankind:

Among us Spirits you seem maddened, blind.

Yet now your fate is to be met with here:

Though only for a moment, every year,  
I take the time to call on Manto, there,  
Aesculapius' daughter: in silent prayer  
Imploring her father to add to his fame,  
Enlighten, at last, each rash doctor's brain,  
And persuade them never to deal death again...

I like her best of all the crowd of Sibyls,  
Free of grimaces, kind and generous:  
If you stay with her, she's the power too,  
To heal you totally: with herbs and roots.

FAUST

I don't need healing: my mind is filled with power:  
There I'd become as base as others are.

CHIRON

Don't scorn the healing of the noble fount!  
We've reached the place, so, quick, dismount!

FAUST

Tell me, where, through pebbly water,  
In the gloomy night, you've brought us?

CHIRON

Here Greece and Rome braved the fight,  
Olympus to your left, Peneus on the right,  
The greatest empire lost here to the sand:  
A king flees: and citizens win the land.  
Gaze around! Famous Tempe is nearby,  
Eternal, there, under the moonlit sky.

MANTO (Inside, dreaming.)

Horses' hooves sound  
On sacred ground,  
Demi-gods are nigh us.

CHIRON

Quite right!

Just open your eyes!

MANTO (Waking.)

Welcome! I see you don't keep away.

CHIRON

And your temple's still here to stay!

MANTO

You still gallop round, untiringly?

CHIRON

And you, as ever, sit peacefully,

While I enjoy circling round.

MANTO

I wait, and Time circles me I've found.

And him?

CHIRON

The shadowy night

Has whirled him to our sight.

Helen he wants to win,

Helen's maddening him.

And he doesn't know where or how to begin:

Above all he deserves the Aesculapian healing.

MANTO

I like the ones who want impossible things.

Chiron is already far off.

Rash man, advance, here's joy for you!

This dark path leads to Persephone too.

Under Olympus' hollow foot, stealing,

She listens for secret, forbidden greeting.

I smuggled Orpheus down here once before:

Use your chance better! Quick! Be sure!

They descend.

## **PART II ACT II SCENE IV: ON THE UPPER PENEUS AGAIN**

THE SIRENS

Plunge now in Peneus' flood!

Here you can delight in swimming,

Song on song too, harmonising,

Does unlucky people good.

There's no healing without water!

With the shining crowd run we

Quick, to the Aegean Sea,

Where every joy's on offer.

An Earthquake.

The foaming wave sweeps wider,

Flowing in its bed no longer:

Earth shakes and waters roar,

Stony banks split once more.

We fly on! Come, one and all!

We'll not profit from this at all.

On! Each noble, happy guest,

To the ocean's cheerful zest,

Gleaming, where the trembling waves

Lightly heaving, wash the bays:

Where the moon's reflected light,

Wets with heaven's dew, at night.

There, a freely flowing life,

Here, an earthquake's fearful strife:



Every clever one, hasten on!

This place is a hideous one.

SEISMOS (Growling and jolting in the deep.)

Push again, with power,

With your shoulders, tower!

So the world above is ours,

Where all must yield to us.

THE SPHINXES

What a horrid shuddering,

Ugly, hideous juddering!

What a quivering and swaying,

Back and forwards, playing!

What an intolerable fuss!

But we'll not lose our place,

Even if all hell shakes.

Now a dome is lifted,

Wonderful. He's gifted

It to us, the ancient one,

Delos' isle was his creation,

Driven from out the wave,

To bring Latona aid.

He with striving, pushing, pressing,

Arms straight, and shoulders bending,

Like an Atlas in his action,

Lifts rock and earth, in motion,

Shingle, gravel, sand: the floors

All along our peaceful shores.

Rips our vale's quiet surface up,

Crosswise, with a single cut:

Fiercely, and unwearied,

A colossal caryatid,  
Bears a fearsome weight of boulders,  
Still buried, downwards to his shoulders:  
But he'll come no further, now,  
The Sphinxes' place is here, we vow.

### SEISMOS

I myself achieved all this,  
Man should admit it, finally:  
If I'd not jolted and shaken it,  
How could the world be so lovely? –  
How could your peaks stand so high,  
In the pure and splendid blue,  
If I'd not pushed them to the sky,  
Picturesque and charming too?  
Then, thinking of my high ancestry,  
Night and Chaos, I behaved badly,  
And, a company of Titans, we  
With Pelion and Ossa played madly,  
Romping round in youthful glee,  
Till, we tired of it, at last,  
And set both mountains, wickedly,  
On Parnassus, as a double hat....  
There, now, Apollo's sweet retreat,  
With the happy band of Muses.  
And Jupiter, thunderbolts complete:  
I even raised the high seat he uses.  
So now with monstrous striving  
I've pushed this upwards, from the deep,  
And call, aloud, to their new being,  
The joyful dwellers of the steep.

## THE SPHINXES

One would think long ago,  
This was lifted to the sky,  
Had we not seen from down below,  
How it wormed its way on high.  
A bushy forest covers it,  
And rock on rock is piled around:  
Sphinxes don't care about it,  
It won't disturb our sacred ground.

## THE GRYPHONS

Gold in leaves, and gold in spangles,  
Through the cracks, see, it tremble.  
Don't you rob us of our treasure,  
Ants, come, gather it together!

## CHORUS OF ANTS

As this the giant ones  
Threw to the sky,  
You restless-footed ones,  
Quick, climb it on high!  
Rapidly in and out!  
In cracks like these,  
Every crumb about's  
Worth you can seize.  
You must uncover  
Even the slightest,  
In every corner  
Quick as the brightest.  
You must be everywhere,  
Swarming around: then,  
Only bring gold here!

Forget the mountain.

#### THE GRYPHONS

Come! Come! Heap the gold!

With our claws, we'll keep hold:

They are the best locks yet:

Great treasures they protect.

#### THE PYGMIES (Classical Dwarves.)

We've acquired some room,

How, it isn't clear.

Don't ask where we're from:

The main thing is we're here!

Life is cheerfully suited

To every sort of land:

Where a rock is lifted,

Dwarves are there, on hand.

Men and maids, quick and busy,

Exemplary, every pair:

In Paradise, once, maybe,

A similar race lived there.

But the best is here we find,

Thankfully our fate is blessed:

Mother Earth is always kind,

In the East as in the West.

#### THE DACTYLS (Little Ironworkers.)

If she can bring to light

The Little Ones in a night,

The Littlest Ones, she can make

And each will still find a mate.

#### THE PYGMY-ELDERS

Hurry: make space:

A convenient place!  
Quickly, to work!  
Strength, never shirk!  
While we're in peace,  
Our smithy increase,  
To furnish the horde  
With armour and sword.

All you ant-forms,  
Moving in swarms,  
Bring us the ore!  
And all you Dactyls,  
So many, so little,  
You are commanded  
To bring us the wood!  
Heap it up higher,  
Secretive fire,  
Fetch coals as you should.

#### THE PYGMY GENERALISSIMO

Look lively, though,  
With arrow and bow!  
Shoot me the herons  
Out in the ponds,  
Countless they're nests,  
Proud are their breasts,  
Shoot them, together,  
All in one blow!  
So we can show  
Helmets with feathers.

#### ANTS AND DACTYLS

Who now can save us!

We bring the iron  
They forge the fetters.  
It won't be soon  
This thing will end,  
Meanwhile we bend.

#### THE CRANES OF IBYCUS

Cries of murdered, calls of dying!  
Fearful fluttering and flying!  
Such deep moans, and such groans  
Carry to our airy zones!  
All already slaughtered,  
Blood is reddening the water,  
Misshapen dwarfish passions,  
Steal the herons' noblest gems.  
Now they're waving on their helmets:  
Those fat-bellied bow-legged serpents.  
You our armies' members,  
Files of ocean-wanderers,  
You we call to vengeance,  
To kin-related business.  
No one spare his strength or blood!  
Show hatred always to that brood!  
(They disperse, croaking.)

#### MEPHISTOPHELES

(On the plain.)  
Northern witches were easily controlled,  
But over foreign spirits I've no hold.  
The Blocksberg's a most convenient locale,  
Wherever you are, you'll find yourself there still.  
Dame Ilse watches for us, from her tall stone,

And Heinrich's still awake on his high throne,  
At Elend, the Snorers snore away,  
All's done for a thousand years and a day.  
Who knows here if, where he sits, you see,  
The Earth won't swell up beneath his feet?....  
I wander happily through a level valley,  
And in a moment there, thrown up behind me,  
A mountain, true it's hardly to be called one,  
But high enough to hide the Sphinxes' home –  
Still, the valley breeds many a fire here,  
And so illuminates this mad affair....  
The magic sparks of that charming chorus.  
Still enticing, vanishing, hover near us.  
Gently now! All too used to nibbling,  
Wherever we are, we find ourselves snatching.  
THE LAMIAE (Drawing Mephistopheles after them.)  
Faster, and faster!  
And ever further!  
Then hover again,  
Chattering, staying.  
It's such a pleasure,  
To make the old sinner,  
Pursue us, at whim,  
Doing hard penance.  
See, with his lame stance,  
He hobbles forwards,  
He stumbles onwards:  
Trailing his leg, mind:  
As we flee from him  
He follows behind!

MEPHISTOPHELES (Standing still.)  
Cursed fate! Cheated every which way!  
Since Adam, seduced and led astray!  
We grow old, but who grows wise?  
Now, I'm tormented to the skies!  
We know they're a wholly useless sex,  
With laced-in bodies, and painted looks.  
No healthy response at all, at bottom,  
Wherever you grip, their limbs are rotten.  
We know, we see, we grasp their ways,  
But still we dance when woman plays!

THE LAMIAE (Pausing.)

Stop! He thinks: pauses: stays too:  
Return, then, lest he should escape you!

MEPHISTOPHELES (Striding forwards.)

On, then! And let no indecision  
Grip my flesh, some foolish cavil:  
Since if there were no witches given,  
Who the devil'd want to be a devil!

THE LAMIAE (Very graciously.)

We are circling round the hero!  
Let love, in his heart, be sure to  
Choose one of us for certain though.

MEPHISTOPHELES

True, in this uncertain shimmer,  
You seem pretty girls together,  
I'd like not to scorn you so.

EMPUSA (The demon. Pressing forward.)

Nor me! I'm the very thing,  
Let me join your following.



THE LAMIAE

She's one too many in our crowd,  
She'll spoil our game if she's allowed.

EMPUSA (To Mephistopheles.)

Greetings from Empusa, to you,  
Your cousin, with the ass's hoof!  
You've only a horse's hoof, it's true,  
Yet, cousin, all the best to you!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I thought there were only strangers here,  
Sadly, now, relatives appear:  
It's the old story: in their dozens,  
From Hartz to Hellas, always cousins!

EMPUSA

I act quickly with decision,  
I can alter to your vision:  
But to honour you today  
My ass's head I display.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I see great things are signified,  
By the relationship implied:  
Be that as it may, yet I,  
The ass's head will still deny.

THE LAMIAE

That ugly thing gives the frights,  
To all that's lovely and delights:  
The lovely and delightful before,  
When she arrives, are so no more!

MEPHISTOPHELES

These cousins too, so soft and slender,

Are all suspicious, all that gender:  
And beneath their cheeks, those roses,  
There too, I fear, are metamorphoses.

THE LAMIAE

Try us then! We're many.  
Grasp! And if you're lucky,  
Secure the finest prize.  
What was all that lusting for?  
You're a miserable suitor,  
Strutting, boasting of your size! –  
Now he's mixing with our crowd:  
Drop your masks: you're allowed:  
And bare your being to his eyes.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I've chosen the loveliest one...

(Clasping her.)

Oh! What a skinny broom!

(Clasping another.)

And this one?...Wizened looks!

THE LAMIAE

You're worth better? Not in our books.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That little one might suit my plans...  
A lizard gliding through my hands!  
And snakelike are her slippery tresses.  
I try the tall one to compare...  
I grip a thyrsus without hair,  
A pinecone, for a head, impresses!  
What next?...A fat one, see,  
Perhaps she'll enliven me:

Let's risk it, then! Here she is!  
So puffy, flabby, in the East  
There they'd prize her looks, at least...  
But, oh! The puff-ball's split!

THE LAMIAE

Scatter widely, swaying, floating,  
Surround him in dark flight, like lightning,  
The trespassing witch's son!  
Circles, terrifying, winging!  
Bat-like in a silent flickering!  
He'll be grateful when we've done.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Shaking himself.)

I'm no cleverer it seems, at all:  
Here's absurd, and so's the north,  
Here and there, the spirits tricky,  
Poetry and people tacky.  
Here too it's masquerade, I find:  
As everywhere, the dance of mind.  
I grasped a lovely masked procession,  
And caught things from a horror show...  
I'd gladly settle for a false impression,  
If it would last a little longer, though.  
(He loses his way among the rocks.)  
Where am I now? Where will it wander?  
There was a path, now it's a horror.  
I got here by smooth and level ways,  
And now the scree prevents escape.  
I clamber up and down in vain,  
How shall I find the Sphinx again?  
I've never known anything like it, quite,

A mountain range in a single night!  
I call it a lively witches' ride,  
They've brought the Blocksberg, beside.  
AN OREAD (A mountain nymph, from the natural rock.)  
Climb up here! My range is old,  
In primeval forms the peaks unfold.  
Respect the steep and rocky stair,  
Pindus' last slopes stretch there!  
Unshakeable, once I stood, as now,  
When Pompey fled across my brow.  
Beside me, illusion's stones will go,  
As soon as ever the cock shall crow.  
I often see such fables thrown on high,  
And suddenly sink back again and die.

#### MEPHISTOPHELES

Honour to you, you noble length,  
Garlanded high with oaken strength!  
The clearest moonlight never weaves  
Through the darkness of your leaves –  
I see a light, with parting glow,  
Through the silent bushes go.  
How all things come together!  
Homunculus it is who's there!  
Which way now, little fellow?

#### HOMUNCULUS

I flit about from hill to hollow  
And, in the truest sense, I'd gladly 'be',  
I'm so impatient, now, to smash the glass:  
Only, so far, given what I can see,  
I wouldn't want to do it in this pass.

But in confidence I confess I was  
On the trail of two philosophers,  
All I heard them say was: Nature, Nature!  
I'll not part from them for anything,  
They must know about earthly being:  
And in the end I'll find out, too,  
The cleverest place to travel to.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, do it on your own behalf, here.  
Where the spirits all find their place,  
The Philosopher can show his face.  
To please you with his art and favour,  
He'll make you a dozen, any flavour.  
You'll have no intellect, unless you err.  
If you want to 'be', make it your own affair!

HOMUNCULUS

Good advice too is not to be disdained.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Then off with you! I'll look around again.  
They part.

ANAXAGORAS (To Thales.)

The stubborn mind will never ever bend:  
What more do you need to be enlightened?

THALES

The waves will gladly bow to every wind,  
Yet far from the jagged cliffs they'll end.

ANAXAGORAS

This cliff came about by fiery vapours.

THALES

By moisture living things were created.

HOMUNCULUS (Between the two.)

Let me walk beside you, please.

I myself desire to 'be'!

ANAXAGORAS

Have you, O Thales, in a single night

Brought a mount, from mud, to light?

THALES

Never has nature in her living flow,

Been bound to day, night, and hours, though.

She creates every form by rule,

At her greatest, force is never her tool.

ANAXAGORAS

Here it was! Furious Plutonic fire,

Monstrous Aeolian vapours thrown higher,

Broke through the ancient earth's smooth crust,

And raised the new mount with a swift up-thrust.

THALES

What more will come of it?

It's there, that's fine: let it sit.

One loses time in remonstrance,

And only leads the patient folk a dance.

ANAXAGORAS

The Mount quickly filled with Myrmidons,

Living in the rocky clefts and caverns:

Pygmies, ants and fingerlings,

And other active little things.

(To Homunculus.)

You've not striven hard for greatness,

Lived hermit-like, in narrowness:

If you can accustom yourself to power,

I'll crown you their king, in an hour.

HOMUNCULUS

What does Thales say?

THALES

It's not my recommendation:

With small means, you'll only do small actions:

With great means, the small achieve great ones.

Look there! A dark cloud, see, the cranes come!

So the excitable crowd will threaten,

And they would threaten the king so.

With sharpened beak, and grasping claw,

They tread the small ones to the floor:

Fate falls like lightning on those below.

It was a crime to kill the herons,

Caught on their quiet and peaceful ponds.

But that rain of arrowed slaughter,

Brings cruel and bloody vengeance after,

Summons the anger of their kin above,

To spill the Pygmies' guilty blood.

What need for helmets, shields and spears?

What use the dwarves' heron-feather?

How Dactyls and Ants hide together!

The army wavers, flies, and disappears.

ANAXAGORAS (After a moment, solemnly.)

Till now I've praised the subterranean powers,

But turn, in this case, to higher ones than ours...

You! Above, always evergreen,

Triple-named, triply to be seen,

I cry to you, by my people's woe,

Diana, Luna, Hecate, so!

You, in deepest thought, the heartening,  
You power profound, calmly shining,  
Reveal your dark side's fearful shower,  
Without spells, show your ancient power!

(A pause).

Am I heard so swiftly?

Has my cry

To the deep sky

Stirred Nature's ranks so quickly?

Already, greater, greater, nearing,

The Goddess' orb'd throne appearing,

Monstrous, fearful to the sight!

With fires that redden in the night...

No closer, threatening disc of power!

You'll straight destroy us: sea and shore!

So it was true, the Thessalian women,

Trusted with wicked magic runes,

Enchanted you from your circling path,

Wrested evil things from you, in wrath?...

The bright shield now darkens,

Suddenly splits: flashes, sparkles!

What a hissing! What a drumming!

Thunder, wind, and rain are coming! –

Humbled, on the steps of your throne! –

Forgive me! I brought this on, alone.

(He throws himself on his face.)

THALES

What has this man not heard and seen!

I'm not sure what it was that's been,

I'm not sensitive to it like him, I find.



We'd confess, these are crazy times,  
The Moon is quivering quite gently,  
In her place, though, just as formerly.

#### HOMUNCULUS

Look there, at the Pygmies seat!  
The mount was round, now it's a peak.  
I felt the monstrous recoil's thunder,  
A rock fell from the Moon up yonder:  
All alike, without asking too,  
Friend and foe it squashed and slew.  
I have to praise powers like those,  
All creation in a single night,  
Alike up there as down below,  
Bringing a mountain-heap to light.

#### THALES

Peace! It was just an imaginary sight.  
So farewell to that ugly brood!  
You didn't become king, that's good.  
Off now to the sea-festival, joy-blessed,  
Where they'll honour a marvellous guest.  
They exit.

#### MEPHISTOPHELES (Climbing up the opposite side.)

I'll have to climb through these steep rocks,  
Through the roots of ancient oaks!  
In my Hartz range, the smell of resin  
Has a hint of pitch, almost as pleasant  
As sulphur...but here, among the Greeks,  
There's not a sniff, wherever one seeks:  
But I'm still rather curious to know  
How they make hellfire and brimstone glow.

A DRYAD (A wood nymph.)

In your own land, you're naturally adept,  
Abroad, you don't know enough as yet.  
You shouldn't think about home, here  
With these ancient oak trees to revere.

MEPHISTOPHELES

One thinks of all one's left: besides,  
What one's used to is paradise.  
But tell me what's in that cave  
Dimly crouching, a triple shape?

THE DRYAD

Daughters of Phorkyas! Enter the place,  
And speak to them, if you're not afraid.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why not! – I'll look, and I'm amazed!  
Proud as I am, I must confess, though,  
I've never seen the likes of those,  
They're as foul as Ugliness any day....  
How can one find deadly sin  
Ugly at all when one has seen  
This triple monstrosity?  
We wouldn't let them cross the sill  
Of the worst chamber of our hell.  
But here, in the land of beauty, all things Greek,  
Are famous now because they're so antique...  
They seem to scent my presence: stirring,  
Like vampire bats, squeaking, twittering.

THE PHORKYADS (The Three Graeae.)

Give me the eye, Sisters, so I can find  
Who's wandering so near our shrine.

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Most Revered! Allow me near,  
To receive a triple blessing here.  
I come, as yet unknown it's true,  
But distantly related, I think, to you.  
I've already seen the elder gods,  
Bowed low before Rhea and Ops:  
I even saw the Fates, your sisters,  
Yesterday, or the day before:  
But I've never seen the likes of you.  
I'm silenced now, and delighted too.

## THE PHORKYADS

This spirit seems to have some sense.

## MEPHISTOPHELES

I'm amazed no poet's had the intelligence  
To sing of you. Tell me, how can that be?  
I've never seen you properly painted:  
The chisel should only try to carve you,  
Not the likes of Pallas, Venus, Juno.

## THE PHORKYADS

Deep in solitude and stillest night,  
No one ever thought to show us three aright.

## MEPHISTOPHELES

How could they? Here, concealed from view.  
You can't see anyone: and they can't see you.  
You need to achieve a suitable place,  
Where art and splendour share the space,  
Where every day, as walking, living heroes,  
With giant steps, each block of marble goes.  
Where –

## THE PHORKYADS

Be silent, and don't tempt us to roam!

What use would it be to us, to be better known?

Born in the night, and related to the night,

To ourselves, almost: to others quite out of sight.

## MEPHISTOPHELES

In that case, there's little more to say:

One can oneself to others still betray.

One eye's enough for three, one tooth as well:

Then it should be mythically possible,

To contain three beings in two,

And leave me the third form, too.

For a little while.

## A PHORKYAD

What do you think? Shall we try?

## THE OTHERS

Let's! – But without the tooth and eye.

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Now you've denied me the best features of all:

How can I show your strict and perfect form?

## A PHORKYAD

Shut one eye, that's easy to do,

Let one greedy tooth show too,

In profile you'll at once achieve

A sisterly likeness, to deceive.

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Many thanks! Done!

## THE PHORKYADS

Done!

MEPHISTOPHELES (As a Phorkyad, in profile.)

Already I'm one,  
Of Chaos's well-beloved sons!

THE PHORKYADS

We're Chaos's daughters, of undisputed right.

MEPHISTOPHELES

O shame, now I'll be called a hermaphrodite.

THE PHORKYADS

What a beauty in our sisterly trio!

We've two eyes, and two teeth now.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'll hide myself from every eye, as well,

And frighten devils in the lakes of Hell.

(He exits.)

## **PART II ACT II SCENE V: ROCKY COVES IN THE AEGEAN SEA**

The Moon, lingering, at the zenith.

THE SIRENS (Lying on the cliffs round about, playing flutes and singing.)

Though the Thessalian witch-women

Wickedly, dragged you down to them,

With their horrors, long ago, in the dark,

Look quietly down, now, from the arc

Of night, on waves of glittering sparks:

Mildly flashing, bright crowds, these:

Shine now upon the swelling seas,

Which raise themselves from the deep!

We're sworn to serve you, thus,

Sweet Luna, show grace to us.

THE NEREIDS AND TRITONS (As marvels of the deep.)

Sound out loud, with clearer tones,  
Ringing through the sea's wide zones:  
Call the peoples of the deep!  
Before the storm's ravening face,  
We sank to the stillest place,  
Now we're drawn, by singing, sweet.  
See, how we've adorned ourselves,  
In our great delight, as well,  
With our crowns, so nobly gemmed,  
And our belts with spangles hemmed!  
These spoils, now, before you, we lay,  
Treasures, shipwrecked here, and swallowed,  
Your enticing songs they followed,  
You the daemons of our bay.

#### THE SIRENS

We know well, in ocean freshness,  
Fishes play in slippery smoothness,  
Flickering lives, devoid of pain:  
Yet you festive crowds that stray  
We would rather find today,  
That you're more than fish, again.

#### THE NEREIDS AND TRITONS

Before we came to meet you,  
We were thinking of that too:  
Speed away now, sisters: brothers!  
It only needs the slightest journey,  
For most effective proof that we,  
Certainly, are more than fishes.

(They swim off.)

#### THE SIRENS

They've vanished in a moment!  
To Samothrace they're bent,  
Gone, with a favourable breeze.  
What is it they think they'll see,  
In the realm of the noble Cabiri?  
They're gods! But wondrously strange,  
Always causing their forms to change,  
Never knowing what they might be.  
Stay at your clear height,  
Sweet Luna, graceful light,  
So we'll remain nocturnal,  
Not chased by the diurnal!

THALES (On the shore, to Homunculus.)

I'd gladly lead you to old Nereus:  
His home's not far away and cavernous,  
But his head, it's of the very stubbornest,  
He's a sour-top, and quite the nastiest.  
The whole human race can't satisfy  
Him, the grumbler, and needn't try.  
Yet to him the future is revealed,  
And so all show respect, and yield  
Him honour in his high position:  
He's done quite well by many a one.

HOMUNCULUS

Then let's try him, and hurry on!  
My glass and flame won't fail our mission.

NEREUS (The sea-god.)

Are those human voices, in my ear?  
How quickly my deepest anger stirs!  
Forms, reaching for the gods, in their endeavour,

Yet condemned to be themselves, forever.  
In ancient times I had heavenly rest,  
Yet drove myself to act well to the best:  
And then, when I'd finished what I'd done,  
It was quite clear that nothing had been won.

THALES

And yet, Old Man of the Sea, we trust you:  
You're the Wise: so don't drive us from you!  
See this flame, he's almost human, really,  
He yields himself to your advice, completely.

NEREUS

What advice! Has Mankind valued my advice?  
A wise word's frozen in a stubborn ear.  
No matter how often some harsh action strikes,  
People remain as self-willed as before.  
I warned Paris himself, in a fatherly way,  
Before the foreign girl tempted him to stray.  
He stood bravely on the shore of Greece,  
And I told him what my Spirit could see:  
The smoke-filled air, the streaming blood,  
Glowing timbers, slaughter's flood,  
Troy's day of judgement, caught in verse,  
Its horrors known for ten thousand years.  
The old man's words seemed idle to the young,  
He followed his need, and Ilium was gone –  
A bloody corpse, frozen with ancient pain,  
For Pindus' eagles, a literary gain.  
Ulysses too! Didn't I tell him about  
Circe's wiles, that Cyclopean lout?  
The indecision in his own shallow mind,



And all of it! What benefit did he find?  
Till, late indeed, the ocean favoured him more,  
And brought him, wave-tossed, to a friendly shore.

THALES

Such behaviour brings the wise man pain,  
Yet the good will chance it all again.  
An ounce of thanks will still please them deeply,  
Outweighing tons of ingratitude completely.  
And it's nothing slight we ask of you:  
The boy here wants to exist, and wisely too.

NEREUS

Don't ruin such a rare mood as this!  
Greater needs await me, today, than his:  
I've summoned all my daughters here to me,  
The Dorides, the Graces of the Sea.  
Neither Olympus, nor your lands can show  
Such lovely forms, with such delicate flow,  
They fling themselves, with graceful actions,  
From sea-horses to Neptune's stallions,  
Blending so sensitively with the element,  
That they seem made of foam, to all intent.  
In a play of colours, on Venus' chariot shell,  
Galatea, the loveliest, comes to me, as well,  
Who, since Cypris turned away from us,  
Rules as the new divinity of Paphos.  
And so, heiress, for ages now, the sweet one,  
Holds town, and temple, chariot and throne.  
Away! It's time for a father's enjoyments,  
Hearts without hate, lips without judgements.  
Away, to Proteus! Ask that wondrous man:

How man exists, and changes, if he can.

(He vanishes into the sea.)

THALES

We'll achieve nothing by that game,

Meet Proteus: he'll vanish, just the same:

And if he stays, he'll only tell you,

What will amaze you, and confuse you.

But you've need of such advice,

Well, make tracks, then, and we'll try!

(They depart.)

THE SIRENS (On the rocks above.)

What is it we see whitening

The realms of ocean, brightening?

As when the wind prevails,

And shows the snowy sails,

So the Ocean's daughters,

Transfigured, light the waters.

Let us clamber shore-wards,

So we can hear their voices.

THE NEREIDS AND TRITONS

What in our hands we treasure,

Will give you all great pleasure.

Chelone's turtle shield

The shining form we wield:

On it gods we're bringing:

Your noblest songs, be singing.

THE SIRENS

Little in form,

Great in the storm,

Saving the shipwrecked,

Gods always respected.

#### THE NEREID AND TRITONS

We bring the peaceful Cabiri  
To lead in your festivity,  
Since in their holy presence,  
Neptune's always pleasant.

#### THE SIRENS

We're attendant on you:  
When a ship broke in two,  
Their sovereign power too,  
Protected the crew.

#### THE NEREIDS AND TRITONS

We've brought three of them along,  
The fourth said he wouldn't come:  
He said he was the real one,  
The only thinker of the squadron.

#### THE SIRENS

One god will always mock  
At some other god.  
Honour all their courtesy,  
Be fearful of their injury.

#### THE NEREIDS AND TRITONS

Actually, there are seven.

#### THE SIRENS

Where are the other three, then?

#### THE NEREIDS AND TRITONS

We really can't tell you that,  
On Olympus one might ask:  
There the eighth pines away,  
No one thinks of him today!

Granted us in mercy,  
But not yet completely.  
These, the incomparable,  
Ever wider yearning,  
Hungering, are longing  
For the unattainable.

#### THE SIRENS

We're ones who know  
Where it's enthroned,  
To moon and to sun,  
We pray: and it's done.

#### THE NEREIDS AND TRITONS

See how our great glory grows,  
We lead them to the feast!

#### THE SIRENS

The heroes of ancient story,  
Are deficient now in glory,  
Whatever we might be told:  
Though they won the fleece of gold,  
You're the Cabiri.

(Repeated as a full chorus.)

'Though they won the fleece of gold,  
We're the Cabiri'.

(The Nereids and Tritons move past.)

#### HOMUNCULUS

I see these unformed ones,  
Like pots of shoddy clay,  
Against them wise men run,  
And break their heads today.

#### THALES

That's what men ask of the dust:

The coin gains value from its rust.

PROTEUS (Unnoticed.)

It pleases me, an old connoisseur of fable!

The odder it is, the more respectable.

THALES

Where are you, Proteus?

PROTEUS (Like a ventriloquist, apparently far, and close to.)

Here! Here, too!

THALES

An old joke, which I'll forgive you:

No idle words for a friend, please!

I know you're trying to deceive.

PROTEUS (As if from the distance.)

Farewell!

THALES (Quietly to Homunculus.)

He's quite near. So, light, afresh!

He's just as curious as any fish:

And whatever form he hides in,

A flame will easily entice him.

HOMUNCULUS

I'll pour out a whole flood of light,

But soft, so the glass is still all right.

PROTEUS (In the form of a giant turtle.)

What shines with such grace and beauty?

THALES (Covering up Homunculus.)

Good! If you wish, come close to see.

It's worth a little trouble, if you can:

Show yourself two-footed like a man.

At our discretion, and by our favour.

We'll show you what we're hiding here.

PROTEUS (In a noble form.)

You still know all the worldly tricks.

THALES

Changing shape is what you still like best.

(He reveals Homunculus.)

PROTEUS (Astonished.)

A shining dwarf! That, I've never seen!

THALES

He seeks advice, and would gladly 'be'.

He is, as I've heard him say before,

Quite miraculously, only half born.

He's not lacking in mental qualities,

But short of physical capabilities:

Only the glass has given him weight at all,

He'd gladly be embodied, first of all.

PROTEUS

You are a true virgin's son,

Before you should be, you're already one!

THALES (Whispering.)

From another point of view, it's critical:

I think it makes him hermaphroditical.

PROTEUS

All the easier to achieve success:

Whatever he gets will suit him best.

No need to think about it here:

In the ocean deep you must appear!

There, first, in miniature, one snatches,

Enjoying the smallest things to swallow,

Bigger and bigger, with what one catches,

Forming the higher being to follow.

HOMUNCULUS

Here quite gentle breezes blow,

It's open: the fragrance delights me so!

PROTEUS

I think so too, loveliest of youths!

And, further on, it's more enjoyable:

On that shoreline's slender tooth,

The watery halo's indescribable.

There we'll see the crowds near to,

Drifting smoothly, to our view,

Come with me!

THALES

I'll keep you company.

HOMUNCULUS

A triply odd spirit-journey!

## **PART II ACT II SCENE VI: THE TELCHINES OF RHODES**

The Telchines, on sea-horses and dragons, wielding Neptune's trident.

CHORUS OF TELCHINES (The nine dog-headed Children of the Sea)

Oh, we are the ones who once forged Neptune's trident,

With which he controls the tumultuous torrent.

When the thunder erupts from the heavens, and rumbles,

Neptune will reply to those terrible grumbles:

And however the lightning zig-zags above us,

Breaker upon breaker beneath will splash upwards:

And whatever struggles between them in terror,

Long hurled all about, the deep seas will devour:

And that's why he's loaned us his sceptre today –  
Now we float, calm and light, in our festive display.

#### THE SIRENS

You, to Helios consecrated,  
You, with bright day's blessing freighted,  
Greetings to this hour when  
Luna's high worship rules again!

#### THE TELCHINES

Loveliest goddess of all in your sphere above!  
To hear your brother praised, is something you love.  
To blessed Rhodes lend an ear, now, from the sky,  
Where an endless Paeon, to him, rises on high.  
He begins the day's course: he ends it again,  
He eyes us all with his radiant fiery eye, then.  
The mountains, the city, the sea and the strand,  
Please the great god, lovely and bright is the land.  
No mist drifts above us, and if one appears,  
A ray, and a breeze: and the island shows clear!  
There the high god's in hundreds of statues displayed,  
As a youth, and a giant, the mild and the grave.  
We were the first to carve forms: we began  
The depiction of gods in the image of Man.

#### PROTEUS

Let them sing on then, and let them boast!  
To the sun's sacred rays, a living host,  
All their works are an empty jest.  
They melt and shape untiringly:  
And once, in bronze, it's plain to see,  
They think they've caught the very best.  
What happens at last to these proud ones?



The god's statues standing high –  
An earthquake tosses to the sky:  
Long since, they're all melted down.  
Earth's toil, whatever else it may be,  
Is nothing still, but drudgery:  
The waves grant a life that's better:  
I'll bear you to eternal waters.

AS PROTEUS-DOLPHIN (Transforming himself.)

That's soon done!  
Now you'll find your fairest luck:  
I'm carrying you across my back,  
To wed you with the ocean.

THALES

Yield to your praiseworthy wish,  
Start at the beginning, with the fish!  
Be ready for the swiftest working!  
Be ruled by the eternal norms,  
Move through a thousand, thousand forms,  
And you'll ascend in time to Man.

PROTEUS

With spirit, join the watery plan,  
Equal in size, where all began,  
And move here as you wish to do:  
Don't wrestle with the higher orders:  
Once man, inside mankind's borders,  
Then all will be over with you.

THALES

That's as may be: it's still fine,  
To be a real man, in your own time.

PROTEUS (To Thales.)

As long as it's someone of your kind!  
You don't just live for some brief time:  
With your pale and ghostly peers,  
I've watched you already for hundreds of years.

THE SIRENS (On the rocky cliffs.)

What's that ring of little clouds, set  
In a circle round the moon?

They are doves, by love ignited,  
Winged, white as winter noon.

All her ardent flocks of birds:

Paphos, now, has sent to us,  
So our festival's completed,  
Sweet and clear our happy bliss!

NEREUS (Approaching Thales.)

Though some nocturnal wanderer  
Might call it only airy moonshine:  
We spirits think it something other,  
It's one true meaning we can find:

They are doves that accompany  
My daughter in her moving shell.

Wondrous flights of artistry,  
Learnt in ancient times, as well.

THALES

I too think that thing is best,  
That can please the real man,  
And in warm and silent nest,  
Keep living Sacredness to hand.

PSYLLI AND MARSI

(Peoples of Italy and North Africa. On sea-bulls, sea-heifers and sea-rams.)

In the hollow caves of Cyprus

Not yet rocked, by the sea-god,  
Not yet shaken, by old Seismos,  
Breathed on, by eternal breezes,  
And, as in the ancient days,  
Delighting in peaceful ways,  
With us Venus' chariot stays,  
And through nocturnal murmurs,  
Through the sweet entwining waters,  
We lead the loveliest of daughters,  
Unseen by newer generation.  
Travelling on our gentle journey  
No winged lion, or eagle fear we,  
Neither cross nor crescent,  
Though it's throned in heaven,  
Though it moves and sways,  
Though it drives and slays,  
Crops, towns, in ruin lays.  
We, swiftly bring on  
The loveliest of women.

#### THE SIRENS

Lightly now, and gently go,  
Round the chariot, ring on ring,  
Often weaving, row by row,  
All in order, round it, snaking,  
Approach you active Nereids  
Sturdy women, sweetly wild,  
Tender Dorides bring, amidst,  
Galatea, Mother's child:  
Most, so goddess-like her calm,  
Worthy of immortality,

Yet enticing, with her charm,  
As human femininity.

THE DORIDES (In Chorus, mounted on dolphins, passing Nereus.)

Lend us, Luna, light and shadow,  
Clarity for flowering youth!  
Charming husbands here we show:  
Plead for them with our father, too.  
(To Nereus.)

They are boys, whom we rescued  
From the breaker's teeth, and then,  
In the reeds and mosses bedded,  
Warmed them back to life again,  
Now with glowing kisses they  
Must thank us truly here today:  
Look with favour now on them!

NEREUS

Here there's a dual prize, I find, to treasure:  
You show compassion, and it brings you pleasure.

THE DORIDES

Father, praise our mission, all,  
And sanction our fond request,  
Let us hold them fast, immortal,  
On each young eternal breast.

NEREUS

Be happy with your handsome catch,  
Accept the youngsters here, as men:  
I can't myself grant what you ask,  
Since Zeus alone can make it happen.  
The waves that heave and rock you  
Leave no place for love to stand,

So when this inclination leaves you,  
Send them quietly back to land.

THE DORIDES

Sweet boys, you are so dear to us,  
But sadly we must separate:  
We asked eternal faithfulness,  
But the gods forbid that fate.

THE YOUNG MEN

We're the valiant sailor lads,  
If you'd refresh us further,  
We've never had it quite so good  
And we'll never have it better.  
Galatea approaches on her shell-chariot.

NEREUS

It's you, my darling!

GALATEA

O father! Delight!  
Linger, you dolphins, I'm gripped by the sight.

NEREUS

Past already, they're moving past,  
Wheeling in circular motion:  
What care they for the heart's deep emotion!  
Ah, if they'd just take me with them, at last!  
And yet, a single glance gives here,  
Something that will last all year.

THALES

Hail! Hail! Anew!  
How happy I feel, too,  
Pierced by the Beautiful and True....  
All things came from the watery view!

All things are sustained by water!  
Ocean, grant us your realm forever.  
If you didn't produce the clouds,  
No flowing streams would be allowed,  
The rivers wouldn't roar and shout,  
The streams would never bubble out,  
Where would hill, plain, and world be then?  
The freshness of life's what you maintain.  
AN ECHO (A chorus from the collective circles.)  
The freshness of life flows back from you, again.

#### NEREUS

Floating, turning, they change place,  
Far off, no longer face to face:  
In extended linking circles,  
Appropriate to the festival,  
The countless company's weaving.  
But Galatea's throne of shell,  
I see it clearly: see it still.  
It gleams like a star,  
Through the throng,  
A crowd, the Beloved shines among!  
Though just as far,  
It shimmers bright and clear,  
Always true, and near.

#### HOMUNCULUS

In this delightful ocean  
Whatever I may shine on,  
Is all sweet and fair.

#### PROTEUS

In this living ocean,

You light's shining motion,  
First rings in splendour there.

NEREUS

At the heart of the throng, what mystery  
Offers itself for our eyes to see?  
What shines round the shell, at Galatea's feet?  
Now waxing powerful, now gentle and sweet,  
As if it were fed by the pulses of Love.

THALES

Homunculus, drawn there by Proteus....  
Those are the symptoms of imperious yearning,  
I'd expect now the sound of an anguished ringing:  
He'll shatter himself on the glittering throne:  
He glitters, he flashes, already, it's done.

THE SIRENS

What fiery wonder transfigures the waves, there,  
As one on another sparkles and breaks, there?  
It flashes and flickers and brightens towards us:  
The nocturnal tracks of the bodies shine round us,  
And everything near is surrounded with flame:  
So let Eros rule, now: who started the game!

Hail to the sea! Hail to the waves!

Circled, now, by the sacred blaze!

Hail to water! Hail to fire!

Hail to the rarest sweet desire!

ALL IN CHORUS

Hail, the gently flowing breeze!

Hail, hidden caverns of the seas!

Be honoured now, for evermore,

You, the Elemental four!

**PART II ACT III SCENE I: BEFORE THE PALACE OF MENELAUS  
IN SPARTA**

Helen enters with the Chorus of Captive Trojan Women. Panthalis is leader of the Chorus.

HELEN

I, Helen the much admired yet much reviled,  
Come from the shore, where recently we landed,  
Still drunk with the violent rocking of those waves  
That from Phrygian heights on high-arched backs,  
By Poseidon's favour, and the East Wind's power,  
Carried us here to the coast of my native land.  
There, below us, beside his bravest soldiers  
King Menelaus, now, celebrates his return.  
But you, bid me welcome, you, the lofty house  
Tyndareus my father built when he returned,  
Close by the slope of Pallas Athene's hill:  
Here, where with Clytemnestra, in sisterhood, I  
And Castor and Pollux, grew and happily played:  
You, more nobly adorned than all Sparta's houses.  
Be greeted by me, you honoured double doors!  
Once, Menelaus the shining bridegroom came  
To me, through your friendly inviting portals,  
I, the one singled out from among so many.  
Open to me once more, so that I might fulfil,  
The King's command, truly, as a wife should.  
Let me pass! And let everything be left behind,  
That raged round me, till now, so full of doom.  
For since, light in heart, I left this place behind,



Seeking out Venus' temple, in sacred duty,  
Where instead a Trojan robber abducted me,  
Many things have happened, men, far and wide,  
Gladly tell of, though she's not so glad to hear them,  
Round whom the story grew, and myth was spun.

CHORUS

O marvellous woman, don't disdain  
Inheritance of the noblest estate!  
For the highest fate's granted to you alone,  
The glory of beauty that towers above all.  
The Hero's name sounds his advance,  
And proudly he strides:  
But he bows down, most stubborn of men,  
Before conquering Beauty, in mind and sense.

HELEN

Enough of that! I'm brought here by my husband,  
I've been sent ahead by him, now, to his city:  
But what the meaning of it is I can hardly guess.  
Do I come as his wife? Do I come as the Queen?  
Or a sacrifice, for a Prince's bitter pain,  
And the ill fortune long endured by the Greeks?  
I'm conquered: but am I a prisoner? I can't tell!  
True, the Immortals appointed Fame, and Fate,  
As the two ambiguous, doubtful companions  
Of Beauty, to stand here at this threshold with me,  
The gloomy, threatening presences by my side.  
Even in the hollow ship my husband seldom  
Gazed at me, or spoke an encouraging word.  
He sat in front of me, as if in evil thought.  
But scarcely had the foremost ship's prow greeted

Land, in that deep bay Eurotas' mouth has made,  
Than he spoke to us, as the gods had urged him:  
'Here my soldiers will disembark in ordered ranks,  
I'll muster them, ranged along the ocean's-shore:  
But you'll go on, ever on along the banks  
Of sacred Eurotas, shining with bright orchards,  
Guide the horses through gleaming water meadows,  
Till of your lovely journey you make an end,  
Where Lacedemon, once a rich spreading field,  
Surrounded by austere mountains, was created.  
Walk through the high-towered house of princes,  
And summon the capable old Stewardess  
Along with the maidservants I left behind,  
Let her display the store of rich treasure to you,  
That which your father left, and that I myself  
Have added to, amassing it in war and peace.  
You'll find it all still in the most perfect order:  
It is a prince's privilege that he should find  
That all is loyalty, on returning to his house,  
All that he's left behind still in its proper place.  
Since no slave has the power to effect a change.'

#### CHORUS

Let this treasure, so steadily massed,  
Bring you delight, now, in eye and breast!  
For the necklace bright, and the crown of gold,  
Were resting, and darkening, in proud repose:  
But enter now, and claim them all,  
They'll quickly respond.  
I love to see Beauty itself compete  
Against gold and pearls and glittering gems.

HELEN

So again there came my lord's imperious speech:

'When you've examined all of it in due order,

Take as many tripods as you think you'll need,

And as many vessels as sacrifice requires,

To fulfil the customs of the sacred rites.

Take cauldrons, and basins, and circular bowls:

The purest of water from the holy fountains,

In deep urns: take care that you've dry wood too,

Such as will quickly catch fire, and hold all ready:

And finally don't forget a well-honed knife:

Everything else I'll leave for your decision.'

So he spoke, at the same time urging my going:

But he who commanded marked out nothing living

To be slain: to honour the Olympian gods.

Essential, but I'll think no more about it,

And leave all things in the hands of the gods:

They fulfil whatever is in their mind to do,

Whether or not we think it good or evil:

In either case we mortals must endure it.

Often the priest's heavy axe has been lifted,

From the bowed neck of the sacrificial victim,

So he could not slaughter it, being hindered,

By enemies near, or the gods' intervention.

CHORUS

What might happen, think not of that:

Queen, go on, now, step inside,

And be brave!

Good and evil come

Unannounced, to Mankind:

Though it's proclaimed, we'll not believe.

Troy still burned: did we not see

Death in our faces, shameful death:

And are we not here,

Your friends, happily serving,

Seeing the blinding sun in the sky

Seeing the Loveliest on Earth,

You, the kind: we the joyous?

HELEN

Let it be, as it will! Whatever awaits me,

I must go, swiftly, up to that royal house,

Long forsaken, often longed for, almost lost,

That's before my eyes once more: I know not how.

My feet don't carry me onwards so bravely, now,

Up those high steps, I skipped over as a child.

CHORUS

Sorrowful prisoners,

Oh, cast away, Sisters,

All your pain, to the winds:

Share in your mistress' joy

Share now in Helen's joy,

Who returns, truly late indeed,

To her father's hearth and home,

But with all the more firm a step,

Delightedly approaching.

Praise the sacred gods,

Creating happiness,

Bringing the wanderer home!

See the freed prisoner

Soar on uplifted wings,

Over harshness, while, all in vain,  
The captives, so full of longing,  
Pine away, arms still outstretched,  
To the walls of their prison.  
But a god snatched her up, then,  
The far-exiled:  
And from Ilium's fall,  
Carried her back once more, home  
To the old, to the newly adorned, her  
Father's house,  
From unspeakable  
Rapture and torment,  
Now, reborn, to remember  
The days of her childhood.

PANTHALIS (As leader of the Chorus.)

Now leave behind the joyful path of your singing,  
And turn your eyes towards the open doorway!  
Sisters, what do I see! Surely the Queen returns  
Waking towards us, again, with anxious steps?  
What is it, great Queen? What can you have met with,  
Within the halls of your house, instead of greetings,  
To cause you such trembling? You can hide nothing,  
Since I see your reluctance written on your brow,  
And amazement competes there with noble anger.

HELEN (Who has left the doors open, in her turmoil.)

A daughter of Zeus is stirred by no common fear,  
No lightly passing hand of Terror can touch her:  
Only the Horror that the womb of ancient Night,  
Raised from chaos, and shaped in its many forms,  
In glowing clouds that shoot, upwards and outwards,

From the peak's fiery throat, to shake the hero's breast.  
So here today the Stygian gods have marked  
The entrance to my house with terror: and gladly  
I'd take myself far away, like a guest let go,  
Far from this often trodden, long yearned for threshold.  
But no! I've retreated here now, into the light,  
And you Powers will drive me no further, whoever  
You are. Rather, I'll think of some consecration,  
So the hearth-fire, cleansed, greets the wife, as the lord.

#### THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Noble lady,  
Reveal to your maidservants here,  
Who help you reverently, what has happened.

#### HELEN

You'll see what I saw yourselves, with your own eyes,  
If ancient Night has not, straight away, swallowed it,  
That shape of hers: withdrawn it to her heart's depths.  
But I'll picture it to you in words, so you'll know:  
As, with those recent orders in mind, I trod,  
Gravely, through the palace's innermost room,  
Awed by the silence of the gloomy corridors,  
No sound of busy labour greeting my ears,  
No sound of prompt, diligent effort meeting my eye,  
No Stewardess appeared, and no maidservants,  
No courtesy such as usually greets the stranger.  
But as I approached closer to the hearth stone  
Beside the glowing ashes that remained, I saw  
A veiled woman, vast shape, seated on the floor,  
Not like one who's asleep, but one deep in thought.  
I summoned her to work, with words of command,

Thinking she was the Stewardess whom my husband,  
Had placed there perhaps, with foresight, when he left.  
But she still sat there, crouched and immovable:  
At last, stirred by my threats, she raised her arm,  
As if she gestured me away from hearth and hall.  
I turned aside from her, angrily, and sped,  
To the steps where the Thalamos is adorned  
On high, and close beside it the treasure house:  
Suddenly that strange shape sprang up from the floor,  
Barring my way, imperiously, showing herself,  
Tall and haggard, with hollow, blood-coloured gaze:  
A shape so weird that mind and eye were troubled.  
But I talk to the wind: for words weary themselves  
Trying to conjure forms, vainly, like some creator.  
See for yourselves! She even dares the daylight!  
Here am I mistress, till the King, my lord, shall come.  
Phoebus, beauty's friend, drives the horrid spawn of Night  
To caverns underground, or he binds them fast.  
Phorkyas appears on the threshold, between the doorposts.

#### CHORUS

Much have I learned, although the locks  
Curl youthfully still across my temples!  
Many the terrible things I've seen,  
The soldiers' misery, Ilium's night,  
When it fell.  
Through the clouded, and dust-filled turmoil,  
The press of warriors, I heard the gods  
Calling terribly, heard the ringing  
Iron voice of Discord through the field,  
City-wards.

Ah! They still stood there, Ilium's  
Walls, but the glow of the flames  
Soon ran from neighbour to neighbour,  
Ever spreading, hither and thither,  
With the breath of their storm,  
Over the darkening city.  
Fleeing, through smoke and heat, I saw  
Amid the tongues of soaring fire,  
The fearful angry presence of gods,  
Marvellous, those striding figures,  
Like giants, they were, through the gloom,  
The fire-illuminated vapour.  
Did I see that Confusion,  
Or did the fear-consumed Spirit  
Create it? Never will I be able,  
To say, but I'm truly certain  
Of this, that here I see, Her,  
Monstrous shape to my eyes:  
My hand could even touch Her,  
If terror did not restrain me,  
Saving me from danger.  
Which of the daughters  
Of Phorkyas are you?  
Since I liken you  
To that family.  
Are you perhaps one of the Graeae,  
A single eye and a single tooth,  
Owned alternately between you,  
One born of greyness?  
Monster, do you dare



Here, next to Beauty,  
Show yourself to Phoebus,  
And his knowing gaze?  
Then step out before him regardless:  
Since he'll not look at what's ugly,  
Just as his holy eye,  
Has never seen shadow.  
Yet we mortals are compelled, ah,  
By unfortunate gloomy fate,  
To the unspeakably painful sight  
She, reprehensible, ever ill fated,  
Provokes in the lover of Beauty.  
Yet hear me then, if you boldly  
Encounter us: hear the curse,  
Hear the threat of every abuse,  
From the condemnatory mouth of the fortunate,  
Whom the gods themselves have created.  
PHORKYAS (The transformed Mephistopheles.)  
The saying is old, with meaning noble and true,  
That Beauty and Shame, together, hand in hand,  
Never pursue the same path, over green Earth.  
Such ancient, deep-rooted hatred lives in both,  
That whenever they meet, by chance, on the way,  
The one will always turn her back on her rival.  
Then quickly and fiercely each goes on, again,  
Shame downcast, but Beauty mocking in spirit,  
Till in the end Orcus' dark void shall take her,  
If age hasn't, long before then, tamed her pride.  
So now I find you, impudent, come from abroad,  
With overflowing arrogance, like the cranes,

Their noisily croaking ranks, high overhead,  
Their long cloud, sending its creaking tones, down here,  
Tempting the quiet traveller to look upwards:  
Yet they pursue their way, while he follows his:  
And that's the way it will be with us as well.  
What then are you, wild Maenads or Bacchantes,  
That dare to rage round the great royal palace?  
Who are you, then, who howl at this high house's  
Stewardess, like a pack of bitches, at the moon?  
Do you think it's hidden from me what race you are?  
You brood, begotten in battle, raised on slaughter,  
Lusting for men, the seducers and the seduced,  
Draining the soldiers' and the citizens' powers!  
To see your crowd's like watching a vast swarm  
Of locusts settle here, darkening the fields.  
You the wasters of others labour! Nibbling,  
Destroying, the ripening crops of prosperity!  
Defeated, bartered, sold in the market, you!

HELEN

Who abuses the servants before the mistress,  
Presumptuously usurping a wife's true rights?  
Only to her is it given to praise whatever's  
Praiseworthy: and to punish what is at fault.  
I'm well content, as well, with all the services  
They provided to me, when Ilium's great might,  
Stood beleaguered, and fell in ruins: none the less  
Just as we've endured the wretched wandering  
Journey, where often one thinks only of oneself,  
So here I expect it now from a happier crew:  
A lord asks how slaves serve, not what they are.

So be silent, then, and no longer jeer at them.  
If you've guarded the king's house well until now,  
In place of the mistress, such is to your credit:  
But now that she comes herself, you should draw back,  
Lest you find punishment instead of fair reward.

PHORKYAS

Disciplining servants is a prerogative  
That the noble wife of a king, loved by the gods,  
Has duly earned by years of wise discretion.  
Since you, acknowledged, take up your former place  
Once more, as Queen, and mistress of the house,  
Resume the slackened reins again, and rule here,  
Hold the treasure in your keeping, and us with it.  
But first of all defend me, who am the elder,  
Against this crowd, who if they are compared  
To your swanlike beauty, are only cackling geese.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS

How ugly ugliness looks,  
Next to beauty.

PHORKYAS

How stupid the lack of reason, next to sense.  
From here on the Chorus answer in turn, stepping forward one by one.

FIRST MEMBER OF THE CHORUS

Tell us of Father Erebus:  
Tell us of Mother Night.

PHORKYAS

Speak about Scylla, sweet sister of your race.

SECOND MEMBER OF THE CHORUS

There are plenty of monsters  
In your family tree.

PHORKYAS

Go down to Orcus, look for your tribe down there!

THIRD MEMBER OF THE CHORUS

Those who are down there

Are far too young for you.

PHORKYAS

Try your arts of seduction on old Tiresias.

FOURTH MEMBER OF THE CHORUS

Orion's nurse

Was your great great-grandchild.

PHORKYAS

I suspect that the Harpies raised you all, on filth.

FIFTH MEMBER OF THE CHORUS

What do you feed

Your perfect leanness on?

PHORKYAS

Not on the blood that you all lust so much for.

SIXTH MEMBER OF THE CHORUS

You hunger for corpses,

You, foul corpse yourself!

PHORKYAS

Vampire's teeth gleam there, in your shameless muzzle.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS

It would shut yours tight,

If I called out who you are.

PHORKYAS

Well say your own name first: that'll solve the riddle.

HELEN

I intervene, not in anger but in sorrow,

To forbid this alternating discord!

A ruler meets with nothing that's more harmful  
Than private disputes of his quarrelling servants.  
Then his firm orders are no longer answered  
With swiftly answering and harmonious action,  
Instead, wilful commotion roars around him:  
Self-composure lost, he abuses them in vain.  
Not only that. Unacceptably, in anger,  
You've summoned the wretched shapes of dreadful forms,  
They surround me, so I feel I'm being whirled  
To Orcus, from these familiar paternal fields.  
Am I remembering? Did delusion grip me?  
Was I all of that? Am I, now? And shall be still,  
Symbol of dream and fear, to those who waste cities?  
The maidservants shudder, but you, the eldest,  
Stand there calmly: speak words of reason to me!

PHORKYAS

The favour of the gods seems only a dream  
To one who recalls the troubles of long ages.  
But you, blessed, beyond all aim and measure,  
Quickly inflamed to every sort of daring risk,  
Only found fires of love, in the realm of life,  
Theseus, driven by lust, abducted you, a child,  
He strong as Hercules: a man nobly formed.

HELEN

He carried me off, a slender ten-year old fawn,  
And caged me in Aphidnus' tower in Attica.

PHORKYAS

But soon freed, by the hands of Castor and Pollux,  
A crowd of suitors, the heroes, swarmed round you.

HELEN

Yet, I freely confess, above all, Patroclus  
The image of Achilles, had my secret favour,  
PHORKYAS

But your father's will bound you to Menelaus,  
The brave sea rover, the defender of his house.  
HELEN

He gave him his daughter, and command of the state.  
Hermione came from our married existence.  
PHORKYAS

But while he disputed his right to far off Crete,  
To you, the lonely, came all too handsome a guest.  
HELEN

Why do you recall that semi-widowhood,  
And all the terrible ruin it caused around me?  
PHORKYAS

To me, a free-born Cretan, his same journey  
Brought captivity and years of slavery.  
HELEN

He ordered you here at once, as Stewardess,  
Entrusting the fortress and his treasure to you.  
PHORKYAS

Which you abandoned, for Ilium's high city,  
And the inexhaustible delights of love.  
HELEN

Not delights, be sure! All too bitter a sorrow  
Was poured endlessly over my head and breast.  
PHORKYAS

Yet they say that you appeared in dual form,  
Seen in Troy and, at the same time, in Egypt.  
HELEN

Don't confuse my clouded, wandering mind completely.  
To this moment, I don't know which of them I am.

PHORKYAS

Then they say: Achilles became your companion,  
Came, burning, from the empty realm of shadows!  
He'd loved you before, opposing fate's command.

HELEN

As phantom, I bound myself to a phantom.  
It was a dream, as the tales themselves tell.  
I fade, now, become a phantom to myself.  
(She sinks into the arms of the Chorus.)

CHORUS

Silence! Silence!  
False-seeing one, false-speaking one, you!  
Out of the terrible single-toothed  
Mouth, what might be breathed, so,  
Out of so frightful a throat of horror!  
Now the malevolent, seemingly benevolent,  
Wolf's anger under the woolly fleece,  
Is more terrible to me than the jaws  
Of the three-headed dog.  
We stand here anxiously listening:  
When? How? Where, will such malice  
Break out now  
From this predatory monster?  
Now rather than friendly words, richly laced  
With trust, waters of Lethe, sweet and mild,  
You stir up all from the past,  
The evil more than the good,  
And instantly darken

The gleam of the present  
And also the future's  
Sweetly glimmering, hopeful dawn.  
Silence! Silence!  
So the Queen's spirit, now,  
Almost ready to leave her,  
Can still hold, and uphold  
This, the form of all forms  
On which the sun ever lighted.  
Helen has recovered, and stands in the centre again.

PHORKYAS

Shining out from fleeting vapours,  
Comes the sunlight of our day, here,  
That when veiled could so delight us,  
But in splendour only blinds us.  
As the world is open to you,  
When you show your lovely face, now,  
Though they scorn me so as ugly,  
Still I know the beautiful.

HELEN

I step, trembling, from the abyss that,  
In fainting, closed around me,  
And would gladly rest my body,  
Tired and weary are my limbs:  
But it's proper for a Queen,  
Then, as it is for all about her,  
To be calm, and courageous,  
Whatever harm shall threaten.

PHORKYAS

In your Majesty, and Beauty, standing here, now, before us,



Your look says it commands us. What do you command? Speak out.

HELEN

Prepare yourselves to atone for what your quarrel has neglected:

Hurry with your sacrifice, now, as the king himself commanded.

PHORKYAS

All is ready in the palace, bowls, and tripods,

Sharpened axe-blade,

For the sprinkling, incense burning:

Show me now the ready victim!

HELEN

That the king has failed to tell me.

PHORKYAS

He said nothing? Words of woe!

HELEN

What's this woe that overcomes you?

PHORKYA

Queen, it means you must be slaughtered!

HELEN

I?

PHORKYAS

And them.

CHORUS

Oh, pain and suffering!

PHORKYAS

You will fall beneath the axe.

HELEN

Presaged, though still dreadful: I, alas!

PHORKYAS

There's no escaping.

CHORUS

Oh! And us? What happens to us?

PHORKYAS

She will die a noble death, then:

But you'll hang in rows together, struggling, all along the rafters

Holding up the gabled roof there, as bird-catchers dangle thrushes.

Helena and the Chorus stand stunned and alarmed, in striking composed groups.

Phantoms! – Frozen images, you stand, parted

From that light you can't belong to, in your terror.

Men, and the tribe of phantoms you resemble,

Will never willingly forgo the sunlight:

But none are saved from their fate, or can defer it.

All know it's true, but only a few accept it.

Enough, you're lost! Now, quickly: start the work.

(She claps her hands: muffled dwarfish forms appear in the doorway, and quickly carry out her orders).

This way, you spheres, shadowy rounded forms!

Roll over here: and do what harm you wish.

Set up the gold-horned altar that you carry,

Let the gleaming axe lie there on the silver rim,

Fill the urns with water to wash away

All the hideous stains of darkened blood.

Spread the rich carpets out, here, over the dust,

So the sacrifice can kneel in royal manner,

And be wrapped around, once the head is severed,

And buried decently there, and with due honour.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS

The Queen stands here

Beside us deep in thought,

The maidservants wither away like mown grass:

I think that I, as the eldest, am bound, in sacred duty,  
To barter words with you, the eldest of all by far.  
You're wise, experienced, and seem well-disposed,  
And though this foolish crowd baited you in error,  
Speak of a way to escape this fate, if you know it.

PHORKYAS

That's easily done: it depends on the Queen alone,  
To save herself, and you her followers with her.  
But decision is required, and of the swiftest.

CHORUS

Most honoured of Fates, wisest of Sibyls, you,  
Hold the gold shears apart: bring both aid and light:  
Already, we feel ourselves swinging, struggling,  
Fearful, for our limbs would rather be dancing,  
And afterwards rest, soft, on our lovers' breast.

HELEN

Let them be afraid! I feel pain but no terror:  
Yet if rescue's possible, I gladly accept.  
To the wise, far-seeing mind, the impossible  
Is often revealed as possible. Speak: say on!

CHORUS

Speak, and tell us, tell us quickly:  
How we might escape the terror,  
Dreadful nooses that still threaten, like some kind of evil necklace  
Wound around our tender necks? Already we, oh, wretched creatures,  
Feel the choking, suffocating, if you, Rhea, the great mother  
Of the gods, won't show us mercy.

PHORKYAS

Have you the patience to listen, to long winded  
Speeches, in silence? The history's endless.

CHORUS

Patience enough! While we're listening, we're alive.

PHORKYAS

He who stays at home to guard his noble wealth

And secures the high walls of his lofty dwelling,

And maintains his roof against the driving rain,

Will prosper in all the days of his long life:

But whoever, in guilt, crosses the square-cut stones

Of the sacred threshold, swiftly, with fleeing steps,

Will, indeed find the ancient place, on their return,

But altered in every way, if not overthrown.

HELEN

Why recount these familiar sayings here?

If you'd relate things: don't provoke annoyance.

PHORKYAS

It's simple fact, in no way a criticism.

Menelaus sailed from bay to bay, looting,

Skirted the coast and islands, aggressively,

Returned with the spoils that are rusting there.

Then he spent ten long years there in front of Troy:

And I don't know how many more, on the way home.

And how are things now with this place where we stand,

Tyndareus' noble house, and the region round?

HELEN

Do you embrace all scorn so completely

You can only open your mouth to criticise?

PHORKYAS

The vales were neglected for so many years,

Those that rise behind Sparta, to the northward,

Beyond Taygetus, from where, a living stream,

Eurotas, pours downward, then along our valley,  
Flows by our broad reed-beds, to feed your swans.  
Up there, in the mountain vales, a bold race settled,  
Pushing southward from Cimmerian darkness,  
And then built an inaccessible fortress there,  
From which, at will, they harass land and people.

HELEN

Have they achieved all that? It seems unlikely.

PHORKYAS

They've had time, perhaps twenty years in all.

HELENA

Is there a leader? Are they a band of robbers?

PHORKYAS

Not robbers, but one of them acts as leader.

I don't curse him, though he attacked me too.

He might have taken all, but was satisfied

With gifts, not tribute, as he called them.

HELEN

How did he look?

PHORKYAS

Less than evil! He pleased me well.

He's vigorous, daring, and sophisticated,

An intelligent man: as few among the Greeks.

They call his race Barbarians, but I'm doubtful

If they are any crueller than those heroes

Who proved such devourers of men, before Troy.

I respected his greatness, and confided in him.

His fortress! You should see with your own eyes!

It's a great deal more than the clumsy masonry

Your father rolled together, higgledy-piggledy,

Cyclopean as a Cyclops, piling raw stone,  
Over raw stone: there, instead there, it's all  
Plumb line and balance: it's laid out by rule.  
Look from outside! It rises straight to the sky,  
So firm, tightly jointed – smooth as a steel mirror  
To climb – that even your thoughts slide off!  
And, inside, great courts with plenty of room,  
Ringed by buildings, of every use and nature.  
There you'll see pillars, columns, arches, quoins,  
Balconies, galleries, facing inwards and outwards,  
And coats of arms.

CHORUS

What arms are those?

PHORKYAS

Ajax carried

A writhing snake on his shield: you yourself saw it.  
The Seven against Thebes also bore their symbols  
On each of their shields, replete with meaning.  
There you saw moons, and stars in the night sky,  
Heroes and Goddesses, torches, ladders, swords,  
And whatever fierce weapons threaten fine cities.  
Our heroic band carries such images too,  
In bright colours, bestowed by our ancestors.  
There you see lions, eagles with beaks and claws,  
Horns of oxen, wings, roses, and peacocks' tails,  
Bands too made of gold, black, silver, blue and red.  
The like of these hang in their halls, row on row.  
In spacious halls, as wide as the whole wide world:  
You could dance there!

CHORUS

Say then, are there dancers, there?

PHORKYAS

The best! A lively crowd of golden-haired youths.

The fragrance of youth! Paris was fragrant, thus,

When he grew close to the Queen.

HELEN

You mistake your role

Completely: now speak your closing lines to me!

PHORKYAS

No, you speak the last! Grave, and distinct say: Yes!

And I'll surround you with that fortress.

CHORUS

O, speak

That one short word, and save both yourself, and us!

HELEN

What? Do I fear King Menelaus would commit

Such a cruel offence as to make me kill myself?

PHORKYAS

Have you forgotten how he wreaked mutilation,

Unheard-of, on Deiphobus, dead Paris' brother,

Because he stubbornly claimed you, the widow,

And prized you? He cropped both nose and ears,

And disfigured him, there: It was terrible to see.

HELEN

Yes he did that, and he did it for my sake.

PHORKYAS

Because of it, now, he'll do the same to you.

Beauty is indivisible: he who owns it

Destroys it, rather than share a part of it.

Trumpets sound in the distance: the Chorus starts in terror.

As a trumpet call pierces the ear to grip  
And tear the innards: Jealousy drives her claws  
Into the breast of him who can never forget  
What once he had, and lost, and no longer has.

CHORUS

Don't you hear the trumpets calling?  
Don't you see the flash of swords?

PHORKYAS

King and master, now be welcome,  
Gladly I'll offer my account.

CHORUS

But, what of us?

PHORKYAS

In truth, you know that her death's before your eyes,  
Find your own death there within them:  
There's no hope left for you.

(A Pause).

HELEN

I ponder this simple thing that I might try.  
You are a hostile daemon: I feel it deeply,  
I'm fearful you'll still make evil out of good.  
But then, I'll follow you to that fortress, there:  
I know the rest: but what the Queen might conceal  
Concerning it, mysteriously, in her heart,  
Be unknown to all. Now, old one, lead the way!

CHORUS

O, how gladly we're going,  
On hurrying feet:  
Death is behind:  
Before us again,



Towering fortress  
Inaccessible walls.  
Though they guard us as well  
As Ilium's citadel,  
Still in the end, it  
Fell, through the basest of ruses.

(Mists rise and spread, obscuring the background, and the nearer part of the scene, at will).

What is this? How?  
Sisters, look round!  
Wasn't it loveliest day?  
Strips of vapour hover about,  
Rise from Eurotas' holy stream:  
Already the loveliest  
Reed-wreathed shore has vanished from sight:  
And the proud, free, graceful  
Gentle glide of the swans  
Swimming in sociable joy,  
I alas see, no more!  
Yet still, still  
I hear them calling,  
In hoarse tones, calling afar!  
Proclaiming death, they are speaking.  
Ah, that to us they may not,  
Instead of salvation promised,  
Proclaim our ruin, at last:  
To us, the swanlike, long,  
Lovely, white-throated, and ah!  
Our Queen born of the swan.  
Woe to us, woe!

All's hidden already  
Vapour's swirling around.  
Now we can't see one another!  
What's happening? Are we moving?  
We're hovering with  
Straggling steps along the ground?  
Can't you see? Isn't that Hermes  
Soaring ahead? Doesn't his gold wand gleam,  
Beckoning us, ordering us back again  
To the wholly joyless, and greyly-twilit,  
Intangible, phantom-filled,  
Overcrowded, ever-empty Hades?  
Yes, at once, now, all is darkening,  
Dully all the vapours vanish,  
Grey with gloom, and brown as walls.  
Walls appearing to our vision,  
Blank now to our clearer vision.  
A court now is it? Or a deep pit?  
Fearful, though, in either case, now!  
Sisters, oh! We are imprisoned,  
Captives, as we've never been.

## **PART II ACT III SCENE II: THE INNER COURT OF THE CASTLE**

Surrounded with richly ornamented buildings of the Middle Ages.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Hasty and foolish,

And typical of womankind!

They hang on the moment, sport of every breeze,

Of every chance and mischance, never knowing  
How to suffer either calmly! One's always certain,  
Fiercely, to contradict the others, others her:  
Only, they laugh or cry alike, in joy or pain.  
Now, hush! And listen to what our high-minded  
Mistress may decide, here, for herself and us.

HELEN

Pythoness, where are you? However you're named:  
Come out from the arches of this dark fortress.  
If you come from the wondrous lord and hero  
To announce me, and ready a fit reception,  
Accept my thanks, and lead me there quickly:  
I wish my wanderings ended. I want to rest.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Queen, in vain,  
You look about in all directions:  
That wretched shape has vanished, stayed perhaps  
There in the vapour, out of whose depths we came,  
I cannot tell how, so swiftly, without a footfall.  
Perhaps she wanders lost in the vast labyrinth  
Of these many castles wondrously merged in one.  
Seeking high and princely greeting from her lord.  
But see! There a crowd moves about in readiness.  
Along galleries, at windows, through the doors  
Come a crowd of servants, scurrying to and fro:  
It proclaims a noblest welcome for the guest.

CHORUS

My heart is eased! O, see over there,  
How a company of handsome youths approach  
With lingering step, in dignified order,

Marching in ranks. Who gave out the command  
To marshal them, and so quickly arranged  
All this youthful team of so handsome a race?  
What shall I admire most? Is it the graceful step,  
Or the curls of hair on the palest of brows,  
Or the rounded cheeks with a peach's blushes,  
And like it also, in their silkiest down?  
I'd gladly bite, yet I'm frightened to try it:  
Since in a similar case, and I shudder to say it,  
The mouth was as suddenly filled, with ashes!  
But the handsomest  
Come to us now:  
What do they carry?  
Steps for the throne,  
Carpets and seat,  
Curtain, canopy,  
Jewelled finery:  
Waving above us,  
Forming a garland,  
Over the head of our Queen:  
For she, already, invited  
Ascends, to the noble seat.  
Forward now,  
Step by step,  
Solemnly ranked.  
Worthy, O worthy, triply worthy,  
Let such a reception be blessed!

What the Chorus has described takes place. After the boys and squires have descended in long procession, Faust appears above, at the top of the staircase, in the costume of a knight of the Middle Ages, and then descends

slowly and with dignity.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS (Observing him closely.)

If indeed the gods have not, as they often do,

Only lent this man brave form, for an instant,

Exalted his dignity, and charming presence,

As a temporary act, then whatever he does

He'll succeed, whether it's warring with men,

Or in the lesser struggles with lovely ladies.

Truly I prefer him to hosts of others,

Whom my eyes have seen, the highly praised.

I see the Prince approach, with slow solemn step,

Restrained by reverence: Queen, turn towards him!

FAUST (Approaching: a man in chains at his side.)

Instead of the usual calm greeting

Instead of a reverential welcome,

Here I bring a wretch bound fast with chains,

Who failed so in his duty, I failed mine.

Kneel here, so this noble lady

May hear a prompt confession of your guilt.

This, royal Mistress, is the man selected

Because of his keen vision to gaze about

From the high tower, and to look keenly

At heaven's spaces, and the breadth of earth,

To report whatever moves here or there,

From the encircling hills, to the castle,

Whether a transit of the woolly flocks,

Or soldiers: so we can protect the first,

Attack the others. Today, negligence!

You came here: he had nothing to report:

We failed in the reception you deserved,

In honour of the guest. Now he forfeits  
His guilty life, and would have shed his blood  
In a merited death: but only you alone  
Shall pardon him or punish, as you wish.

HELEN

Such great power you choose to grant me,  
As judge, as Mistress too, though, I suspect  
You intend it as a kind of test –  
Yet, I'll employ a judge's first duty,  
To give the accused a hearing. Speak out.

LYNCEUS, THE WARDEN OF THE TOWER

Let me kneel,  
And let me see her,  
Let me live, or let me die,  
Already I'm devoted to her  
Heavenly lady from on high.  
Waiting for the dawn's advances,  
Gazing at her eastern house,  
Suddenly the sunlight dances,  
Marvellously in the south!  
Drawn to see the marvel closer,  
Instead of the ravine and height,  
Instead of earth and heaven there,  
I gazed at her, the sole delight.  
I was granted powers of vision  
Like the lynx, high in the tree:  
But now I peered in indecision  
As in a dark and clouded dream.  
How think? Even if I'd so wished?  
Wall, and tower? Bolted gate?

Mist, it rose, and cleared the mist,  
Came the Goddess here in state!  
I surrendered heart and eye  
Drinking in the gentle light:  
How that beauty blinds, and I  
Was blinded wholly by the sight.  
I forgot the watchman's duty,  
And the promised trumpet call:  
Threaten then, now, to destroy me –  
Anger lies in Beauty's thrall.

HELEN

I cannot punish this evil that I brought here,  
With me. Ah me! What a fierce fate it is  
Pursues me, so that everywhere I possess  
The hearts of men, and that they neither spare  
Themselves nor anything else of worth.  
They steal, seduce, fight: rushing to and fro,  
Demigods, heroes, gods, even daemons  
Led me in my wanderings, here and there.  
Alone I've confused the world, doubly so:  
Now I bring threefold, fourfold woe on woe.  
Take this innocent away: let him go.  
It's no shame to be deceived by the gods.

FAUST

O Queen, amazed, I see them both together:  
The certain archer, and the stricken prey:  
I see the bow, from which the shaft was loosed,  
That wounded him. Arrow after arrow,  
Now strikes me. Imagining the feathered whirr  
Of arrows crossing every court and hall.

What am I now? My walls you make unsafe  
My most faithful servants, you make rebels,  
Already I fear my army too obeys  
A victorious and unconquered lady.  
What's left to do but add myself as well,  
And all that I have vainly imagined mine?  
Freely and loyally, before your feet,  
Let me acknowledge you as Mistress,  
Whose presence wins you throne and ownership.  
LYNCEUS (Carrying a chest, with men bringing others.)  
Queen, once more I advance!  
The rich man begs a glance,  
He sees you and at a glimpse,  
He's a beggar, and a prince.  
What am I now? What was I once?  
What's to be willed? What's to be done?  
What use the eye's clearest sight!  
It glances from your royal might.  
From the Eastwards we pressed on,  
And suddenly the West were gone.  
So wide and long the people massed,  
The first knew nothing of the last.  
The first rank fell: the next stood fast,  
The third ranks' lances unsurpassed:  
Each man was like a hundredfold,  
Thousands died there, all untold.  
We pressed forwards: we stormed on,  
We were masters, then were gone:  
And where I ruled as chief today,  
Tomorrow robbed, and stole away.



We looked – and rapid was that look:  
The loveliest women there we took,  
We took the oxen from the stall,  
We took the horses, took them all.  
But my delight was to discover  
The rarest things I could uncover:  
And what other men might grasp,  
To me was only withered grass.  
I was on the trail of treasure,  
Whatever my sharp eye could measure,  
In every pocket I could see,  
Every chest was glass to me.  
Heaps of gold, they were mine,  
And the noblest gems I'd find:  
Yet now the emeralds alone  
Are worthy to adorn your throne.  
Sway there now 'twixt ear and lip,  
You pearly spheres from oceans deep:  
A place the rubies dare not seek,  
So pale beside your rosy cheek.  
And so the riches, every prize,  
I set down here before your eyes:  
Before your feet I gladly yield,  
The spoils of many a bloody field.  
As many chests as I've brought you,  
I've many iron caskets too:  
Let me follow your path still  
And your treasure chambers fill.  
You'd scarcely mounted to the throne,  
When all bowed down, to you alone,

Wisdom, riches, worldly power,  
Before your grace, that very hour.  
I held it all fast: that is true  
But now it's loosed, and all for you.  
I thought its worth was plain to see,  
But now it's nothing much, to me.  
Everything I've owned will pass  
From me like mown and withered grass.  
O, give me just one brightening glance,  
And all the value's in its dance!

FAUST

Quickly, remove the heap that boldness won,  
And take no blame for it, but seek no praise.  
All is hers already, that the castle  
Hides in its lap: you offer these few things  
In vain. Go and pile treasure on treasure,  
In due order. Present a fine array  
Of unseen splendours! Let the vaulted halls  
Gleam like the clearest sky, let Paradise  
Be created from their dead existence.  
Quickly let flowery carpet on carpet  
Be unrolled beneath her foot: she'll step  
On softest ground: and let her noble gaze,  
Blinding all but the Gods, fall on splendour.

LYNCEUS

What the lord commands is nothing,  
For the servants, a mere plaything:  
This exalted beauty rules  
Over blood and treasure too.  
The whole army now is tamed,

All the swords are blunt again,  
Near this form of noble gold,  
The sun itself is pale and cold,  
Near the riches of her face  
All is but an empty space.

HELEN (To Faust.)

I wish to speak to you, come here then  
Beside me! For the empty place invites  
Its lord, and so secures this place for me.

FAUST

First, let my loyal dedication please you,  
While I kneel, noble lady: let me kiss  
The gracious hand that lifts me to your side.  
Confirm me as co-regent of a realm  
Of unknown borders, win now for yourself  
Protector, slave, worshipper all in one!

HELEN

So many wonders do I see, and hear  
Amazement grips me, there's much I would know.  
But teach me why that man spoke aloud  
With curious speech, familiar but strange.  
Each sound seeming to give way to the next,  
And when a word gave pleasure to the ear,  
Another came, as if to caress the first.

FAUST

If my people's speech already pleases you,  
O, you'll be delighted with our singing:  
It completely satisfies the heart and mind.  
But to be sure of it, we'll practise too:  
Alternate speech entices, calls it, forth.

HELEN

You'll tell me how to speak with lovely art?

FAUST

It's easy, it must pour forth from the heart.

And if the breast then overflows with yearning,

One looks around and asks –

HELEN

- who else is burning.

FAUST

Not backwards, forwards is the spirit's sight,

This moment now, alone, –

HELEN

- is our delight.

FAUST

She's treasure and commitment, wealth and land:

What confirmation does she give –

HELEN

– my hand.

CHORUS

Who's offended that our Princess

Grants the master of the castle

A show of friendliness?

Let's confess, that we're as fully

Prisoners, as we've been till now

Since the shameful overthrow

Of Ilium, and the anxious,

Sad, and labyrinthine voyage.

Women, used to men's desires,

Are not particular,

They are proficient.

And they award an equal right  
To shepherds with their golden hair,  
Dark, fauns perhaps, bristling there,  
As opportunity affords,  
To bodies in their vigour.  
Already they sit closer, closer,  
Drawn towards each other,  
Shoulder to shoulder, knee to knee,  
Hand in hand they sway  
Across the thrones'  
Soft cushioned, majesty.  
Their private raptures  
Revealed so boldly  
To the eyes of the people.

HELEN

I feel so far away and yet so near,  
And gladly say now: 'Here, I am! Here!'

FAUST

I scarcely breathe, I tremble, speech is dead:  
This is a dream: time and place have fled.

HELEN

I seem exhausted, yet created new,  
Enmeshed with you, the unknown and the true.

FAUST

Don't seek to analyse so rare a fate!  
Our duty is to live: though but a day.

PHORKYAS (Entering suddenly.)

Spell the letters in love's primer,  
Only loving, pass your time here,  
Passing, let love be sublime here,

But the moment isn't right.  
Don't you feel it, this dark presage?  
Don't you hear the trumpet's message?  
Your destruction is in sight.  
Menelaus with his army  
Is advancing on you quickly,  
Arm yourself, for bitter fight!  
Overwhelmed by the winners,  
And defiled, like Deiphobus,  
You'll all pay, for this delight.  
First the lighter vessels shatter,  
Then, for this one, at the altar,  
The newly sharpened axe shines bright.

FAUST

Rash disturbance! Insistent, she comes pushing in here:  
Senseless haste is wrong, even where there's danger.  
Unlucky news makes the fairest messenger ugly:  
You, ugliest of all, bring only bad news gladly.  
But you'll not succeed for once: disturb the air  
With your empty breath. There's no danger looming here,  
Your danger's only an idle threat to me.

(Calls, and explosions from the towers, trumpets and cornets, martial music. A powerful army marches past).

No! Now you'll see the heroes gather,  
The whole wide land will here unite:  
He deserves the ladies' favour,  
Who, in their defence, shall fight.

(To the leaders, who step forward from the ranks, and advance.)

Rage silently, and do your duty,  
Then you'll achieve the victory,

You, the prime of northern beauty,  
You, the flower of the east.  
Cased in steel, with steel gleaming,  
The army shatters realms at will,  
They appear: the earth is shaking,  
They advance, it echoes still.  
At Pylos, once, we came to shore,  
Old Nestor is no longer living,  
Our independent army saw  
Us shatter all the mighty kings.  
From these walls, in an instant,  
Send Menelaus back to sea:  
There robbing, killing, is his errand,  
As is his wish and destiny.  
Dukes, I greet you every one,  
Commanded by the Spartan Queen:  
At her feet lay vale and mountain,  
Win the kingdoms in between.  
Germans, with your walls and towers,  
Defend Corinth and her bays!  
Then Achaia's hundred gorges  
I'll trust to you, the Goths, always.  
Let the Franks advance on Elis,  
Messene, to the Saxons brave,  
Normans, hold the Argolis,  
Rule the shore: and rule the wave.  
When everyone has his own land,  
At foreign foes, let force be aimed,  
While Sparta holds the high command  
Our Queen's ancestral domain.

She'll behold you each, delighting  
In lands, possessed of every right:  
And at her feet you'll seek her blessing,  
Acknowledgement, and law and light.

(Faust descends from the throne: the Princes form a circle round him to receive individual commands and instructions).

#### CHORUS

Who wants the loveliest for himself,  
First, above everything,  
Would be wise to have weapons about him:  
He might well gain by flattery  
Whoever is noblest on Earth:  
But he won't possess her in peace:  
The sly, and insidious tempt her from him,  
Robbers will boldly steal her from him:  
He must prepare to foil them.  
So I praise our Prince the while,  
And think him nobler than the rest,  
Since he combines wisdom and strength,  
So that the powerful show obedience,  
Waiting his every command.  
They follow his orders faithfully,  
Each as much for his own profit  
As for the ruler's reward and thanks,  
Winning the highest fame for both.  
Who now will drag her away  
From the powerful possessor?  
She belongs to him: let her be his,  
Doubly bestowed by us, so she  
And he, are surrounded inside by thick walls,



Outside, by the greatest of armies.

FAUST

The gifts that, on those here, I bestow –

To each of them a prosperous land –

Are great and glorious, let them go!

We in the middle take our stand.

In their rivalry they'll protect you

Half-island ringed by leaping waves,

While these slender hills connect you

To Europe's last great mountain range.

This land, that outshines every land,

Be blessed for every race forever,

Delivered to my Queen's command,

That, long ago now, wondered at her,

There, by Eurotas' whispering light,

She broke radiant from the shell,

That brightness dazzling the sight

Of siblings: Leda's eyes, as well.

This land now turns to you alone,

Offering you its noblest flower:

Oh, though the whole world is your own,

Let your country hold you in its power!

And though you may endure the sun's cold arrow

Up there, on the mountain's jagged height,

See, how the rocky hillside's green below, now,

Where the goat may crop its meagre right.

The sources leap, all streams rush down as one,

Gorge, slope, and meadow are already green.

On a hundred hills, rock-folded, steep and broken,

The scattered woolly flocks are clearly seen.

Spread all around, with cautious measured stride,  
The horned cattle tread the dizzy edge:  
But here there's shelter that the caves provide,  
Hundreds to hide them all, on the rocky ledge.  
Pan guards them too: and lively nymphs live there,  
In the damp fresh space of bushy clefts,  
And, yearning upward to the higher air,  
The crowded tree its slender branches lifts.  
Primeval woods! The mighty oaks their cap:  
Whose stubborn boughs stick out from them, in state:  
While kindly maples, pregnant with sweet sap,  
Soar cleanly upward, toying with the weight.  
Pure mother's milk, in that still realm of shadows,  
Flows rich, in readiness for lamb and child:  
Fruit's not lacking, gift of fertile meadows,  
And from the hollow trunk drips honey mild.  
Here well-being's granted all the race,  
Cheek and lips both to joy consent,  
Each one is immortal, in their place:  
And all there are healthy and content.  
And thus the lovely child, of purest days,  
Grows, and achieves his father's strength.  
We're amazed, the question's still, always:  
Are these gods, or are they truly men?  
A shepherd's form,  
The fairest of them was like the sun:  
Since, where pure Nature is the norm,  
Then all the worlds must move as one.  
(Taking his seat beside her.)  
So, this have you, and this have I achieved:

Let the past fade behind us: it is gone!  
Oh, know yourself from highest gods conceived,  
To the first world, alone then, you belong.  
No solid fortresses shall ring you round!  
In eternal youth, stands as it stood –  
So our stay with all delight be crowned –  
Arcadia in Sparta's neighbourhood.  
Lured here to tread this blessed ground,  
You fled towards a happy destiny!  
Let our thrones as arbours now be found,  
Our joy be Arcadian, and free!

The scene is completely transformed. Bowers are built against a range of rocky caverns. A shadowy grove runs to the foot of the rocks that rise on all sides. Faust and Helen are not visible: the Chorus lie scattered about in sleep.

PHORKYAS

I'm not sure how long these women have been sleeping:  
Nor do I know whether they allowed themselves  
To dream what I saw clearly with my own eyes.  
Therefore I'll wake them. The young will be amazed,  
You bearded ones, too, who sit waiting there, below,  
To understand the meaning of these wonders.  
Wake! Wake, and shake the dew from your hair,  
The slumber from your eyes! Don't blink so, but hear me!

CHORUS

Tell us, quickly, quickly, all the wonders that have happened!  
If we can't believe them, we'll enjoy them with more pleasure.  
For we're wholly weary sitting, staring at these empty stones.

PHORKYAS

You've hardly rubbed your eyes,  
Yet you're already weary, children?

Well, listen: in these caverns, in these grottos, in these arbours,  
Shade and shelter have been granted, to the two idyllic lovers,  
Our Master and our Mistress.

CHORUS

What, within there?

PHORKYAS

Sweetly sundered,  
From the world, alone they summoned me to grant them quiet service.  
At their side I stood there, honoured,  
Yet still, as one who's trusted,  
Always gazed at something other, turning here and there at random.  
Looked for roots and bark and mosses, being skilled in all the potions,  
And so they were left alone.

CHORUS

You speak as if a whole world's space  
Were hidden there inside, now,  
Woods and fields and lakes and rivers: what a fantasy you spin!

PHORKYAS

It's true: you're inexperienced, and its depths are unexplored!  
I felt, lost in contemplation, hall on hall there, court on court.  
In an instant laughter echoes, through the cavernous recesses:  
There I see a boy is springing, from his mother to his father,  
From his father to his mother, all is dandling and caressing,  
And a foolish, a fond teasing, shouts of play, and cries of joy,  
Alternate, there, and I'm deaf.  
A naked wingless Spirit, like a faun, and yet no creature,  
Leaps across the solid floor, and the ground beneath responding,  
Sends him flying through the ether, till the second leap or so, there,  
He can touch the cavern roof.  
Anxiously his mother's calling: 'Leap as often as you like, dear,

But all flying is forbidden, so beware of taking flight.’  
And his loyal father warns him: ‘In the earth’s the power of swiftness,  
That will quickly send you flying:  
Touch the ground then with your toe,  
And like that son of Earth’s, Antaeus, you’ll soon find strength again.’  
So he leaps the rocky masses of the cavern, from a cornice,  
To another and around then, as a ball does when it’s thrown.  
But suddenly he’s vanished in a crevice of the cavern,  
And it seems he’s lost.  
His mother grieves for him, father comforts,  
I stand there, wondering anxiously, but there again’s the vision!  
Do buried treasures lie there? Robes embroidered all with flowers,  
He has fittingly assumed.  
Tassels tremble from his shoulders, ribbons flutter round his chest,  
In his hand a golden lyre, like a miniature Apollo,  
He steps happily to the overhanging brink: amazing.  
And the parents in delight clasp each other to their hearts,  
What’s that shining round his temples? It’s hard to see what’s gleaming,  
Is it gold and gems, or flames, now, of the spirit’s supreme power?  
So he moves as if the stately boy’s proclaimed to us already  
The future Lord of Beauty, in whose members the eternal  
Melodies are stirring: and so you too will also hear him,  
And you too will also see him, with the rarest show of wonder.

#### CHORUS

Do you call this a marvel,  
Crete has begotten?  
Can you never have listened  
To what Poetry teaches?  
Have you never once heard Ionia’s,  
Have you never listened to Hellas’

Most ancient of legends  
Of the gods and heroes?  
All things that happen  
In this present age,  
Are mournful echoes  
Of our ancestors' nobler times:  
And your story can't equal  
That, loveliest of lies,  
Easier to believe than Truth,  
That they sang of Maia's son.  
That delicate and strong, yet  
Scarcely born, suckling child,  
Would you swaddle him in purest down,  
Clothe him in costly jewelled bindings,  
The crowd of chattering nurses'  
Utterly senseless notion.  
But strong and yet delicate,  
Already the supple rascal,  
Draws forth his lithe body,  
Leaves behind that royal,  
But timid, constraining shell,  
Silent, there, in its place:  
Like the finished butterfly,  
From the chilly chrysalis,  
Slipping, with quick unfolding wings,  
Boldly into the sunlit air,  
And courageously fluttering.  
So did he, the liveliest,  
And he quickly demonstrated  
By the most skilful arts,

That he'd always be the patron  
Daemon of thieves and jesters  
And all seekers of profit.  
From the Sea God he quickly stole  
His trident, and from Ares himself,  
Slyly, his sword from its scabbard:  
Bow and arrows from Phoebus too,  
And tongs from Hephaestus:  
He even stole Father Zeus'  
Lightning bolts, not scared of fire:  
Then he tripped poor Eros up,  
In the toils of a wrestling match:  
As Venus kissed him, too, stole away,  
The ribbons from her breasts.

(A pure melodious and exquisite music echoes from the cave. All listen and appear deeply moved. There is a full musical accompaniment from this point to the designated pause.)

#### PHORKYAS

Hear the loveliest of music,  
Free from old mythology!  
All your gods and all their antics,  
Let them go, they're history.  
None can understand you more,  
We demand a higher art:  
From the heart itself must pour,  
What will influence the heart.  
(She retires towards the rocks.)  
Be you stirred, you awesome being,  
By the sweet and flattering sound,  
We, renewed to life, are feeling,

Moved to tears of joy, around.

Let the sun be lost from heaven

So it's daylight in the soul,

We'll discover in the heart, then,

What the Earth fails to hold.

(Helen. Faust. Euphorion, in costume as previously described).

EUPHORION

Hear the song of childhood sung now,

Its delight belongs to you,

See me leap about in time, now

Let my parents' hearts leap too.

HELEN

It requires two noble hearts

For Love to bless humanity,

But to be a thing apart

They must make a precious three.

FAUST

All we sought is now discovered:

I am yours, and you are mine:

And we two are bound together,

There's no better fate to find.

CHORUS

They'll delight for many years

In this child's tender glow,

Ah, this partnership of peers,

How it's beauty moves me, so!

EUPHORION

Now let me leap, oh,

Now let me spring!

High in the air, go



Circling all things,  
That's the desire  
That's driving me on.

FAUST

Yet, gently! Gently!  
Not into danger,  
Lest a chance downfall,  
Awaits the ranger,  
Straight away grounds you,  
Our darling son!

EUPHORION

I can't stick fast to  
The ground any more:  
Let go my hands and  
Let go my hair,  
Let go my clothes!  
They are all mine.

HELEN

O think! Please think,  
Whom you belong to!  
How it would grieve us,  
How you'd destroy too,  
That sweet achievement,  
Yours, his and mine.

CHORUS

I fear this unity  
Soon will unwind!

HELEN AND FAUST

Calm yourself! Calm excess,  
To please your parents,

Too great a liveliness,  
Impulsive violence!  
In rural peacefulness,  
Brighten the plain.

EUPHORION

If that's what you wish, yes,  
I'll stop, I'll restrain.

(He winds, dancing, through the chorus and draws them along with him.)

I'll hover here, lightly  
Lively the crew.

Is this the melody,  
And measure too?

HELEN

Yes that is neatly done:  
Lead all the fairest on,  
Through intricacy.

FAUST

Would it were over then!  
Such entertainment  
Won't delight me.

CHORUS (With Euphorion, dancing nimbly and singing, in interlinking ranks.)

When your arms equally  
Are charmingly lifted,  
Your curling hair's brightly  
Loosened and shifted.  
When with a foot so light  
Over the earth in flight,  
Thither and back again,  
Step upon step, you rain,

Then your goal is in sight,  
Loveliest child:  
All of our hearts, beguiled,  
With yours unite.

(Pause).

EUPHORION

You're like so many  
Light-footed fawns:  
Now to new games we  
Are quickly re-born!  
I'll be the hunter,  
You be the prey.

CHORUS

If you would catch us  
Don't be so eager,  
We too are anxious  
When all is over,  
To clasp the form,  
You so sweetly display!

EUPHORION

I Now through the vale!  
Up hill and down dale!  
What I gain easily  
Is tedious to see,  
Only what's forcibly  
Won delights me.

HELEN AND FAUST

How wild he is now! And how stubborn!  
There's little hope of moderation.  
That's the sound of blowing horns,

Through the woods and valley ringing:

What noise, and what confusion!

CHORUS (Entering one by one, in haste.)

He is running from us swiftly:

Scorning us and always mocking,

Now he drags one from the crowd: she,

The wildest of us all.

EUPHORION (Dragging along a young girl.)

Here I'll drag the little quarry,

To enforce my wish entirely:

For my joy, and my desire,

Press her wilful heart, on fire,

Kiss her stubborn mouth at length

And proclaim my will and strength.

THE GIRL

Let me go! Since there's a strong

Resistant spirit in this body:

My will, like yours, if I'm not wrong,

Says I'm not taken easily.

You think I'm in any danger?

Force of arms is it, you claim!

Hold me fast, you foolish ranger,

And I'll scotch your little game.

(She turns to flame and flashes into the air.)

Follow me through flowing air,

Follow me through caverns bare,

Catch your fleeing prey again!

EUPHORION (Shaking off the flames.)

Rocks all around me here,

Deep in the forest view,

Make me a prisoner,  
Though I'm still young and new.  
Breezes are blowing fair,  
Waves now are breaking there:  
I hear both far away,  
I'd gladly be there today.

(He leaps further up the rocks.)

HELEN, FAUST AND THE CHORUS

A chamois you'd imitate?  
We're fearful of your fate.

EUPHORION

Ever higher I must climb.  
Ever further I must see.  
Now I know where I stand!  
Amidst this semi-island,  
Amidst Pelop's country,  
Earth – kindred to the sea.

CHORUS

Why not live here, in peace,  
Among hills and groves?  
Vines then for you we'll seek,  
Vines in their rows.  
Vines on high ridges stand,  
Figs, there, and apples gold,  
Stay in this lovely land  
Stay, and grow old!

EUPHORION

Do you dream of peaceful days?  
Dream, then as dreamers may.  
War is the watchword though.

Victory! It rings out so.

CHORUS

He who in time of peace  
Wishes for war, soon  
Witness's the decease,  
Of hope, and fortune.

EUPHORION

Those who made this land,  
With danger on every hand,  
Free, and courageously,  
Gave their blood lavishly:  
Bring holy meaning  
To that sacrifice –  
See us still conquering  
All whom we fight!

CHORUS

Look up there, how high he climbs!  
Yet he seems to us no smaller:  
In his armour, as in triumph,  
How he gleams in steel and silver.

EUPHORION

Each one's no longer conscious  
Of the high wall, or the rest:  
Since the one enduring fortress,  
Is the soldier's iron breast.  
If you'd live unconquered,  
Quickly arm, and fight the real foe:  
Every wife an Amazon bred,  
And every child a hero.

CHORUS

Sacred Poetry

Climbing, and heavenly!  
Shines there, the fairest star,  
Far there, and still so far!  
And yet it reaches here,  
Always, and still we hear,  
Joy, where we are.

EUPHORION

No, not as a child do I appear,  
This youth comes armed, you see:  
In spirit he's already a peer,  
Of the strong, the bold, and free.  
Now I go!

Now, and lo,  
The path to glory shines for me.

HELEN AND FAUST

You've scarcely been called to being,  
Scarcely come to daylight's gleam,  
And from the heights you're yearning,  
For the place of pain, it seems.

Are we two

Naught to you?

Is the sweetest bond a dream?

EUPHORION

Don't you hear the thundering wave?  
Through vale on vale the echoes call,  
Host on host, in sand and spray,  
Shock on shock, in anguished fall.

Understand

The command

Is death, now and for all.

HELEN, FAUST AND THE CHORUS

What horror! What disaster!

Is then death ordained for you?

EUPHORION

Should I watch it from afar?

No! I'll share their trouble too.

HELEN, FAUST AND THE CHORUS

Exuberance, danger,

Deadliest fate!

EUPHORION

Yes! – I am winged here,

I will not wait!

Onward! I must! I must!

Let me but fly!

(He hurls himself into the air: his clothes bear him a moment, his head is illuminated and a streak of light follows).

CHORUS

Icarus! Icarus!

No more! We sigh.

A beautiful youth falls at the parents' feet. We imagine we see a well-known form in the dead body, but the physical part vanishes at once, while an aureole rises like a comet to heaven. The clothes, cloak and lyre remain on the ground.

HELEN AND FAUST

At once, joy is followed,

By bitterest pain.

EUPHORION (From the depths.)

Mother, don't leave me alone,

In the shadows' domain!

(Pause)



CHORUS (Dirge.)

Not alone! – No matter where you are,

For we believe in following you:

Oh! Though from the day you part,

Not one heart will part from you.

We scarcely wish to mourn you, even,

We sing in envy of your fate:

To you the clearest light of heaven,

Gave song and courage, true and great.

Ah! You were born for earthly fate,

High descent and supreme power:

Youth, sadly, while you went astray,

Was torn from you in its first hour!

You saw the world, with clearer vision,

You understood the yearning heart,

The glow of lovely woman's passion,

And all singing's rarest art.

Yet, irresistibly, you ran free,

In nets of indiscipline: you

Divorced yourself violently,

From custom, and from rule:

Until at last, through thinking deeper,

You gave courage greater weight,

And wished to win to splendour,

But that could not be your fate.

Whose then? – The gloomy question,

That destiny itself conceals,

While in days unblessed by fortune,

Our people's silent blood congeals.

But new songs will refresh them,

No longer bow them to the floor,  
The earth shall see them once again,  
As it saw them once before.

(A complete Pause. The music ends).

HELEN (To Faust.)

Alas, the ancient word proves true for me, as well:

That joy and beauty never lastingly unite.

The thread of life, as the thread of love, is torn:

Painfully, lamenting both, I must say: farewell,

And enter your embrace, once, and then no more.

Persephone, receive me, and this child of ours!

(She embraces Faust: her body vanishes, her dress and veil remain in his hands.)

PHORKYAS (To Faust.)

Hold tight to what alone remains to you.

Don't let the garment go. Already, daemons

Pull at its hem, and wish to drag it down

Into the Underworld. Hold tight to it, now!

It no longer veils the divinity you've lost,

But it is divine. Employ then the priceless,

Noble gift for yourself, and soar on high:

It will carry you quickly from the lowest

To the highest ether, while you can endure.

We'll meet once more, far away from here.

Helen's garments dissolve in mist, surround Faust, lift him into the air, and drift away with him. Phorkyas takes Euphorion's tunic, cloak and lyre from the ground, steps forward to the proscenium, holds them aloft and speaks.

As always, I've discovered something good!

The flame itself has gone, that's understood,

Yet, for the world, I can't be truly sad.

Here's enough to fuel the poets' regiment,  
Stir their guild to envy, make them mad,  
And if I still can't lend them any talent,  
At least I'll have a costume for the lad.  
(She seats herself on a low column in the proscenium.)

PANTHALIS

Quick now, girls! We're all free of the magic now,  
That old Thessalian woman's enthralling spell,  
That jangling dizziness of confusing sound,  
Troubling the ear, and more the inner sense.  
Down to Hades! Since with solemn step the Queen  
Descended swiftly. Let her faithful servants'  
Footsteps follow her downward path without delay.  
We'll find her beside the Unfathomable Throne.

CHORUS

Of course, queens are happy anywhere:  
Even in Hades they're on top,  
Associating proudly with their peers,  
Persephone's intimate company.  
But for us, then, in the background,  
Of the asphodel-meadowed depths,  
With their long rows of poplars,  
Their fruitless crowds of willows,  
What fun is there for us,  
Piping like bats at twilight,  
In cheerless, ghostly whispers?

PANTHALIS

Who wins no name, and wills no noble work,  
Belongs to the elements: so away with you!  
My own intense desire's to be with my Queen,

The individual's loyalty and not just service.

(Exits.)

ALL

We're returned to the light of day,

No longer individual, it's true,

We feel it, and we know it,

But we'll never go back to Hades.

Ever-living Nature,

Makes the most valid claim

On our spirits, and we on her.

A SECTION OF THE CHORUS

We in all the thousand branches'

Whispering tremors, swaying murmurs,

Sweetly rocked, will lightly draw

The root-born founts of being upwards,

To the twigs: and now with leaves,

And now with the exuberant blossom,

We'll adorn their floating tresses,

Freely thriving in the breezes.

Straight away, now, as the fruit falls,

Happy crowds and flocks will gather,

For the picking and the tasting,

Swift-arriving, busy-thronging:

Bending down, now, all around us,

As before the early gods.

A SECOND SECTION OF THE CHORUS

We,

Against the rocky cliff face,

By the smooth far-gleaming mirror,

We will nestle, softly moving,

In the gentle waves that flatter:  
Listening, hearing every echo,  
Birdsong, now, or reedy fluting,  
To the fearful voice of Pan, too,  
We'll provide a ready answer:  
To the murmuring, send a murmur:  
To the thunder roll our thunder,  
In earth-shaking repetition,  
In threefold, or tenfold echo.

#### A THIRD SECTION OF THE CHORUS

Sisters!  
We, of nimbler senses,  
Hurry onwards with the waters:  
For the richly covered, far-off,  
Mountain ranges each entice us.  
Ever deeper, ever downward,  
In meandering curves we'll water  
First the meadows, then the pastures,  
Then the house and the garden,  
Where the slender tips of cypress,  
Over banks and watery mirror,  
Over all the landscape, mark it,  
Soaring skywards in the air.

#### A FOURTH SECTION OF THE CHORUS

Wander where you please,  
You others: we will circle, we will rustle  
Round the densely planted hillside,  
Where the vine stock's growing green:  
There, each day, we'll pay attention  
To the cultivator's passion,

Watch his diligence and care, there:  
Watch for its uncertain outcome.  
How he hoes, how he digs there,  
How he heaps, and prunes, and ties,  
Prays to all the gods above him,  
Most of all prays to the sun god.  
The effeminate one, Bacchus,  
Gives scant thought to faithful servants,  
Rests in arbours, lolls in caverns,  
Flirting with the youngest Faun.  
Whatsoever he might need there,  
For his half-befuddled dreaming,  
Is left for him in wineskins,  
Stored around in jars and vessels,  
Right and left, in cool recesses,  
Gathered through the endless ages.  
But when the gods, that's Helios  
We mean before all others,  
Cooling, wetting, warming, heating,  
Fill the vineyard's horn of plenty,  
Where the silent grower laboured,  
Suddenly it's all enlivened,  
And in every leaf there's rustling,  
Rustling now from vine to vine.  
Baskets creaking, buckets rattling,  
The tubs are carried groaning,  
All towards enormous vats there,  
To the lusty treaders' dance:  
So, then, all the sacred bounty,  
Of the pure bred juicy harvest,

Fiercely trodden, spurting, foaming,  
Mingled there, is crudely squashed.  
Now the cymbals' brazen clamour's  
Ringing boldly in our ears,  
As Dionysus from his Mysteries  
Is unveiled, and is revealed:  
Here with his goat-foot Satyrs,  
Whirling goat-foot Satyresses,  
And Silenus's, unruly, long-eared ass,  
That brays amongst them.  
Nothing's spared! The cloven feet now,  
Trample on all decency:  
All the senses whirl, bewildered: hideously,  
Ears are stunned, there.  
Drunkards fumble for their wine-cups,  
Head and bellies over-full,  
Here and there one has misgivings,  
But can only swell the riot,  
Since to hold the latest vintage,  
One must drain the oldest skin!

The curtain falls. Phorkyas in the proscenium rises to full height, steps down from her tragic buskins, removes her mask and veil, and reveals herself as Mephistopheles, to point the last lines, by way of epilogue.

## **PART II ACT IV SCENE I: HIGH MOUNTAINS**

Fierce, jagged rocky peaks. A cloud approaches, pauses and settles on a projecting ledge. It parts.

FAUST (Steps out.)

Gazing at those deep solitudes beneath my feet,

I tread the mountain brink with deliberation,  
Leaving the cloud-vehicle that carried me,  
Softly, through bright day, over land and ocean.  
Slowly, not dispersing, now, it moves away.  
With a rolling movement, travelling eastward,  
And the eye follows in wondering admiration.  
Moving it divides, wave-like and changeable.  
Yet it shapes itself – My eyes can't deceive me! –  
I see, reclining there, nobly, on sunlit pillows,  
A godlike female form, though it's immense!  
An image of Juno, Leda, or Helen herself,  
Royally lovely, floating before my eyes.  
Ah! It's already melting! Formlessly huge  
And towering it hangs in far icy eastern hills,  
Reflecting deep meaning from fine fleeting days.  
Yet a soft, delicate band of mist still clings  
To head and body, coolly caressing: and cheers me.  
Now it lifts lightly, soars higher and higher, there,  
Condensing. Does its enticing shape deceive me,  
Like some long-forgotten joy of earliest youth?  
The first riches of the heart's depths flow again:  
I'd liken it to Aurora's Love, light-winged:  
The first, swiftly felt, scarcely understood glance,  
That outshines every treasure when it's held fast.  
The lovely form rises, now, like spiritual beauty,  
Not melting further, but lifting through the air,  
And carries, far-off, the best of what I am.

(A seven-league boot strides forward: another follows immediately.  
Mephistopheles steps out of them. The boots stride off quickly).

Now that I call real onward striding!



But tell me why you're all alone,  
Climbing here among the horrors,  
In these horrendous gulfs of stone?  
I know them well, but with another face,  
In truth, the floor of Hell's a similar place.

FAUST

You're never short of a foolish fantasy:  
You've dusted that one off again I see.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Seriously)

When the Lord God – and I know why as well –  
Banished us from the air to deepest deeps,  
There, where round and round the glow of Hell,  
An eternal inward self-fuelled fire leaps,  
We found we were too brightly illuminated,  
Quite crowded, and uncomfortably situated.  
All the devils fell to fits of coughing,  
The vents above them and beneath them puffing,  
Hell swollen with the sulphur's stench and acid,  
Gave out its gas! The bubble was so massive,  
That soon the level surface of the earth,  
Thick as it was, was forced to crack and burst.  
So we all gained another mountain from it,  
And what was ground, before, now is summit.  
From this they deduced the truest law,  
Turn lowest into highest, to be sure,  
Since we escaped from fiery prison there,  
To excessive power in the freer air:  
An open mystery, yet well concealed,  
And only lately publicly revealed.

FAUST

To me the mountain masses are nobly dumb,  
I don't ask why they are, or where they're from.  
When Nature in herself was grounded  
The ball of Earth she neatly rounded,  
Delighting in the mountains and the deep,  
Setting rock on rock, and peak on peak,  
Sloping the hills conveniently downward,  
Softening them to vales, gently bounded.  
They grow green, and joyfully she ranges,  
Without the need for any violent changes.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes, so you say! It's clear as day to you:  
But he knows otherwise who saw it too.  
I was there, while the void seethed below,  
Enduring all that swollen, fiery tide:  
When Moloch's hammer forged cliffs, at a blow,  
And flung the ruined mountains, far and wide.  
Those foreign boulders scattered through the land:  
Who knows what forces left them high and dry?  
Philosophers all have failed to understand,  
The rocks are there, and we must let them stand,  
We've damaged them, already, where they lie.  
Only the true believers, the people, know,  
And nothing will shake their fond opinion,  
They, since their wisdom ripened long ago,  
Say it's due to Satan's wonderful dominion.  
The traveller climbs, with faith's crutch, over ridges,  
Across the Devil's rocks, and Devil's bridges.

FAUST

Yet it's still worth noting, since every feature,

Reveals what it is the Devil sees in Nature.

MEPHISTOPHELES

What's that to me! Let Nature be what she is!

The Devil was there: that's what I'd have you notice!

We're the folk, you see, who achieve great things:

The signs are tumult, force, and what nonsense brings! –

But shall I make myself understood at last: it's best:

Did nothing at all of ours please you in the slightest?

You've looked down, from immeasurable heights,

On the riches of the world, and its splendid sights.

Yet, hard as you may be to fire,

Didn't you feel some deep desire?

FAUST

I did! I saw a mighty plan.

Guess!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh, that's easily done.

I'd find myself some capital city,

It's core the citizens' greedy plenty,

Crooked alleys and pointed gables,

Cabbage, turnips, onions, market tables:

Butcher's stalls where flies all cluster:

Round the fattened joints, pass muster:

Wherever you move, there you'll find

Stench and activity, intertwined.

Then wide streets, and wider squares,

Measured, elegant thoroughfares:

And, at their end, no gates to bar you:

Just boundless far-flung suburbs too.

There I love to see all the carriages go by,

The noisy rushing about from side to side,  
The endless running to and fro,  
Of scattered ants in ceaseless flow.  
And when I walk, and when I ride,  
I'd be the central point implied,  
A hundred thousand honouring me.

FAUST

That could never content me though.  
A swelling crowd is fine to see,  
All well-fed in their way, agreed,  
Well-bred, well-taught, all the three –  
Yet you've only made more rebels grow.

MEPHISTOPHELES

For myself, I'd deliberately create  
A pleasure house in a pleasant place.  
Woods, hills, fields, meadows, open ground,  
With splendid gardens all around.  
Between green walls of velvet leaves,  
Straight walks, where artful shadows please,  
Waterfalls, spanning the rocks, in pairs,  
And all those kinds of water-jet affairs:  
Rising nobly, while all round the dish,  
A thousand little fountains hiss and piss.  
Then I'd have a hut, snug and convenient,  
Where beautiful women might be content:  
And pass the boundless time away  
In the sweetest solitude, and play.  
Women, I say: since, one and all,  
I think of their loveliness in the plural.

FAUST

Sardanapalus! Modern and rural!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Then might one ask to know your yearning?

It's something daring: I've no doubt.

Since the moon was near you in your journeying,

Might it be moon-madness you're about?

FAUST

Not at all! This earthly round

Grants space for some mighty thing.

We'll attempt what's astonishing,

New strength for daring work I've found.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And shall you earn more glory by it too?

One sees the heroines have been with you.

FAUST

I'll win power, and property!

The deed is all, and not the glory.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yet future poets' verse will stress

The splendour of your bright success,

And inspire fools to foolishness.

FAUST

All that's far from you, indeed.

What do you know of what Men need?

Your contrary being, bitter, dire,

What does it know of Man's desire?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Let it all be as you wish it then!

Trust fancy's flight to me again.

FAUST

My eyes were drawn towards the deepest ocean:  
It swelled, and heaped itself, upon itself,  
Then ebbed, and shook its waves again in motion,  
Storming towards the wide shore's level shelf.  
And that annoyed me: as the exuberance  
Of a free spirit, that values all its rights,  
Will transmit uneasy feelings to the dance  
Of the passionate blood that it excites.  
I thought it chance: I gazed more intensely:  
The waves paused, rolled away from me,  
Far from what they'd reached in their pride:  
Time passes, and then once more comes the tide.

MEPHISTOPHELES (To the audience.)

There's nothing new in that to greet my ears,  
I've known it for a hundred thousand years.

FAUST (Continuing passionately.)

It sweeps along, to whatever thousand ends:  
Fruitless itself, it fruitlessly extends:  
It swells and rolls and breaks and overwhelms  
The empty stretches of its barren realms.  
There wave rules power-inspired wave, again  
Draws back – and yet still there's nothing gained.  
If anything makes me despair, of my intent,  
It's the aimless force of that wild element!  
Then my spirit dared to soar high above:  
Here I must fight, and this I must remove.  
And it's possible! – However tides may flow,  
At last they nestle round the hills below:  
So they are tamed in their exuberance,  
A modest height tops their proud advance,

A modest depth draws them forcefully on.  
Quick, through my mind, leapt plan after plan:  
Let rich enjoyment be mine for evermore,  
To keep the noble ocean from the shore,  
To channel all the wide and watery waste,  
And urge it backwards to its own deep place.  
Step by step I know how to design it:  
That's my desire, so be brave and promote it!

On the right, from the distance, behind the audience, the sound of drums  
and military music.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That's trivial! Can you hear the distant drums?

FAUST

War again! The wise man hates it when it comes.

MEPHISTOPHELES

War or peace, it's wise to seize the chance,  
And gain advantage from the circumstance.  
One waits, one notes each favourable moment.  
Opportunity's about, so Faust, be ardent!

FAUST

Spare me all your riddles, if you please!  
Once and for all, say, what am I to seize?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Nothing was hidden from me on my journey:  
The noble Emperor's consumed by worry.  
You know him. While we both supplied him,  
Those illusory riches in his hand, beside him,  
The whole world then was open to him.  
Young, the throne was granted to him,  
And it pleased him to assume, wrongly,

That he could easily combine the two,  
Enjoy the essential and the lovely too:  
Both government and pleasure, jointly.

FAUST

A fatal error! He who wishes to command  
Must make command his joy, and though  
His mind is full of all the noblest plans,  
What he intends, must let no other know.  
What he whispers then in some faithful ear,  
Is done, and the world will be amazed to hear.  
So he'll remain supreme, above them all,  
And noblest: pleasure comes before a fall.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That's not the man!  
He enjoyed himself, and how!  
Meanwhile anarchy brought the empire down,  
While great fought little, and orders crossed,  
And brothers fought with brothers, and were lost,  
Castle with castle, city against city,  
The guilds at war with the nobility:  
The bishops with their congregation:  
No friends, and only a hostile nation.  
In churches death and slaughter: through the gate  
Every merchant and trader swift to his fate.  
Now, everywhere, man's audacity shows:  
The word is 'defend your life'. And so it goes.

FAUST

So it goes – it stumbles, falls, and stands again,  
Then tumbles headlong, and lies there in pain.

MEPHISTOPHELES



None dared to criticise the situation,  
Each could, and would improve his station.  
Even the smallest wished to be great enough.  
But for the best it proved a step too much.  
The capable declared, with energy:  
'He who brings peace can have the mastery.  
The Emperor can't, and will not – let us choose  
A new Emperor, who'll inspire the realm anew.  
While each man achieves security,  
In a world that's re-created freshly,  
Let peace and justice there be wedded, too.'

FAUST

That smacks of priesthood.

MEPHISTOPHELES

The priests were there, yes,  
Defending their well-fed stomachs with the rest,  
And they were more involved than all the others.  
The rebels swarmed: and were blessed as brothers:  
Then the Emperor, whom we had made happy,  
Advanced, for his last battle, that's as maybe.

FAUST

I'm sorry for him: He was so frank and open.

MEPHISTOPHELES

We'll watch! While there's life there's hope again.  
Let's set him free, from this narrow valley!  
He's a thousand times saved, if they would rally.  
Who knows how the dice might fall, if so:  
Good luck, and he'll have treasures to bestow.

(They cross over the middle range of hills, and view the army in the valley.  
Drums and military music sound from below).

The position they've taken, there, looks fine:  
We'll join them: victory – in the nick of time.

FAUST

And what should I expect to see?  
A hollow show! Blind magic! Trickery!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Strategy, and how to win a battle!  
Think hard, and be on your mettle,  
Keep dreaming of your mighty aim.  
If we return the Emperor his land,  
You can kneel, and make a claim,  
In payment, for the boundless strand.

FAUST

You've managed all the other things,  
So win the battle, and what it brings!

MEPHISTOPHELES

No, you'll win it! There, beneath,  
You'll be their commander-in-chief.

FAUST

That's a somewhat glorified position:  
Knowing nothing, to command the mission!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Leave it to the General Staff to care,  
And see a Field-Marshal newborn there.  
I know all about Un-Councils of War  
Form your War Council, quickly, therefore,  
From ancient hills' ancient human power:  
Bless those who can pile peaks in a tower.

FAUST

What do I see, what warriors approach?

Have you truly roused the mountain folk?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No! But like Shakespeare's Peter Quince,

I've picked the very best of what there is.

The Three Mighty Warriors appear.

Here are my lads arriving now!

You see they're all of different ages,

And clothes and armour too: allow

That you'll be fine when battle rages.

(To the audience.)

Every child today loves to see

Knights in armour take the floor:

Allegorical though they may be,

They'll delight them all the more.

BULLYBOY (Young, lightly armed, plainly clothed.)

If someone meets me face to face,

I'll shake a fist right there in his ugly mug,

And when the yellow-belly runs away,

I'll grasp his hair, and give a nasty tug.

GRAB-QUICK (Mature, well-armed, richly dressed.)

Such idle brawling's foolishness,

That's how to ruin the day:

Don't be slow first to possess,

Then afterwards you'll get your way.

HOLD-TIGHT (Older, heavily armed, without a cloak.)

But that's the path where little's won!

Great possession's quickly gone,

Vanishing in the stream of life.

It's fine to take, but best to hold:

Let grey hairs command the bold,

And you'll lose nothing in the strife.

**PART II ACT IV SCENE II: ON THE HEADLAND**

Drums and military music from below. The Emperor's tent is pitched. The Emperor, Commander-in-Chief, Guardsmen.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

It still seems the most likely strategy,  
To have made our whole army wait,  
Here below, in this convenient valley:  
I hope the choice is truly fortunate.

THE EMPEROR

Whatever will happen now, we'll soon see:  
But I don't like this half-retreat, it's weak.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

Look here, my Prince,  
On our right flank!  
This terrain is one that Generals like to thank:  
The hills aren't steep, but there's no ready access,  
So it protects us, while denying them success:  
We're half-concealed, on undulating ground:  
Their cavalry won't dare to circle round.

THE EMPEROR

There's nothing left for me to do, but praise:  
Here strength and bravery may have their day.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

There, in the centre of the level space,  
See the phalanx, eagerly in place.  
The lances shine and glitter in the air,  
Through the sunlit mist of morning, there.

And all the mighty square is swaying darkly!  
Thousands inspired to fierce activity.  
There you can see our power en masse,  
I trust it to split the enemy in half.

THE EMPEROR

This is the first time I've ever gazed on such a sight.  
Forces like these are worth double when they fight.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

I've nothing to report about our left,  
Valiant heroes hold the rocky cleft,  
Weapons gleam across the rocky dale,  
A vital pass protects the narrow vale.  
Here the enemy power, I think, will shatter,  
Taken unawares in this bloody matter.

THE EMPEROR

There they advance, my faithless kith and kin,  
Even as they call me brother, uncle, cousin,  
Ever more widely, allowing men's respect  
For throne and sceptre to fall into neglect:  
Ruining the empire with their fighting,  
And now, against me, rebelliously uniting.  
The mob is swayed, uncertain in its mind,  
Then, wherever the stream flows, flows behind.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

A faithful soldier hastens towards us,  
Look, one sent for news, perhaps he's had some luck!

FIRST SCOUT

Luckily we met success,  
Brave and cunning in our skill,  
Probing, out to east and west,

Yet bring you bad news, still.

Many swear their loyalty,

Many a faithful company:

Yet all idly apologetic:

Quailing inwardly, apathetic.

THE EMPEROR

From selfishness they learn self-preservation,

Not honour, affection, gratitude, dedication.

No one thinks that when time brings the reckoning,

The neighbour's house ignites theirs while it's burning.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

The second scout's approaching,

Slowly, on stumbling legs: a man full weary.

SECOND SCOUT

At first we easily detected

The nature of their wild plan:

Then, suddenly, and unexpected,

A second Emperor was at hand.

And in a calm, and orderly manner

Withdrew the army from the deep:

Unfurling his deceitful banner:

They all followed him, like sheep!

THE EMPEROR

A second Emperor's fortunate for me:

Since I'm the Emperor, plain as plain can be.

Now as a soldier I'll dress myself, again,

In armour, dedicated to this higher aim.

My entertainments, fine as they all were,

Lacking in nothing, never brought me danger.

While you suggested something innocent,

My heart longed to fight the tournament:  
And had you not dissuaded me from war,  
I'd have shone in glorious deeds before.  
But when I was mirrored in that realm of fire,  
I felt my heart was mine, and made entire:  
The fierce element entered in my fate,  
Only a dream, and yet the dream was great.  
I've thought confusedly of fame and glory:  
Yet all was my own neglect, an evil story.

(The heralds are sent to challenge the rival Emperor to single combat. Faust enters, in armour, with half-closed visor. The Three Mighty Warriors appear armed and dressed as previously described).

FAUST

We're here, and hope our presence is accepted:  
Though needless, caution's often well respected.  
You know how hill-folk consider and explore:  
They study nature and the mountains' lore.  
The spirits drawn from out the level valley,  
Are happier than ever in the wide hill-country.  
They still work the labyrinthine masses,  
Among metallic fumes of noble gases.  
Intent on separating, proving, blending,  
Their only aim some innovative finding.  
With gentle touch and spiritual power,  
They build transparent forms, by the hour:  
Then in eternal silence, in the crystal,  
They watch the destiny of all things mortal.

THE EMPEROR

I've heard it said: and I believe it's true:  
But, gallant soldier, what's all that to you?

## FAUST

Your true and honourable servant there,  
Is that Sabine, the Norcian Necromancer.  
What fearful fate once hung above his head!  
Crackling wood, the stinging fire ahead:  
Dry timber packed already round his feet,  
With rolls of pitch and brimstone all complete:  
No warrior, god, or devil to the rescue,  
The Emperor saved his life: and that was you,  
In Rome: he was obliged, and none the less  
Anxiously, he contemplates your progress.  
Wholly forgotten: every hour, just for you,  
He studies the stars and the abyss too.  
He sent us on, by the swiftest path,  
To help you. Great is the mountain craft:  
There Nature works omnipotent, and free,  
Though foolish clerics call it wizardry.

## THE EMPEROR

On joyful days, when we greet our guests,  
Who gather pleasantly, with happy jests,  
It gives us pleasure, when they pull and push,  
And fill the halls and chambers with their crush.  
Yet the brave man meets with noblest welcome,  
When in fierce support he deigns to come,  
At the dawning of some perilous day,  
When fate's balance holds us in its sway.  
Yet while some time this moment can afford,  
Hold back your strong hand from the eager sword,  
Honour the instant, when thousands march,  
For or against me, taking up the torch.



Self's the Man! Who claims the crown and throne,  
Must be worthy of the honour, on his own.  
May the phantom now that stands against me,  
Who calls himself the Emperor of my country,  
The army's leader, and the lords' crowned head,  
Be hurled by my own fist among the dead.

FAUST

Whatever the need to finish what you've started,  
It would go ill if you and your head were parted.  
Isn't your helmet decked with plume and crest?  
It shields the head that fills our hearts with zest.  
Without a head what can the members do?  
If it should sleep, they sink in silence too:  
If it's injured, they're all hurt alike,  
And if it's healed they quickly stir to life.  
Swiftly the arm will assert its right:  
And shield the head then from the fight:  
The sword at once perceives its duty,  
Strikes again, and parries strongly:  
The brave foot, owning its luck again,  
Plants itself on the necks of the slain.

THE EMPEROR

Such is my wrath, that's how I'd use the fool,  
And set his head in front of me, for a stool.

HERALDS (Returning.)

Our advances they reject,  
With little honour, or respect.  
Our strong, and noble ultimatum,  
They treated as an empty statement:  
'Your Emperor is wholly lost,

An echo of some ancient rhyme:

When we think about the past,

His tale will be: Once upon a time.'

FAUST

It's come to pass as the best of men demand,

Those firm and true, at your right hand:

There is the foe: your men stand by us:

Order the advance, the time's propitious.

THE EMPEROR

I hereby relinquish the command.

(To the Commander-In-Chief)

Prince, I entrust the duty to your hand.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

Then let the right wing start its assault!

The enemy left's ascending, even now,

And in a moment will be forced to halt.

To our young faithfuls they will have to bow.

FAUST

Let this brave hero, straight away,

Join your ranks, without delay,

So that in your ranks he might,

Make a brave show in the fight.

(He points to the Mighty Warrior on the right.)

BULLY-BOY (Coming forward.)

He who shows his face to me, won't turn

Before his front and back teeth shatter:

He who shows his back to me will earn

A blow to make his head much flatter.

And if your soldiers then advance

With sword and mace, together,

Man after man, the foe will dance,  
And in their own blood quickly smother.  
(He exits.)

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

Let the central phalanx follow slowly,  
Engage the enemy with force and cunning:  
There on the right they're almost ready  
To surrender, you can see them running.

FAUST (Pointing to the central Warrior)

Let this man follow at your command!  
He's quick, and grabs with either hand.

GRAB-QUICK (Comes forward.)

The thirst for plunder now will greet  
The Emperor's troops' advancing feet,  
And all will gather, with intent,  
At the rival Emperor's tent.

He won't linger on his throne:

I'll lead the phalanx on my own.

SWIFT-PLUNDER (A camp follower, fawning on him.)

Although he and I aren't wed,

He's my sweetheart. Here instead

Autumn ripens for the bold!

Woman's fierce when she takes hold,

Merciless, in a plundering crowd,

Forward to victory! All's allowed.

(They exit together.)

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

As I anticipated on our left flank,  
They hurl their right, in force, at last.  
We'll resist their furious ranks,

And keep them from the narrow pass.

FAUST (Beckoning to the Warrior on the left.)

Prince, take note of this man too:

No shame if the strong are stronger than you.

HOLD-TIGHT (Coming forward.)

Let the flanks forget their fear!

I seize the ground where I appear:

In me are born the powers of old,

No lightning splits what I shall hold.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Descending from above.)

Now see how from the hinterland

Of this rocky jagged land,

An armed host bursts forth

On narrow pathways from the north,

With sword and helmet, shield and spear,

Forming a rampart in our rear:

They wait for the signal to charge on.

(Aside, to the knowing ones.)

You mustn't ask me where they're from.

I've gathered them from everywhere,

The armouries all around are bare:

They stood on foot, and sat astride,

Like lords of earth on every side:

They were emperors, knights, and kings,

Now they're the empty shells of things:

I've dressed so many spirits for the strife,

It's like the Middle Ages come to life.

Whichever little devils are inside,

They'll have enough effect to turn the tide.

(Aloud.)

Listen how they show their anger,  
Jostling, in metallic clangour!  
The ragged banners flutter free,  
That waited restless for the breeze.  
Think: here's an ancient race that's ready  
To mingle in our new dispute, and gladly.

A tremendous peal of trumpets from above: a perceptible tremor in the hostile army.

FAUST

The far horizon darkens swiftly,  
Yet, here and there, and meaningfully,  
There's an incipient crimson glow,  
Already the battlefield gleams there,  
The rocks, the woods, the atmosphere,  
The very heavens join the show.

MEPHISTOPHELES

The right flank holds in strength:  
There's Bullyboy the nimble giant,  
Towering over all, defiant,  
And charging them at length.

THE EMPEROR

First I saw an arm uplifted,  
Then at least a dozen shifted:  
The thing's unnatural.

FAUST

Don't you know the bands of mist  
That drift round the Sicilian cliffs?  
There, in the daylight, clear,  
In mid-air, hovering about  
Mirrored in peculiar cloud,

Marvellous images appear.  
Cities wander to and fro,  
Gardens rise above, below,  
As form on form fills the air.

THE EMPEROR

Yet it's suspicious! All about  
The tips of spears are shining out:  
On our phalanx' gleaming lances,  
I see a crowd of flame-lets dances.  
It looks quite ghostly there, to me.

FAUST

Forgive me, Lord, those are the traces  
Of natural spirits, vanished races,  
A glimmer of the Dioscuri,  
Sailors invoke in tempest's fury:  
They show their last strength there.

THE EMPEROR

But tell me: who then might command  
Nature's assistance for our land,  
This gathering of the rare?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Who else than that noble Master,  
Who takes your destiny to heart?  
The thought of military disaster  
Moves him deeply, stirs his art.  
In gratitude, he wants to save you,  
Though he himself should suffer too.

THE EMPEROR

They cheered me, when I was invested:  
So I was keen to see my power tested:

I found it useful, without much thought, as ruler,  
To send that wise man where the air was cooler.  
I robbed the clergy of a fond desire,  
And hardly won their favour from the fire.  
Now that so many years have gone  
Is this the reward of what I'd done?

FAUST

Good deeds from the heart reap riches:  
Let your glance stray upwards now!  
I think he'll send a sign, a show,  
Attend: straight away it's as he wishes.

THE EMPEROR

An eagle soars in the upper air,  
A Gryphon attacks him there.

FAUST

Attend: It's an auspicious feature.  
The Gryphon's a fabulous creature:  
How could he forget who's regal,  
And tangle with a real eagle?

THE EMPEROR

And now, they fly in wider gyres,  
They wheel together: swiftly now  
Then dash against each other's bow,  
So neck and chest are ripped entire.

FAUST

Now note the miserable Gryphon,  
Ripped and rumples, hurt quite badly,  
Now, with his lion's tail all torn,  
He falls, and vanishes in a tree.

THE EMPEROR

As it's prophesied, so let it be!  
This whole thing's astounding me.  
MEPHISTOPHELES (Towards the right.)  
Driven by blows, ten times repeated,  
The enemy force has retreated,  
And in the uncertain fight  
Drifts away towards the right,  
So defusing all the force  
Of their army's sinister course.  
Our phalanx with its spears tightening  
Moves to the right, and like lightning  
Strikes them in the weakest place:  
Now like the storm-driven waves  
They roar, with opposing force,  
Wildly on their dual course:  
Gloriously all sound dies away,  
And victory is ours, I'd say!  
THE EMPEROR (On the left, to Faust.)  
See! Something looks suspicious,  
Our position's inauspicious,  
Not a stone's hurled in the air,  
The cliffs below are taken there,  
Bare the narrows, to the pass.  
Now! The enemy en masse  
Are ever nearer to the sun,  
Perhaps we're already overrun:  
An end to this unholy strife!  
Your arts won't save my life.  
(Pause).

MEPHISTOPHELES



See, my two ravens come winging,  
What news might they be bringing?  
I fear we're in trouble here.

THE EMPEROR

What do they mean these wretched birds?  
Their black wings turn hitherwards,  
Out of the heat of battle they steer.

MEPHISTOPHELES (To the ravens.)

Both of you sit by my ear,  
None are lost if you are near,  
Your council's always good to hear.

FAUST (To the Emperor.)

You'll know about homing pigeons  
Ones that return from distant regions,  
To their nest, and food, and young.  
Here's a slightly different kind:  
Pigeon post in peace is fine,  
Raven posts to war belong.

MEPHISTOPHELES

The birds announce a dreadful fate:  
Beware the enemy at the gate,  
Near our heroes' rocky wall!  
They've attained the narrow height,  
If they gain the pass, and fight,  
Our position's critical.

THE EMPEROR

So I'm betrayed at last!  
Into your net I'll be cast:  
I shudder as it entangles me.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Courage, now! Not yet, their victory.

Patience and skill unties the knot!

It's often fiercest at the end.

The pair of messengers, we've got:

Command me, I'll command them!

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF (Who has arrived, meanwhile.)

You've united with this pair,

Tormenting me while I was there,

No luck comes from wizardry.

I can't fathom now how to win

Those should finish, that begin:

Take this baton away from me.

THE EMPEROR

Keep it for another day, one better

And blessed with better fortune.

I shudder at this messenger,

And his company of ravens.

(To Mephistopheles.)

I'll not grant the baton to you,

You're not the proper man:

Give commands: free us too!

Do whatever it is you can.

(He exits into his tent with the Commander-In-Chief.)

MEPHISTOPHELES

Let that blunt stick protect the man!

It's of small use in anyone's hand:

It has a cross, too, painted on.

FAUST

What can we do?

MEPHISTOPHELES

It's already done!

Now dark Cousins, hurry from the scene,  
To the mountain lake! Greet the Undines,  
And beg from them their gleaming flood.  
Their female arts, those difficult of knowing,  
Can divorce appearances from being,  
And all still swear it's being that they're seeing.

(Pause)

FAUST

With flattery our pair of ravens  
Have so charmed those water maidens  
That trickling flows at once begin.  
And many a bald, dry ridge of mountain  
Becomes a swollen, rushing fountain:  
The enemy can no longer win.

MEPHISTOPHELES

It's not a greeting to which they're used.  
The bravest climbers appear confused.

FAUST

Now, powerfully, streams pour on streams,  
Sweeping from gorges with redoubled gleams,  
A river now throws up an arching veil:  
Pours over the rocky level in a tide,  
Runs foaming down, on every side,  
And, stepwise, hurls itself into the dale.  
What use their fine, heroic resistance?  
The vast wave roars, and fills the distance.  
I shudder myself at this wild waterfall.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I can see nothing of these watery lies,

They only serve for fooling human eyes,  
I delight instead in wonders that befall.  
In companies, their men plunge down,  
The fools imagine that they'll drown,  
While free to breathe, on solid ground,  
With swimming strokes, they run around.  
It's bewildering them all.

The Ravens return.

I'll praise you to the noble Master: but see,  
If you'd like to display your own mastery,  
Hurry to the glowing smithy,  
Where the dwarf folk never weary,  
Hammering sparks from steel and stone.

Ask for, once you've chattered first,  
A fire to shine: sparkle, and burst,  
The finest that man's ever known.

It's true that far off lightning flashes,  
And stars that fall in sudden dashes,  
Can happen any summer's night:  
But lightning in the tangled bushes,  
And stars that fizzle in the rushes,  
They're not such a common sight.  
Don't trouble about my command,  
Ask first, then afterwards demand.

The Ravens fly off. All takes place as ordered.  
Darkness cloaks the enemy!  
Their footsteps meet uncertainty!  
Everywhere are wandering flares,  
And those sudden blinding glares!  
It's all beautiful indeed,

Now some noise is what we need.

FAUST

The empty armour from each vaulted room,  
Feels itself stiffen in the airy gloom:  
There it rattles, clatters all around,  
A marvellous, and deceptive sound.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That's it! They no longer feel constrained:  
Already their blows fall unrestrained,  
As in the nobility of their former life.  
Breastplates and helmets gleam,  
As Guelph and Ghibelline,  
They quickly renew eternal strife.  
Locked in hereditary bile,  
They prove themselves, un-reconciled:  
Far and wide the noise is rife.  
In the end, by all the Devils, yes!  
Partisan hatred's still the best,  
Till final ruin ends the tale:  
Here rise the sounds of utter panic,  
And others bitter and Satanic,  
Terrify, along the vale.  
Warlike tumult from the orchestra, finally changing to a lively martial air.

### **PART II ACT IV SCENE III: THE RIVAL EMPEROR'S TENT**

A throne amongst rich trappings. Grab-quick and Swift-plunder.

SWIFT-PLUNDER

We're the first ones here, I see!

GRAB-QUICK

No Raven flies as fast as me.

SWIFT-PLUNDER

O! Look at the treasure there on top!

What will I grab? How shall I stop?

GRAB-QUICK

The whole place is still full of loot,

I don't know where to start, in truth!

SWIFT-PLUNDER

This fur-rug, this'll go far,

Often my bed's far too hard.

GRAB-QUICK

Here's a morning star in steel,

I've always longed for one, I feel.

SWIFT-PLUNDER

This red mantle, trimmed with gold,

Is like the one my dream foretold.

GRAB-QUICK (Taking a weapon.)

With this the deed is swiftly done,

You strike him dead and then move on.

You've already packed so much stuff,

And yet you've nothing good enough

Leave your plunder in its place,

And put a casket in the space!

The army's pay is what they hold,

In their fat bellies, purest gold.

SWIFT-PLUNDER

What a murderous weight it is!

I can't lift: I can't carry it.

GRAB-QUICK

Bend down: quick! You'll have to bow!

I'll strap it to your back for now.

SWIFT-PLUNDER

Oh! Ah! Now it's in front, too!

The weight's broken my cross in two.

The chest falls and bursts open.

GRAB-QUICK

There's the red gold in a heap –

Quickly now, take and keep!

SWIFT-PLUNDER (Crouching.)

Quickly then, just fill my lap!

There'll still be enough perhaps.

GRAB-QUICK

That's enough! Now off you go!

Swift-plunder rises.

Oh! Your apron has a hole!

Wherever you walk or stand,

You're sowing gold on every hand.

GUARDSMEN OF THE TRUE EMPEROR

What are you doing here,

At leisure, rummaging in the Imperial treasure?

GRAB-QUICK

We risked our bodies in the ranks,

And take away our share of thanks.

That's the rule, in enemy tents,

And we're soldiers too, my friends.

THE GUARDSMEN

That won't wash in our army:

You can't be soldier and thief equally:

Whoever serves our Emperor,  
Is an honest soldier, and no more.

GRAB-QUICK

That honesty, we know it, son,  
It's called: a contribution.

You're all the same: it's a crime,  
'Give!' is the password every time,  
(To Swift-plunder.)

Take what you've got: and leave the rest,  
Here one's hardly a welcome guest.

(They both exit.)

A GUARDSMAN

Tell me why you didn't land  
That churl with a good right hand.

A SECOND GUARDSMAN

I don't know, my strength was gone,  
They were a pair of ghostly ones.

A THIRD GUARDSMAN

There was something nasty in my eye,  
I couldn't see: they flickered by.

A FOURTH GUARDSMAN

I don't know what to say:  
It was sweltering hot today,  
So sultry, so close as well,  
One man stood, another fell:  
You staggered around and struck, in one,  
At every blow you killed someone,  
There was a mist in front of your eyes,  
Then a buzz, and rustle, and hiss went by:  
So it went on, and here we are, now,



I don't know what happened, anyhow.

The Emperor enters, accompanied by Four Princes. The Guardsmen exit.

Now, let him do as he may! The battle here is done,

The host is scattered in flight, across the field new won.

Here is the traitor's treasure, and his empty throne,

Where tapestries hang round, closed in a narrow zone.

Protected by our guard of honour, we'll wait

Imperially, for the people's delegate.

Messengers of joy arrive from every side:

The Empire's calm, and we're mutually reconciled.

Though some wizardry was involved in our fight,

In the end we fought with only our own true might.

There were of course a few lucky accidents:

Stones from the sky, a shower of blood on their tents,

Strange and mighty sounds from the rocky caves,

That lifted our hearts, and terrified their braves.

The conquered fell, beneath our relentless scorn,

Praising the kind god, our ranks cheer once more.

And all, without coercion, shout together as one:

'God be praised!' from a million throats is wrung.

Yet in highest praise I turn my own pious glance

As I seldom do, towards my own circumstance.

A young man may well squander his early days,

But age teaches him all the error of his ways.

Therefore at once without delay I bind you to me,

You noble four, to my House, Court and country.

(To the First.)

Prince, yours was the army's ordering, wisely planned,

Then, at the height of the battle, its bold command:

Now act, in time of peace, as the hour requires you to,

I name you High-Marshall, and confer the sword on you.

#### THE HIGH-MARSHALL

Your loyal army, deployed, on my orders,

Internally, will now defend your borders,

Let us, too, prepare the table on feast days,

In your spacious castle's ancestral ways.

Always to be your High Majesty's defence,

Standing beside you, or marching in advance.

#### THE EMPEROR (To the Second.)

You, who show yourself as gracious as you're brave,

Be our High-Chamberlain: the office is grave.

You become the overseer of all our attendants,

Great evil comes from strife among dependants:

So let your example honourably recall

How they may please their prince, the court and all.

#### THE HIGH-CHAMBERLAIN

Be gracious,

That the Lords may further your great aim:

Assist the best and cause no injury to the lame,

Be open without cunning: be calm without deceit!

If you know me, Sire, my ambition is complete.

But on the feast may I now deploy my imagination?

When you're at table, I shall bear the golden basin,

I'll hold your rings, that on those joyful days

Your hands may be refreshed, as I am by your gaze.

#### THE EMPEROR

I feel too serious for ready celebration,

But, be it so, as a joyful inauguration!

(To the Third.)

I make you High-Steward! Oversee the chase,

The poultry yard, and such, around the place:  
Give me the finest dishes, choice and rare,  
In their right month, and carefully prepared.

THE HIGH-STEWARD

Strict fast will be my pleasant punishment,  
Till I can serve the tastiest refreshment.  
Your kitchen staff will join with me to bring  
The distant near, and make the year take wing.  
Yet early and rare won't stimulate your fires,  
Simple and strong, is what your taste desires.

THE EMPEROR (To the Fourth.)

Since planning feasts is unavoidable here,  
Young hero, I'll give you my cup to bear.  
High-Cupbearer, take care those cellars of mine  
Are richly filled with casks of vintage wine.  
Be temperate yourself: don't lose your reason  
In the wild delight of momentary temptation!

THE HIGH-CUPBEARER

The young,  
If you trust in them, my Prince,  
Grow to manhood, almost before you'd notice.  
I'll take my place too at your noble feast:  
And load the imperial table with all that's best,  
With every kind of vessel, in silver and gold,  
But the handsomest of all for you I'll hold:  
A clear Venetian glass, where joy is waiting,  
That strengthens the taste, without intoxicating.  
One often trusts too much in such a treasure:  
But your restraint, Lord, will protect your pleasure.

THE EMPEROR

What I bestow on you at this grave moment,  
You hear, in confidence, has my true intent.  
The Emperor's word is great, his gift is sure,  
But to be enacted it needs his signature,  
His noble mark. Here's the right man I see  
True to his time, to complete the formality.  
The Archbishop and High-Chancellor enters.  
If the arch can trust the keystone's part,  
Then it's raised securely, with lasting art.  
You see four Princes here! And I've explained  
How my House and Court must be sustained.  
Now, what the empire holds within its bounds  
Is placed, with weight and power, in your hands.  
You'll outshine all others in your estates:  
So I've extended your walls and gates,  
With the lost possessions of our enemy.  
I award you fine lands, for your loyalty.  
Together with the right, in due course,  
To buy, exchange, or add to them by force:  
Then, be it known, I grant you unhindered use –  
Of what belongs to you, the landlord's dues.  
When you as judges speak your final thought,  
No appeal shall be heard by a higher court.  
Then taxes, levies, rents, and tolls and fees,  
Are yours: of mines, mints, salt the royalties.  
And to display my gratitude completely,  
I've raised you all to highest majesty.

THE ARCHBISHOP

On behalf of us all I give our deepest thanks to you!  
You make us strong and sure: increasing your power too.

## THE EMPEROR

To you five, still higher favours will I give.  
I live for my empire, and I still wish to live:  
Yet ancient, noble ties draw the careful thinker  
From present things to those that follow after.  
I too, in time, must leave all I still hold dear,  
It's your duty then to name a new ruler, here.  
At our holy altar, crown and raise him high:  
What war begins ends peacefully, by and by.

## THE HIGH-CHANCELLOR

With pride at heart,  
Yet humble in gesture, too,  
We, the Earth's noblest princes bow to you.  
So long as blood fills our loyal veins, then still  
Are we the body that obeys your every will.

## THE EMPEROR

Now, to conclude,  
Let everything we've enacted  
Be set down for the future, as we've contracted.  
As Lords you hold your possessions, free in fact,  
With this condition, that they remain intact.  
And what you have from us, whatever else is won,  
Shall descend in due measure to the eldest son.

## THE HIGH-CHANCELLOR

I'll entrust it to parchment straight away,  
This weightiest statute to bless us, and the state:  
The Chancery will provide fair copy, and reveal  
You as confirmed, my Lords, by sign and seal.

## THE EMPEROR

And so I dismiss you that you may deliberate

Together, concerning this great day for our state.

The Secular Princes exit.

THE ARCHBISHOP

The Chancellor leaves, the Bishop remains here,

With this grave warning to offer in your ear.

His paternal heart, anxiously, fears for you.

THE EMPEROR

Speak, in this happy hour, what care's on view?

THE ARCHBISHOP

With what bitter pain I find that even at this hour,

Your hallowed head still toys with Satan's power!

True, you've secured the throne now, yet it seems,

Sadly, scorning God, and the Pope's great schemes.

When he learns of it, swift punishment he'll bring,

And destroy your sinful realm with holy lightning.

He's not forgotten how, at that earlier time,

Of coronation, you freed the wizard: in crime.

With your diadem, you injured Christianity,

Striking a cursed head with the first act of mercy.

Now beat your breast and from your guilty measure,

Give back to the holy shrine a little treasure:

You, taught humility, devote to pious use, and good,

The spacious stretch of hills where your tent stood.

Where evil spirits gathered for your protection,

And the Prince of Liars secured your attention:

Grant mount and forest deep, as far as they extend,

And heights, the green slopes adorn, without end.

Clear lakes rich in fish, countless streams that flow,

Winding swiftly, that rush to the valleys below:

Then the broad vale itself, meadow, lawn and hollow:

Show your remorse: gain the mercy that must follow.

THE EMPEROR

I'm deeply fearful of this, my heavy sin:

Yourself, mark out the borders of the scheme.

THE ARCHBISHOP

First then the place

Profaned by such sinfulness,

Dedicate that to the service of heavenliness.

Thick walls rise quickly, at the mind's desire,

Already the sun's dawn glance lights the choir,

The growing building takes the cross's structure,

The nave long and high, a delight to each believer:

Already as they press eagerly through the doors,

A first peal rings through hills, down valley floors,

From the high tower, that's striving towards heaven,

The penitent comes, to whom new life is given.

That day of consecration – may it be soon! –

When your presence grants the greatest boon.

THE EMPEROR

Let the pious mind proclaim so great an action,

In praising the Lord, I'll achieve my expiation.

Enough! I already feel my mind's exaltation.

THE ARCHBISHOP

As Chancellor

I require a formal proclamation.

THE EMPEROR

A formal document: lay that before me,

I'll be pleased to sign whatever the Church agrees.

THE ARCHBISHOP (Has taken leave, but turns back at the door.)

At the same time devote the total income of the land,

As it arises, tithes, taxes, levies, to the work on hand,  
Forever. It needs to be maintained, fairly,  
And its careful upkeep will cost us dearly.  
From all that plunder, grant us a measure of gold,  
To build it quickly there, in that desert fold.  
Moreover we'll need, I can't help mentioning,  
Timber from far off, lime, slate, and such things.  
Exhorted from the pulpit, the folk will haul it,  
The Church will bless the man who learns to serve it.  
(He exits.)

THE EMPEROR

The sin with which my soul is heavy, is full sore:  
Wretched Sorcerers have wounded me, once more.

THE ARCHBISHOP (Returning, yet again, and bowing deeply.)

Pardon, my Lord! The Imperial shore was given  
To that disreputable man, I'll excommunicate him,  
Unless you in penitence grant the Church, there, too,  
Its tithes, and gifts, and taxes: the whole of its revenue.

THE EMPEROR (In a bad humour.)

That land doesn't exist, it lies there under the sea.

THE ARCHBISHOP

Who's patient,  
And is right, his time is yet to be.

For us, your word must wait on one man's desire.

(He exits.)

THE EMPEROR (Alone.)

I might as well sign away the whole wide empire.

**PART II ACT V SCENE I: OPEN COUNTRY**



## THE WANDERER

Yes! Here are the dusky lindens,  
Standing round, in mighty age.  
And here am I, returning to them,  
After so long a pilgrimage!  
It still appears the same old place:  
Here's the hut that sheltered me,  
When the storm-uplifted wave,  
Hurled me shore-wards from the sea!  
My hosts are those I would bless,  
A brave, a hospitable pair,  
Who if I meet them, I confess,  
Must already be white haired.  
Ah! They were pious people!  
Shall I call, or knock? – Greetings,  
If, as open-hearted, you still  
Enjoy good luck, in meetings!

BAUCIS (A little woman, very aged.)

Gentle stranger! Quietly, quietly!  
Peace! Let my husband rest!  
Long sleep lends the elderly,  
Little time to work, at best.

## THE WANDERER

Tell me, Mother: are you that wife  
To whom thanks should be given:  
Who brought a young man back to life,  
When wife and husband worked as one?  
Are you that Baucis who tirelessly  
Restored my almost-vanished breath?

Her husband appears.

Are you that Philemon, who bravely  
Saved my wealth from watery death?

Your swiftly burning fire,

Your silvery sounding bell,

In chance, dread and dire,

Was the outcome that befell.

And now let me walk about,

And view the boundless ocean:

Let me kneel, and be devout:

Mind troubled with emotion.

(He walks on, over the downs.)

PHILEMON (To Baucis.)

Hurry now, and lay the table,

Underneath the garden trees.

Let him go: as in the fable,

He'll not credit what he sees.

(He follows, and stands beside the Wanderer.)

Where wave on wave, foaming wildly,

Savagely mistreated you,

See a garden planted, widely,

See the Paradisial view.

I was too old to seize the day,

Unfit to work as long ago:

And while my powers ebbed away,

The tide extended its wide flow.

Clever Lords set their bold servants

Digging ditches, building dikes,

To gain the mastery of ocean,

Diminishing its natural rights.

See green meadow bordering meadow,  
Field and garden, wood and town. –  
But it's time to eat, so follow,  
Sunset is approaching now.  
See the sails, far away there,  
Seeking port before the night.  
The birds fly homeward through the air:  
Their harbour too heaves in sight.  
So gaze then, at the whole horizon,  
Where the blue sea used to flow,  
Right and left there, to your vision,  
Densely peopled space below.

## **PART II ACT V SCENE II: IN THE LITTLE GARDEN**

The three of them at table.

BAUCIS (To the stranger.)

Are you dumb? And will you lift  
Not a morsel to your mouth?

PHILEMON

He wants to comprehend the gift:  
Tell him, freely then: speak out.

BAUCIS

Well! It was a marvel, really!  
It troubles me to this day:  
Then its whole nature, surely,  
Was peculiar, in its way.

PHILEMON

Is the Emperor, then, at fault,

Who granted him the land?  
Didn't a herald make his halt,  
Crying out what was planned?  
Not far away there, on the dunes,  
The first bold step was made,  
Tents, huts! – And on the downs,  
A palace, quickly raised.

BAUCIS

For days, work rumbled on in vain,  
Pick and shovel, blow on blow:  
Where the night's fires flamed,  
Next day a dam would follow.  
Human blood was forced to flow,  
At night, rose the sound of pain:  
The seaward floating fiery glow  
Was a canal, come dawn again.  
He's a godless man: he'd steal  
Our hut, and our few acres:  
But like subjects we must kneel,  
When we boast such neighbours.

PHILEMON

Yet he's offered us another  
Holding, on his new-won land!

BAUCIS

Never trust what's built on water,  
On the heights maintain your stand.

PHILEMON

Let's make our way to the chapel,  
To watch the last glow of light,  
Kneel, pray, and sound the bell,

And trust in God's ancient might!

**PART II ACT V SCENE III: THE PALACE**

Spacious pleasure-gardens: a broad straight canal. Faust in extreme old age,  
walking about, thoughtfully.

LYNCEUS, THE WARDER (Through a speaking trumpet.)

The sun is fading, the last boats  
Sail swiftly to the harbour here.  
One large vessel gently floats,  
Down the canal: and draws near.  
The bright flags flutter merrily,  
The masts are trimmed, in time:  
The boatmen all praise you gladly,  
Fortune celebrates your prime.  
The little bell on the dunes rings out.

FAUST (Startled.)

Accursed ringing! Wounding me  
With shame: a treacherous blow:  
My realm's laid out there, endlessly,  
But, at my back, this vexes so,  
Proclaiming, with its jealous sound:  
My great estate is less than fine,  
The old hut, all the trees around,  
The crumbling chapel, are not mine.  
And even if I wished to rest there,  
A strange shadow makes me shudder,  
It's a thorn in my eye, and deeper:  
Oh! Would I were somewhere other!

THE WARDER (From above.)

The boat is sailing, brightly dressed,  
Towards us, on the evening breeze!  
Heaped, with boxes, sacks and chests,  
From its journey on the seas!

(A splendid boat, richly and brightly loaded with foreign goods.  
Mephistopheles. The Three Mighty Warriors).

CHORUS

Here we land,  
Already, here.  
Hail to our Lord,  
Our patron dear!  
They disembark: the goods are unloaded.

MEPHISTOPHELES

We've proven ourselves in every way,  
Pleased, if we win our patron's praise.  
We took two ships when we sailed before  
With twenty ships we dock, once more.  
What we've achieved, each fine thing,  
You'll see from the cargo that we bring.  
The ocean's freedom frees the mind  
There all thought is left behind!  
You only need a handy grip,  
You catch a fish, or take a ship,  
And once you're lord of all three,  
The fourth one's tackled easily:  
The fifth one's in an evil plight,  
You have the might, and so the right.  
You wonder what, and never how.  
I know a little of navigation:  
War, trade, and piracy, allow,

As three in one, no separation.

THE THREE MIGHTY WARRIORS

No thanks for us!

No thanks at all!

As if we've brought

A stench, that's all.

He pulls a

Nasty face again:

These royal goods

Don't please him then.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Don't expect more

Pay for it!

What you've had

Is what you get.

THE WARRIORS

That was only

To pass the time:

We want an equal

Share in crime.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Then first set out in

Hall on hall,

The costly treasures,

One and all!

And coming to

The splendid show,

He'll think it all the

More, you know,

He won't be mean,

With you, at least,  
He'll give the fleet,  
Feast on feast.  
Tomorrow motley birds attend,  
I want to take good care of them.  
The cargo is removed.

(To Faust.)

This splendid fortune you embrace  
With wrinkled brow, and gloomy face!  
Your noble wisdom has been crowned,  
Sea's reconciled with solid ground:  
From the shore, on swifter track,  
The sea wills out the ship, and back:  
So speak, that here, from your spire,  
Your arms might grip the world entire.  
From this place the trench was cut,  
Here stood the first wooden hut:  
A little ditch was traced from here,  
Where now vessels' wakes appear.  
Your servants' toil, your thought so wise,  
Have won the Earth and Ocean's prize.  
From here on –

FAUST

– that accursed here!  
That always brings me wretched fear,  
To you who are so clever, I say it,  
It gives my heart sting on sting,  
It's impossible for me to bear it.  
I'm ashamed to even speak the thing.  
The old ones up there should yield,



I want the limes as my retreat,  
The least tree in another's field,  
Detracts from my whole estate.  
There, to stand and look around,  
I'll build a frame from bough to bough,  
My gaze revealing, under the sun,  
A view of everything I've done,  
Overseeing, as the eye falls on it,  
A masterpiece of the human spirit,  
Forging with intelligence,  
A wider human residence.  
That's the worst suffering can bring,  
Being rich, to feel we lack something.  
The bell's chime, the lindens' breeze,  
Like tombs in churchyards stifle me.  
The exercise of my all-conquering will  
Is shattered in the sand, here, and lies still.  
How can I drive it from my nature!  
The bell peals, and I'm an angry creature.

#### MEPHISTOPHELES

It's natural! Intense frustration  
Drives a man to desperation.  
Who doubts it! That clang I fear  
Falls cruelly on a noble ear.  
And that wretched bing-bang-bong,  
Through the clear evening sky, that gong,  
Is joined to every chance event,  
From first bath to last interment.  
As if between its bing and bong  
Life's a dream, and then is gone.

FAUST

Such obstinacy and opposition  
Diminishes the noblest position,  
Until in endless pain, one must  
Grow deeply weary of being just.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why bother yourself so much about them?  
Shouldn't you long ago have colonised them?

FAUST

Then go and push them aside for me! –  
You know the land, with my approval,  
Set aside for the old folks removal.

MEPHISTOPHELES

We'll take them up, and set them down,  
They'll stand, once more: I'll be bound:  
When they've survived a little force,  
They'll be reconciled to it, of course.

(He whistles shrilly.)

Come: perform your Lord's command!  
And tomorrow let the feast be planned.

THE THREE WARRIORS

This old Lord received us badly,  
A feast now is our right: believe me.

MEPHISTOPHELES (To the audience.)

And here we see, as long ago  
Naboth's vineyard still on show.

**PART II ACT V SCENE IV: DEAD OF NIGHT**

LYNCEUS, THE WARDER (Singing on the watch-tower of the palace.)

For seeing, I'm born,  
For watching, employed,  
To the tower, I'm sworn,  
While the world, I enjoy.

I gaze at the far,  
I stare at the near,  
The moon and the star,  
The forest and deer:  
The eternally lovely  
Adornment, I view,  
And as it delights me  
I delight myself too.

You, fortunate eyes,  
All you've seen, there,  
Let it be as it may,  
Yet it was so fair!

(Pause.)

I'm not positioned here, on high,  
Just for my own enjoyment:  
What horror, meant to terrify,  
Threatens from the firmament!  
I see sparks of fire gushing  
Through the lindens' double night,  
Fanned by the wind's rushing,  
Ever stronger grows the light.  
Ah! Within, the hut is burning,  
Damp and mossy though it stand:  
Swift help, in this direction turning,  
Is needed, yet no aid's to hand.

Ah! The pious old couple,  
So careful ever of the fire,  
Made a prey to smoke, to stifle,  
On this dreadful pyre!  
The flame burns on: glowing red,  
It's now a blackened mossy pile:  
If only those good folk are rescued,  
From those fires of hell, run wild!  
A bright tongue of lightning heaves,  
Through the branches, through the leaves:  
Breaking, snapping, catching swiftly,  
Withered branches flicker, glow.  
Why have I such powers to see!  
Why are mine the eyes that know!  
The little chapel now collapses,  
With the falling branches' weight.  
Already with bright snakelike flashes,  
The treetops, gripped, meet their fate.  
Glowing crimson, to their hollow  
Roots, the trunks now burn with ease. –  
A long pause. Chant.  
What used to please my eyes, below,  
Has vanished with the centuries.  
FAUST (On the balcony, towards the downs.)  
What whining song is that, above?  
Too late its word and tone reach me.  
The watchman wails: yes, I'm moved:  
Annoyed by this impatient deed.  
But let the lime-trees be erased,  
A horror now of half-burnt timber,

A watchtower can soon be raised,  
To gaze around at boundless splendour.  
From there I'll see my new creation,  
One set aside for that old pair: at least,  
They'll feel benign consideration,  
Enjoying their last days in peace.

#### MEPHISTOPHELES AND THE THREE WARRIORS (Below.)

Here we come, and at the double:  
Pardon us! We've caused you trouble.  
We knocked, and knocked on the door,  
But it seemed locked for evermore:  
We rattled it, and shook it too,  
Until the planks broke in two:  
We called aloud, and threatened, then,  
But there was no reply, again.  
And as happens in such cases,  
They heard nothing, hid their faces:  
But we commenced without delay  
To drive the stubborn folk away.  
That pair knew scant anxiety,  
They died of terror, peacefully.  
A stranger, who was hiding there,  
And wished to fight, we tried to scare.  
But in the fast and furious bout,  
From the coals that lay about,  
The straw took fire. Now all three,  
In that one pyre, burn merrily.

FAUST

Were you deaf to what I said?  
I wanted them moved, not dead.

This mindless, and savage blow,  
Earns my curse: share it, and go!

CHORUS

The ancient proverb says of course:  
Yield willingly to a greater force!  
While if you're bold and opt for strife,  
You'll stake your house, and home – and life.  
They exit.

FAUST (On the balcony.)

Stars hide their faces, and their glow,  
The fire sinks, and flickers low:  
A moist breeze fans the dying ember,  
Bringing smoke and vapour closer.  
Quickly said, too quickly done, I fear! –  
Now, what hovers like a shadow, here?

## **PART II ACT V SCENE V: MIDNIGHT**

(Four Grey Women enter.)

THE FIRST

I am called Want.

THE SECOND

I am called Guilt.

THE THIRD

I am called Care.

THE FOURTH

Necessity, I.

THREE TOGETHER (Want, Guilt and Necessity)

The door is shut tight, and we cannot get in:

The owner is rich: he won't have us within.

WANT

I shrink to a shadow.

GUILT

To emptiest space.

NEED

The wealthy from me turn their pampered face.

CARE

Sisters, you can't enter, daren't enter there.

But, through the keyhole now, always slips, Care.

(Care disappears.)

WANT

You, my Grey Sisters, take your flight too.

GUILT

Close by your side, I come following you.

NECESSITY

Close at your heels is Necessity's breath.

THE THREE

The clouds there are moving, and cover the stars!

Behind us, behind us! From far, oh, from far,

He's coming, our Brother, he's coming, he's – Death.

FAUST (In the Palace.)

I saw four: but only three went away:

I caught no meaning from the words they say.

It sounded as if I heard – 'Necessity's breath',

And then a gloomy rhyming word, like – 'Death'.

It rang hollow, ghostly, subdued, to me.

Even now I've not won my liberty.

If I could banish Sorcery from my track,

Unlearn the magic-spells that draw me back,

And stand before you, Nature, as mere Man,  
It would be worth the pain of being Human.  
So was I, a seeker in the darkness,  
Cursing both self and world, in wickedness.  
Now the air is filled with phantom shapes,  
It's hard to see how anyone escapes.  
Though day may smile on us with rational gleams,  
The night entwines us in a web of dreams:  
We come happily from the fields of youth,  
A bird croaks: what? Misfortune: is our truth.  
Cloaked with superstitions, soon and late:  
It's wedded to us, warns us: shows our fate.  
And so, alone, intimidated, we stand.  
The door creaks, yet no one is at hand.

(Anxiously.)

Is anyone there?

CARE

The answer must be, yes!

FAUST

And you, who then are you?

CARE

I am your guest.

FAUST

Be gone!

CARE

I am here, in my proper place.

FAUST (First angered, then composed, addressing himself.)

Take care: of magic spells show not a trace.

CARE

Though the ear choose not to hear,



In the heart I echo, clear:  
Savage power I exercise,  
Transformed I am, to mortal eyes.  
On the land, and on the ocean,  
Evermore the dread companion,  
Always found, and never sought,  
Praised, as well as cursed, in thought. –  
Have you yourself not known Care?

FAUST

I sped through the World that's there:  
Gripped by the hair every appetite,  
And let go those that failed to delight,  
Let those fly that quite escaped me.  
I've desired, achieved my course,  
Desired again, and so, with force,  
Stormed through life: first powerfully,  
But wisely now: and thoughtfully.  
Earth's sphere's familiar enough to me,  
The view beyond is barred eternally:  
The fool who sets his sights up there,  
Creates his own likeness in the air!  
Let him stand, and look around him well:  
This world means something to the capable.  
Why does he need to roam eternity!  
Let him grasp what is firm reality.  
So let him wander down his earthly day:  
And if ghosts haunt him, go on his way,  
Find joy and suffering in striding on,  
Dissatisfied with every hour that's gone.

CARE

When of man I take possession,  
Then his whole world is lessened:  
Endless gloom meets his eyes,  
No more suns will set or rise,  
Though intact, to outer sense,  
He lives in the dark, intense,  
Never knowing how to measure  
Any portion of his treasure.  
Good and ill are merely chance,  
He starves, food in his hands:  
Be it joy or be it sorrow  
He delays it till tomorrow,  
Waiting for the future, ever,  
Finding his fulfilment, never.

FAUST

Be gone! And don't come near me!  
Such nonsense I'll not understand.  
Away, with your evil litany,  
Sent to confuse the cleverest man!

CARE

Shall he come, or shall he go?  
All decision is denied him:  
In the middle of the road,  
He staggers, feeling round him.  
He's ever more deeply lost,  
Seeing everything star-crossed,  
Wearies himself and all the rest,  
Stifles as he holds his breath:  
Lifeless, but not yet gone under,  
Resists despair or surrender.

So, with an incessant rolling,  
A painful end, and hard going,  
Now free, and now constrained,  
In half sleep, poorly entertained,  
Confine him in a little space:  
Prepare him for Hell's other place.

FAUST

Unholy spectre! So you hand our race  
To the ravages of a thousand devils:  
Even transform our worthless days  
To a wretched knot of entangling evils.  
It's hard I know to free oneself from Demons,  
The strong spirit-bonds are not lightly broken:  
And yet, Care, I'll not recognise you, nor even,  
That creeping power of yours, by any token.

CARE

Feel it now, as on the wind,  
I, and my curse, depart, again.  
Lifelong, all you men are blind,  
Now, Faust, be so to the end!

(She breathes in his face, and departs.)

FAUST (Now blind.)

The night seems deeper all around me,  
Only within me is there gleaming light:  
I must finish what I've done, and hurry,  
The master's word alone declares what's right.  
Up from your beds, you slaves! Man on man!  
Reveal the daring of my favoured plan.  
Seize the tools: on with pick and spade!  
Let the end-result be now displayed.

Strict order, and swift industry  
Then the finest prize we'll see:  
And so the greatest work may stand,  
One mind equal to a thousand hands.

**PART II ACT V SCENE VI: THE GREAT OUTER COURT OF THE  
PALACE**

Torches.

MEPHISTOPHELES (In advance, as Overseer.)

Come on! Come on! In here, in here!

Quivering spirits of the dead,

All you patchwork semi-natures,

Sinew, bone, and tendon wed.

THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD (Lemures, in Chorus.)

Swiftly now we are on hand

With half an impression,

That it concerns a tract of land,

Of which we'll gain possession.

Pointed stakes with us appear,

Chains to measure ground on:

But why you've called us here

Is something we've forgotten.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Artistic effort's not the prize:

Carry it out in your own manner!

Lay the longest one of you lengthwise,

Then pile the turf on him, you others.

Do as they once did for our fathers there,

Dig out a somewhat lengthened square!

Gone from a palace to a narrow place:

It's still as stupid an end for man to face.

THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD (Digging with Mocking gestures.)

When I was young and lived and loved,

I thought it was very sweet:

To happy sounds, and cheerful steps,

I lifted up my feet.

Now treacherous old age has clawed

Me with his crutch, since when

I stumble at the grave's wide door,

Why do they leave it open!

FAUST (Comes from the Palace, groping his way past the doorposts.)

How the clattering of shovels cheers me!

It's the crews still labouring on,

Till earth is reconciled to man,

The waves accept their boundaries,

And ocean's bound with iron bands.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Aside.)

And yet with all your walls and dams

You're merely dancing to our tune:

Since you prepare for our Neptune,

The Water-demon, one vast feast.

You'll be lost in every way –

The elements are ours, today,

And ruin comes on running feet.

FAUST

Overseer!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Here!

FAUST

Any way you can  
Bring crowds of labourers together,  
Spurred by force or hope of pleasure,  
By pay, enticement or press-gang!  
Report to me on progress every day,  
The depth of earth and gravel dug away.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Half-aloud.)

Reporting it to me the word they gave,  
Was not quite gravel, it was more like – grave.

FAUST

A swamp lies there below the hill,  
Infecting everything I've done:  
My last and greatest act of will  
Succeeds when that foul pool is gone.  
Let me make room for many a million,  
Not wholly secure, but free to work on.  
Green fertile fields, where men and herds  
May gain swift comfort from the new-made earth.  
Quickly settled in those hills' embrace,  
Piled high by a brave, industrious race.  
And in the centre here, a Paradise,  
Whose boundaries hold back the raging tide,  
And though it gnaws to enter in by force,  
The common urge unites to halt its course.  
Yes, I've surrendered to this thought's insistence,  
The last word Wisdom ever has to say:  
He only earns his Freedom and Existence,  
Who's forced to win them freshly every day.  
Childhood, manhood, age's vigorous years,  
Surrounded by dangers, they'll spend here.

I wish to gaze again on such a land,  
Free earth: where a free race, in freedom, stand.

Then, to the Moment I'd dare say:

'Stay a while! You are so lovely!'

Through aeons, then, never to fade away

This path of mine through all that's earthly. –

Anticipating, here, its deep enjoyment,

Now I savour it, that highest moment.

(Faust sinks back, the spirits of the dead take him and lay him on the ground).

MEPHISTOPHELES

No bliss satisfied him, no enjoyment,

And so he tried to catch at shifting forms:

The last, the worst, the emptiest of moments,

He wished to hold at last in his arms.

Though against me he tried to stand,

Time is master: age lies on the sand.

The clock stands still –

CHORUS

Stands still! As midnight: silent.

The hand moves.

MEPHISTOPHELES

It falls, and all is spent.

CHORUS

It's past.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Past! A stupid word.

Then, why?

Past, and pure nothing, complete monotony!

What use is this eternal creation!

Creating, to achieve annihilation!  
'There, it's past!' What's to read in it?  
It's just the same as if it never lived,  
Yet chases round in circles, as if it did.  
I'd prefer to have the everlasting void.  
Burial.

A SPIRIT OF THE DEAD (Solo.)

Who's built the house so badly,  
With shovel and with spade?

SPIRITS OF THE DEAD (Chorus.)

For you dull guest, in hempen dress,  
It was all too carefully made.

A SPIRIT OF THE DEAD (Solo.)

Who's decked the hall so badly?  
Where now the table and chairs?

SPIRITS OF THE DEAD (Chorus.)

Borrowed for a little while:  
There are many creditors.

MEPHISTOPHELES

The body's here: if the spirit tries to fly,  
I'll show it my blood-signed title swiftly:  
Yet men have found so many methods, sadly,  
To cheat the Devil of their souls, or try.

We carry on the same old way,  
New ones aren't recommended:  
I used to work alone: today  
I have to use the help extended.  
And everything goes badly too!  
Ancient right, traditional use,  
One can't rely on those much longer.



At the last breath, once, the soul was out,  
I slipped by, and like the swiftest mouse,  
Caught her! Held her fast, my claws were stronger.  
Now she lingers, won't leave the gloomy place,  
The foul corpse's hideous house, until  
The elements force her, in hatred still,  
And drive her out at last, in disgrace.  
And though the hour and minute plague me,  
'When', 'how' and 'where', still the tiresome query:  
Old Death has lost his ancient power,  
'Whether' is doubtful, never mind the hour:  
Often, with lust, I saw the rigid frame  
It was a sham: it stirred, and rose again.  
(He makes fantastic, whirling conjuring gestures.)  
Now quick! Redouble your paces, too,  
You gentlemen, straight or twisted-horned,  
The old Devil's grain and kernel born,  
And bring Hell's jaws along with you.  
True Hell has many jaws! Yes, many!  
To swallow according to standing and worth:  
However in this last game of all we're ready  
To be a little less considerate, henceforth.  
The fearful jaws of Hell open on the left.  
The tusks yawn wide: the jaws of the abyss,  
Flow with raging flames, in fury,  
And in the boiling background hiss,  
I see the eternal glow of the fiery city.  
The crimson tide breaks against the teeth,  
The damned in hope of help swim through:  
But the vast hyena mangles them beneath,

And sends them to new anguish in the brew.  
There are many corners to discover,  
So many horrors in such little room!  
You've done quite well at frightening sinners,  
But still they think it dream, deceit, untrue.  
(To the fat devils with short straight horns.)  
Now, you fat-bellied rascals with fiery cheeks!  
You've grown that way eating hellish sulphur:  
Stumpy, short, with thick immoveable necks!  
Watch below, for any glow of phosphor:  
That's the soul, Psyche with the wings,  
Pluck them off and she's a nasty worm:  
I'll stamp her with my signature, first thing,  
Then off with her to the whirling fiery storm!  
Pass on towards the nether regions,  
You barrels, since all that's your duty:  
Whether she lives there, that's the notion,  
None know with any accuracy.  
She'll gladly lodge in the navel –  
Lest she slip away from there, be careful.  
(To the lean devils with long crooked horns.)  
You, clowns, you giant flying creatures,  
Grasp at the air: grant yourselves no rest!  
Your strong arms and sharp-clawed features,  
Are sure to hold the fluttering fugitive fast.  
She's stuck there inside her ancient house,  
And Spirit will always look for a way out.  
Glory from above, on the right.

THE HEAVENLY HOST

Messengers follow

Heavenly kin, oh,  
In leisurely flight:  
Sin they forgive,  
Dust they make live:  
The friendship they show  
To Nature below,  
Floating they'll give,  
As they slowly alight!

#### MEPHISTOPHELES

I hear discords, all that nasty jingling,  
Coming from up there, with unwelcome day:  
It's always that childish, girlish bungling,  
That pious taste loves to hear and play.  
You know how we in despicable moments,  
Considered the ruin of the human race:  
But the most shameful of compliments,  
Is that their prayers are a worse disgrace.  
These dandies come, the hypocrites:  
They've snatched a heap of souls away,  
Use our own weapons too to do it:  
They're Devils in disguise, I'd say.  
To lose this one is everlasting shame:  
On to the grave, and renew your claim!

#### THE CHOIR OF ANGELS (Scattering roses.)

Roses, you dazzling ones,  
Balsam you're sending us,  
Floating and trembling,  
Secretly quickening,  
Branches inspiring us,  
Buds sweetly firing us,

Hasten to bloom!  
Crimson and green, here  
Springtime assume!  
Carry the sleeper  
To Paradise' room.

MEPHISTOPHELES (To the devils.)

Why duck and dive? Is that Hell's custom?  
Stand still, and let them do their scattering.  
Every gawk in place, and face them!  
They think with such a flowery smattering,  
To cool the heat of devils' chattering:  
At your breath it melts and shrinks, again.  
Now blow, you blowers! – Enough, enough!  
Your bubbling's faded all that stuff. –  
Not so fiercely! Close your mouths and noses!  
Ah, now you've been too violent with the roses,  
Where's the moderation you should have learnt?  
They're not just shrivelling: they're burning, burnt!  
They float about in flames, poisonous, bright:  
Avoid them: close together, huddle tight! –  
Your power's waning! And your courage too!  
The devils sniff the strange, seductive brew.

THE CHOIR OF ANGELS

Blossoms, of joyfulness,  
Flames, of true happiness,  
Love, they radiate,  
Bliss, they now create,  
As the heart may.  
Words that are truest,  
Air of the clearest,

Gathering round us

Eternal day!

MEPHISTOPHELES

O, curses! O shower of shame that's shed!

Each Satan's standing on his head,

The Fatties spin like tops, in curves,

And plunge arse-upwards into Hell.

Go find the hot baths you deserve!

While at my post I'll stand here still. –

(He beats at the hovering roses.)

Will-o'-the wisps, be gone! Though you burn bright,

Snatched at, in the end, you're disgusting shite.

Why'd you keep fluttering here? Buzz off! –

They stick like tar and sulphur: filthy stuff.

THE CHOIR OF ANGELS

What is not part of you,

You need not share it:

What inwardly troubles you,

You need not bear it.

Should it close in, with force,

We will deflect its course.

Only the loving, Love

Guides to its source!

MEPHISTOPHELES

My head and heart are burnt: my liver's burnt,

By a devilish element!

Sharper than the fires of Hell! –

That's what makes you cry, so, as well,

You, the unlucky in love! Disdained,

Heads turned to the beloved, strained.

Mine, too! What's twisted it to one side?  
Are they and I not sworn to eternal strife?  
I, once fiercely hostile to their very sight.  
Has an alien force pierced me through and through?  
I gladly gaze at them, loveliest of youths:  
What holds me back from cursing at the light? –  
And if I let myself be seduced,  
Who'll play the fool in future?  
These airy fellows that I hate, too,  
How lovely to me now they all appear! –  
You sweet children, tell me then:  
Aren't you part of Lucifer's race?  
You're so nice I'd like to kiss you, and again,  
It feels as if this is your proper place.  
It feels as comfortable, as natural to me,  
As if we'd met a thousand times before:  
So surreptitiously catlike, so lustfully:  
The loveliness with each glance quickens more.  
Oh, come nearer: Oh, only glance at me!

THE ANGELS

We're here already, why so cautiously?  
We are close, and, if you can, then stay!  
(The Angels come forward and occupy the whole space.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (Crowded into the proscenium.)

You scorn us, the spirits of the damned,  
Yet you're of the true Sorcerers' brand:  
You lead both man and wife astray. –  
What wretched luck, and dire!  
Is this Love's own element?  
My whole body's bathed in fire,

I scarcely feel, my head's so burnt. –  
You float to and fro, sink down a while,  
Move your sweet limbs with earthly guile:  
True, a grave expression suits you well,  
But I'd still like to see you smile a little!  
That would be an eternal delight to me.  
Like the lovers' mutual glance, you see:  
A simper round the mouth, is how it's done,  
You, the tall lad, you could make me love you,  
The priest's pose doesn't really suit you,  
So show a little lust, and look hereon!  
You could be more modestly naked too,  
That robe's long hem, so demure in its rising –  
They turn away – and seen from the rear view –  
Those rascals now are really appetising!

#### THE CHOIR OF ANGELS

You, loving fires,  
Brighter, now, fanned,  
Heal the damned,  
With Truth, the higher!  
Let them be freed  
From evil indeed,  
Blissfully grace,  
The eternal embrace.

MEPHISTOPHELES (Collecting himself.)

What's happening to me! – Like Job, in fact  
All boils: so I scare myself, and yet I've won  
As well, since, now my inspection's done,  
And my trust in self and tribe's well placed,  
The Devil's noble bits appear intact,

This love-bewitchment's only on the surface:

The wretched flames already smother,

And, as is right, I curse you all together!

THE CHOIR OF ANGELS

Pure incandescence!

Whom its flames bless,

Blissful with goodness,

Is their existence.

Gathered together,

Rise now, and praise!

Spirit can breathe here,

In purer waves!

(They rise, carrying away the immortal part of Faust.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (Looking round him.)

How then? – Where did they vanish to?

You took me by surprise, you adolescents.

Now with what they've salvaged from the tomb,

As their own prize, they've flown off to heaven:

They've stolen a great, a unique treasure:

That noble soul, mortgaged to my pleasure,

They've snatched it away, with cunning even.

But whom could I complain to, anyway?

Who'd grant me my well-earned right?

You've been swindled in your old age,

You've deserved it, this wretched slight.

At great expense, shameful! And it's gone:

I've mishandled it all disgracefully,

A common lust, an absurd passion,

Swayed the hardened devil foolishly.

And if Experience was in a mess,



With all these childish, stupid things,  
It was, in truth, no trivial Foolishness,  
That took possession of him in the end.

**PART II ACT V SCENE VII: MOUNTAIN GORGES, FOREST, ROCK,  
DESERT**

Holy Hermits, divided in ascending planes, posted among the ravines.

**CHORUS AND ECHO**

Forests, they wave around,  
Over them, cliffs bear down,  
Roots cling to rocky ground,  
Trunk upon trunk is bound,  
Wave after wave sprays up,  
Deep caves protecting us.  
Lions prowl silently,  
Round us, still friendly,  
Honouring sacred space,  
Love's holy hiding place.

**PATER ECSTATICUS (Hovering up and down.)**

Eternal, fire of bliss,  
Glow of love's bond this is,  
Pain in the heart, seething,  
Rapture divine, foaming.  
Arrows, come, piercing me,  
Spears, compelling me,  
Clubs, you may shatter me,  
Lightning may flash through me!  
So passes the nullity  
Of all unreality,

And from the lasting star  
Shines Love's eternal core.  
PATER PROFUNDIS (At a lower level.)  
As this rocky abyss at my feet,  
Rests on a deeper abyss,  
As a thousand glittering streams meet  
In the foaming flood's downward hiss,  
As with its own strong impulse, above,  
The tree lifts skywards in the air:  
Even so all-powerful love,  
Creates all things, in its care.  
Around me there's a savage roar,  
As if the rocks and forests sway,  
Yet full of love the waters pour,  
Rushing bountifully away,  
Sent to irrigate the valley here:  
The lightning that flashed down,  
Must purify the atmosphere,  
With poisonous vapours bound –  
They are love's messengers, they tell  
Of what creates eternally around us.  
May it inflame me inwardly, as well,  
Since my spirit, cold and confounded,  
Torments itself, bound in the dull senses,  
As sharp-toothed fetters' agonising art.  
Oh, God! Calm my thoughts, pacify us,  
And bring light to my needy heart!  
PATER SERAPHICUS (In the middle regions.)  
What a mist of morning hovers  
Through the pine-trees' swaying hair!

Can I guess what it might cover?

A crowd of spirits live there.

CHOIR OF SACRED YOUNG BOYS

Tell us, Father, where we wander,

Tell us, Kind One, who we are?

We are happy: Being's tender

To all who are, all who are.

PATER SERAPHICUS

Young boys! Born at midnight's hour,

Mind and spirit half-unveiled,

For your parents, a lost dower,

For the angels, profit gained.

You can feel that one who loves

Is near to you, so come to me:

Yet of earthly ways and moves,

You bear no traces, happily.

Rise into my eyes, those known

Organs of the earthly life,

You can use them as your own,

Gaze at all the spaces wide!

(He absorbs them into himself.)

Those are trees: those are cliffs,

A stream of water, rushing round,

With gigantic leaps it lifts,

Shortening its journey down.

THE YOUNG BOYS (From within him.)

That's indeed a mighty vision,

But it's gloomy here, you know,

With fear and dread we're all shaken.

Father, Kind one, let us go!

## PATER SERAPHICUS

Rise upwards to the highest sphere,  
Grow unnoticed there forever,  
While in pure eternal manner,  
God's presence makes you stronger.  
Such is the spirit's libation,  
Blending with the freest air:  
Love's eternal revelation,  
Bliss is unfolded there.

## THE CHOIR OF YOUNG BOYS (Circling round the highest summit.)

Hands now entwining,  
Joyfully circling round,  
Soaring and singing  
With sacred feeling's sound!  
In the divinely taught,  
Now you should trust:  
He whom your worship sought  
You'll see at last.

## THE ANGELS (Soaring in the highest atmosphere, carrying the immortal part of Faust.)

He's escaped, this noble member  
Of the spirit world, from evil,  
Whoever strives, in his endeavour,  
We can rescue from the devil.  
And if he has Love within,  
Granted from above,  
The sacred crowd will meet him,  
With welcome, and with love.

## THE YOUNGER ANGELS

Every rose from the hands

Of those penitents, loving, holy,  
Helped us win the victory,  
The highest work, completed, stands,  
The treasure of this soul we've won.  
Evil bowed to petals thrown,  
Devils fled the blows we threw.  
Instead of Hell's hurts anew,  
They felt spirits' loving pain:  
Pierced with agony again  
The old devil-master too was gone.  
Shout with joy! All is done.

#### THE MORE PERFECT ANGELS

Carrying earthly remains  
Is hard to endure,  
Though they survive the flames,  
They are still the impure.  
Once a great spirit's strength  
So tightly fits  
All the four elements,  
No angel splits  
That double nature wed,  
The inwardly binding:  
To Eternal Love instead  
Is left the unwinding.

#### THE YOUNGER ANGELS

Misted on rocky heights  
Now we are feeling,  
Nearing our clearer sight  
Spiritual Being.  
These clouds are vanishing

A crowd I see, moving,  
Of sacred young men,  
Freed from their earthly gloom,  
Circling together,  
Delighting again,  
In the spring's brighter bloom,  
In higher air.

Let them together then,  
Lead him on: risen,  
Perfect, and there!

THE YOUNG BOYS

Joyfully we receive  
Him as a chrysalis:  
So that we now achieve  
A pledge of our bliss.  
Let all the threads be lost  
That now surround him!  
He is already blessed,  
Divine Love has found him.

DOCTOR MARIANUS (The transformed Faust: in the highest purest cell.)

Here is the freest view,  
Of spirit borne skywards.  
There women moving too  
Drifting on upwards.  
The splendour I see within  
Garlands of stars,  
There, all the Heavens' Queen  
Shines from afar.

(Enraptured.)

Highest Queen of all the world!  
Let me, in the blue,  
With all heaven's web unfurled,  
Know your mystery too.  
Approve the tender, serious,  
Stir of the human heart,  
And in love's sacred bliss,  
Raise it higher, through your art.  
Our courage is unconquerable  
When you command on high:  
But our glow is gentler, still,  
When you are satisfied.  
Virgin, pure, of loveliest mind,  
Mother, in all nobility,  
Peer to everything divine,  
Queen of our reality.  
Such light cloud fragments  
Wind all around her,  
They are the penitents,  
Women so tender,  
All around her knees,  
Breathing the air, free,  
Desiring her mercy.  
You are the Virginal Mother,  
It's not surprising  
Those seduced by another  
Towards you are rising.  
Taken in weakness now,  
They are all harder to save:  
Who can resist the power

Of desires that enslave?  
How quickly the feet may slip  
On smooth, sloping ground!  
Who's un-tempted by glance and lip,  
Or by flattering sounds?  
The Mater Gloriosa soars into space.

#### CHOIR OF FEMALE PENITENTS

You soar, on high, now,  
Towards the eternal realm,  
Hear our pleading, though,  
You, the peerless one,  
Oh, merciful one!

MAGNA PECCATRIX (The sinful woman who anointed Christ's feet, See Luke vii:)

By the love that at the feet there  
Of your son, divine, transfigured,  
Let the tears like balsam flow there,  
Despite the Pharisees' derision:  
By the vessel, that so richly  
Spread its fragrance on the ground,  
By the locks of hair that softly  
Dried the holy feet, shed round –

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA (The woman at the well, See John iv)

By the well, where once before  
Abraham's flocks were driven,  
By the jar, that cooled the Saviour,  
That to sacred lips was given:  
By the pure and flowing fountain,  
That poured out its clear water,  
Overflowing, bright and certain,



Through all the worlds, forever.

MARY OF EGYPT (Acta Sanctorum)

By the consecrated place

Where the Lord's body lay:

By the warning arm, against my face,

That thrust me far from the doorway:

By my forty years' repentance,

Faithful, in that desert land:

By the blissful final sentence

That I wrote there on the sand –

ALL THREE

Since you offer your presence

To the worst sinner,

The prize of penitence

Soars upwards forever,

Begrudge not this true soul,

Who, this once, transgressed,

Not knowing she might fall,

Commensurate forgiveness!

A PENITENT, FORMERLY NAMED GRETCHEN (Stealing closer.)

Oh, bow down,

You peerless one,

You radiant one,

Your face, in mercy, towards my bane!

My true beloved,

No longer clouded,

Returns to me again.

THE SACRED YOUNG BOYS (Nearing, hovering in circles.)

With mighty limbs, already

He is beyond us there,

Returning to us, so richly,  
The rewards of our care.  
We were taken early  
Out of life's chorus:  
Yet he's learned, so he  
Will gently teach us.

THE PENITENT, FORMERLY NAMED GRETCHEN

Changed to himself, he's scarce aware  
Of the spirits' noble choir all around,  
He hardly knows his new life, there,  
Already he's so like the sacred crowd.  
See, how he's thrown off every bond  
Of his old earthbound integument,  
And his first youth now's re-found,  
It shines through his ethereal garment.  
Allow me to teach him, here,  
The new light still blinds him so.

THE MATER GLORIOSA

Come! Rise towards the higher spheres!  
Gaining awareness of you, he will follow.

DOCTOR MARIANUS (Bowing, in adoration.)

Gaze towards that saving gaze,  
All you, the penitent and tender,  
To all those blissful ways,  
Give thanks, and follow after.  
Let every finer sense, unseen,  
Be offered to her service,  
Virgin, Mother now, and Queen,  
Goddess, grant your mercies!

THE MYSTIC CHOIR

All of the transient,  
Is parable, only:  
The insufficient,  
Here, grows to reality:  
The indescribable,  
Here, is done:  
Woman, eternal,  
Beckons us on.