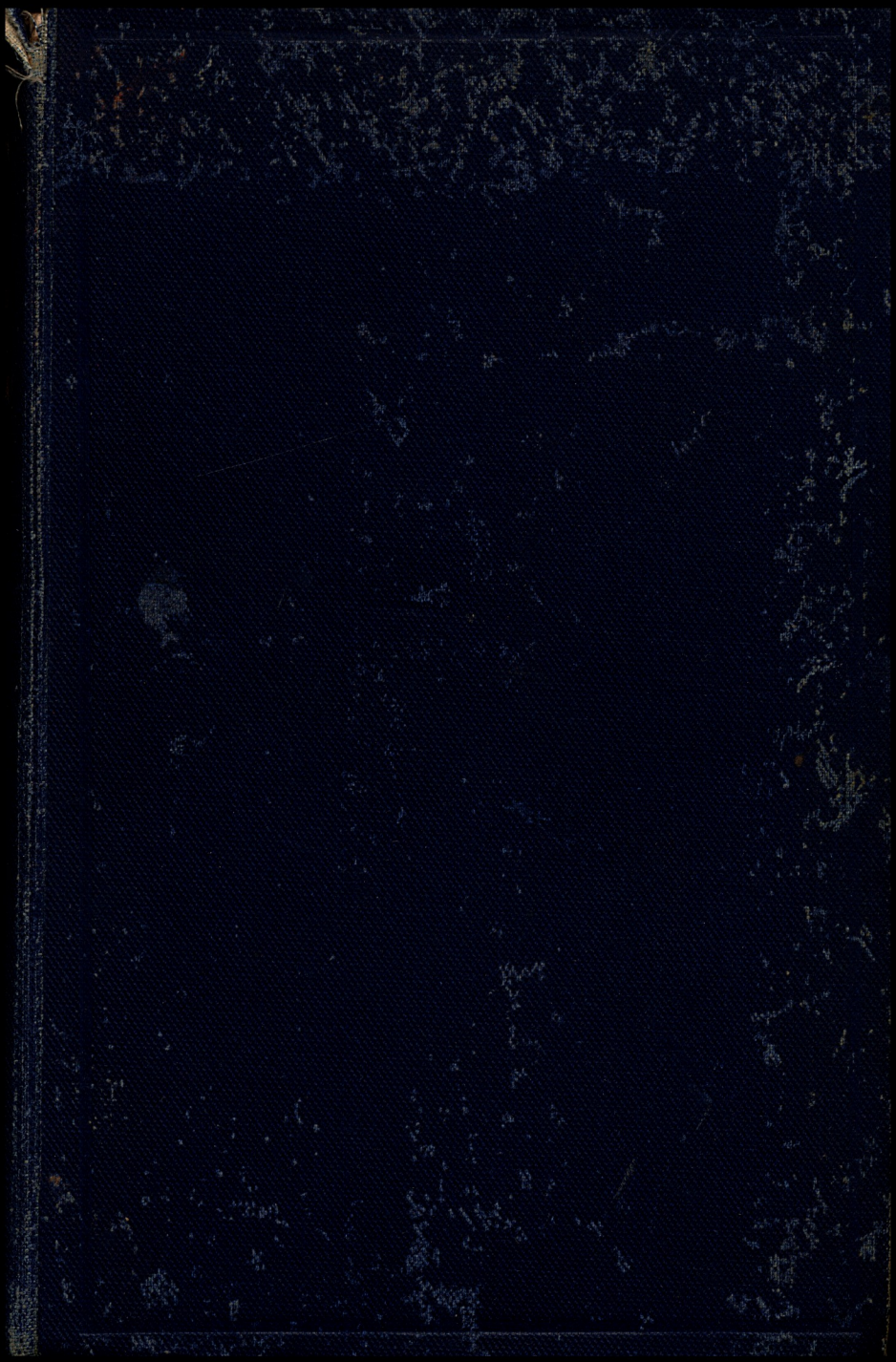

GOETHE'S FAUST

PART I.

THE FIRST PART OF

GOETHE'S FAUST

TOGETHER WITH THE PROSE TRANSLATION, NOTES

AND APPENDICES OF THE LATE

ABRAHAM HAYWARD, Q.C.

CAREFULLY REVISED, WITH INTRODUCTION

BY

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PREFACE.

VARIOUS causes have combined to diminish in the course of time the popularity of Hayward's translation of Goethe's "Faust," which attracted so much attention when it was first published. He adopted the first of the three methods of translating poetry enumerated by Goethe, and produced a *schlicht prosaische Uebersetzung*. This method has, according to the poet, "its own peculiar advantages;" but as Hayward's version entirely lacked the poetical element, it was gradually superseded by several excellent translations in verse.[1] In addition to this, it was well known that Hayward's version, though on the whole meritorious and faithful enough, was by no means reliable throughout. A number of his grave errors were pointed out from the beginning, but not all of them. Moreover, the Notes, though containing some valuable information, were often quite irrelevant or far too prolix, and not in all instances in correspondence with modern Faust criticism. These remarks are certainly not in-

[1] I need only mention here the well-known translations of Prof. Blackie, J. Anster, Sir T. Martin, C. T. Brooks, W. D. Scones, T. E. Webb, Miss Swanwick, J. A. Bird, and Bayard Taylor. The versions of the last three translators have occasionally been of service to me in revising Hayward's translation.

tended as a reproach on Hayward's way of carrying out his task. He deserves, in fact, all praise for having produced about sixty years ago so creditable a performance, and what pains he took with his translation is fully testified by his Notes. Still, if his work was not to vanish entirely from the book market, it was necessary to subject it to a thorough revision. This I have done to the best of my ability. I have corrected his renderings whenever they seemed to me wrong, and have substituted simple and homely expressions and phrases for the stiff and pedantic terms and turns of speech occurring in the old version.[1]

As regards the Notes, I have cut out from them everything which seemed to me irrelevant, and have corrected or supplemented occasionally those which I have left. I have, however, done still more than was first projected. In order not to leave the reader entirely in the dark regarding some rather perplexing and abstruse passages, I have inserted a number of original notes. To annotate the text completely would have swelled this volume to double its size; but to enable earnest readers of the tragedy to make a thorough study of it, I have drawn up a short list of books which will be found very serviceable for the purpose.

I have, besides, prefixed a sketch of the Faust legend, which, supplementing as it does Hayward's instructive essay on the same subject, will, it is hoped, be read with some interest.

[1] Cp. the excellent article "On the Translation of *Faust*," by Prof. W. P. Andrews, in the "Atlantic Monthly" of Dec., 1890.

All Hayward's Prefaces and Appendices have been retained, but the former are now arranged more systematically than in the previous editions. His Appendices, to which I have also added some original Notes, contain some very interesting matter, and they show, like his Notes, the state of Faust criticism sixty years ago. They have, therefore, as we should say in German, a *litterar-historisches Interesse*.

Besides revising Hayward's translation and editorial matter, I have also corrected the numerous misprints, wrong references, &c., which had been left standing since the issue of the second revised edition in 1834. It seems that since the publication of the latter, Hayward turned to other literary pursuits which were more congenial to the bent of his intellect, and so he did not subject his work, later on, to another, final revision. Had he done so, he would certainly have issued it in a more perfect shape, and he would most probably have corrected such grave errors as, for instance, the one which occurred in the "Song of the Spirits," where he curiously translated the lines (1145-46):—

Andere schwimmen
Ueber die Seen—

"Others are swimming over the *seas*" instead of "over the *lakes*."

It has been considered advisable to give the original German together with the translation, and in order to make the perusal of the volume more convenient for the reader, I have placed the two opposite each other, and

inserted the reference numbers to the Notes in the translation.

The text chosen for the present purpose is a reprint of the edition of 1808, and the numbering of the lines is that adopted by the late G. von Loeper in his excellent edition of the drama.

I have taken considerable pains with the editing of this book. The process of revising another author's work is under all circumstances an irksome one, and in the present instance it was for various reasons particularly so; but I shall consider my labour amply rewarded if I have the satisfaction of having rescued from oblivion a meritorious work, and of having furnished a fresh stimulus to the study of one of the greatest poems of all ages.

C. A. Buchheim.

King's College, London,
April, 1892.

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THE FAUST LEGEND.

I.

A THREEFOLD task is imposed upon the literary historian who wishes to give a satisfactory, though only general account of the Faust Legend. First he has to trace the idea underlying the legend itself; secondly, he must give a sketch of the person who, by a combination of circumstances, became the central figure of the legend, and finally he has to record the various accounts of the traditional hero current after his death. The first task seems to be the most important, involving as it does a remarkable phase in the history of civilization, or rather of mankind. Besides, it is impossible thoroughly to understand the drift of Goethe's great poem without being acquainted with what has been called the "Magus Legend." The interest which attaches to the second task—the description, namely, of the person known by the name of *Faust*—is, on the whole, of minor importance. It is only antiquarian, or rather biographical, since it merely concerns the life and doings of a mysterious individual who, at best, was nothing else but a highly-gifted adventurer. The third task, on the other hand, has both an historical and

a literary interest combined, that is to say, a *litterar-historisches Interesse.*

The idea underlying the Faust Legend is, properly speaking, as old as the human race. What is the basis of the great, nay, almost universal legend? Nothing else but the morbid desire to penetrate the mysteries of nature—the over-weening pride which defiantly revolts against supernatural agencies—combined with the aspiration to subject them to the human will, and, in some instances at least, the yearning after truth. I will pass over the incidents which might be cited from the Bible, where we could find the germ of the Faust Legend; else I should have to begin with Adam and leave off with Simon the Sorcerer; and I will confine myself, as far as antiquity is concerned, to pagan times.

The contest of the Titans and the Giants, and still more so the revolt of Prometheus, partake, in some respects, of the character of the Faust Legend. It is the rebellion against the limits imposed upon man by a superior power—the effort to effect emancipation from the deities. Later on that contest entered a new phase, and a kind of compromise took place. Those who understood the laws of nature, and were able, in some respects, to control her forces, were supposed to be in communion with the divine powers; for in those primitive days, as we know, the manifestations of nature were, in themselves, considered as individual deities. The consequence was that those men who were initiated in the laws of nature were, although not actually placed on a

level with the Gods, still looked upon as their *confidants*, as their high-priests, so to say. This happened with the Greek philosopher Pythagoras, who, both on account of his mystico-religious character and his intellectual superiority, was looked up to with reverential awe. He was, in fact, regarded as a man who stood in close communion with the Gods, as a magician in the higher sense of the word.

From the times of Pythagoras down to the dawn of Christianity the belief in magical powers spread most extensively, but this need not surprise us if we bear in mind that in those days superstition, mysticism, and immorality were rampant. The more depraved and superstitious an age is, the more it is prone to believe in magical and spiritual manifestations. This circumstance will sufficiently explain the admiration, which bordered on veneration, enjoyed by the well-known Pythagorean philosopher, Apollonius Tyanensis (a contemporary of Christ), who was said to have worked miracles, and whose adventurous life has been made the subject of an extensive theological controversy. This then was the characteristic feature of the belief in magic in that period. It had lost the poetical charm of a Promethean striving, and become the handmaid of religion, or rather of superstition.

In the Christian era the belief in magic assumed a new aspect. It sank a step lower in public estimation, and persons who practised the so-called "occult sciences" were no longer considered as men endowed with a divine inspiration, but as magicians who were in league

with Satanic or demoniac powers. In fact, the supernatural powers, or "Gods of Antiquity," were, in themselves, placed on a lower level. They were no longer considered as deities dwelling in eternal ether above the visible world, but as demons relegated to the dark regions of hell. The consequence was that the exercise of magic was condemned by the Church. A false etymology came to the assistance of the new interpretation of magic art. The Greek word *necromanteia*, denoting "divination through communion with the dead," was transformed into the expression "nigromantia," and translated the "Black Art," which name contained in itself the condemnation of the "occult science." A compromise was, however, effected in this phase also of the belief in magic art. It was conceded that besides the "Black Art" there was a "White Art," which confined itself to invoking *good* spirits only. The *Black Art*, in its comprehensive meaning, was condemned by the Christian religion, or rather by its visible representative—the Church. This was chiefly done because it was considered nefarious to investigate the mysteries of nature by way of speculation or research, since man ought to believe implicitly, and not to think or reflect. It was also considered antagonistic to the Christian faith to secure by magical agencies that which, according to the doctrines of the Church, man was not to possess at all—the goods of this world, namely.

Hence it came to pass that two classes were, in general, denounced by the Church—the philosopher and the experimentalist. The former class included some of

the profoundest thinkers and scholars, whilst the latter class contained in its ranks, besides some scientific men, numbers of charlatans, such as alchymists, inventors of the elixir of life, etc. The numbers of the last-named class were legion; those of the former were naturally much smaller, because many of its members belonged to the most distinguished in the world of scholarship and philosophy. I need only just mention the names of some of these. In the tenth century Pope Sylvester II., the learned tutor of Otto II., Emperor of Germany, was by a strange irony of fate considered a sorcerer on account of his knowledge of mathematics and astronomy and his skill in mechanics. In the thirteenth century the same fate befell the famous Franciscan friar, Roger Bacon, who was honoured with the great name of "the father of modern science." The famous Dominican friar, Albert, Count of Bollstädt, commonly called "Albertus Magnus," was, on account of his familiarity with mechanics, but more especially in consequence of his "alchymistic" and chemical pursuits, branded with the stigma of sorcerer. The zealous Christian missionary Raymond Lully, surnamed "Doctor illuminatus," was thrown in the same category. In the sixteenth century we meet with men like the distinguished physician and philosopher, Agrippa von Nettesheim, and the famous but fantastic Swiss physician, Theophrastus Paracelsus, both of whom were, on account of their intellectual superiority, reputed as being in league with the Devil.

The Church did, however, not only confine itself to the condemnation of the Black Art, but it also reserved for

itself the privilege of procuring a free pardon, as it were, for those who had forfeited the salvation of their souls by a league with the evil powers. The air of the Middle Ages was impregnated with superstition, so that it might have been difficult to eradicate the common belief in magic. Still, it would have conferred a great blessing on mankind, and would have greatly promoted the cause of civilization, if the representatives of the Christian religion, or of the Church, had strenuously opposed that superstitious belief. Unfortunately they omitted to do so, partly from ignorance, and partly because it would seem that every religion, or *new* form of religion, retains as a rule, consciously or unconsciously, some elements of the creed which it endeavours to replace. Thus the Christian religion did not discard the heathenish belief in magic, and Protestantism retained the same belief transmitted to it by Roman Catholicism. It should also be remembered that the power and influence of the Church was, in the Middle Ages, actually strengthened by humouring, as it were, the belief in magic; for whilst acknowledging its existence it placed itself above it by promising deliverance from the Evil One to those who, even at the eleventh hour, appealed to its protection.

The traditional instances which show the superior power of the Church over that of Satan are numerous, and I will only confine myself to mentioning the well-known story of the Cilician monk and coadjutor, Theophilus of Adana, of whom it was related that he had made a regular compact with the Devil. It was

ambition which prompted him to make over his soul to the infernal powers, and this seems to be the first instance in which the giving of a bond is recorded. Later on, the curious feature was added to this transaction that the bond was signed by the blood of the victim. It is further related that the ambitious monk having repented his covenant with the Devil, the Virgin Mary somehow recovered the bond, and laid it on the breast of the "repentant sinner" whilst he was sleeping exhausted in a church, after forty days' prayer and fasting. This legend, which was first told in a Greek biography of Theophilus, was subsequently made the subject of Latin, German, and French plays and poems. In this respect the traditional coadjutor may be considered as the forerunner of Faust, and it is a remarkable coincidence that the tradition of the rescue of Theophilus by the Virgin Mary has, in some degree, been adopted by Goethe, who saw in it, perhaps, the symbol of beneficent female influence. At the conclusion of Part II. of Goethe's "Faust," Doctor Marianus addresses the following invocation to the Virgin Mary:

Jungfrau, Mutter, Königin,
Göttin, bleibe gnädig,

and the *Chorus Mysticus* concludes the poem with the following celebrated words:

Das Unbeschreibliche,
Hier ist es gethan—
Das ewig Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan.

The intercession of the Virgin Mary on behalf of those who, after having devoted themselves to the Devil, had appealed to her, is of frequent occurrence in the traditions of magic and sorcery. This feature disappeared, of course, with the Reformation, not so much because it considered a league with the Devil as so great a sin that the person who committed it was irrevocably lost, but simply because it did not recognize the efficiency of any intermediate agency or supernatural intercession. A deadly malady, against which there is no remedy, must end fatally unless nature "helps itself;" and so it was assumed that those who had formally given themselves over to the Devil had, according to the tenets of the Protestant Church, forfeited the salvation of their souls for ever, unless they were saved by their own moral efforts—that is to say, by sincere repentance. This was a great advance in the traditional belief in magic, and the almost universal superstition entered a new stage. The whole process was simplified in a most rational manner. It was no longer necessary to trouble any supernatural agency to make the Devil lose his prey. The victim had the remedy in himself. He had only to repent, and his compact with the Devil was naturally cancelled. On the other hand, the belief in magic assumed externally a more complex aspect; more especially at the time when a single personage was found round whom the various traditions gathered with a kind of natural selection. I allude, of course, to Faust, in whom the crystallization of the legend took place.

As regards that person, who has become immortal through the halo shed round him by tradition and poetry, it is quite certain that there lived towards the end of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth century a man who bore the name of *Faust*. The latter is not identical with the German equivalent of the English word "fist;" but is, according to Jakob Grimm, an abbreviation of the Latin term "faustus," *i.e.*, propitious, felicitous.

II.

We have, in fact, the authentic record of *two* persons bearing the name of *Faust*, and it has been conjectured that they were identical. The first authentic mention of an adventurer who has been identified with the hero of the legend, dates from the year 1507. His full name is given as "Magister Georgius Sabellius *Faustus junior*, fons necromanciorum astrologus," etc., and he is described—which must not astonish us after hearing his characteristic title—as a bragging vagabond, as a vagrant magician, who understood how to gain even the protection of so enlightened a man as Franz von Sickingen. Another authentic record of the same personage we have from the year 1513. He is there simply called Georgius *Faustus*, and described as a charlatan who lived on the credulity of his good-natured fellow-citizens. There also exists an account of Faust from the year 1539, which fully coincides with the former

descriptions. A contemporary of Faust relates, in a book published in 1548, several incidents of which he asserts himself to have been an eye-witness, and which stamp him as a magician. This seems to be the first account of Faust, adorned with various magic stories, and it is a remarkable fact that it was written by a Protestant clergyman.

Another account, dating from 1562, gives further particulars of Faust—some of which form the basis of the legend in its expanded form—such as the fact that he was born at Knittlingen in Württemberg; that he endeavoured to fly, and that the Devil threw him to the ground. We may confidently assume that if he had really been able to raise himself into the air by some mechanical process, his success would have been equally attributed to the Devil.

In the account just mentioned the prænomen of Faust is given as *Johannes*, whilst in the first account he is called *Georg*.[1] Besides the discrepancy in the names, there is also one between the dates of the two Fausts, which circumstanees have naturally led to the conjecture that there were two different personages named Faust or Faustus, trading in the department of magic. On the other hand, it has been attempted to

[1] Goethe applies to Faust the Christian name of *Heinrich*, which seems to have been a special favourite with him, and which is certainly more suitable in the present drama than either *Georg* or *Johann* would be. In the same way he assigned to Egmont the prænomen *Heinrich* instead of *Lamoral*. Cf. my edition of Goethe's "Egmont" ("Clarendon Press Series"), p. 110, l. 22, *n.*

reconcile the discrepancies, and to assume that the two different Fausts were, in fact, one and the same person, the data of whose biographies differ. At any rate, it may be taken for granted, as stated above, that there existed a clever adventurer who was what used to be called in those days a *fahrender Schüler*, "a roving scholar" or "student,"[1] who came in contact with the leaders of the Reformation, and who became, in the course of time, the central figure of all the various stories and legends which form the "Faustsage," such as it is now known.

Various reminiscences of classical and Teutonic or Northern mythology were now interwoven with the Faust Legend. Thus the story that Faust attempted to fly may be traced to the myth of Icarus; but the most striking instance of the intimate connection of the "Faustsage" with antiquity is perhaps to be found in the introduction of the Greek "Helena" into the Teutonic legend. The mention of Faust's roaming through the air by means of a magic cloak would seem to be a counterpart of the cloak used by the Northern god "Wodan" for carrying the heroes through the air.

After the recorded death of Faust he seems to have been forgotten, since people were too much occupied with more portentous objects to concern themselves with the doings of a traditional hero who was said to have been carried off by the Devil.

The legend had, however, taken such a firm root

[1] Cf. p. 39 and *n.* 51, in this volume.

among the people that it only required some external impulse to be fully revived with all its fantastic details. This was done in 1587, when there appeared at Frankfort-on-the-Main the first original "Faustbuch," published anonymously by the printer Johann Spiesz. The author of the book seems to have been an intimate friend of the publisher, and he wished the book to be issued "as a warning to all Christians."

It would far exceed the scope of the present volume to give a detailed account of the "Spiesz'sche," or oldest "Faustbuch," and it may suffice to mention that the import of that remarkable publication, which is assumed to have been written by a Protestant clergyman, was to show that it was Faust's inordinate striving after universal knowledge that caused his ruin, and the author adds rather poetically, *Er nahm an sich Adlerflügel; wollte alle Gründ im Himmel und auf Erden erforschen*—"He took unto him eagle's wings and wanted to find out the cause of all things in Heaven and on Earth." In these few words we have the essence of the "Faustsage." The original "Faustbuch" seems to have attracted general attention on its appearance. A rhymed version of the story was published at the beginning of 1588, and what is still more remarkable, is the fact that shortly after the "Faustbuch" had appeared in Germany, there was published in London a "Ballad of the Life and Death of Dr. Faustus, the great Sorcerer." A slightly altered reprint of Spiesz's edition made its appearance at Frankfort in the above-mentioned year. An enlarged edition was issued in 1591, and a reprint of the same in

the following year. It was also translated into Low German, Danish, English, and even into French; but what speaks more than all these data for the lively interest which the great Teutonic legend inspired in those days—as in our own—is the fact that shortly after the publication of the English version (about 1588 or 1589), Marlowe wrote his poetical drama, "The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus," which, by the bye, is the only production on the same subject which may worthily be placed by the side of Goethe's great drama.

Faust's *Famulus*, Christoph Wagner, who is so intimately connected with the life and doings of the adventurous magician, found a biographer in the year 1593, when a "Volksbuch" was published giving an account of his life. In 1599 a scholar named Georg Rudolf Widman wrote a learned and pedantic account of the "Life and Death of Faust," in three parts. It is, however, utterly devoid of the charming simplicity of the original "Faustbuch." Widman's version was re-edited in a shorter form by the physician Pfizer in 1679, and in 1728 there appeared a free, popular, and concise adaptation of Widman's and Pfizer's version combined. On the title-page we find the statement that "this book has been put into print as a warning to all sinners by a Christian-minded man." This version, which met with general favour and went through a number of editions, was read by Goethe when a child, and it is a remarkable fact that, whilst every well-educated person in Germany reads Goethe's "Faust," the charming "Volksbuch" is still a favourite with the lowest strata of the people, who

buy it, printed on a kind of grey blotting-paper, at the fairs for a few *Pfennige*.

It may be assumed that besides reading the more modern version of the "Faustbuch," Goethe was likewise acquainted with the well-known puppet-play treating of the same subject. Pictorial art also probably contributed to impress it deeply on his mind; for it was during his stay at Leipzig that he had frequent occasion to see in "Auerbach's Keller" the picture representing Faust as riding out of the cellar on a large wine-barrel.[1] In addition to these external influences, Lessing's famous letter on "Faust" must also have acted as a powerful incentive to the young poet, and thus we find that during his stay, in 1770, at Strasburg (where, moreover, he probably witnessed the performance of a "Faustspiel" acted there in those days), the idea of dramatizing the great subject was confirmed in him. According to some he began the composition between 1770-71; it was, however, not before the year 1790 that he issued the greater portion of it under the title of "Faust, Ein Fragment," whilst the complete form of Part I. made its appearance as late as the year 1808, and since that time it has grown so much in public estimation that it is now universally acknowledged as the greatest dramatic representation of the problem of mankind.

[1] Cf. p. 147, *n.* 78, in this volume.

A LIST

OF SOME BOOKS FOR THE STUDY OF GOETHE'S "FAUST."[1]

German.

1. *Düntzer, H.* Goethe's "Faust." Erster und Zweiter Theil. Zum erstenmal vollständig erläutert. [The most exhaustive, and indispensable commentary on Goethe's poem.]

2. *Düntzer, H.* Zur Goetheforschung. [Contains an interesting article on the Göchenhausen manuscript of Goethe's "Faust," and some valuable essays on Part II.]

3. *Schmidt, Erich.* Goethe's "Faust" in ursprünglicher Gestalt. Also, Goethe's "Faust" in the Weimar Edition.

4. *Marbach, O.* Goethe's "Faust." Erster und Zweiter Theil. [Commentary.]

5. *Schreyer, H.* Goethe's "Faust" nach seiner Einheit vertheidigt. [Commentary.]

6. *Strehlke, Fr.* Paralipomena zu Goethe's "Faust." Entwürfe, Skizzen, Vorarbeiten und Fragmente. [Highly interesting for the thorough study of the history of the composition of Goethe's drama.]

7. *Strehlke, Fr.* Wörterbuch zu Goethe's "Faust." [One of the most useful books in the vast Faust literature.]

8. *Hauffe.* Die Faustsage und der historische Faust. [A useful monograph on the Faust legend.]

9. *Creizenach, M.* Die Bühnengeschichte des Goethe'schen "Faust." Also, "Geschichte des Volksschauspiels von Dr. Faust."

10. *Fischer, Kuno.* Goethe's "Faust." Ueber die Entstehung

[1] Instead of giving a bewildering list of commentaries, treatises, &c., it has been considered advisable to limit the number to a few very useful publications.

und Composition des Gedichtes. [A thoughtful and spirited monograph, which has proved very suggestive to the editor in his Faust-studies.]

11. *Scherer, W.* Vorträge über Goethe.

12. *Carrière, M.* Goethe's "Faust." Mit Einleitungen und Erläuterungen. 2 Bde. [Text and commentary.]

13. *Schröer, K. J.* "Faust" von Goethe. Mit Einleitung und fortlaufender Erklärung. 2 Bde. [Text and commentary.]

14. Loeper's edition of "Faust," mentioned in the Preface.

15. *Engel, K.* Das Volksschauspiel Dr. Johann Faust. Mit einem Anhang, BIBLIOTHECA FAUSTIANA. [Very meritorious.]

16. *Heinemann, Wm.* Goethe's "Faust" in England und Amerika. [A very carefully executed and most useful bibliography of English translations, &c.]

English.

1. *Boyesen, H. H.* Goethe and Schiller. Including a Commentary on Goethe's "Faust." [This valuable treatise has been translated into German.]

2. *Coupland, W. C.* The Spirit of Goethe's "Faust." [One of the best contributions to English Faust criticism in recent times.]

3. *Ward, A. W.* The English Drama. Select Plays. *Marlowe:* Tragical History of Dr. Faustus. *Greene:* Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay. [This volume is of the greatest importance for the study of the Faust tradition. The relation between Marlowe's "Faustus" and Goethe's "Faust" is most intelligently worked out.]

The annotated editions published in this country and America which are known to me, have been mentioned in my Notes at the end of the volume.

FAUST.

ZUEIGNUNG.

IHR naht euch wieder, schwankende Gestalten,
Die früh sich einst dem trüben Blick gezeigt.
Versuch' ich wohl, euch diesmal fest zu halten?
Fühl' ich mein Herz noch jenem Wahn geneigt?
Ihr drängt euch zu! Nun gut, so mögt ihr walten,
Wie ihr aus Dunst und Nebel um mich steigt;
Mein Busen fühlt sich jugendlich erschüttert
Vom Zauberhauch, der euren Zug umwittert.

Ihr bringt mit euch die Bilder froher Tage,
Und manche liebe Schatten steigen auf;
Gleich einer alten, halbverklungnen Sage,
Kommt erste Lieb' und Freundschaft mit herauf;
Der Schmerz wird neu, es wiederholt die Klage
Des Lebens labyrinthisch irren Lauf,
Und nennt die Guten, die, um schöne Stunden
Vom Glück getäuscht, vor mir hinweggeschwunden.

Sie hören nicht die folgenden Gesänge,
Die Seelen, denen ich die ersten sang;
Zerstoben ist das freundliche Gedränge,
Verklungen, ach, der erste Wiederklang.
Mein Leid ertönt der unbekannten Menge,
Ihr Beifall selbst macht meinem Herzen bang,
Und was sich sonst an meinem Lied erfreuet,
Wenn es noch lebt, irrt in der Welt zerstreuet.

Und mich ergreift ein längst entwöhntes Sehnen
Nach jenem stillen, ernsten Geisterreich;
Es schwebet nun in unbestimmten Tönen
Mein lispelnd Lied, der Aeolsharfe gleich;
Ein Schauer faszt mich, Thräne folgt den Thränen,
Das strenge Herz, es fühlt sich mild und weich;
Was ich besitze, seh' ich wie im Weiten,
Und was verschwand, wird mir zu Wirklichkeiten.

DEDICATION.[1]

YE approach again, ye wavering forms, which once, in the morning of life, presented yourselves to my troubled view! Shall I try, this time, to hold you fast? Do I feel my heart still inclined to that illusion? Ye crowd upon me! well then, ye may hold dominion over me, as ye rise around out of vapour and mist. My bosom feels youthfully agitated by the magic breath which surrounds your train.

Ye bring with you the images of happy days, and many loved shades arise: like to an old half-forgotten tradition, rises first-love, with friendship, in their company. The pang is renewed; the plaint repeats the labyrinthine mazy course of life, and names the dear ones, who, cheated of fair hours by fate, have vanished away before me.

They hear not the following lays—the souls to whom I sang my first. Dispersed is the friendly throng—the first echo, alas, has died away! My sorrow resounds among a strange crowd: their very applause saddens my heart; and those who were once gladdened by my song —if still living, stray scattered through the world.

And a yearning, long unfelt, for that quiet pensive spirit-realm seizes me. In half-formed tones my lisping lay is hovering like the Æolian harp. A tremor seizes me: tear follows tear: the austere heart feels itself growing mild and soft. What I have, I see as in the distance; and what is gone, becomes a reality to me.

VORSPIEL AUF DEM THEATER.

DIREKTOR. THEATERDICHTER. LUSTIGE PERSON.

Direktor.

IHR Beiden, die ihr mir so oft
In Noth und Trübsal beigestanden,
Sagt, was ihr wohl in deutschen Landen
Von unsrer Unternehmung hofft!
Ich wünschte sehr, der Menge zu behagen,
Besonders weil sie lebt und leben läszt.
Die Pfosten sind, die Bretter aufgeschlagen,
Und Jedermann erwartet sich ein Fest.
Sie sitzen schon mit hohen Augenbraunen
Gelassen da und möchten gern erstaunen.
Ich weisz, wie man den Geist des Volks versöhnt,
Doch so verlegen bin ich nie gewesen;
Zwar sind sie an das Beste nicht gewöhnt,
Allein sie haben schrecklich viel gelesen.
Wie machen wir's, dasz Alles frisch und neu
Und mit Bedeutung auch gefällig sei?
Denn freilich mag ich gern die Menge sehen,
Wenn sich der Strom nach unsrer Bude drängt,
Und mit gewaltig wiederholten Wehen
Sich durch die enge Gnadenpforte zwängt,
Bei hellem Tage, schon vor Vieren,
Mit Stöszen sich bis an die Kasse ficht
Und, wie in Hungersnoth um Brod an Bäckerthüren,
Um ein Billet sich fast die Hälse bricht.
Dies Wunder wirkt auf so verschiedne Leute
Der Dichter nur; mein Freund, o, thu es heute!

PRELUDE ON THE STAGE.[2]

MANAGER—THEATRE-POET—MERRYMAN.[3]

Manager.

YE two, who have so often stood by me in need and tribulation, say, what hopes do you entertain of our undertaking in German lands? I wish very much to please the multitude, particularly because they live and let live. The posts, the boards, are put up, and every one looks forward to a feast. There they sit already, cool, with raised eyebrows, and would fain be set a wondering. I know how the spirit of the people is propitiated; yet I have never been in such a dilemma as now. True, they are not accustomed to the best, but they have read a terrible deal. How shall we manage it—that all be fresh and new, and still be pleasing and instructive?[4] For assuredly I like to see the multitude, when the stream rushes towards our booth, and, with powerfully-repeated efforts, forces itself through the narrow portal of grace—when, in broad daylight, before the hour of four, they elbow their way to the paying-place, and risk breaking their necks for a ticket, as in a famine at bakers' doors for bread. It is the poet only that works this miracle on such a motley crowd—my friend, oh! do it to-day!

Dichter.

O, sprich mir nicht von jener bunten Menge,
Bei deren Anblick uns der Geist entflieht!
Verhülle mir das wogende Gedränge,
Das wider Willen uns zum Strudel zieht.
Nein, führe mich zur stillen Himmelsenge,
Wo nur dem Dichter reine Freude blüht,
Wo Lieb' und Freundschaft unsers Herzens Segen
Mit Götterhand erschaffen und erpflegen.

Ach, was in tiefer Brust uns da entsprungen,
Was sich die Lippe schüchtern vorgelallt,
Miszrathen jetzt und jetzt vielleicht gelungen,
Verschlingt des wilden Augenblicks Gewalt.
Oft, wenn es erst durch Jahre durchgedrungen,
Erscheint es in vollendeter Gestalt.
Was glänzt, ist für den Augenblick geboren,
Das Echte bleibt der Nachwelt unverloren.

Lustige Person.

Wenn ich nur nichts von Nachwelt hören sollte!
Gesetzt, dasz *ich* von Nachwelt reden wollte,
Wer machte denn der Mitwelt Spasz?
Den will sie doch und soll ihn haben.
Die Gegenwart von einem braven Knaben
Ist, dächt' ich, immer auch schon was.
Wer sich behaglich mitzutheilen weisz,
Den wird des Volkes Laune nicht erbittern;
Er wünscht sich einen groszen Kreis,
Um ihn gewisser zu erschüttern.
Drum seid nur brav und zeigt euch musterhaft,
Laszt Phantasie mit allen ihren Chören,
Vernunft, Verstand, Empfindung, Leidenschaft,
Doch, merkt euch wohl, nicht ohne Narrheit hören!

Direktor.

Besonders aber laszt genug geschehn!

Poet.

Oh! speak not to me of that motley multitude, at whose very aspect one's spirit takes flight. Veil from me that surging throng, which draws us, against our will, into the whirlpool. No! conduct me to the quiet, heavenly nook, where alone pure enjoyment blooms for the poet—where love and friendship, with godlike hand, create and cherish the bliss of our hearts. Ah! what there hath gushed from us in the depths of the breast, what the lip coyly whispered to itself —now failing, and now perchance succeeding—the wild moment's sway swallows up. Often only when it has endured through ages, does it appear in completed form. What glitters, is born for the moment; the genuine remains unlost to posterity.

Merryman.

If I could but hear no more about posterity! Suppose *I* chose to talk about posterity, who then would make fun for cotemporaries? *That* they will have—and ought to have it. The presence of a good fellow, too, is also worth something, I should think. Who knows how to impart himself agreeably—he will never be soured by popular caprice. He desires a large circle, to agitate it the more certainly. Then do but try your best, and show yourself a model. Let fancy, with all her choruses,—reason, understanding, feeling, passion be heard, but—mark me well—not without folly.

Manager.

But, most particularly, let there be incident enough.

Man kommt, zu schau'n, man will am liebsten sehn.
Wird Vieles vor den Augen abgesponnen,
So dasz die Menge staunend gaffen kann,
Da habt ihr in der Breite gleich gewonnen,
Ihr seid ein vielgeliebter Mann.
Die Masse könnt ihr nur durch Masse zwingen ;
Ein Jeder sucht sich endlich selbst was aus.
Wer Vieles bringt, wird Manchem etwas bringen,
Und jeder geht zufrieden aus dem Haus.
Gebt ihr ein Stück, so gebt es gleich in Stücken !
Solch ein Ragout, es musz euch glücken ;
Leicht ist es vorgelegt, so leicht als ausgedacht.
Was hilft's, wenn ihr ein Ganzes dargebracht?
Das Publikum wird es euch doch zerpflücken.

Dichter.

Ihr fühlet nicht, wie schlecht ein solches Handwerk sei,
Wie wenig das dem echten Künstler zieme.
Der saubern Herren Pfuscherei
Ist, merk' ich, schon bei euch Maxime.

Direktor.

Ein solcher Vorwurf läszt mich ungekränkt;
Ein Mann, der recht zu wirken denkt,
Musz auf das beste Werkzeug halten.
Bedenkt, ihr habet weiches Holz zu spalten,
Und seht nur hin, für wen ihr schreibt !
Wenn Diesen Langeweile treibt,
Kommt Jener satt vom übertischten Mahle,
Und, was das Allerschlimmste bleibt,
Gar Mancher kommt vom Lesen der Journale.
Man eilt zerstreut zu uns wie zu den Maskenfesten,
Und Neugier nur beflügelt jeden Schritt;
Die Damen geben sich und ihren Putz zum Besten
Und spielen ohne Gage mit.
Was träumet ihr auf eurer Dichterhöhe ?
Was macht ein volles Haus euch froh ?

People come to look;[5] their greatest pleasure is to see. If much is spun off before their eyes, so that the many can gape with astonishment, you have then gained immediately by diffuseness; you are a great favourite. You can only subdue the mass by mass. Each eventually picks out something for himself. Who brings much,[6] will bring something to many a one, and all leave the house content. If you give a piece, give it at once in pieces! With such a hash, you cannot but succeed. It is easily served out, as easily as invented. What avails it to present a whole? the public will pull it to pieces for you notwithstanding.

Poet.

You feel not the baseness of such a trade; how little *that* becomes the true artist! The bungling of these fine gentlemen, I see, is already a maxim with you.

Manager.

Such a reproof does not mortify me at all. A man who intends to work properly, must have an eye to the best tool. Consider, you have soft wood to split; and only look whom you are writing for! Whilst one is driven by *ennui*, the other comes satiated from a meal of too many dishes; and, what is worst of all, many a one comes from reading the newspapers. People hurry unheedingly to us, as to masquerades; and curiosity only wings every step. The ladies give themselves and their finery as a treat, and play with us without pay. What are you dreaming about on your poetical height? What is it that makes a full house merry?

Beseht die Gönner in der Nähe!
Halb sind sie kalt, halb sind sie roh;
Der, nach dem Schauspiel, hofft ein Kartenspiel,
Der eine wilde Nacht an einer Dirne Busen.
Was plagt ihr armen Thoren viel
Zu solchem Zweck die holden Musen?
Ich sag' euch, gebt nur mehr und immer, immer mehr.
So könnt ihr euch vom Ziele nie verirren;
Sucht nur die Menschen zu verwirren,
Sie zu befriedigen, ist schwer——
Was fällt euch an? Entzückung oder Schmerzen?

Dichter.

Geh hin und such dir einen andern Knecht!
Der Dichter sollte wohl das höchste Recht,
Das Menschenrecht, das ihm Natur vergönnt,
Um deinetwillen freventlich verscherzen!
Wodurch bewegt er alle Herzen?
Wodurch besiegt er jedes Element?
Ist es der Einklang nicht, der aus dem Busen dringt
Und in sein Herz die Welt zurücke schlingt?
Wenn die Natur des Fadens ew'ge Länge,
Gleichgültig drehend, auf die Spindel zwingt,
Wenn aller Wesen unharmon'sche Menge
Verdrieszlich durch einander klingt,
Wer theilt die fliesend immer gleiche Reihe
Belebend ab, dasz sie sich rhythmisch regt?
Wer ruft das Einzelne zur allgemeinen Weihe,
Wo es in herrlichen Akkorden schlägt?
Wer läszt den Sturm zu Leidenschaften wüthen?
Das Abendroth im ernsten Sinne glühn?
Wer schüttet alle schönen Frühlingsblüthen
Auf der Geliebten Pfade hin?
Wer flicht die unbedeutend grünen Blätter
Zum Ehrenkranz Verdiensten jeder Art?
Wer sichert den Olymp, vereinet Götter?—
Des Menschen Kraft, im Dichter offenbart!

Look closely at your patrons! Half are indifferent, half coarse. One hopes for a game of cards after the play; another, a wild night on the bosom of a wench. Why, poor fools that ye are, do ye give the sweet Muses much trouble for such an end? I tell you, only give more, and more, and more again; thus you can never be wide of your mark. Try only to mystify the people; to satisfy them is hard—What overcomes you? Delight or pain?

Poet.

Begone[7] and seek thyself another servant! The poet, forsooth, is wantonly to sport away for thy sake the highest right, the right of man, which Nature bestows upon him! By what stirs he every heart? By what means subdues he every element? Is it not the harmony—which bursts from out his breast, and draws the world back again into his heart? When Nature, carelessly winding, forces the thread's interminable length upon the spindle; when the confused multitude of all beings jangles out of tune and harsh,—who, life-infusing, so disposes the ever equably-flowing series, that it moves rhythmically? Who calls the individual to the general consecration—where it strikes in glorious harmony? Who bids the tempest rage to passions? the evening-red glow in the pensive spirit? Who scatters on the loved one's path all beauteous blossomings of spring? Who wreathes the unmeaning green leaves into a garland of honour for deserts of all kinds? Who ensures Olympus?—unites the Gods? Man's power revealed in the Poet.

Lustige Person.

So braucht sie denn, die schönen Kräfte,
Und treibt die dicht'rischen Geschäfte,
Wie man ein Liebesabenteuer treibt!
Zufällig naht man sich, man fühlt, man bleibt
Und nach und nach wird man verflochten;
Es wächst das Glück, dann wird es angefochten,
Man ist entzückt, nun kommt der Schmerz heran
Und, eh man sich's versieht, ist's eben ein Roman.
Laszt uns auch so ein Schauspiel geben!
Greift nur hinein ins volle Menschenleben!
Ein Jeder lebt's, nicht Vielen ist's bekannt,
Und wo ihr's packt, da ist's interessant.
In bunten Bildern wenig Klarheit,
Viel Irrthum und ein Fünkchen Wahrheit,
So wird der beste Trank gebraut,
Der alle Welt erquickt und auferbaut.
Dann sammelt sich der Jugend schönste Blüthe
Vor eurem Spiel und lauscht der Offenbarung,
Dann sauget jedes zärtliche Gemüthe
Aus eurem Werk sich melanchol'sche Nahrung,
Dann wird bald dies, bald jenes aufgeregt,
Ein Jeder sieht, was er im Herzen trägt.
Noch sind sie gleich bereit, zu weinen und zu lachen,
Sie ehren noch den Schwung, erfreuen sich am Schein;
Wer fertig ist, dem ist nichts recht zu machen,
Ein Werdender wird immer dankbar sein.

Dichter.

So gieb mir auch die Zeiten wieder,
Da ich noch selbst im Werden war,
Da sich ein Quell gedrängter Lieder
Ununterbrochen neu gebar,
Da Nebel mir die Welt verhüllten,
Die Knospe Wunder noch versprach,
Da ich die tausend Blumen brach,
Die alle Thäler reichlich füllten.
Ich hatte nichts und doch genug:
Den Drang nach Wahrheit und die Lust am Trug.

Merryman.

Employ these fine powers then, and carry on your poetical affairs as one carries on a love-adventure.—Accidentally one approaches, one feels, one stays, and little by little one gets entangled. The happiness increases,—then it is disturbed; one is delighted,—then comes distress; and before one is aware of it, it is even a romance. Let us also give a play in this manner. Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one lives it,—to not many is it known; and seize it where you will, it is interesting. Little clearness in motley images! much falsehood and a spark of truth![8] this is the way to brew the best potion, which refreshes and edifies all the world. Then assembles youth's fairest flower to see your play, and listens to the revelation. Then every gentle mind sucks melancholy nourishment for itself from out your work; then one while this, and one while that, is stirred up; each one sees what he carries in his heart. They are as yet equally ready to weep and to laugh; they still honour the soaring, are pleased with the glitter. One who is formed, there is no such thing as pleasing; one who is forming, will always be grateful.

Poet.

Then give me also back again the times, when I myself was still forming; when a fountain of crowded lays sprang freshly and unbrokenly forth; when mists veiled the world before me,—the bud still promised marvels; when I gathered the thousand flowers which profusely filled all the dales! I had nothing, and yet enough,—the longing after truth, and the pleasure in

Gieb ungebändigt jene Triebe,
Das tiefe, schmerzenvolle Glück,
Des Hasses Kraft, die Macht der Liebe,
Gieb meine Jugend mir zurück!

Lustige Person.

Der Jugend, guter Freund, bedarfst du allenfalls,
Wenn dich in Schlachten Feinde drängen,
Wenn mit Gewalt an deinen Hals
Sich allerliebste Mädchen hängen,
Wenn fern des schnellen Laufes Kranz
Vom schwer erreichten Ziele winket,
Wenn nach dem heft'gen Wirbeltanz
Die Nächte schmausend man vertrinket.
Doch ins bekannte Saitenspiel
Mit Muth und Anmuth einzugreifen,
Nach einem selbstgesteckten Ziel
Mit holdem Irren hinzuschweifen,
Das, alte Herr'n, ist eure Pflicht,
Und wir verehren euch darum nicht minder.
Das Alter macht nicht kindisch, wie man spricht,
Es findet uns nur noch als wahre Kinder.

Direktor.

Der Worte sind genug gewechselt,
Laszt mich auch endlich Thaten sehn!
Indesz ihr Komplimente drechselt,
Kann etwas Nützliches geschehn.
Was hilft es viel von Stimmung reden?
Dem Zaudernden erscheint sie nie.
Gebt ihr euch einmal für Poeten,
So kommandirt die Poesie!
Euch ist bekannt, was wir bedürfen,
Wir wollen stark Getränke schlürfen;
Nun braut mir unverzüglich dran!
Was heute nicht geschieht, ist morgen nicht gethan,
Und keinen Tag soll man verpassen;
Das Mögliche soll der Entschlusz
Beherzt sogleich beim Schopfe fassen,
Er will es dann nicht fahren lassen

delusion! Give me back those impulses untamed,—the deep, pain-fraught happiness, the energy of hate, the power of love!—Give me back my youth!

Merryman.

Youth, my good friend, you want indeed, when foes press you hard in the fight,—when lovely lasses cling with ardour round your neck,—when from afar, the garland of the swift course beckons from the hard-won goal,—when, after the dance's maddening whirl, one drinks away the night carousing. But to strike the familiar lyre with spirit and grace, to sweep along, with happy wanderings, towards a self-appointed aim; —that, old gentlemen, is your duty,[9] and we honour you not the less on that account. Old age does not make childish, as men say; it only finds us still as true children.

Manager.

Words enough have been interchanged; let me now see deeds also. Whilst you are turning compliments, something useful may be done. What boots it to stand talking about being in the vein? The hesitating never is so. If ye once give yourselves out for poets,—command poesy. You well know what we want; we would sip strong drink—now brew away immediately! What is not doing to-day is not done to-morrow; and no day should be wasted. Resolution should boldly seize the possible by the forelock at once. She will then

Und wirket weiter, weil er musz.
Ihr wiszt, auf unsern deutschen Bühnen
Probirt ein Jeder, was er mag;
Drum schonet mir an diesem Tag
Prospekte nicht und nicht Maschinen,
Gebraucht das grosz- und kleine Himmelslicht,
Die Sterne dürfet ihr verschwenden;
An Wasser, Feuer, Felsenwänden,
An Thier- und Vögeln fehlt es nicht.
So schreitet in dem engen Bretterhaus
Den ganzen Kreis der Schöpfung aus,
Und wandelt mit bedächt'ger Schnelle
Vom Himmel durch die Welt zur Hölle!

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not let it go, and works on, because she cannot help it. You know, upon our German stage, every one tries what he likes. Therefore spare me neither scenery nor machinery upon this day. Use the greater and the lesser light of heaven;[10] you are free to squander the stars; there is no want of water, fire, rocks, beasts, and birds. So traverse, in this narrow booth, the whole circle of creation; and travel, with considerate speed, from Heaven, through the World, to Hell.

FAUST.

EINE TRAGÖDIE.

PROLOG IM HIMMEL.

Der Herr. Die himmlischen Heerschaaren.
Nachher Mephistopheles.

Die drei Erzengel treten vor.

Raphael.

DIE Sonne tönt nach alter Weise
In Brudersphären Wettgesang,
Und ihre vorgeschriebne Reise
Vollendet sie mit Donnergang.
Ihr Anblick giebt den Engeln Stärke,
Wenn Keiner sie ergründen mag;
Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.

Gabriel.

Und schnell und unbegreiflich schnelle
Dreht sich umher der Erde Pracht;
Es wechselt Paradieseshelle
Mit tiefer schauervoller Nacht;
Es schäumt das Meer in breiten Flüssen
Am tiefen Grund der Felsen auf,
Und Fels und Meer wird fortgerissen
In ewig schnellem Sphärenlauf.

Michael.

Und Stürme brausen um die Wette
Vom Meer aufs Land, vom Land aufs Meer
Und bilden, wüthend, eine Kette
Der tiefsten Wirkung rings umher;

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.[11]

THE LORD—THE HEAVENLY HOSTS. *Afterwards* MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Three Archangels come forward.

Raphael.

THE sun chimes in, as ever, with the emulous music of his brother spheres, and performs his prescribed journey with thundering march. His aspect gives strength to the angels, though none can fathom him. Thy inconceivably sublime works are glorious as on the first day.

Gabriel.

And rapid, inconceivably rapid, the splendour of the earth revolves; the brightness of paradise alternates with deep, fearful night. The sea foams up in broad waves at the deep base of the rocks; and rock and sea are whirled on in the ever rapid course of the spheres.

Michael.

And storms are roaring as if in rivalry, from sea to land, from land to sea, and form all around a chain of the deepest effect in their rage. There, flashing

Da flammt ein blitzendes Verheeren
Dem Pfade vor des Donnerschlags;
Doch deine Boten, Herr, verehren
Das sanfte Wandeln deines Tags.

Zu Drei.

Der Anblick giebt den Engeln Stärke,
Da Keiner dich ergründen mag,
Und alle deine hohen Werke
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.

Mephistopheles.

Da du, o Herr, dich einmal wieder nahst
Und fragst, wie Alles sich bei uns befinde,
Und du mich sonst gewöhnlich gerne sahst,
So siehst du mich auch unter dem Gesinde.
Verzeih, ich kann nicht hohe Worte machen,
Und wenn mich auch der ganze Kreis verhöhnt;
Mein Pathos brächte dich gewisz zum Lachen,
Hättst du dir nicht das Lachen abgewöhnt.
Von Sonn' und Welten weisz ich nichts zu sagen,
Ich sehe nur, wie sich die Menschen plagen.
Der kleine Gott der Welt bleibt stets von gleichem Schlag
Und ist so wunderlich als wie am ersten Tag.
Ein wenig besser würd' er leben,
Hättst du ihm nicht den Schein des Himmelslichts gegeben;
Er nennt's Vernunft und braucht's allein,
Nur thierischer als jedes Thier zu sein.
Er scheint mir, mit Verlaub von Euer Gnaden,
Wie eine der langbeinigen Zikaden,
Die immer fliegt und fliegend springt
Und gleich im Gras ihr altes Liedchen singt.
Und läg' er nur noch immer in dem Grase!
In jeden Quark begräbt er seine Nase.

Der Herr.

Hast du mir weiter nichts zu sagen?
Kommst du nur immer anzuklagen?
Ist auf der Erde ewig dir nichts recht?

desolation flares before the path of the thunder-clap. But thy messengers,[12] Lord, revere the gentle movement of thy day.

The Three.

The aspect gives strength to the angels, though none can fathom thee, and all thy sublime works are glorious as on the first day.

Mephistopheles.

Since, Lord, you approach once again, and inquire how things are going on with us, and on other occasions were generally not displeased to see me—therefore is it that you see me also among your suite. Excuse me, I cannot talk fine, not though the whole circle should cry scorn on me. My pathos would certainly make you laugh, had you not left off laughing. I have nothing to say about suns and worlds; I only mark how men are plaguing themselves. The little god of the world continues ever of the same stamp, and is as odd as on the first day. He would lead a somewhat more pleasant life, had you not given him a glimmering of heaven's light. He calls it reason, and uses it only to be more brutal than any brute. He seems to me, with your Grace's leave, like one of the long-legged grasshoppers, which is ever flying, and bounding as it flies, and then sings its old song in the grass;—and would that he did but lie always in the grass! He thrusts his nose into every puddle.

The Lord.

Have you nothing else to say to me? Are you always coming for no other purpose than to denounce? Is nothing ever to your liking upon earth?

Mephistopheles.

Nein, Herr, ich find' es dort, wie immer, herzlich schlecht.
Die Menschen dauern mich in ihren Jammertagen;
Ich mag sogar die armen selbst nicht plagen.

Der Herr.

Kennst du den Faust?

Mephistopheles.

Den Doktor?

Der Herr.

Meinen Knecht!

Mephistopheles.

Fürwahr, er dient euch auf besondre Weise.
Nicht irdisch ist des Thoren Trank noch Speise.
Ihn treibt die Gährung in die Ferne,
Er ist sich seiner Tollheit halb bewuszt:
Vom Himmel fordert er die schönsten Sterne
Und von der Erde jede höchste Lust,
Und alle Näh' und alle Ferne
Befriedigt nicht die tiefbewegte Brust.

Der Herr.

Wenn er mir jetzt auch nur verworren dient,
So werd' ich ihn bald in die Klarheit führen.
Weisz doch der Gärtner, wenn das Bäumchen grünt,
Dasz Blüth' und Frucht die künft'gen Jahre zieren.

Mephistopheles.

Was wettet ihr? Den sollt ihr noch verlieren,
Wenn ihr mir die Erlaubnisz gebt,
Ihn meine Strasze sacht zu führen!

Der Herr.

So lang' er auf der Erde lebt,
So lange sei dir's nicht verboten.
Es irrt der Mensch, so lang' er strebt.

Mephistopheles.

No, Lord! I find things there, as ever, miserably bad. Men, in their days of wretchedness, move my pity; even I myself have not the heart to torment the poor things.

The Lord.

Do you know Faust?

Mephistopheles.

The Doctor?

The Lord.

My servant!

Mephistopheles.

Verily! he serves you in a strange fashion. The fool's meat and drink are not of earth. The ferment impels him towards the far away. He himself is half conscious of his madness. Of heaven—he demands its brightest stars; and of earth—its every highest enjoyment; and all that is near, and all that is far, contents not his deeply-agitated breast.

The Lord.

Although he does but serve me in perplexity now, I shall soon lead him into light. When the tree buds, the gardener knows that blossom and fruit will deck the coming years.

Mephistopheles.

What will you wager? you shall lose him yet, if you give me leave to guide him quietly my own way.

The Lord.

So long as he lives upon the earth, so long be it not forbidden to thee. Man is liable to error, whilst he is striving.

Mephistopheles.

Da dank' ich euch; denn mit den Todten
Hab' ich mich niemals gern befangen.
Am Meisten lieb' ich mir die vollen, frischen Wangen,
Für einen Leichnam bin ich nicht zu Haus;
Mir geht es wie der Katze mit der Maus.

Der Herr.

Nun gut, es sei dir überlassen!
Zieh diesen Geist von seinem Urquell ab
Und führ ihn, kannst du ihn erfassen,
Auf deinem Wege mit herab
Und steh beschämt, wenn du bekennen muszt:
Ein guter Mensch in seinem dunkeln Drange
Ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewuszt.

Mephistopheles.

Schon gut, nur dauert es nicht lange!
Mir ist für meine Wette gar nicht bange.
Wenn ich zu meinem Zweck gelange,
Erlaubt ihr mir Triumph aus voller Brust.
Staub soll er fressen, und mit Lust,
Wie meine Muhme, die berühmte Schlange.

Der Herr.

Du darfst auch da nur frei erscheinen;
Ich habe deines Gleichen nie gehaszt.
Von allen Geistern, die verneinen,
Ist mir der Schalk am Wenigsten zur Last.
Des Menschen Thätigkeit kann allzu leicht erschlaffen,
Er liebt sich bald die unbedingte Ruh;
Drum geb' ich gern ihm den Gesellen zu,
Der reizt und wirkt und musz als Teufel schaffen.
Doch ihr, die echten Göttersöhne,
Erfreut euch der lebendig reichen Schöne!
Das Werdende, das ewig wirkt und lebt,
Umfasz' euch mit der Liebe holden Schranken,
Und was in schwankender Erscheinung schwebt,
Befestiget mit dauernden Gedanken!

[*Der Himmel schlieszt, die Erzengel vertheilen sich.*]

Mephistopheles.

I am much obliged to you for that; for I have never had any fancy for the dead. I like plump, fresh cheeks the best. I am not at home to a corpse. I am like the cat with the mouse.

The Lord.

Enough, it is permitted thee. Divert this spirit from his original source, and bear him, if thou canst seize him, down on thy own path with thee. And stand abashed, when thou art compelled to own—a good man, in his indistinct strivings, is still conscious of the right way.[13]

Mephistopheles.

Well, well,—only it will not last long. I am not at all in fear about my wager. Should I succeed, excuse my triumphing with my whole soul. Dust shall he eat, and with a relish, like my cousin, the renowned snake.

The Lord.

There also you are free to act as you like. I have never hated the like of you. Of all the spirits that deny, the waggish scoffer is the least offensive to me.[14] Man's activity is all too prone to slumber: he soon gets fond of unconditional repose; I am therefore glad to give him a companion, who stirs and works, and must, as devil, be doing. But ye, the true children of heaven, rejoice in the living profusion of beauty. The creative essence,[15] which works and lives through all time, embrace you within the happy bounds of love; and what hovers in changeful seeming, do ye fix firm with everlasting thoughts.

[*Heaven closes, the Archangels disperse.*]

Mephistopheles (*allein*).

Von Zeit zu Zeit seh' ich den Alten gern
Und hüte mich, mit ihm zu brechen.
Es ist gar hübsch von einem groszen Herrn,
So menschlich mit dem Teufel selbst zu sprechen.

Mephistopheles (*alone*).

I like to see the Ancient One occasionally,[16] and take care not to break with him. It is really civil in so great a Lord, to speak so kindly with the Devil himself.

DER TRAGÖDIE

ERSTER THEIL.

NACHT.

In einem hochgewölbten, engen, gothischen Zimmer FAUST *unruhig auf seinem Sessel am Pulte.*

Faust.

HABE nun, ach, Philosophie,
Juristerei und Medizin
Und leider auch Theologie
Durchaus studirt, mit heiszem Bemühn!
Da steh' ich nun, ich armer Thor,
Und bin so klug als wie zuvor;
Heisze Magister, heisze Doktor gar
Und ziehe schon an die zehen Jahr'
Herauf, herab und quer und krumm
Meine Schüler an der Nase herum—
Und sehe, dasz wir nichts wissen können!
Das will mir schier das Herz verbrennen.
Zwar bin ich gescheiter als alle die Laffen,
Doktoren, Magister, Schreiber und Pfaffen;
Mich plagen keine Skrupel noch Zweifel,
Fürchte mich weder vor Hölle noch Teufel—
Dafür ist mir auch alle Freud' entrissen,
Bilde mir nicht ein, was Recht's zu wissen,
Bilde mir nicht ein, ich könnte was lehren,
Die Menschen zu bessern und zu bekehren.
Auch hab' ich weder Gut noch Geld,
Noch Ehr' und Herrlichkeit der Welt.
Es möchte kein Hund so länger leben!
Drum hab' ich mich der Magie ergeben,
Ob mir durch Geistes Kraft und Mund
Nicht manch Geheimnisz würde kund,
Dasz ich nicht mehr mit saurem Schweisz

FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY.

NIGHT.[17]

FAUST *in a high-vaulted narrow Gothic chamber, seated restlessly at his desk.*

Faust.

I HAVE now, alas, by zealous exertion, thoroughly mastered philosophy, the jurist's craft, and medicine,—and to my sorrow, theology too. Here I stand, poor fool that I am, just as wise as before. I am called Master, ay, and Doctor, and have now for nearly ten years been leading my pupils about—up and down, crossways and crooked ways—by the nose; and see that we can know nothing! This it is that almost burns up the heart within me. True, I am cleverer than all those wiseacres—doctors, masters, clerks, and priests. No doubts nor scruples trouble me; I fear neither hell nor the devil. For this very reason is all joy torn from me.[18] I no longer fancy I know anything worth knowing; I no longer fancy I could teach anything to better and to convert mankind. Then I have neither goods nor money, nor honour and rank in the world. No dog would like to live so any longer. I have therefore devoted myself to magic[19]—whether, through the power and voice of the Spirit, many a mystery might not become known to me; that I may no longer, with

Zu sagen brauche, was ich nicht weisz,
Dasz ich erkenne, was die Welt
Im Innersten zusammenhält,
Schau' alle Wirkenskraft und Samen
Und thu' nicht mehr in Worten kramen.

O, sähst du, voller Mondenschein,
Zum letzten Mal auf meine Pein,
Den ich so manche Mitternacht
An diesem Pult herangewacht:
Dann über Büchern und Papier,
Trübsel'ger Freund, erschienst du mir!
Ach, könnt' ich doch auf Bergeshöhn
In deinem lieben Lichte gehn,
Um Bergeshöhle mit Geistern schweben,
Auf Wiesen in deinem Dämmer weben,
Von allem Wissensqualm entladen
In deinem Thau gesund mich baden!

Weh! Steck' ich in dem Kerker noch?
Verfluchtes dumpfes Mauerloch,
Wo selbst das liebe Himmelslicht
Trüb durch gemalte Scheiben bricht!
Beschränkt von diesem Bücherhauf,
Den Würme nagen, Staub bedeckt,
Den bis ans hohe Gewölb' hinauf
Ein angeraucht Papier umsteckt;
Mit Gläsern, Büchsen rings umstellt,
Mit Instrumenten vollgepfropft,
Urväter Hausrath drein gestopft—
Das ist deine Welt! Das heiszt eine Welt!

Und fragst du noch, warum dein Herz
Sich bang in deinem Busen klemmt,
Warum ein unerklärter Schmerz
Dir alle Lebensregung hemmt?
Statt der lebendigen Natur,
Da Gott die Menschen schuf hinein,
Umgiebt in Rauch und Moder nur
Dich Thiergeripp und Todtenbein.

bitter sweat, be obliged to speak of what I do not know; that I may learn what holds the world together in its inmost core, see all the springs and seeds of production, and rummage no longer in empty words.

Oh! would that thou, radiant moonlight, wert looking for the last time upon my misery; thou, for whom I have sat watching so many a midnight at this desk; then, over books and papers, melancholy friend, didst thou appear to me! Oh! that I might wander on the mountain-tops in thy loved light—hover with spirits round the mountain caves—flit over the fields in thy glimmer, and, disencumbered from all the fumes of knowledge, bathe myself sound in thy dew!

Woe is me! am I still penned up in this dungeon?—accursed, musty, walled hole!—where even the precious light of heaven breaks mournfully through painted panes, stinted by this heap of books,—which worms eat—dust begrimes—which, up to the very top of the vault, a smoke-smeared paper encompasses; with glasses, boxes ranged round, with instruments piled up on all sides, ancestral lumber stuffed in with the rest. This is thy world, and what a world!

And dost thou still ask, why thy heart flutters confinedly in thy bosom?—Why a vague aching deadens within thee every stirring principle of life?—Instead of the animated nature, for which God made man, thou hast nought around thee but beasts' skeletons and dead men's bones, in smoke and mould.

Flieh! Auf! Hinaus ins weite Land!
Und dies geheimniszvolle Buch
Von Nostradamus' eigner Hand,
Ist dir es nicht Geleit genug?
Erkennest dann der Sterne Lauf,
Und wenn Natur dich unterweist,
Dann geht die Seelenkraft dir auf,
Wie spricht ein Geist zum andern Geist.
Umsonst, dasz trocknes Sinnen hier
Die heil'gen Zeichen dir erklärt:
Ihr schwebt, ihr Geister, neben mir,
Antwortet mir, wenn ihr mich hört!

[*Er schlägt das Buch auf und erblickt das Zeichen des Makrokosmus.*]

Ha! Welche Wonne fliesst in diesem Blick
Auf einmal mir durch alle meine Sinnen!
Ich fühle junges, heil'ges Lebensglück
Neuglühend mir durch Nerv'- und Adern rinnen.
War es ein Gott, der diese Zeichen schrieb,
Die mir das innre Toben stillen,
Das arme Herz mit Freude füllen
Und mit geheimniszvollem Trieb
Die Kräfte der Natur rings um mich her enthüllen?
Bin ich ein Gott? Mir wird so licht!
Ich schau' in diesen reinen Zügen
Die wirkende Natur vor meiner Seele liegen.
Jetzt erst erkenn' ich, was der Weise spricht:
"Die Geisterwelt ist nicht verschlossen;
Dein Sinn ist zu, dein Herz ist todt!
Auf, bade, Schüler, unverdrossen
Die ird'sche Brust im Morgenroth!"

[*Er beschaut das Zeichen.*]

Wie Alles sich zum Ganzen webt!
Eins in dem Andern wirkt und lebt!
Wie Himmelskräfte auf und nieder steigen
Und sich die goldnen Eimer reichen!
Mit segenduftenden Schwingen
Vom Himmel durch die Erde dringen,
Harmonisch all' das All durchklingen!

Up! away! Out into the wide world! And this mysterious book, from Nostradamus' own hand,[20] is it not sufficient company for thee! Thou then knowest the course of the stars, and, when nature instructs thee, the soul's essence then rises up to thee, as one spirit speaks to another. It is in vain that dull poring here expounds the holy signs to thee! Ye are hovering, ye Spirits, near me; answer me if you hear me.

[*He opens the book and perceives the sign of the Macrocosm.*[21]]

Ah! what rapture thrills all at once through all my senses at this sight! I feel youthful, hallowed life-joy, new-glowing, shoot through nerve and vein. Was it a god that traced these signs, which still the storm within me, fill my poor heart with gladness, and, by a mystical intuition, unveil the powers of nature all around me? Am I a god? All grows so bright! I see, in these pure lines, Nature herself working in my soul's presence. Now for the first time do I conceive what the sage saith,—"The spirit-world is not closed. Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead! Up, acolyte![22] bathe, untired, thy earthly breast in the morning-red."

[*He contemplates the sign.*]

How all weaves itself into a whole; one works and lives in the other. How heavenly powers[23] ascend and descend, and reach each other the golden buckets,—with bliss-exhaling pinions, press from heaven through earth, all ringing harmoniously through *the* All.

Welch Schauspiel! Aber ach, ein Schauspiel nur!
Wo fass' ich dich, unendliche Natur?
Euch, Brüste, wo? Ihr Quellen alles Lebens,
An denen Himmel und Erde hängt,
Dahin die welke Brust sich drängt—
Ihr quellt, ihr tränkt, und schmacht' ich so vergebens?

[*Er schlägt unwillig das Buch um und erblickt das Zeichen des Erdgeistes.*]

Wie anders wirkt dies Zeichen auf mich ein!
Du, Geist der Erde, bist mir näher;
Schon fühl' ich meine Kräfte höher,
Schon glüh' ich wie von neuem Wein.
Ich fühle Muth, mich in die Welt zu wagen,
Der Erde Weh, der Erde Glück zu tragen,
Mit Stürmen mich herumzuschlagen
Und in des Schiffbruchs Knirschen nicht zu zagen.
Es wölkt sich über mir—
Der Mond verbirgt sein Licht—
Die Lampe schwindet!
Es dampft!—Es zucken rothe Strahlen
Mir um das Haupt—Es weht
Ein Schauer vom Gewölb' herab
Und faszt mich an!
Ich fühl's, du schwebst um mich, erflehter Geist!
Enthülle dich!
Ha, wie's in meinem Herzen reiszt!
Zu neuen Gefühlen
All' meine Sinnen sich erwühlen!
Ich fühle ganz mein Herz dir hingegeben!
Du muszt, du muszt, und kostet' es mein Leben!

[*Er faszt das Buch und spricht das Zeichen des Geistes geheimniszvoll aus. Es zuckt eine röthliche Flamme,* DER GEIST *erscheint in der Flamme.*]

Geist.

Wer ruft mir?

Faust (*abgewendet*).

Schreckliches Gesicht!

What a show! but ah! a show only! Where shall I seize thee, infinite nature? Ye breasts, where? ye sources of all life, on which hang heaven and earth, towards which the blighted breast presses—ye gush, ye feed, and am I thus languishing in vain?

[*He turns over the book indignantly, and sees the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.*]

How differently this sign affects me! Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nearer to me. Already do I feel my energies exalted, already I glow as with new wine; I feel courage to venture into the world; to endure earthly weal, earthly woe; to wrestle with storms, and stand unshaken mid the shipwreck's crash.—Clouds thicken over me; the moon hides her light; the lamp dies away; exhalations arise; red beams flash round my head; a cold shuddering flickers down from the vaulted roof and seizes me![24] I feel it—thou art hovering round me, invoked Spirit. Unveil thyself! Ah! what a tearing in my heart—all my senses are up-stirring to new sensations! I feel my whole heart surrendered to thee. Thou must—thou must!—should it cost me my life.

[*He seizes the book and pronounces mystically the sign of the Spirit. A red flame flashes up; the* Spirit *appears in the flame.*]

Spirit.

Who calls to me?

Faust (*averting his face*).

Horrible vision!

Geist.

Du hast mich mächtig angezogen,
An meiner Sphäre lang' gesogen,
Und nun—

Faust.

Weh, ich ertrag' dich nicht!

Geist.

Du flehst erathmend mich zu schauen,
Meine Stimme zu hören, mein Antlitz zu sehn;
Mich neigt dein mächtig Seelenflehn:
Da bin ich!—Welch erbärmlich Grauen
Faszt Uebermenschen dich! Wo ist der Seele Ruf?
Wo ist die Brust, die eine Welt in sich erschuf
Und trug und hegte? Die mit Freudebeben
Erschwoll, sich uns, den Geistern, gleich zu heben?
Wo bist du, Faust, des Stimme mir erklang,
Der sich an mich mit allen Kräften drang?
Bist *du* es, der, von meinem Hauch umwittert,
In allen Lebenstiefen zittert,
Ein furchtsam weggekrümmter Wurm!

Faust.

Soll ich dir, Flammenbildung, weichen?
Ich bin's, bin Faust, bin deines Gleichen!

Geist.

In Lebensfluthen, im Thatensturm
Wall' ich auf und ab,
Wehe hin und her!
Geburt und Grab,
Ein ewiges Meer,
Ein wechselnd Weben,
Ein glühend Leben,

Spirit.

Thou hast compelled me hither, hast long been sucking at my sphere. And now—

Faust.

Woe is me! I endure thee not.

Spirit.

Thou prayest, panting, to see me, to hear my voice, to see my face. Thy powerful invocation works upon me. I am here! What pitiful terror seizes thee, the demigod! Where is the soul's calling? Where is the breast, that created a world in itself, and upbore and cherished it? which, with tremors of delight, swelled to lift itself to a level with us, the Spirits. Where art thou, Faust? whose voice rang to me, who pressed towards me with all his energies? Art thou he? thou, who, at the bare perception of my breath, art shivering through all the depths of life, a trembling, writhing worm?

Faust.

Shall I yield to thee, thing of flame? I am he, am Faust thy equal.

Spirit.

In the tides of life, in action's storm,
I am tossed up and down,
I drift hither and thither,
Birth and grave,
An eternal sea,
A changeful weaving,
A glowing life—

So schaff' ich am sausenden Webstuhl der Zeit
Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid.

Faust.

Der du die weite Welt umschweifst,
Geschäftiger Geist, wie nah fühl' ich mich dir!

Geist.

Du gleichst dem Geist, den du begreifst,
Nicht mir! [*Verschwindet.*]

Faust (*zusammenstürzend*).

Nicht dir?
Wem denn?
Ich, Ebenbild der Gottheit!
Und nicht einmal dir!

[*Es klopft.*]

O Tod! Ich kenn's—das ist mein Famulus—
Es wird mein schönstes Glück zu nichte!
Dasz diese Fülle der Gesichte
Der trockne Schleicher stören musz!

[WAGNER, *im Schlafrocke und der Nachtmütze, eine Lampe in der Hand.* FAUST *wendet sich unwillig.*]

Wagner.

Verzeiht! Ich hör' euch deklamiren;
Ihr las't gewisz ein griechisch Trauerspiel?
In dieser Kunst möcht' ich was profitiren;
Denn heut zu Tage wirkt das viel.
Ich hab' es öfters rühmen hören,
Ein Komödiant könnt' einen Pfarrer lehren.

Faust.

Ja, wenn der Pfarrer ein Komödiant ist;
Wie das denn wohl zu Zeiten kommen mag.

Wagner.

Ach, wenn man so in sein Museum gebannt ist

Thus I work at the whizzing loom of time,
And weave the living clothing of the Deity.

Faust.

Busy spirit, thou who sweepest round the wide world, how near I feel to thee!

Spirit.

Thou art like the Spirit whom thou dost comprehend, not like me. [*The* SPIRIT *vanishes.*]

Faust (*collapsing*).

Not thee? Whom, then? I, the image of the Deity, and not even like thee! [*A knocking at the door.*] Oh, death! I know it—that is my famulus [25]—My fairest happiness is turned to nought. That the pedantic groveller must disturb this fulness of visions!

[WAGNER *enters in his dressing-gown and night-cap, with a lamp in his hand.* FAUST *turns in displeasure.*]

Wagner.

Excuse me—I hear you declaiming; you were surely reading a Greek tragedy? I should like to improve myself in this art, for now-a-days it influences a good deal. I have often heard say, a player might instruct a preacher.

Faust.

Yes, when the preacher is a player, as may likely enough come to pass occasionally.

Wagner.

Ah! when a man is so confined to his study, and

Und sieht die Welt kaum einen Feiertag,
Kaum durch ein Fernglas, nur von weiten,
Wie soll man sie durch Ueberredung leiten?

Faust.

Wenn ihr's nicht fühlt, ihr werdet's nicht erjagen,
Wenn es nicht aus der Seele dringt
Und mit urkräftigem Behagen
Die Herzen aller Hörer zwingt.
Sitzt ihr nur immer! Leimt zusammen,
Braut ein Ragout von Andrer Schmaus
Und blast die kümmerlichen Flammen
Aus eurem Aschenhäufchen 'raus!
Bewundrung von Kindern und Affen,
Wenn euch darnach der Gaumen steht;
Doch werdet ihr nie Herz zu Herzen schaffen.
Wenn es euch nicht von Herzen geht.

Wagner.

Allein der Vortrag macht des Redners Glück;
Ich fühl' es wohl, noch bin ich weit zurück.

Faust.

Such' er den redlichen Gewinn!
Sei er kein schellenlauter Thor!
Es trägt Verstand und rechter Sinn
Mit wenig Kunst sich selber vor;
Und wenn's euch Ernst ist, was zu sagen,
Ist's nöthig, Worten nachzujagen?
Ja, eure Reden, die so blinkend sind,
In denen ihr der Menschheit Schnitzel kräuselt,
Sind unerquicklich wie der Nebelwind,
Der herbstlich durch die dürren Blätter säuselt.

Wagner.

Ach Gott! Die Kunst ist lang,
Und kurz ist unser Leben.
Mir wird bei meinem kritischen Bestreben
Doch oft um Kopf und Busen bang.
Wie schwer sind nicht die Mittel zu erwerben,

hardly sees the world of a holiday—hardly through a telescope, only from afar—how is he to lead it by persuasion?

Faust.

If you do not feel it, you will not get it by hunting for it,—if it does not gush from the soul, and subdue the hearts of all hearers with powerful delight. Sit at it for ever—glue together—cook up a hash from the feast of others, and blow the paltry flames out of your own little heap of ashes! You may gain the admiration of children and apes, if you have an appetite for it; but you will never touch the hearts of others, if it does not flow fresh from your own.

Wagner.

But it is the delivery [26] that makes the orator's success. I feel well that I am still far behind-hand.

Faust.

Seek honest gain only!—Be no fool with loud tinkling bells!—Reason and good sense are expressed with little art. And when you are seriously intent on saying something, is it necessary to hunt for words? Ay, your speeches, which are so glittering, in which ye crisp the shreds of humanity,[27] are unrefreshing as the mist-wind which rustles through the withered leaves in autumn.

Wagner.

Oh, God! art is long, and our life is short. Often indeed, during my critical studies, do I feel oppressed both in head and heart. How hard it is to obtain

Durch die man zu den Quellen steigt!
Und eh man nur den halben Weg erreicht,
Musz wohl ein armer Teufel sterben.

Faust.

Das Pergament, ist das der heil'ge Bronnen,
Woraus ein Trunk den Durst auf ewig stillt?
Erquickung hast du nicht gewonnen,
Wenn sie dir nicht aus eigner Seele quillt.

Wagner.

Verzeiht! Es ist ein grosz Ergetzen,
Sich in den Geist der Zeiten zu versetzen,
Zu schauen, wie vor uns ein weiser Mann gedacht,
Und wie wir's dann zuletzt so herrlich weit gebracht.

Faust.

O ja, bis an die Sterne weit!
Mein Freund, die Zeiten der Vergangenheit
Sind uns ein Buch mit sieben Siegeln.
Was ihr den Geist der Zeiten heiszt,
Das ist im Grund der Herren eigner Geist,
In dem die Zeiten sich bespiegeln.
Da ist's denn wahrlich oft ein Jammer!
Man läuft euch bei dem ersten Blick davon.
Ein Kehrichtfasz und eine Rumpelkammer
Und höchstens eine Haupt- und Staatsaktion
Mit trefflichen pragmatischen Maximen,
Wie sie den Puppen wohl im Munde ziemen!

Wagner.

Allein die Welt! Des Menschen Herz und Geist!
Möcht' Jeglicher doch was davon erkennen.

Faust.

Ja, was man so erkennen heiszt!
Wer darf das Kind beim rechten Namen nennen?
Die Wenigen, die was davon erkannt,
Die thöricht gnug ihr volles Herz nicht wahrten,

the means by which one mounts to the fountain-head; and before he has got half way, a poor devil must probably die!

Faust.

Is parchment the holy well, a drink from which ailays the thirst for ever? Thou hast not gained refreshment, if it gushes not from thy own soul.

Wagner.

Excuse me! It is a great pleasure to transport oneself into the spirit of the times; to see how a wise man has thought before us, and to what a glorious height we have at last carried it.

Faust.

Oh, yes, up to the very stars. My friend, the past ages are to us a book with seven seals.[28] What you term the spirit of the times is at bottom only your own spirit, in which the times are reflected. A miserable exhibition, too, it frequently is! One runs away from it at the first glance! A dust-barrel and a lumber-room!—and, at best, a heroic play,[29] with fine pragmatical saws, such as may befit the mouths of the puppets!

Wagner.

But the world! The heart and mind of man! Every one would like to know something about that.

Faust.

Ay, what is called knowing! Who dares call the child by its true name?[30] The few who have ever known anything about it, who sillily enough did not

Dem Pöbel ihr Gefühl, ihr Schauen offenbarten,
Hat man von je gekreuzigt und verbrannt.
Ich bitt' euch, Freund, es ist tief in der Nacht;
Wir müssen's diesmal unterbrechen.

Wagner.

Ich hätte gern nur immer fortgewacht,
Um so gelehrt mit euch mich zu besprechen.
Doch morgen, als am ersten Ostertage,
Erlaubt mir ein- und andre Frage!
Mit Eifer hab' ich mich der Studien beflissen;
Zwar weisz ich viel, doch möcht' ich Alles wissen. [*Ab.*]

Faust (*allein*).

Wie nur dem Kopf nicht alle Hoffnung schwindet,
Der immerfort an schalem Zeuge klebt,
Mit gier'ger Hand nach Schätzen gräbt
Und froh ist, wenn er Regenwürmer findet!

Darf eine solche Menschenstimme hier,
Wo Geisterfülle mich umgab, ertönen?
Doch ach, für diesmal dank' ich dir,
Dem ärmlichsten von allen Erdensöhnen.
Du rissest mich von der Verzweiflung los,
Die mir die Sinne schon zerstören wollte.
Ach, die Erscheinung war so riesengrosz,
Dasz ich mich recht als Zwerg empfinden sollte.

Ich, Ebenbild der Gottheit, das sich schon
Ganz nah gedünkt dem Spiegel ew'ger Wahrheit,
Sein selbst genosz in Himmelsglanz und -Klarheit
Und abgestreift den Erdensohn;
Ich, mehr als Cherub, dessen freie Kraft
Schon durch die Adern der Natur zu flieszen
Und, schaffend, Götterleben zu genieszen,
Sich ahnungsvoll vermasz, wie musz ich's büszen!
Ein Donnerwort hat mich hinweggerafft.

Nicht darf ich dir zu gleichen mich vermessen.

keep a guard over their full hearts, who revealed what they had felt and seen to the multitude,—these, time immemorial, have been crucified and burned. I beg, friend—the night is far advanced—for the present we must break off.

Wagner.

I could fain have kept waking to converse with you so learnedly. To-morrow, however, on Easter-day, permit me a question or two more. Zealously have I devoted myself to study. True, I know much; but I would fain know all. [*Exit.*]

Faust (*alone*).

How strange that all hope is not lost to this brain, which clings perseveringly to trash,—gropes with greedy hand for treasures, and exults at finding earth-worms!

Dare such a human voice sound here, where all around me teemed with spirits? Yet ah, this once I thank thee, thou poorest of all the sons of earth. Thou didst snatch me from despair, which threatened to destroy my sense. Alas! the vision was so giant-great, that I should feel like a dwarf.

I, formed in God's own image, who already thought myself near to the mirror of eternal truth; who revelled, in heaven's lustre and clearness, with the earthly part of me stripped off; I, more than cherub, whose free spirit already, in its imaginative soarings, aspired to glide through nature's veins, and, in creating, enjoy the life of gods—how must I atone for it! A thunder-word has swept me wide away.

I dare not presume to compare myself with thee. If

Hab' ich die Kraft dich anzuziehn besessen,
So hatt' ich dich zu halten keine Kraft.
In jenem sel'gen Augenblicke,
Ich fühlte mich so klein, so grosz;
Du stieszest grausam mich zurücke
Ins ungewisse Menschenloos.
Wer lehret mich? Was soll ich meiden?
Soll ich gehorchen jenem Drang?
Ach, unsre Thaten selbst, so gut als unsre Leiden,
Sie hemmen unsers Lebens Gang.

Dem Herrlichsten, was auch der Geist empfangen,
Drängt immer fremd- und fremder Stoff sich an;
Wenn wir zum Guten dieser Welt gelangen,
Dann heiszt das Bessre Trug und Wahn.
Die uns das Leben gaben, herrliche Gefühle,
Erstarren in dem irdischen Gewühle.

Wenn Phantasie sich sonst mit kühnem Flug
Und hoffnungsvoll zum Ewigen erweitert,
So ist ein kleiner Raum ihr nun genug,
Wenn Glück auf Glück im Zeitenstrudel scheitert.
Die Sorge nistet gleich im tiefen Herzen,
Dort wirket sie geheime Schmerzen,
Unruhig wiegt sie sich und störet Lust und Ruh;
Sie deckt sich stets mit neuen Masken zu,
Sie mag als Haus und Hof, als Weib und Kind erscheinen,
Als Feuer, Wasser, Dolch und Gift;
Du bebst vor Allem, was nicht trifft,
Und was du nie verlierst, das muszt du stets beweinen.

Den Göttern gleich' ich nicht! Zu tief ist es gefühlt;
Dem Wurme gleich' ich, der den Staub durchwühlt,
Den, wie er sich im Staube nährend lebt,
Des Wandrers Tritt vernichtet und begräbt.

Ist es nicht Staub, was diese hohe Wand
Aus hundert Fächern mir verenget,
Der Trödel, der mit tausendfachem Tand
In dieser Mottenwelt mich dränget?
Hier soll ich finden, was mir fehlt?

I have possessed the power to draw thee to me, I had no power to hold thee. In that blest moment, I felt so little, so great; you cruelly thrust me back upon the uncertain lot of humanity. Who will teach me? What am I to shun? Must I obey that impulse? Alas! our actions, equally with our sufferings, clog the course of our lives.

Something foreign, and more foreign, is ever clinging to the noblest conception the mind can form. When we have attained to the good of this world, what is better is termed deception and illusion. The glorious feelings which gave us life, grow torpid in the worldly bustle.[31]

If phantasy, at one time, on daring wing, and full of hope, dilated to infinity,—a little space is now enough for her, when venture after venture has been wrecked in the whirlpool of time. Care straightway nestles in the depths of the heart, hatches vague tortures there, rocks herself restlessly, and frightens joy and peace away. She is ever putting on new masks; she may appear as house and land, as wife and child, as fire, water, dagger and poison. You tremble before all that does not befall you, and must be always wailing what you never lose.

I am not like the godheads; I feel it but too deeply. I am like the worm, which drags itself through the dust,—which, as it seeks its living in the dust, is crushed and buried by the step of the passer-by.

Is it not dust all that in a hundred shelves narrows this lofty wall? The lumber which, with a thousand-fold frippery oppresses me in this moth-world? Here shall I find what I want? Am I to go on reading in

Soll ich vielleicht in tausend Büchern lesen,
Dasz überall die Menschen sich gequält,
Dasz hie und da ein Glücklicher gewesen?—
Was grinsest du mir, hohler Schädel, her,
Als dasz dein Hirn, wie meines, einst verwirret,
Den leichten Tag gesucht und in der Dämmrung schwer,
Mit Lust nach Wahrheit, jämmerlich geirret?
Ihr Instrumente freilich spottet mein
Mit Rad und Kämmen, Walz' und Bügel.
Ich stand am Thor, ihr solltet Schlüssel sein;
Zwar euer Bart ist kraus, doch hebt ihr nicht die Riegel.
Geheimniszvoll am lichten Tag,
Läszt sich Natur des Schleiers nicht berauben,
Und was sie deinem Geist nicht offenbaren mag,
Das zwingst du ihr nicht ab mit Hebeln und mit Schrauben.
Du alt Geräthe, das ich nicht gebraucht,
Du stehst nur hier, weil dich mein Vater brauchte.
Du alte Rolle, du wirst angeraucht,
So lang' an diesem Pult die trübe Lampe schmauchte.
Weit besser hätt' ich doch mein Weniges verpraszt,
Als mit dem Wenigen belastet hier zu schwitzen!
Was du ererbt von deinen Vätern hast,
Erwirb es, um es zu besitzen.
Was man nicht nützt, ist eine schwere Last;
Nur was der Augenblick erschafft, das kann er nützen.

Doch warum heftet sich mein Blick auf jene Stelle?
Ist jenes Fläschchen dort den Augen ein Magnet?
Warum wird mir auf einmal lieblich helle,
Als wenn im nächt'gen Wald uns Mondenglanz umweht?

Ich grüsze dich, du einzige Phiole!
Die ich mit Andacht nun herunterhole,
In dir verehr' ich Menschenwitz und -Kunst.

a thousand books, that men have toiled everywhere, that now and then there has been a happy one?

Thou, hollow skull, what mean'st thou by that grin? but that thy brain, like mine, once bewildered, sought the bright day, and, with an ardent longing after truth, went miserably astray in the twilight?

Ye instruments are surely mocking me, with your wheels and cogs, cylinders and bows. I stood at the gate, ye were to be the key; true, your wards are curiously twisted, but you raise not the bolt. Inscrutable at broad day, nature does not suffer herself to be robbed of her veil; and what she does not choose to reveal to thy mind, thou wilt not wrest from her by levers and screws.

Thou, antiquated lumber, which I have never used, thou art here only because my father used you. Thou, old scroll, hast been growing smoke-besmeared since the dim lamp first smouldered at this desk. Far better would it be for me to have squandered away the little I possess, than to be sweating here under the burthen of that little. What thou hast inherited from thy sires, enjoy it, in order to possess it.[32] What one does not make use of, is an oppressive burthen; what the moment brings forth, that only can it profit by.

But why are my looks fastened on that spot: is that phial there a magnet to my eyes? Why, of a sudden is all so exquisitely bright, as when in the wood at night moonlight surrounds us?

I hail thee, thou precious phial, which I now take down with reverence; in thee I honour the wit and

Du Inbegriff der holden Schlummersäfte,
Du Auszug aller tödtlich feinen Kräfte,
Erweise deinem Meister deine Gunst!
Ich sehe dich, es wird der Schmerz gelindert,
Ich fasse dich, das Streben wird gemindert,
Des Geistes Fluthstrom ebbet nach und nach.
Ins hohe Meer werd' ich hinausgewiesen,
Die Spiegelfluth erglänzt zu meinen Füszen,
Zu neuen Ufern lockt ein neuer Tag.

Ein Feuerwagen schwebt auf leichten Schwingen
An mich heran! Ich fühle mich bereit,
Auf neuer Bahn den Aether zu durchdringen
Zu neuen Sphären reiner Thätigkeit.
Dies hohe Leben, diese Götterwonne,
Du, erst noch Wurm, und die verdienest du?
Ja, kehre nur der holden Erdensonne
Entschlossen deinen Rücken zu!
Vermesse dich, die Pforten aufzureiszen,
Vor denen Jeder gern vorüberschleicht!
Hier ist es Zeit, durch Thaten zu beweisen,
Dasz Manneswürde nicht der Götterhöhe weicht,
Vor jener dunkeln Höhle nicht zu beben,
In der sich Phantasie zu eigner Qual verdammt,
Nach jenem Durchgang hinzustreben,
Um dessen engen Mund die ganze Hölle flammt,
Zu diesem Schritt sich heiter zu entschlieszen,
Und wär' es mit Gefahr, ins Nichts dahinzufliesz en.

Nun komm herab, krystallne reine Schale,
Hervor aus deinem alten Futterale,
An die ich viele Jahre nicht gedacht!
Du glänztest bei der Väter Freudenfeste,
Erheitertest die ernsten Gäste,
Wenn Einer dich dem Andern zugebracht.
Der vielen Bilder künstlich reiche Pracht,
Des Trinkers Pflicht, sie reimweis zu erklären,
Auf *einen* Zug die Höhlung auszuleeren,
Erinnert mich an manche Jugendnacht.
Ich werde jetzt dich keinem Nachbar reichen,
Ich werde meinen Witz an deiner Kunst nicht zeigen;

art of man. Thou essence of soothing soporific juices, thou concentration of all refined deadly powers, show thy favour to thy master! I see thee, and the pang is mitigated; I grasp thee, and the struggle abates; the spirit's flood-tide ebbs by degrees. I am beckoned out into the wide sea; the glassy flood glitters at my feet; another day invites to other shores.

A chariot of fire floats, on light pinions, down to me. I feel prepared to permeate the realms of space, on a new track, to new spheres of pure activity. This sublime existence, this god-like beatitude, dost thou, worm but now, dost thou merit it? Ay, only resolutely turn thy back on the lovely sun of this earth! Dare to tear open the gates which each willingly slinks by! Now is the time to show by deeds that man's dignity yields not to divine sublimity,—to quail not in presence of that dark abyss, in which phantasy damns itself to its own torments—to struggle onwards to that pass, round whose narrow mouth all Hell is flaming; calmly to resolve upon the step, even at the risk of dropping into nothingness.

Now come down, pure crystal goblet, on which I have not thought for many a year,—come forth from your old case! You glittered at my ancestors' festivities; you gladdened the grave guests, as one passed you to the other. The gorgeousness of the many artfully-wrought images,[33]—the drinker's duty to explain them in rhyme, to empty the contents at a draught,—remind me of many a night of my youth. I shall not now pass you to a neighbour: I shall not now display my wit on your

Hier ist ein Saft, der eilig trunken macht.
Mit brauner Fluth erfüllt er deine Höhle.
Den ich bereitet, den ich wähle,
Der letzte Trunk sei nun mit ganzer Seele
Als festlich hoher Grusz dem Morgen zugebracht!
[*Er setzt die Schale an den Mund.*]

Glockenklang und Chorgesang.

CHOR DER ENGEL.

Christ ist erstanden!
Freude dem Sterblichen,
Den die verderblichen,
Schleichenden, erblichen
Mängel umwanden.

Faust.

Welch tiefes Summen, welch ein heller Ton
Zieht mit Gewalt das Glas von meinem Munde?
Verkündiget ihr dumpfen Glocken schon
Des Osterfestes erste Feierstunde?
Ihr Chöre, singt ihr schon den tröstlichen Gesang,
Der einst um Grabesnacht von Engelslippen klang,
Gewiszheit einem neuen Bunde?

CHOR DER WEIBER.

Mit Spezereien
Hatten wir ihn gepflegt,
Wir, seine Treuen,
Hatten ihn hingelegt;
Tücher und Binden
Reinlich umwanden wir,
Ach, und wir finden
Christ nicht mehr hier.

devices. Here is a juice which soon intoxicates. It fills your cavity with its brown flood. Be this last draught—which I have prepared, which I choose—quaffed, with my whole soul, as a solemn festal greeting to the morn. [*He places the goblet to his mouth.*]

The ringing of bells and singing of choruses.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Joy to the mortal,
Whom the corrupting,
Creeping, hereditary
Imperfections enveloped.

Faust.

What deep humming, what clear strain, draws irresistibly the goblet from my mouth? Are ye hollow-sounding bells already proclaiming the first festal hour of Easter? Are ye choruses already singing the comforting hymn, which once, round the night of the sepulchre, pealed forth, from angel lips, assurance to a new covenant!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

With spices
Had we embalmed him;
We, his faithful ones,
Had laid him out.
Clothes and bands
Cleanlily swathed we round;
Ah! and we find
Christ no more here!

CHOR DER ENGEL.

Christ ist erstanden!
Selig der Liebende,
Der die betrübende,
Heilsam und übende
Prüfung bestanden.

Faust.

Was sucht ihr, mächtig und gelind,
Ihr Himmelstöne, mich am Staube?
Klingt dort umher, wo weiche Menschen sind.
Die Botschaft hör' ich wohl, allein mir fehlt der Glaube;
Das Wunder ist des Glaubens liebstes Kind.
Zu jenen Sphären wag' ich nicht zu streben,
Woher die holde Nachricht tönt,
Und doch, an diesen Klang von Jugend auf gewöhnt,
Ruft er auch jetzt zurück mich in das Leben.
Sonst stürzte sich der Himmelsliebe Kusz
Auf mich herab in ernster Sabbathstille;
Da klang so ahnungsvoll des Glockentones Fülle,
Und ein Gebet war brünstiger Genusz;
Ein unbegreiflich holdes Sehnen
Trieb mich, durch Wald und Wiesen hinzugehn,
Und unter tausend heiszen Thränen
Fühlt' ich mir eine Welt entstehn.
Dies Lied verkündete der Jugend muntre Spiele,
Der Frühlingsfeier freies Glück;
Erinnrung hält mich nun mit kindlichem Gefühle
Vom letzten, ernsten Schritt zurück.
O tönet fort, ihr süszen Himmelslieder!
Die Thräne quillt, die Erde hat mich wieder!

CHOR DER JÜNGER.

Hat der Begrabene
Schon sich nach oben,
Lebend Erhabene,
Herrlich erhoben;
Ist er in Werdelust
Schaffender Freude nah

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen !
Happy the loving one,
Who the afflicting,
Wholesome and chastening
Trial has stood !

Faust.

Why, ye heavenly tones, subduing and soft, do you seek me out in the dust? Peal out, where tender men are to be found! I hear the message, but want faith. Miracle is the pet child of faith. I dare not aspire to those spheres from whence the glad tidings sound; and yet, accustomed to this sound from infancy, it even now calls me back to life. In other days, the kiss of heavenly love descended upon me in the solemn stillness of the Sabbath; then the full-toned bell sounded so fraught with mystic meaning, and a prayer was intense enjoyment. A longing, inconceivably sweet, drove me forth to wander over wood and plain, and amidst a thousand burning tears, I felt a world arise for me. This anthem harbingered the gay sports of youth, the unchecked happiness of spring festivity. Recollection now holds me back,[34] with childlike feeling, from the last decisive step. Oh! sound on, ye sweet heavenly strains! The tear is flowing, earth has me again.

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

Whilst the Buried One,
Who was sublime in his life,
Has already on high
Gloriously raised himself !
Whilst he is, in reviving bliss,[35]
Near to creative joy.

Ach, an der Erde Brust
Sind wir zum Leide da.
Liesz er die Seinen
Schmachtend uns hier zurück;
Ach, wir beweinen,
Meister, dein Glück!

CHOR DER ENGEL.

Christ ist erstanden
Aus der Verwesung Schoosz!
Reiszet von Banden
Freudig euch los!
Thätig ihn Preisenden,
Liebe Beweisenden,
Brüderlich Speisenden,
Predigend Reisenden,
Wonne Verheiszenden,
Euch ist der Meister nah,
Euch ist er da!

Ah ! on earth's bosom
Are we for suffering here !
He left us, his own,
Languishing here below !
Alas ! we weep over,
Master, thy happy lot !

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen
Out of corruption's lap.
Joyfully tear yourselves
Loose from your bonds !
Ye, in deeds giving praise to him,
Love manifesting,
Breaking bread brethren-like,
Travelling and preaching him
Bliss promising—
You is the master nigh,
For you is he here !

VOR DEM THOR.

Spaziergänger aller Art ziehen hinaus.

Einige Handwerksbursche.

WARUM denn dort hinaus?

Andre.

Wir gehn hinaus aufs Jägerhaus.

Die Ersten.

Wir aber wollen nach der Mühle wandern.

Ein Handwerksbursch.

Ich rath' euch, nach dem Wasserhof zu gehn.

Zweiter.

Der Weg dahin ist gar nicht schön.

Die Zweiten.

Was thust denn du?

Ein Dritter.

Ich gehe mit den Andern.

Vierter.

Nach Burgdorf kommt herauf! Gewisz, dort findet ihr
Die schönsten Mädchen und das beste Bier
Und Händel von der ersten Sorte.

Fünfter.

Du überlustiger Gesell,
Juckt dich zum dritten Mal das Fell?
Ich mag nicht hin, mir graut es vor dem Orte.

BEFORE THE GATE.

Promenaders of all kinds pass out.

Some Mechanics.

WHY that way?

Others.

We are going up to the Jägerhaus.

The Former.

But we are going to the mill.

A Mechanic.

I advise you to go to the Wasserhof.

A Second.

The road is not at all pleasant.

The Others.

And what will you do then?

A Third.

I am going with the others.

A Fourth.

Come up to Burghdorf; you are there sure of finding the prettiest girls and the best beer, and rows of the first order.

A Fifth.

You wild fellow, is your skin itching for the third time? I don't like going there; I have a horror of the place.

Dienstmädchen.
Nein, nein, ich gehe nach der Stadt zurück.

Andre.
Wir finden ihn gewisz bei jenen Pappeln stehen.

Erste.
Das ist für mich kein groszes Glück;
Er wird an deiner Seite gehen,
Mit dir nur tanzt er auf dem Plan.
Was gehn mich deine Freuden an!

Andre.
Heut ist er sicher nicht allein;
Der Krauskopf, sagt er, würde bei ihm sein.

Schüler.
Blitz, wie die wackern Dirnen schreiten!
Herr Bruder, komm, wir müssen sie begleiten.
Ein starkes Bier, ein beizender Toback
Und eine Magd im Putz, das ist nun mein Geschmack.

Bürgermädchen.
Da sieh mir nur die schönen Knaben!
Es ist wahrhaftig eine Schmach;
Gesellschaft könnten sie die allerbeste haben
Und laufen diesen Mägden nach!

Zweiter Schüler (zum ersten).
Nicht so geschwind! Dort hinten kommen zwei,
Sie sind gar niedlich angezogen,
's ist meine Nachbarin dabei;
Ich bin dem Mädchen sehr gewogen.
Sie gehen ihren stillen Schritt
Und nehmen uns doch auch am Ende mit.

Erster.
Herr Bruder, nein! Ich bin nicht gern genirt.

Servant-Girl.

No, no, I shall return to the town.

Another.

We shall find him to a certainty by those poplars.

The First.

That is no great gain for me. He will walk by your side. With you alone does he dance upon the green. What have I to do with your pleasures?

The Second.

He is sure not to be alone to-day. The curly-head, he said, would be with him.

Student.

Zounds! how the buxom wenches step out; come along, brother, we must go with them. Strong beer, stinging tobacco, and a servant-girl in full trim,—that now is my taste.

Citizen's Daughter.

Now do but look at those fine lads! It is really a shame. They might have the best of company, and are running after these servant-girls.

Second Student to the First.

Not so fast! There are two coming up behind; they are trimly dressed out. One of them is my neighbour; I have a great liking for the girl. They are walking in their quiet way, and yet will suffer us to join them in the end.

The First.

No, brother. I do not like to be under restraint.

Geschwind, dasz wir das Wildpret nicht verlieren!
Die Hand, die Samstags ihren Besen führt,
Wird Sonntags dich am Besten karessiren.

Bürger.

Nein, er gefällt mir nicht, der neue Burgemeister!
Nun, da er's ist, wird er nur täglich dreister.
Und für die Stadt, was thut denn er?
Wird es nicht alle Tage schlimmer?
Gehorchen soll man mehr als immer
Und zahlen mehr als je vorher.

Bettler (singt).

Ihr guten Herr'n, ihr schönen Frauen,
So wohlgeputzt und backenroth,
Belieb' es euch, mich anzuschauen,
Und seht und mildert meine Noth!
Laszt hier mich nicht vergebens leiern!
Nur der ist froh, der geben mag.
Ein Tag, den alle Menschen feiern,
Er sei für mich ein Erntetag.

Andrer Bürger.

Nichts Bessers weisz ich mir an Sonn- und Feiertagen
Als ein Gespräch von Krieg und Kriegsgeschrei,
Wenn hinten, weit, in der Türkei
Die Völker auf einander schlagen.
Man steht am Fenster, trinkt sein Gläschen aus
Und sieht den Flusz hinab die bunten Schiffe gleiten;
Dann kehrt man Abends froh nach Haus
Und segnet Fried' und Friedenszeiten.

Dritter Bürger.

Herr Nachbar, ja, so lass' ich's auch geschehn:
Sie mögen sich die Köpfe spalten,
Mag Alles durch einander gehn,
Doch nur zu Hause bleib's beim Alten.

Alte (zu den Bürgermädchen).

Ei! Wie geputzt! Das schöne junge Blut!

Quick, lest we lose the game. The hand that wields the broom on Saturdays, will fondle you best on Sundays.

Burgher.

No, the new Burgomaster is not to my taste; now that he has become so, he is daily getting bolder; and what is he doing for the town? Is it not growing worse every day? One is obliged to submit to more restraints than ever, and pay more than in any time before.

Beggar (*sings*).

Ye good gentlemen, ye lovely ladies, so trimly dressed and rosy cheeked, be pleased to look upon me, to regard and relieve my wants. Do not suffer me to sing here in vain. The free-handed only is light-hearted. Be the day, which is a holiday to all, a harvest-day to me.

Another Burgher.

I know nothing better on Sundays and holidays than a chat of war and war's alarms, when people are fighting far away in Turkey. A man stands at the window, drinks a glass, and sees the painted vessels glide down the river; then returns home glad at heart at eve, and blesses peace and times of peace.

Third Burgher.

Ay, neighbour, I have no objection to that; they may break one another's heads, and turn everything topsy-turvy, for aught I care; only let things at home remain as they are.

An Old Woman to the Citizens' Daughters.

Heyday! How smart! the pretty young creatures.

Wer soll sich nicht in euch vergaffen?—
Nur nicht so stolz! Es ist schon gut!
Und was ihr wünscht, das wüszt' ich wohl zu schaffen.

Bürgermädchen.

Agathe, fort! Ich nehme mich in Acht,
Mit solchen Hexen öffentlich zu gehen;
Sie liesz mich zwar in Sankt Andreas' Nacht
Den künft'gen Liebsten leiblich sehen—

Die Andre.

Mir zeigte sie ihn im Krystall,
Soldatenhaft mit mehreren Verwegnen;
Ich seh' mich um, ich such' ihn überall,
Allein mir will er nicht begegnen.

Soldaten.

Burgen mit hohen
Mauern und Zinnen,
Mädchen mit stolzen,
Höhnenden Sinnen
Möcht' ich gewinnen!
Kühn ist das Mühen,
Herrlich der Lohn!

Und die Trompete
Lassen wir werben,
Wie zu der Freude,
So zum Verderben.
Das ist ein Stürmen!
Das ist ein Leben!

Mädchen und Burgen
Müssen sich geben.
Kühn ist das Mühen,

Who would not be smitten with you? Only not so proud! it is all very well; and what you wish I could undertake to get you.

Citizen's Daughter.

Come along, Agatha. I take care not to be seen with such witches in public; true, on Saint Andrew's eve, she showed me my future sweetheart in flesh and blood.[36]

The Other.

She showed me mine in the crystal, soldierlike, with other bold fellows; I look around, I seek him everywhere, but I can never meet with him.

Soldier.

Towns with lofty
Walls and battlements,
Maidens with proud
Scornful thoughts,
I fain would win.
Bold the adventure,
Noble the reward.

And the trumpets
Are our summoners
As to joy
So to death.
That is a storming,
That is a life for you!

Maidens and towns
Must surrender.
Bold the adventure,

Herrlich der Lohn!
Und die Soldaten
Ziehen davon.

FAUST *und* WAGNER.

Faust.

Vom Eise befreit sind Strom und Bäche
Durch des Frühlings holden, belebenden Blick,
Im Thale grünet Hoffnungsglück;
Der alte Winter in seiner Schwäche
Zog sich in rauhe Berge zurück.
Von dorther sendet er fliehend nur
Ohnmächtige Schauer körnigen Eises
In Streifen über die grünende Flur.
Aber die Sonne duldet kein Weiszes,
Ueberall regt sich Bildung und Streben,
Alles will sie mit Farben beleben;
Doch an Blumen fehlt's im Revier,
Sie nimmt geputzte Menschen dafür.
Kehre dich um, von diesen Höhen
Nach der Stadt zurück zu sehen.
Aus dem hohlen, finstern Thor
Dringt ein buntes Gewimmel hervor.
Jeder sonnt sich heute so gern.
Sie feiern die Auferstehung des Herrn,
Denn sie sind selber auferstanden;
Aus niedriger Häuser dumpfen Gemächern,
Aus Handwerks- und Gewerbesbanden,
Aus dem Druck von Giebeln und Dächern,
Aus der Straszen quetschender Enge,
Aus der Kirchen ehrwürdiger Nacht
Sind sie Alle ans Licht gebracht.
Sieh nur, sieh, wie behend sich die Menge
Durch die Gärten und Felder zerschlägt,
Wie der Flusz in Breit' und Länge
So manchen lustigen Nachen bewegt,
Und, bis zum Sinken überladen,
Entfernt sich dieser letzte Kahn.
Selbst von des Berges fernen Pfaden

Noble the reward—
And the soldiers
Are off.

FAUST *and* WAGNER.

Faust.

River and rivulet are freed from ice[37] by the gay quickening glance of spring; the joys of hope are budding in the dale; old winter, in his weakness, has retreated to the bleak mountains. From thence he sends, in his flight, nothing but impotent showers of hail, in belts, over the green-growing meadows. But the Sun endures no white. Production and growth are everywhere stirring; he wants to enliven everything with colours; the landscape wants flowers, he takes gaily-dressed men and women instead. Turn and look back from this rising ground upon the town. Forth from the gloomy portal presses a motley crowd. Every one suns himself so willingly to-day. They celebrate the rising of the Lord, for they themselves have arisen; —from the damp rooms of mean houses, from the bondage of trade and industry, from the confinement of gables and roofs, from the stifling narrowness of streets, from the venerable gloom of churches, are they all raised up to the open light of day. But look, look! how quickly the mass scatters itself through the gardens and fields; how the river, in breadth and length, tosses many a merry bark upon its surface, and how this last boat, overladen almost to sinking, moves off. Even from the farthest paths of the mountain, gay-coloured

Blinken uns farbige Kleider an.
Ich höre schon des Dorfs Getümmel,
Hier ist des Volkes wahrer Himmel,
Zufrieden jauchzet Grosz und Klein:
Hier bin ich Mensch, hier darf ich's sein.

Wagner.

Mit euch, Herr Doktor, zu spazieren,
Ist ehrenvoll und ist Gewinn;
Doch würd' ich nicht allein mich her verlieren,
Weil ich ein Feind von allem Rohen bin.
Das Fiedeln, Schreien, Kegelschieben
Ist mir ein gar verhaszter Klang;
Sie toben, wie vom bösen Geist getrieben,
Und nennen's Freude, nennen's Gesang.

BAUERN UNTER DER LINDE.

TANZ UND GESANG.

Der Schäfer putzte sich zum Tanz
Mit bunter Jacke, Band und Kranz,
Schmuck war er angezogen.
Schon um die Linde war es voll,
Und Alles tanzte schon wie toll.
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
So ging der Fiedelbogen.

Er drückte hastig sich heran;
Da stiesz er an ein Mädchen an
Mit seinem Ellenbogen.
Die frische Dirne kehrt sich um
Und sagte: Nun, das find' ich dumm.
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Seid nicht so ungezogen!

Doch hurtig in dem Kreise ging's;
Sie tanzten rechts, sie tanzten links,
Und alle Röcke flogen.

dresses glance upon us. I hear already the bustle of the village; here is the true heaven of the multitude; big and little are huzzaing joyously. Here, I am a man —here, I may be one.

Wagner.

To walk with you, Sir Doctor, is honour and profit; but I would not lose myself here alone, because I am an enemy to coarseness of every sort. This fiddling, shouting, skittle-playing, are sounds thoroughly detestable to me. People run riot as if the devil was driving them, and call it merriment, call it singing.

RUSTICS UNDER THE LIME-TREE.

DANCE AND SONG.

The shepherd dressed himself out for the dance,
With party-coloured jacket, ribbon and garland,
Smartly was he dressed!
The ring round the lime-tree was already full,
And all were dancing like mad.
Huzza! Huzza!
Tira-lira-hara-la!
Merrily went the fiddle-stick.

He pressed eagerly in,
Gave a maiden a push
With his elbow:
The buxom girl turned round
And said—Now that I call stupid.
Huzza! Huzza!
Tira-lira-hara-la!
Don't be so ill-bred.

Yet nimbly sped it in the ring;
They turned right, they turned left,
And all the petticoats were flying.

Sie wurden roth, sie wurden warm
Und ruhten athmend Arm in Arm.
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Und Hüft' an Ellenbogen.

Und thu mir doch nicht so vertraut!
Wie Mancher hat nicht seine Braut
Belogen und betrogen!
Er schmeichelte sie doch bei Seit',
Und von der Linde scholl es weit:
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Geschrei und Fiedelbogen.

Alter Bauer.

Herr Doktor, das ist schön von euch,
Dasz ihr uns heute nicht verschmäht
Und unter dieses Volksgedräng'
Als ein so hochgelahrter geht.
So nehmet auch den schönsten Krug,
Den wir mit frischem Trunk gefüllt.
Ich bring' ihn zu und wünsche laut,
Dasz er nicht nur den Durst euch stillt:
Die Zahl der Tropfen, die er hegt,
Sei euren Tagen zugelegt!

Faust.

Ich nehme den Erquickungstrank,
Erwidr' euch Allen Heil und Dank.

[*Das Volk sammelt sich in Kreis umher.*]

Alter Bauer.

Fürwahr, es ist sehr wohl gethan,
Dasz ihr am frohen Tag erscheint;
Habt ihr es vormals doch mit uns
An bösen Tagen gut gemeint!
Gar Mancher steht lebendig hier,
Den euer Vater noch zuletzt
Der heiszen Fieberwuth entrisz,
Als er der Seuche Ziel gesetzt.
Auch damals ihr, ein junger Mann,

They grew red, they grew warm,
And rested panting arm-in-arm,
Huzza! Huzza!
Tira-lira-hara-la!
And elbow on hip.

Have done now! Don't be so familiar!
How many a man has cajoled and
Deceived his betrothed.
But he coaxed her aside,
And far and wide echoed from the lime-tree
Huzza! Huzza!
Tira-lira-hara-la!
Shouts and fiddle-sticks.

Old Peasant.

Doctor, this is really good of you, not to scorn us to-day, and great scholar as you are, to mingle in this crowd. Take then the fairest jug, which we have filled with fresh liquor. I pledge you in it, and pray aloud that it may not only quench your thirst—may the number of drops which it holds be added to your days!

Faust.

I accept the refreshing draught, and wish you all health and happiness in return.

[*The people collect round him.*]

Old Peasant.

Of a surety it is well done of you, to appear on this glad day; you who have been heretofore our friend in evil days. Many a one stands here alive whom your father tore from the hot fever's rage, when he stayed the pestilence. You too, at that time a young man,

Ihr gingt in jedes Krankenhaus;
Gar manche Leiche trug man fort,
Ihr aber kamt gesund heraus,
Bestandet manche harte Proben;
Dem Helfer half der Helfer droben.

Alle.

Gesundheit dem bewährten Mann,
Dasz er noch lange helfen kann!

Faust.

Vor Jenem droben steht gebückt,
Der helfen lehrt und Hülfe schickt!

[*Er geht mit* WAGNERN *weiter.*]

Wagner.

Welch ein Gefühl muszt du, o groszer Mann,
Bei der Verehrung dieser Menge haben!
O glücklich, wer von seinen Gaben
Solch einen Vortheil ziehen kann!
Der Vater zeigt dich seinem Knaben,
Ein Jeder fragt und drängt und eilt,
Die Fiedel stockt, der Tänzer weilt.
Du gehst, in Reihen stehen sie,
Die Mützen fliegen in die Höh,
Und wenig fehlt, so beugten sich die Knie,
Als käm' das Venerabile.

Faust.

Nur wenig Schritte noch hinauf zu jenem Stein!
Hier wollen wir von unsrer Wandrung rasten.
Hier sasz ich oft gedankenvoll allein
Und quälte mich mit Beten und mit Fasten.
An Hoffnung reich, im Glauben fest,
Mit Thränen, Seufzen, Händeringen
Dacht' ich das Ende jener Pest
Vom Herrn des Himmels zu erzwingen.
Der Menge Beifall tönt mir nun wie Hohn.
O, könntest du in meinem Innern lesen,
Wie wenig Vater und Sohn
Solch eines Ruhmes werth gewesen!

went into every sick house; many a dead body was borne forth, but you came out safe, you endured many a sore trial; the helper was helped by the Helper above.

All.

Health to the trusty man—may he long have the power to help!

Faust.

Bend before Him on high, who teaches how to help, and sends help. [*He proceeds with* WAGNER.]

Wagner.

What a feeling, great man, must you experience at the honours paid you by this multitude. Oh, happy he who can turn his gifts to so good an account. The father points you out to his boy; all ask, and press, and hurry round; the fiddle stops, the dancer pauses. As you go by, they range themselves in rows, caps fly into the air, and they all but bend the knee as if the Host were passing.

Faust.

Only a few steps further, up to that stone yonder! Here we will rest from our walk. Here many a time have I sat, thoughtful and solitary, and mortified myself with prayer and fasting. Rich in hope, firm in faith, I thought to extort the stoppage of that pestilence from the Lord of Heaven, with tears, and sighs, and wringing of hands. The applause of the multitude now sounds to me like derision. Oh! couldst thou read in my inmost soul, how little father and son have merited such

Mein Vater war ein dunkler Ehrenmann,
Der über die Natur und ihre heil'gen Kreise
In Redlichkeit, jedoch auf seine Weise,
Mit grillenhafter Mühe sann;
Der in Gesellschaft von Adepten
Sich in die schwarze Küche schlosz
Und nach unendlichen Rezepten
Das Widrige zusammengosz.
Da ward ein rother Leu, ein kühner Freier,
Im lauen Bad der Lilie vermählt,
Und beide dann mit offnem Flammenfeuer
Aus *einem* Brautgemach ins andere gequält.
Erschien darauf mit bunten Farben
Die junge Königin im Glas,
Hier war die Arzenei, die Patienten starben,
Und Niemand fragte, wer genas.
So haben wir mit höllischen Latwergen
In diesen Thälern, diesen Bergen
Weit schlimmer als die Pest getobt.
Ich habe selbst den Gift an Tausende gegeben;
Sie welkten hin, ich musz erleben,
Dasz man die frechen Mörder lobt.

Wagner.

Wie könnt ihr euch darum betrüben!
Thut nicht ein braver Mann genug,
Die Kunst, die man ihm übertrug,
Gewissenhaft und pünktlich auszuüben?
Wenn du als Jüngling deinen Vater ehrst,
So wirst du gern von ihm empfangen;
Wenn du als Mann die Wissenschaft vermehrst,
So kann dein Sohn zu höh'rem Ziel gelangen.

Faust.

O glücklich, wer noch hoffen kann,
Aus diesem Meer des Irrthums aufzutauchen!
Was man nicht weisz, das eben brauchte man,
Und was man weisz, kann man nicht brauchen.
Doch lasz uns dieser Stunde schönes Gut
Durch solchen Trübsinn nicht verkümmern!

an honour! My father was a worthy, obscure man, who, honestly but in his own way, meditated, with whimsical application, on nature and her hallowed circles; who, in the company of adepts, shut himself up in the dark kitchen,[38] and fused contraries together after numberless recipes. There was a red lion, a bold lover, married to the lily in the tepid bath, and then both, with open flame, tortured from one bridal chamber to another. If the young queen, with varied hues, then appeared in the glass—this was the physic; the patients died, and no one inquired who recovered.[39] Thus did we, with hellish electuaries, rage in these vales and mountains far worse than the pestilence. I myself have given the poison to thousands; they pined away, and I must now live to hear the reckless murderers praised!

Wagner.

How can you make yourself uneasy on that account? Is it not enough for a good man to practise conscientiously and scrupulously the art that has been handed over to him? If, in youth, you honour your father, you will willingly learn from him: if, in manhood, you extend the bounds of knowledge, your son may mount still higher than you.

Faust.

Oh, happy he, who can still hope to emerge from this sea of error! That which we know not is just what we require, and what we know is of no use. But let us not embitter the blessing of this hour by such

Betrachte, wie in Abendsonnegluth
Die grünumgebnen Hütten schimmern.
Sie rückt und weicht, der Tag ist überlebt,
Dort eilt sie hin und fördert neues Leben.
O, dasz kein Flügel mich vom Boden hebt,
Ihr nach und immer nach zu streben!
Ich säh' im ewigen Abendstrahl
Die stille Welt zu meinen Füszen,
Entzündet alle Höhn, beruhigt jedes Thal,
Den Silberbach in goldne Ströme fliesen.
Nicht hemmte dann den göttergleichen Lauf
Der wilde Berg mit allen seinen Schluchten;
Schon thut das Meer sich mit erwärmten Buchten
Vor den erstaunten Augen auf.
Doch scheint die Göttin endlich wegzusinken;
Allein der neue Trieb erwacht,
Ich eile fort, ihr ew'ges Licht zu trinken,
Vor mir den Tag und hinter mir die Nacht,
Den Himmel über mir und unter mir die Wellen.
Ein schöner Traum, indessen sie entweicht!
Ach, zu des Geistes Flügeln wird so leicht
Kein körperlicher Flügel sich gesellen.
Doch ist es Jedem eingeboren,
Dasz sein Gefühl hinauf und vorwärts dringt,
Wenn über uns, im blauen Raum verloren,
Ihr schmetternd Lied die Lerche singt,
Wenn über schroffen Fichtenhöhen
Der Adler ausgebreitet schwebt,
Und über Flächen, über Seen
Der Kranich nach der Heimath strebt.

Wagner.

Ich hatte selbst oft grillenhafte Stunden,
Doch solchen Trieb hab' ich noch nie empfunden.
Man sieht sich leicht an Wald und Feldern satt,
Des Vogels Fittig werd' ich nie beneiden.
Wie anders tragen uns die Geistesfreuden
Von Buch zu Buch, von Blatt zu Blatt!
Da werden Winternächte hold und schön,
Ein selig Leben wärmet alle Glieder,

melancholy reflections. See, how the green-girt cottages shimmer in the setting Sun! He bends and sinks—the day is done. Yonder he hurries off, and quickens other life. Oh! that I have no wing to lift me from the ground, to struggle after, for ever after, him! I should see, in everlasting evening beams, the stilly world at my feet,—every height on fire,—every vale in repose,—the silver brook flowing into golden streams.[40] The rugged mountain, with all its dark defiles, would not then break my godlike course.—Already the sea, with its heated bays, opens on my enraptured sight. Yet the god seems at last to sink away. But the new impulse wakes. I hurry on to drink his everlasting light,—the day before me and the night behind,[41]—the heavens above, and under me the waves.—A glorious dream, but he vanishes. Alas! no bodily wing will so easily be joined to the wings of the mind.[42] Yet it is the inborn tendency of our being that our feelings strive upwards and onwards; when, over us, lost in the blue expanse, the lark sings its trilling lay; when, over rugged pine-covered heights, the outspread eagle soars; and over marsh and sea, the crane struggles onwards to her home.[43]

Wagner.

I myself have often had my whimsical moments, but I never yet experienced an impulse of the kind. One soon looks one's fill of woods and fields. I shall never envy the wings of the bird. How differently the pleasures of the mind bear us, from book to book, from page to page. With them, winter nights become cheerful and bright, a happy life warms every limb, and,

Und, ach, entrollst du gar ein würdig Pergamen,
So steigt der ganze Himmel zu dir nieder.

Faust.

Du bist dir nur des *einen* Triebs bewuszt;
O, lerne nie den andern kennen!
Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach, in meiner Brust,
Die eine will sich von der andern trennen;
Die eine hält in derber Liebeslust
Sich an die Welt mit klammernden Organen;
Die andre hebt gewaltsam sich vom Dust
Zu den Gefilden hoher Ahnen.
O, giebt es Geister in der Luft,
Die zwischen Erd' und Himmel herrschend weben,
So steiget nieder aus dem goldnen Duft
Und führt mich weg zu neuem, buntem Leben!
Ja, wäre nur ein Zaubermantel mein
Und trüg' er mich in fremde Länder,
Mir sollt' er um die köstlichsten Gewänder,
Nicht feil um einen Königsmantel sein.

Wagner.

Berufe nicht die wohlbekannte Schaar,
Die strömend sich im Dunstkreis überbreitet,
Dem Menschen tausendfältige Gefahr
Von allen Enden her bereitet.
Von Norden dringt der scharfe Geisterzahn
Auf dich herbei mit pfeilgespitzten Zungen;
Von Morgen ziehn vertrocknend sie heran
Und nähren sich von deinen Lungen;
Wenn sie der Mittag aus der Wüste schickt,
Die Gluth auf Gluth um deinen Scheitel häufen,
So bringt der West den Schwarm, der erst erquickt,
Um dich und Feld und Aue zu ersäufen.
Sie hören gern, zum Schaden froh gewandt,
Gehorchen gern, weil sie uns gern betrügen;
Sie stellen wie vom Himmel sich gesandt
Und lispeln englisch, wenn sie lügen.
Doch gehen wir! Ergraut ist schon die Welt,

ah! when you unroll a venerable parchment, all heaven descends to you.

Faust.

Thou art conscious only of one impulse. Oh, never become acquainted with the other! Two souls, alas! dwell in my breast:[44] the one would fain separate itself from the other. The one with sensuous love clings to the world with tenacious organs: the other lifts itself energetically from the mist to the realms of an exalted ancestry.[45] Oh! if there be spirits in the air, which hover ruling 'twixt earth and heaven, descend ye, from your golden atmosphere, and lead me off to a new varied life. Ay, were but a magic mantle mine, and could it bear me into foreign lands, I would not part with it for the costliest garments—not for a king's mantle.

Wagner.

Invoke not the well-known troop,[46] which diffuses itself, streaming, through the atmosphere, and prepares danger in a thousand forms, from every quarter, to man. The sharp-fanged spirits, with arrowy tongues, press upon you from the north; from the east, they come parching, and feed upon your lungs. If the south sends from the desert those which heap fire after fire upon thy brain, the west brings the swarm which only refreshes, to drown fields, meadows, and yourself. They readily listen, ever keenly alive for mischief: they obey with pleasure, because they take pleasure to delude; they feign to be sent from heaven, and lisp like angels when they lie. But let us be going; the earth is

Die Luft gekühlt, der Nebel fällt!
Am Abend schätzt man erst das Haus.—
Was stehst du so und blickst erstaunt hinaus?
Was kann dich in der Dämmrung so ergreifen?

Faust.

Siehst du den schwarzen Hund durch Saat und Stoppel streifen?

Wagner.

Ich sah ihn lange schon; nicht wichtig schien er mir.

Faust.

Betracht ihn recht! Für was hältst du das Thier?

Wagner.

Für einen Pudel, der auf seine Weise
Sich auf der Spur des Herren plagt.

Faust.

Bemerkst du, wie in weitem Schneckenkreise
Er um uns her und immer näher jagt?
Und irr' ich nicht, so zieht ein Feuerstrudel
Auf seinen Pfaden hinterdrein.

Wagner.

Ich sehe nichts als einen schwarzen Pudel;
Es mag bei euch wohl Augentäuschung sein.

Faust.

Mir scheint es, dasz er magisch leise Schlingen
Zu künft'gem Band um unsre Füsze zieht.

Wagner.

Ich seh' ihn ungewisz und furchtsam uns umspringen,
Weil er statt seines Herrn zwei Unbekannte sieht.

already grown grey, the air is chill, the mist is falling; it is only in the evening that we set a proper value on our homes. Why do you stand still, and gaze with astonishment thus? What can thus fix your attention in the gloaming?

Faust.

Seest thou the black dog ranging through the corn and stubble?

Wagner.

I saw him long ago; he did not strike me as anything particular.

Faust.

Mark him well! For what do you take the brute?

Wagner.

For a poodle, who, in his way, is puzzling out the track of his master.

Faust.

Dost thou mark how, in wide spiral circles, he courses round and ever nearer us? And, if I err not, a line of fire follows upon his track.[47]

Wagner.

I see nothing but a black poodle; you may be deceived by some optical illusion.

Faust.

It appears to me, that he is drawing light magical nooses, to form a toil around our feet.

Wagner.

I see him bounding hesitatingly and shyly around us, because, instead of his master, he sees two strangers.

Faust.

Der Kreis wird eng; schon ist er nah!

Wagner.

Du siehst, ein Hund, und kein Gespenst ist da.
Er knurrt und zweifelt, legt sich auf den Bauch,
Er wedelt. Alles Hundebrauch.

Faust.

Geselle dich zu uns! Komm hier!

Wagner.

Es ist ein pudelnärrisch Thier.
Du stehest still, er wartet auf;
Du sprichst ihn an, er strebt an dir hinauf;
Verliere was, er wird es bringen,
Nach deinem Stock ins Wasser springen.

Faust.

Du hast wohl Recht; ich finde nicht die Spur
Von einem Geist, und Alles ist Dressur.

Wagner.

Dem Hunde, wenn er gut gezogen,
Wird selbst ein weiser Mann gewogen.
Ja, deine Gunst verdient er ganz und gar,
Er, der Studenten trefflicher Scolar.

[*Sie gehen in das Stadtthor.*]

Faust.

The circle grows narrow; he is already close.

Wagner.

You see, it is a dog, and no phantom. He growls and hesitates, crouches on his belly and wags with his tail—all as dogs are wont to do.

Faust.

Come to us!—Hither!

Wagner.

It's a droll creature of a dog. Stand still, and he will sit on his hind legs; speak to him, and he will jump upon you; lose aught, and he will fetch it to you, and jump into the water for your stick.

Faust.

I believe you are right; I find no trace of a spirit, and all is training.

Wagner.

Even a wise man may become attached to a dog when he is well brought up. Ay, he richly deserves all your favour,—he, the apt pupil of the students.

[*They enter the gate of the town.*]

STUDIRZIMMER.

FAUST (*mit dem Pudel hereintretend*).

VERLASSEN hab' ich Feld und Auen,
Die eine tiefe Nacht bedeckt,
Mit ahnungsvollem, heil'gem Grauen
In uns die bessre Seele weckt.
Entschlafen sind nun wilde Triebe
Mit jedem ungestümen Thun;
Es reget sich die Menschenliebe,
Die Liebe Gottes regt sich nun.

Sei ruhig, Pudel! Renne nicht hin und wieder!
An der Schwelle was schnoperst du hier?
Lege dich hinter den Ofen nieder!
Mein bestes Kissen geb' ich dir.
Wie du drauszen auf dem bergigen Wege
Durch Rennen und Springen ergötzt uns hast,
So nimm nun auch von mir die Pflege
Als ein willkommner stiller Gast.

Ach, wenn in unsrer engen Zelle
Die Lampe freundlich wieder brennt,
Dann wird's in unserm Busen helle,
Im Herzen, das sich selber kennt.
Vernunft fängt wieder an zu sprechen
Und Hoffnung wieder an zu blühn;
Man sehnt sich nach des Lebens Bächen,
Ach, nach des Lebens Quelle hin.

Knurre nicht, Pudel! Zu den heiligen Tönen,
Die jetzt meine ganze Seel' umfassen,
Will der thierische Laut nicht passen.

FAUST'S STUDY.

FAUST *entering with the Poodle.*

I HAVE left plain and meadow veiled in deep night, which wakes the better soul within us with a holy feeling of foreboding awe. Wild desires are now sunk in sleep, with every deed of violence: the love of man is stirring—the love of God is stirring now.

Be quiet, poodle! Run not hither and thither. Why are you snuffling at the threshold? Lie down behind the stove; there is my best cushion for you. As without, upon the mountain path, you amused us by running and gambolling, so now receive my kindness as a welcome quiet guest.

Ah! when the friendly lamp is again burning in our narrow cell, then all becomes clear in our bosom,—in the heart that knows itself. Reason begins to speak, and hope to bloom, again; we yearn for the streams, ay, for the fountain, of life.

Growl not, poodle! The brutish sound ill harmonizes with the hallowed tones which now possess my whole

Wir sind gewohnt, dasz die Menschen verhöhnen,
Was sie nicht verstehn, dasz sie vor dem Guten
und Schönen,
Das ihnen oft beschwerlich ist, murren;
Will es der Hund wie sie beknurren?

Aber ach, schon fühl' ich bei dem besten Willen
Befriedigung nicht mehr aus dem Busen quillen.
Aber warum musz der Strom so bald versiegen,
Und wir wieder im Durste liegen?
Davon hab' ich so viel Erfahrung.
Doch dieser Mangel läszt sich ersetzen,
Wir lernen das Ueberirdische schätzen,
Wir sehnen uns nach Offenbarung,
Die nirgends würd'ger und schöner brennt
Als in dem Neuen Testament.
Mich drängt's, den Grundtext aufzuschlagen,
Mit redlichem Gefühl einmal
Das heilige Original
In mein geliebtes Deutsch zu übertragen.
[*Er schlägt ein Volum auf und schickt sich an.*]
Geschrieben steht: Im Anfang war das *Wort!*
Hier stock' ich schon! Wer hilft mir weiter fort?
Ich kann das *Wort* so hoch unmöglich schätzen;
Ich musz es anders übersetzen,
Wenn ich vom Geiste recht erleuchtet bin.
Geschrieben steht: Im Anfang war der *Sinn.*
Bedenke wohl die erste Zeile,
Dasz deine Feder sich nicht übereile!
Ist es der *Sinn*, der Alles wirkt und schafft?
Es sollte stehn: Im Anfang war die *Kraft!*
Doch, auch indem ich dieses niederschreibe,
Schon warnt mich was, dasz ich dabei nicht bleibe.
Mir hilft der Geist! Auf einmal seh' ich Rath
Und schreibe getrost: Im Anfang war die *That!*

Soll ich mit dir das Zimmer theilen,
Pudel, so lasz das Heulen,
So lasz das Bellen!
Solch einen störenden Gesellen

soul. We are accustomed to see men deride what they do not understand[48]—to see them grumble at the good and beautiful, which is often troublesome to them. Is the dog disposed to snarl at it like them?

But ah! I feel already that, much as I may wish for it, contentment wells no longer from my breast. Yet why must the stream be so soon dried up, and we again lie thirsting? I have had so much experience of that! This want, however, admits of being compensated. We learn to prize the supernatural; we long for revelation,[49] which nowhere burns more majestically or more beautifully than in the New Testament. I feel impelled to open the original text—to translate for once, with upright feeling, the sacred original into my beloved German. [*He opens a volume, and applies himself to it.*]

It is written: In the beginning was the Word. Here I am already at a stand! Who will help me on? I cannot possibly value the Word so highly; I must translate it differently, if I am truly inspired by the spirit. It is written: In the beginning was the Sense. Consider well the first line, that your pen be not over hasty. Is it the Sense that influences and produces everything? It should stand thus: In the beginning was the Power. Yet, even as I am writing down this, something warns me not to keep to it. The spirit comes to my aid! At once I see my way, and write confidently: In the beginning was the Deed.

If I am to share the chamber with you, poodle, cease your howling—cease your barking. I cannot endure so

Mag ich nicht in der Nähe leiden.
Einer von uns Beiden
Musz die Zelle meiden.
Ungern heb' ich das Gastrecht auf,
Die Thür ist offen, hast freien Lauf.
Aber was musz ich sehen!
Kann das natürlich geschehen?
Ist es Schatten? Ist's Wirklichkeit?
Wie wird mein Pudel lang und breit!
Er hebt sich mit Gewalt,
Das ist nicht eines Hundes Gestalt!
Welch ein Gespenst bracht' ich ins Haus!
Schon sieht er wie ein Nilpferd aus,
Mit feurigen Augen, schrecklichem Gebisz.
O, du bist mir gewisz!
Für solche halbe Höllenbrut
Ist Salomonis Schlüssel gut.

Geister (*auf dem Gange*).

Drinnen gefangen ist Einer!
Bleibet hauszen! Folg' ihm Keiner!
Wie im Eisen der Fuchs,
Zagt ein alter Höllenluchs.
Aber gebt Acht!
Schwebet hin, schwebet wieder,
Auf und nieder,
Und er hat sich losgemacht.
Könnt ihr ihm nützen,
Laszt ihn nicht sitzen!
Denn er that uns Allen
Schon viel zu Gefallen.

Faust.

Erst zu begegnen dem Thiere,
Brauch' ich den Spruch der Viere:
Salamander soll glühen,
Undene sich winden,

troublesome a companion near to me. One of us two must quit the cell. It is with reluctance that I withdraw the rights of hospitality; the door is open—the way is clear for you. But what do I see! Can that come to pass by natural means? Is it shadow? Is it reality? How long and broad my poodle grows! He raises himself powerfully; that is not the form of a dog! What a phantom I have brought into the house! —He looks already like a hippopotamus, with fiery eyes, terrific teeth. Ah! I am sure of thee! Solomon's key is good for such a half-hellish brood.

Spirits (*in the passage*).

One is caught within!
Stay without, follow none
As in the gin the fox,
Quakes an old lynx of hell.
But take heed!
Hover thither, hover back,
Up and down,
And he is loose!
If ye can aid him,
Leave him not in the lurch,
For he has already done
Us many a service.

Faust.

First to confront the beast,
Use I the spell of the four:
Salamander shall glow,[50]
Undine twine,

Sylphe verschwinden,
Kobold sich mühen.

Wer sie nicht kennte,
Die Elemente,
Ihre Kraft
Und Eigenschaft,
Wäre kein Meister
Ueber die Geister.

Verschwind in Flammen,
Salamander!
Rauschend fliesze zusammen,
Undene!
Leucht in Meteorenschöne,
Sylphe!
Bring häusliche Hülfe,
Incubus! Incubus!
Tritt hervor und mache den Schlusz!

Keines der Viere
Steckt in dem Thiere.
Es liegt ganz ruhig und grinst mich an;
Ich hab' ihm noch nicht weh gethan.
Du sollst mich hören
Stärker beschwören.

Bist du, Geselle,
Ein Flüchtling der Hölle,
So sieh dies Zeichen,
Dem sie sich beugen,
Die schwarzen Schaaren!

Schon schwillt es auf mit borstigen Haaren.

Verworfnes Wesen!
Kannst du ihn lesen?
Den Nieentsprossnen,
Unausgesprochnen,

Sylph vanish,
Kobold shall toil.

Who does not know
The elements,
Their power and properties,
Were no master
Over the spirits.

Vanish in flame,
Salamander!
Rushingly flow together,
Undine!
Shine in meteor beauty,
Sylph!
Bring homely help,
Incubus! Incubus!
Step forth and finish the work.

No one of the four
Lurks in the beast.
He lies undisturbed and grins at me.
I have not yet hurt him.
Thou shalt hear me conjure stronger.

Art thou, fellow,
A scapeling from hell!
Then see this sign!
Before which bow the dark hosts.

He is already swelling up with bristling hair.

Reprobate!
Canst thou read him?—
The unoriginated,
Unpronounceable,

Durch alle Himmel Gegossnen,
Freventlich Durchstochnen?

Hinter den Ofen gebannt,
Schwillt es wie ein Elephant,
Den ganzen Raum füllt es an,
Es will zum Nebel zerfliesen.
Steige nicht zur Decke hinan!
Lege dich zu des Meisters Füszen!
Du siehst, dasz ich nicht vergebens drohe.
Ich versenge dich mit heiliger Lohe!
Erwarte nicht
Das dreimal glühende Licht!
Erwarte nicht
Die stärkste von meinen Künsten!

MEPHISTOPHELES *tritt, indem der Nebel fällt, gekleidet wie ein fahrender Scholasticus, hinter dem Ofen hervor.*

Mephistopheles.

Wozu der Lärm? Was steht dem Herrn zu Diensten?

Faust.

Das also war des Pudels Kern!
Ein fahrender Scolast? Der Kasus macht mich lachen.

Mephistopheles.

Ich salutire den gelehrten Herrn!
Ihr habt mich weidlich schwitzen machen.

Faust.

Wie nennst du dich?

Mephistopheles.

Die Frage scheint mir klein
Für Einen, der das Wort so sehr verachtet,
Der, weit entfernt von allem Schein,
Nur in der Wesen Tiefe trachtet.

Faust.

Bei euch, ihr Herrn, kann man das Wesen

Through all heaven diffused,
Vilely transpierced?

Spellbound behind the stove, it is swelling like an elephant; it fills the whole space, it is about to vanish into mist. Rise not to the ceiling! Down at thy master's feet! Thou seest I do not threaten in vain. I will scorch thee with holy fire. Wait not for the thrice glowing light. Wait not for the strongest of my spells.

MEPHISTOPHELES *comes forward as the mist sinks, in the dress of a Travelling Scholar,*[51] *from behind the stove.*

Mephistopheles.

Wherefore such a fuss? What may be your pleasure?

Faust.

This, then, was the kernel of the poodle! A travelling scholar? The *casus* makes me laugh.

Mephistopheles.

I salute your learned worship. You have made me sweat with a vengeance.

Faust.

What is thy name?

Mephistopheles.

The question strikes me as trifling for one who rates the Word so low; who, far estranged from all mere outward seeming, looks only to the essence of things.

Faust.

With such gentlemen as you, one may generally

Gewöhnlich aus dem Namen lesen,
Wo es sich allzu deutlich weist,
Wenn man euch Fliegengott, Verderber, Lügner heiszt.
Nun gut, wer bist du denn?

Mephistopheles.

Ein Theil von jener Kraft,
Die stets das Böse will und stets das Gute schafft.

Faust.

Was ist mit diesem Räthselwort gemeint?

Mephistopheles.

Ich bin der Geist, der stets verneint!
Und das mit Recht; denn Alles, was entsteht,
Ist werth, dasz es zu Grunde geht;
Drum besser wär's, dasz nichts entstünde.
So ist denn Alles, was ihr Sünde,
Zerstörung, kurz das Böse nennt,
Mein eigentliches Element.

Faust.

Du nennst dich einen Theil und stehst doch ganz vor mir?

Mephistopheles.

Bescheidne Wahrheit sprech' ich dir.
Wenn sich der Mensch, die kleine Narrenwelt,
Gewöhnlich für ein Ganzes hält:
Ich bin ein Theil des Theils, der Anfangs Alles war,
Ein Theil der Finsternisz, die sich das Licht gebar,
Das stolze Licht, das nun der Mutter Nacht
Den alten Rang, den Raum ihr streitig macht.
Und doch gelingt's ihm nicht, da es, so viel es strebt,
Verhaftet an den Körpern klebt;
Von Körpern strömt's, die Körper macht es schön,
Ein Körper hemmt's auf seinem Gange.
So, hoff' ich, dauert es nicht lange,
Und mit den Körpern wird's zu Grunde gehn.

learn the essence from the name, since it appears but too plainly, if your name be fly-god,[52] destroyer, liar. Now, in a word, who art thou then?

Mephistopheles.

A part of that power, which is ever willing evil and ever producing good.

Faust.

What is meant by this riddle?

Mephistopheles.

I am the spirit which constantly denies! and rightly so; for everything that has originated, deserves to be annihilated. Therefore better were it nothing should originate. Thus, all that you call sin, destruction, in a word, Evil, is my proper element.

Faust.

You call yourself a part, and yet stand whole before me?

Mephistopheles.

I tell you the modest truth. Although man, that microcosm of folly, commonly esteems himself a whole: I am a part of the part which in the beginning was all; a part of the darkness which brought forth light,—the proud light, which now contests its ancient rank and space with mother Night.[53] But it succeeds not; since, strive as it will, it cleaves, as if bound, to bodies. It streams from bodies, it gives beauty to bodies, a body stops it in its course, and so, I hope, it will perish with bodies before long.

Faust.

Nun kenn' ich deine würd'gen Pflichten!
Du kannst im Groszen nichts vernichten
Und fängst es nun im Kleinen an.

Mephistopheles.

Und freilich ist nicht viel damit gethan.
Was sich dem Nichts entgegenstellt,
Das Etwas, diese plumpe Welt,
So viel als ich schon unternommen,
Ich wuszte nicht ihr beizukommen,
Mit Wellen, Stürmen, Schütteln, Brand;
Geruhig bleibt am Ende Meer und Land!
Und dem verdammten Zeug, der Thier- und Menschenbrut,
Dem ist nun gar nichts anzuhaben.
Wie Viele hab' ich schon begraben!
Und immer circulirt ein neues, frisches Blut.
So geht es fort, man möchte rasend werden!
Der Luft, dem Wasser wie der Erden
Entwinden tausend Keime sich
Im Trocknen, Feuchten, Warmen, Kalten!
Hätt' ich mir nicht die Flamme vorbehalten,
Ich hätte nichts Apart's für mich.

Faust.

So setzest du der ewig regen,
Der heilsam schaffenden Gewalt
Die kalte Teufelsfaust entgegen,
Die sich vergebens tückisch ballt!
Was Anders suche zu beginnen,
Des Chaos wunderlicher Sohn!

Mephistopheles.

Wir wollen wirklich uns besinnen;
Die nächsten Male mehr davon!
Dürft' ich wohl diesmal mich entfernen?

Faust.

Ich sehe nicht, warum du fragst.
Ich habe jetzt dich kennen lernen;
Besuche nun mich, wie du magst.

Faust.

Now I know thy dignified calling. Thou art not able to destroy on a large scale, and so thou dost it in a small way.

Mephistopheles.

And, to say truth, little can be achieved by this process. That which is opposed to nothing[54]—the something, this clumsy world, much as I have tried already, I have not yet been able to overcome it,—with waves, storms, earthquakes, fire. Sea and land remain undisturbed after all! And the damned set, the brood of brutes and men, there is no such thing as getting the better of them neither. How many I have already buried! And new fresh blood is constantly circulating! Things go on so—it is enough to make one mad! From air, water, earth—in wet, dry, hot, cold—germs by thousands evolve themselves.[55] Had I not reserved fire, I should have nothing apart for myself.

Faust.

So thou opposest thy cold devil's fist, clenched in impotent malice, to the ever stirring, the beneficent creating power. Try thy hand at something else, strange son of Chaos.

Mephistopheles.

We will think about it in good earnest—more of that anon! Might I be permitted this time to depart?

Faust.

I see not why you ask. I have now made acquaintance with you; call on me in future as you feel inclined.

Hier ist das Fenster, hier die Thüre,
Ein Rauchfang ist dir auch gewisz.

Mephistopheles.

Gesteh' ich's nur! Dasz ich hinausspaziere,
Verbietet mir ein kleines Hindernisz,
Der Drudenfusz auf eurer Schwelle—

Faust.

Das Pentagramma macht dir Pein?
Ei, sage mir, du Sohn der Hölle,
Wenn das dich bannt, wie kamst du denn herein?
Wie ward ein solcher Geist betrogen?

Mephistopheles.

Beschaut es recht! Es ist nicht gut gezogen;
Der eine Winkel, der nach auszen zu,
Ist, wie du siehst, ein wenig offen.

Faust.

Das hat der Zufall gut getroffen!
Und mein Gefangner wärst denn du?
Das ist von ungefähr gelungen!

Mephistopheles.

Der Pudel merkte nichts, als er hereingesprungen,
Die Sache sieht jetzt anders aus;
Der Teufel kann nicht aus dem Haus.

Faust.

Doch warum gehst du nicht durchs Fenster?

Mephistopheles.

's ist ein Gesetz der Teufel und Gespenster:
Wo sie hereingeschlüpft, da müssen sie hinaus.
Das Erste steht uns frei, beim Zweiten sind wir Knechte.

Faust.

Die Hölle selbst hat ihre Rechte?
Das find' ich gut, da liesze sich ein Pakt,
Und sicher wohl, mit euch, ihr Herren, schlieszen?

Here is the window, here the door; there is also a chimney for you.

Mephistopheles.

To confess the truth, a small obstacle prevents me from walking out—the wizard-foot upon your threshold.

Faust.

The Pentagram [56] embarrasses you? Tell me then, thou child of hell, if that repels thee, how cam'st thou in? How was such a spirit entrapped?

Mephistopheles.

Mark it well! It is not well drawn; one angle, the outward one, is, as thou seest, a little open.

Faust.

It is a lucky accident. So thou art my prisoner now? This is a chance hit.

Mephistopheles.

The poodle observed nothing when he jumped in. The case has a different aspect now; the devil cannot get out.

Faust.

But why do you not go through the window?

Mephistopheles.

It is a law binding on devils and phantoms, that they must go out the same way they stole in. The first is free to us; we are slaves as regards the second.

Faust.

Hell itself has its laws? I am glad of it; in that case a compact,[57] a binding one, may be made with you gentlemen?

Mephistopheles.

Was man verspricht, das sollst du rein genieszen
Dir wird davon nichts abgezwackt.
Doch das ist nicht so kurz zu fassen,
Und wir besprechen das zunächst;
Doch jetzo bitt' ich hoch und höchst,
Für dieses Mal mich zu entlassen.

Faust.

So bleibe doch noch einen Augenblick,
Um mir erst gute Mär zu sagen.

Mephistopheles.

Jetzt lasz mich los! Ich komme bald zurück;
Dann magst du nach Belieben fragen.

Faust.

Ich habe dir nicht nachgestellt,
Bist du doch selbst ins Garn gegangen.
Den Teufel halte, wer ihn hält!
Er wird ihn nicht so bald zum zweiten Male fangen.

Mephistopheles.

Wenn dir's beliebt, so bin ich auch bereit,
Dir zur Gesellschaft hier zu bleiben;
Doch mit Bedingnisz, dir die Zeit
Durch meine Künste würdig zu vertreiben.

Faust.

Ich seh' es gern, das steht dir frei·
Nur dasz die Kunst gefällig sei!

Mephistopheles.

Du wirst, mein Freund, für deine Sinnen
In dieser Stunde mehr gewinnen
Als in des Jahres Einerlei.
Was dir die zarten Geister singen,
Die schönen Bilder, die sie bringen,

Mephistopheles.

What is promised, that shalt thou enjoy to the letter; not the smallest deduction shall be made from it. But this is not to be discussed so summarily, and we will speak of it the next time. But now I most earnestly beg of you to let me go for the present.

Faust.

Wait yet another moment, and tell me some pleasant tidings.[58]

Mephistopheles.

Let me go now! I will soon come back; you may then question me as you like.

Faust.

I have laid no snare for thee; thou hast run into the net of thy own free will. Let whoever has got hold of the devil, keep hold of him. He will not catch him a second time in a hurry.

Mephistopheles.

If you like, I am ready to stay and keep you company here, but upon condition that I may beguile the time worthily for you by my arts.

Faust.

I shall attend with pleasure; you may do so, provided only that the art be an agreeable one.

Mephistopheles.

My friend, you will gain more for your senses in this one hour, than in the whole year's monotony. What the delicate spirits sing to you, the lovely images which

Sind nicht ein leeres Zauberspiel.
Auch dein Geruch wird sich ergetzen,
Dann wirst du deinen Gaumen letzen,
Und dann entzückt sich dein Gefühl.
Bereitung braucht es nicht voran,
Beisammen sind wir, fanget an!

GEISTER.

Schwindet, ihr dunkeln
Wölbungen droben!
Reizender schaue,
Freundlich der blaue
Aether herein!
Wären die dunkeln
Wolken zerronnen!
Sternelein funkeln,
Mildere Sonnen
Scheinen darein.
Himmlischer Söhne
Geistige Schöne,
Schwankende Beugung
Schwebet vorüber,
Sehnende Neigung
Folget hinüber;
Und der Gewänder
Flatternde Bänder
Decken die Länder,
Decken die Laube,
Wo sich fürs Leben.
Tief in Gedanken,
Liebende geben.
Laube bei Laube!
Sprossende Ranken!
Lastende Traube
Stürzt ins Behälter
Drängender Kelter,
Stürzen in Bächen
Schäumende Weine,
Rieseln durch reine,
Edle Gesteine,
Lassen die Höhen

they call up, are not an unsubstantial play of enchantment. Your smell will be charmed, you will then delight your palate, and then your feelings will be entranced. No preparation is necessary; we are all assembled—strike up!

SPIRITS.

Vanish ye dark
Arched ceilings above!
More charmingly look in
The friendly blue sky!
Were the dark clouds
Melted away!
Little stars sparkle,
Softer suns shine in.
Etherial beauty
Of the children of heaven,
Tremulous bending
  Hovers across;
Longing desire
  Follows after.
And the fluttering
Ribbons of drapery
Cover the plains,
Cover the bower,
Where lovers,
Deep in thought,
Give themselves for life.
Bower on bower!
Sprouting tendrils!
Down-weighing grapes
Gush into the vat
Of the hard-squeezing press.
The foaming wines
Gush in brooks,
Rustle through
Pure, precious stones,
Leave the heights

Hinter sich liegen,
Breiten zu Seen
Sich ums Genügen
Grünender Hügel.
Und das Geflügel
Schlürfet sich Wonne,
Flieget der Sonne,
Flieget den hellen
Inseln entgegen,
Die sich auf Wellen
Gauklend bewegen,
Wo wir in Chören
Jauchzende hören,
Ueber den Auen
Tanzende schauen,
Die sich im Freien
Alle zerstreuen.
Einige klimmen
Ueber die Höhen,
Andere schwimmen
Ueber die Seen,
Andere schweben;
Alle zum Leben,
Alle zur Ferne,
Liebender Sterne
Seliger Huld.

Mephistopheles.

Er schläft! So recht, ihr luft'gen, zarten Jungen!
Ihr habt ihn treulich eingesungen!
Für dies Konzert bin ich in eurer Schuld.
Du bist noch nicht der Mann, den Teufel fest zu halten!
Umgaukelt ihn mit süszen Traumgestalten,
Versenkt ihn in ein Meer des Wahns;
Doch dieser Schwelle Zauber zu zerspalten,
Bedarf ich eines Rattenzahns.
Nicht lange brauch' ich zu beschwören,
Schon raschelt eine hier und wird sogleich mich hören.
Der Herr der Ratten und der Mäuse,
Der Fliegen, Frösche, Wanzen, Läuse,

Behind them lying,
Broaden to lakes
Around the charm of
Green-growing hills.
And the winged throng
Sips happiness,
Flies to meet the sun,
Flies to meet the bright
Isles, which dancingly
Float on the waves;
Where we hear
Shouting in choruses,
Where we see
Dancers on meads;
All in th' open air
Disporting alike.
Some are clambering
Over the heights,
Others are swimming
Over the lakes,
Others are hovering—
All towards the life,
All towards the distant regions
Of loving stars
Of blissful grace.

Mephistopheles.

He slumbers! Well done, my airy, delicate youngsters! Ye have fairly sung him to sleep. I am your debtor for this concert. Thou art not yet the man to hold fast the devil! Play round him with sweet dreamy visions; plunge him in a sea of illusion. But to break the spell of this threshold I need a rat's tooth. I have not to conjure long; one is already rustling hither, and will hear me in a moment.

The lord of rats and mice, of flies, frogs, bugs and

Befiehlt dir, dich hervorzuwagen
Und diese Schwelle zu benagen,
So wie er sie mit Oel betupft—
Da kommst du schon hervorgehupft!
Nur frisch ans Werk! Die Spitze, die mich bannte,
Sie sitzt ganz vornen an der Kante.
Noch einen Bisz, so ist's geschehn.—
Nun, Fauste, träume fort, bis wir uns wiedersehn!

Faust (*erwachend*).

Bin ich denn abermals betrogen?
Verschwindet so der geisterreiche Drang,
Dasz mir ein Traum den Teufel vorgelogen,
Und dasz ein Pudel mir entsprang?

lice, commands thee to venture forth and gnaw this threshold so soon as he has touched it with oil. Thou com'st hopping forth already! Instantly to the work! The point which repelled me, is towards the front on the ledge. One bite more, and it is done.—Now, Faust, dream on, till we meet again.

Faust (waking).

Am I then once again deceived? Does the throng of spirits vanish thus, and has the Devil deceptively appeared to me in a dream, and has (only) a poodle escaped?

STUDIRZIMMER.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust.

ES klopft? Herein! Wer will mich wieder plagen?

Mephistopheles.

Ich bin's.

Faust.

Herein!

Mephistopheles.

Du muszt es dreimal sagen.

Faust.

Herein denn!

Mephistopheles.

So gefällst du mir.
Wir werden, hoff' ich, uns vertragen;
Denn dir die Grillen zu verjagen,
Bin ich als edler Junker hier
In rothem, goldverbrämten Kleide,
Das Mäntelchen von starrer Seide,
Die Hahnenfeder auf dem Hut,
Mit einem langen, spitzen Degen,
Und rathe nun dir kurz und gut,
Dergleichen gleichfalls anzulegen,
Damit du losgebunden, frei
Erfahrest, was das Leben sei.

FAUST'S STUDY.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust.

DOES any one knock? Come in! Who wants to disturb me again?

Mephistopheles.

It is I.

Faust.

Come in.

Mephistopheles.

You must say so three times.

Faust.

Come in, then!

Mephistopheles.

Thus thou pleasest me. We shall agree very well together, I hope; for, to chase away your fancies, I am here, like a youth of condition, in a coat of scarlet laced with gold, a mantle of stiff silk, a cock's feather in my hat, and a long pointed sword at my side. And to make no more words about it, my advice to you is to array yourself in the same manner immediately, that unrestrained, emancipated, you may try what life is.

Faust.

In jedem Kleide werd' ich wohl die Pein
Des engen Erdelebens fühlen.
Ich bin zu alt, um nur zu spielen,
Zu jung, um ohne Wunsch zu sein.
Was kann die Welt mir wohl gewähren?
Entbehren sollst du! Sollst entbehren!
Das ist der ewige Gesang,
Der Jedem an die Ohren klingt,
Den unser ganzes Leben lang
Uns heiser jede Stunde singt.
Nur mit Entsetzen wach' ich Morgens auf,
Ich möchte bittre Thränen weinen,
Den Tag zu sehn, der mir in seinem Lauf
Nicht *einen* Wunsch erfüllen wird, nicht *einen*,
Der selbst die Ahnung jeder Lust
Mit eigensinn'gem Krittel mindert,
Die Schöpfung meiner regen Brust
Mit tausend Lebensfratzen hindert.
Auch musz ich, wenn die Nacht sich niedersenkt,
Mich ängstlich auf das Lager strecken;
Auch da wird keine Rast geschenkt,
Mich werden wilde Träume schrecken.
Der Gott, der mir im Busen wohnt,
Kann tief mein Innerstes erregen,
Der über allen meinen Kräften thront,
Er kann nach auszen nichts bewegen;
Und so ist mir das Dasein eine Last,
Der Tod erwünscht, das Leben mir verhaszt.

Mephistopheles.

Und doch ist nie der Tod ein ganz willkommner Gast.

Faust.

O selig der, dem er im Siegesglanze
Die blut'gen Lorbeern um die Schläfe windet,
Den er nach rasch durchras'tem Tanze
In eines Mädchens Armen findet!
O, wär' ich vor des hohen Geistes Kraft
Entzückt, entseelt dahingesunken!

Faust.

In every dress, I dare say, I shall feel the torture of the contracted life of this earth. I am too old to do nothing but play, too young to be without a desire. What can the world afford me!—Thou shalt renounce! Thou shalt renounce![59] That is the eternal song which rings in every one's ears; which, our whole life long, every hour is hoarsely singing to us. In the morning I wake only to horror. I would fain weep bitter tears to see the day, which, in its course, will not accomplish a wish for me, no, not one; which, with wayward captiousness, weakens even the presentiment of every joy, and disturbs the creation of my busy breast by a thousand ugly realities. Then again, when night comes round, I must stretch myself in anguish on my bed; here, too, no rest is vouchsafed to me; wild dreams are sure to harrow me up. The God, that dwells in my bosom, that can stir my inmost soul, that sways all my energies—he is powerless as regards things without; and thus existence is a load to me, death is desired, and life hateful.

Mephistopheles.

And yet death is never an entirely welcome guest.

Faust.

Oh! happy the man around whose brows he wreathes the bloody laurel in the glitter of victory—whom, after the maddening dance, he finds in a maiden's arms. Oh that I had sunk away, enrapt, exanimate, before the great spirit's power!

Mephistopheles.

Und doch hat Jemand einen braunen Saft
In jener Nacht nicht ausgetrunken.

Faust.

Das Spioniren, scheint's, ist deine Lust.

Mephistopheles.

Allwissend bin ich nicht, doch viel ist mir bewuszt.

Faust.

Wenn aus dem schrecklichen Gewühle
Ein süsz bekannter Ton mich zog,
Den Rest von kindlichem Gefühle
Mit Anklang froher Zeit betrog:
So fluch' ich Allem, was die Seele
Mit Lock- und Gaukelwerk umspannt
Und sie in diese Trauerhöhle
Mit Blend- und Schmeichelkräften bannt!
Verflucht voraus die hohe Meinung,
Womit der Geist sich selbst umfängt!
Verflucht das Blenden der Erscheinung,
Die sich an unsre Sinne drängt!
Verflucht, was uns in Träumen heuchelt,
Des Ruhms, der Namensdauer Trug!
Verflucht, was als Besitz uns schmeichelt,
Als Weib und Kind, als Knecht und Pflug!
Verflucht sei Mammon, wenn mit Schätzen
Er uns zu kühnen Thaten regt,
Wenn er zu müszigem Ergetzen
Die Polster uns zurechte legt!
Fluch sei dem Balsamsaft der Trauben!
Fluch jener höchsten Liebeshuld!
Fluch sei der Hoffnung! Fluch dem Glauben!
Und Fluch vor allen der Geduld!

GEISTERCHOR (*unsichtbar*).

Weh! Weh!
Du hast sie zerstört,

Mephistopheles.

And yet a certain person did not drink a certain brown juice on a certain night.

Faust.

Playing the spy, it seems, is thy amusement.

Mephistopheles.

I am not omniscient; but much is known to me.

Faust.

If a sweet familiar tone drew me from that terrible tumult,[60] and beguiled the relics of my childlike feelings with the echo of a happier time, I now curse everything that entwines the soul with false alluring jugglery, and spell-binds it in this den of wretchedness with dazzling and flattering influences. Accursed, first, be the lofty opinion in which the mind wraps itself! Accursed, the dazzling of appearances, by which our senses are subdued! Accursed, the hypocrite dreams—the delusion of glory and of an everlasting name! Accursed, what flatters us as property, as wife and child, as slave and plough! Accursed be Mammon when he stirs us to bold deeds with treasures, when he smooths our couch for indolent delight! My curse on the balsam-juice of the grape! My curse on that highest favour of love! My curse on Hope, my curse on Faith, and my curse, above all, on Patience!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS (*invisible*).

Woe, woe,
Thou hast destroyed it,

Die schöne Welt,
Mit mächtiger Faust;
Sie stürzt, sie zerfällt!
Ein Halbgott hat sie zerschlagen!
Wir tragen
Die Trümmern ins Nichts hinüber
Und klagen
Ueber die verlorne Schöne.
Mächtiger
Der Erdensöhne,
Prächtiger
Baue sie wieder,
In deinem Busen baue sie auf!
Neuen Lebenslauf
Beginne
Mit hellem Sinne,
Und neue Lieder
Tönen darauf!

Mephistopheles.

Dies sind die Kleinen
Von den Meinen.
Höre, wie zu Lust und Thaten
Altklug sie rathen!
In die Welt weit
Aus der Einsamkeit,
Wo Sinnen und Säfte stocken,
Wollen sie dich locken.

Hör auf mit deinem Gram zu spielen,
Der wie ein Geier dir am Leben friszt;
Die schlechteste Gesellschaft läszt dich fühlen,
Dasz du ein Mensch mit Menschen bist.
Doch so ist's nicht gemeint,
Dich unter das Pack zu stoszen.
Ich bin Keiner von den Groszen;
Doch willst du mit mir vereint
Deine Schritte durchs Leben nehmen,
So will ich mich gern bequemen,
Dein zu sein auf der Stelle.
Ich bin dein Geselle,
Und mach' ich dir's recht,
Bin ich dein Diener, bin dein Knecht!

The beautiful world,
With violent hand;
It falls, it is broken!
A demigod has shattered it to pieces!
We bear away
The wrecks into nothingness,
And wail over
The beauty that is lost.
Mighty
Among the sons of earth,
Proudlier
Build it again,
Build it up in thy bosom!
A new career of life,
With unclouded sense
Begin,
And new lays
Shall peal out thereupon.

Mephistopheles.

These are the little ones of my train. Listen, how, with wisdom beyond their years, they counsel you to pleasure and action. Out into the world, away from solitariness, where senses and the sap of life stagnate—would they fain lure you.

Cease to trifle with your grief—which, like a vulture, feeds upon your vitals. The worst company will make you feel that you are a man among men. Yet I do not mean to thrust you amongst the common throng. I am not one of the great ones; but if, united with me, you will wend your way through life, I will readily accommodate myself to be yours upon the spot. I am your companion; and, if you are satisfied, I am your servant, your slave!

Faust.

Und was soll ich dagegen dir erfüllen?

Mephistopheles.

Dazu hast du noch eine lange Frist.

Faust.

Nein, nein! Der Teufel ist ein Egoist
Und thut nicht leicht um Gottes willen,
Was einem Andern nützlich ist.
Sprich die Bedingung deutlich aus,
Ein solcher Diener bringt Gefahr ins Haus.

Mephistopheles.

Ich will mich *hier* zu deinem Dienst verbinden,
Auf deinen Wink nicht rasten und nicht ruhn;
Wenn wir uns *drüben* wiederfinden,
So sollst du mir das Gleiche thun.

Faust.

Das Drüben kann mich wenig kümmern;
Schlägst du erst diese Welt zu Trümmern,
Die andre mag darnach entstehn.
Aus dieser Erde quillen meine Freuden,
Und diese Sonne scheinet meinen Leiden;
Kann ich mich erst von ihnen scheiden,
Dann mag, was will und kann, geschehn.
Davon will ich nichts weiter hören,
Ob man auch künftig haszt und liebt
Und ob es auch in jenen Sphären
Ein Oben oder Unten giebt.

Mephistopheles.

In diesem Sinne kannst du's wagen.
Verbinde dich; du sollst in diesen Tagen
Mit Freuden meine Künste sehn.
Ich gebe dir, was noch kein Mensch gesehn.

Faust.

Was willst du armer Teufel geben?

Faust.

And what am I to do for you in return?

Mephistopheles.

For that you have still a long day of grace.

Faust.

No, no; the devil is an egoist, and is not likely to do for nothing what is useful to another. Speak the condition plainly out; such a servant is a dangerous inmate.

Mephistopheles.

I will bind myself to your service *here*, and never rest nor repose at your call. When we meet on *the other side*, you shall do as much for me

Faust.

I care little about *the other side:* if you first knock this world to pieces, the other may arise afterwards if it will. My joys flow from this earth, and this sun shines upon my sufferings: if I can only separate myself from them, what will and can, may then come to pass. I will hear no more about it—whether there be hating and loving in the world to come, and whether there be an Above or Below in those spheres too.

Mephistopheles.

In this mood, you may venture. Bind yourself; and during these days, you shall be delighted by my arts; I will give thee what no human being ever saw yet.

Faust.

What, poor devil, wilt thou give? Was a man's

Ward eines Menschen Geist in seinem hohen Streben
Von deines Gleichen je gefaszt?
Doch hast du Speise, die nicht sättigt? Hast
Du rothes Gold, das ohne Rast,
Quecksilber gleich, dir in der Hand zerrinnt?
Ein Spiel, bei dem man nie gewinnt?
Ein Mädchen, das an meiner Brust
Mit Aeugeln schon dem Nachbar sich verbindet?
Der Ehre schöne Götterlust,
Die wie ein Meteor verschwindet?
Zeig mir die Frucht, die fault, eh man sie bricht,
Und Bäume, die sich täglich neu begrünen!

Mephistopheles.

Ein solcher Auftrag schreckt mich nicht,
Mit solchen Schätzen kann ich dienen.
Doch, guter Freund, die Zeit kommt auch heran,
Wo wir was Gut's in Ruhe schmausen mögen.

Faust.

Werd' ich beruhigt je mich auf ein Faulbett legen,
So sei es gleich um mich gethan!
Kannst du mich schmeichelnd je belügen,
Dasz ich mir selbst gefallen mag,
Kannst du mich mit Genusz betrügen:
Das sei für mich der letzte Tag!
Die Wette biet' ich!

Mephistopheles.

Top!

Faust.

Und Schlag auf Schlag!
Werd' ich zum Augenblicke sagen:
Verweile doch! Du bist so schön!
Dann magst du mich in Fesseln schlagen,
Dann will ich gern zu Grunde gehn!
Dann mag die Todtenglocke schallen,
Dann bist du deines Dienstes frei,
Die Uhr mag stehn, der Zeiger fallen,
Es sei die Zeit für mich vorbei!

mind, in its high aspiring, ever comprehended by the like of thee? But hast thou food which satisfies not? Ruddy gold which, volatile, like quicksilver, melts away in the hand? A game, at which one never wins? A maiden, who, on my breast, is already ogling my neighbour? The bright godlike joy of honour, which vanishes like a meteor?—Show me the fruit which rots before it is plucked, and trees which every day grow green anew.[61]

Mephistopheles.

Such a task affrights me not. I have such treasures at my disposal. But, my good friend, the time will come round when we would like to feast on what is really good in peace.

Faust.

If ever I stretch myself composed upon a bed of indolence, be there at once an end of me. If thou canst ever flatteringly delude me into being pleased with myself—if thou canst cheat me with enjoyment, be that day my last. I offer the wager.

Mephistopheles.

Done!

Faust.

And my hand upon it! If I ever say to the passing moment—Stay, thou art so fair! then mayst thou cast me into chains; then will I readily perish! Then may the death-bell toll; then art thou free from thy service, the clock may stand, the index-hand may fall and time be never more for me!

Mephistopheles.

Bedenk es wohl! Wir werden's nicht vergessen.

Faust.

Dazu hast du ein volles Recht;
Ich habe mich nicht freventlich vermessen.
Wie ich beharre, bin ich Knecht,
Ob dein, was frag' ich, oder wessen.

Mephistopheles.

Ich werde heute gleich beim Doktorschmaus
Als Diener meine Pflicht erfüllen.
Nur Eins!—Um Lebens oder Sterbens willen
Bitt' ich mir ein paar Zeilen aus.

Faust.

Auch was Geschriebnes forderst du, Pedant?
Hast du noch keinen Mann, nicht Manneswort gekannt?
Ist's nicht genug, dasz mein gesprochnes Wort
Auf ewig soll mit meinen Tagen schalten?
Ras't nicht die Welt in allen Strömen fort,
Und mich soll ein Versprechen halten?
Doch dieser Wahn ist uns ins Herz gelegt,
Wer mag sich gern davon befreien?
Beglückt, wer Treue rein im Busen trägt,
Kein Opfer wird ihn je gereuen!
Allein ein Pergament, beschrieben und beprägt,
Ist ein Gespenst, vor dem sich Alle scheuen.
Das Wort erstirbt schon in der Feder,
Die Herrschaft führen Wachs und Leder,
Was willst du, böser Geist, von mir?
Erz, Marmor, Pergament, Papier?
Soll ich mit Griffel, Meiszel, Feder schreiben?
Ich gebe jede Wahl dir frei.

Mephistopheles.

Wie magst du deine Rednerei
Nur gleich so hitzig übertreiben?
Ist doch ein jedes Blättchen gut.
Du unterzeichnest dich mit einem Tröpfchen Blut.

Mephistopheles.

Consider it well! We shall bear it in mind.

Faust.

You have a perfect right so to do. I have formed no rash estimate of myself. As I drag on, I am a slave; what care I, whether thine or another's.

Mephistopheles.

This very day, at the doctor's feast,[62] I shall enter upon my duty as servant. Only one thing—to guard against accidents, I must trouble you for a line or two.

Faust.

Pedant, dost thou, too, require writing? Hast thou never known man nor man's word? Is it not enough that my word of mouth disposes of my days for all eternity? Does not the world rave on in all its currents, and am I to be bound by a promise? Yet this prejudice is implanted in our hearts: who would willingly free himself from it? Happy the man who bears truth pure in his breast; he will never have cause to repent any sacrifice! But a parchment, written and stamped, is a spectre which all shrink from. The word dies away in the very pen; in wax and leather is the mastery. What, evil spirit, wouldst thou of me? Brass, marble, parchment, paper? Shall I write with style, graver, pen? I leave the choice to thee.

Mephistopheles.

How can you so passionately declaim and exaggerate? Any scrap will do. You will subscribe your name with a drop of blood.

Faust.

Wenn dies dir völlig G'nüge thut,
So mag es bei der Fratze bleiben.

Mephistopheles.

Blut ist ein ganz besondrer Saft.

Faust.

Nur keine Furcht, dasz ich dies Bündnisz breche!
Das Streben meiner ganzen Kraft
Ist grade das, was ich verspreche.
Ich habe mich zu hoch gebläht,
In deinen Rang gehör' ich nur.
Der grosze Geist hat mich verschmäht,
Vor mir verschlieszt sich die Natur.
Des Denkens Faden ist zerrissen,
Mir ekelt lange vor allem Wissen.
Lasz in den Tiefen der Sinnlichkeit
Uns glühende Leidenschaften stillen!
In undurchdrungnen Zauberhüllen
Sei jedes Wunder gleich bereit!
Stürzen wir uns in das Rauschen der Zeit,
Ins Rollen der Begebenheit!
Da mag denn Schmerz und Genusz,
Gelingen und Verdrusz
Mit einander wechseln, wie es kann;
Nur rastlos bethätigt sich der Mann.

Mephistopheles.

Euch ist kein Masz und Ziel gesetzt.
Beliebt's euch, überall zu naschen,
Im Fliehen etwas zu erhaschen,
Bekomm' euch wohl, was euch ergetzt.
Nur greift mir zu und seid nicht blöde!

Faust.

Du hörest ja, von Freud' ist nicht die Rede.
Dem Taumel weih' ich mich, dem schmerzlichsten Genusz,
Verliebtem Hasz, erquickendem Verdrusz.

Faust.

If this will fully satisfy you, the whim shall be complied with.

Mephistopheles.

Blood is quite a peculiar sort of juice.

Faust.

Only no fear that I shall break this compact. What I promise, is precisely what all my energies are striving for. I have aspired too high: I belong only to thy class. The Great Spirit has spurned me; Nature shuts herself against me. The thread of thought is snapped; I have long loathed every sort of knowledge. Let us quench our glowing passions in the depths of sensuality! Let every wonder be forthwith prepared beneath the hitherto impervious veil of sorcery. Let us cast ourselves into the rushing of time, into the rolling of events. There pain and pleasure, success and disappointment, may succeed each other as they will—In restless activity alone man is proved.

Mephistopheles.

Nor end nor limit is prescribed to you. If it is your pleasure to sip the sweets of everything, to snatch at all as you fly by, much good may it do you—only fall to and don't be coy.

Faust.

I tell thee again, pleasure is not the question: I devote myself to the intoxicating whirl;—to the most agonizing enjoyment—to enamoured hate—to cheering

Mein Busen, der vom Wissensdrang geheilt ist,
Soll keinen Schmerzen künftig sich verschlieszen,
Und was der ganzen Menschheit zugetheilt ist,
Will ich in meinem innern Selbst genieszen,
Mit meinem Geist das Höchst- und Tiefste greifen,
Ihr Wohl und Weh auf meinen Busen häufen
Und so mein eigen Selbst zu ihrem Selbst erweitern
Und, wie sie selbst, am End' auch ich zerscheitern.

Mephistopheles.

O glaube mir, der manche tausend Jahre
An dieser harten Speise kaut,
Dasz von der Wiege bis zur Bahre
Kein Mensch den alten Sauerteig verdaut!
Glaub unser Einem, dieses Ganze
Ist nur für einen Gott gemacht;
Er findet sich in einem ew'gen Glanze,
Uns hat er in die Finsternisz gebracht,
Und euch taugt einzig Tag und Nacht.

Faust.

Allein ich will!

Mephistopheles.

Das läszt sich hören!
Doch nur vor Einem ist mir bang:
Die Zeit ist kurz, die Kunst ist lang.
Ich dächt', ihr lieszet euch belehren.
Associirt euch mit einem Poeten,
Laszt den Herrn in Gedanken schweifen
Und alle edlen Qualitäten
Auf euren Ehrenscheitel häufen,
Des Löwen Muth,
Des Hirsches Schnelligkeit,
Des Italiäners feurig Blut,
Des Nordens Dau'rbarkeit!
Laszt ihn euch das Geheimnisz finden,
Groszmuth und Arglist zu verbinden
Und euch mit warmen Jugendtrieben
Nach einem Plane zu verlieben!

vexation. My breast, cured of the thirst of knowledge, shall henceforth bare itself to every pang. I will enjoy in my own heart's core all that is parcelled out among mankind; grasp in spirit the highest and deepest; heap the weal and woe of the whole race upon my breast, and thus dilate my own individuality to theirs, and perish also, in the end, like them.

Mephistopheles.

Oh, believe me, who many thousand years have chewed the cud on this hard food, that, from the cradle to the bier, no human being digests the old leaven. Believe a being like me, this Whole is only made for a god. *He* exists in an eternal halo; *us* he has brought forth into darkness, and only day and night are proper for *you*.

Faust.

But I will.

Mephistopheles.

There is some sense in that! But I am only troubled about one thing; time is short, art is long. I think you should suffer yourself to be advised. Take a poet to counsel;[63] make the gentleman set his imagination at work, and heap all noble qualities on your honoured head,—the lion's courage, the stag's swiftness, the fiery blood of the Italian, the durability of the North. Make him find out the secret of combining magnanimity with cunning, and of being in love, after a set plan, with the burning desires of

Möchte selbst solch einen Herren kennen,
Würd' ihn Herrn Mikrokosmus nennen.

Faust.

Was bin ich denn, wenn es nicht möglich ist,
Der Menschheit Krone zu erringen,
Nach der sich alle Sinne dringen?

Mephistopheles.

Du bist am Ende—was du bist.
Setz dir Perücken auf von Millionen Locken,
Setz deinen Fusz auf ellenhohe Socken,
Du bleibst doch immer, was du bist.

Faust.

Ich fühl's, vergebens hab' ich alle Schätze
Des Menschengeists auf mich herbeigerafft,
Und wenn ich mich am Ende niedersetze,
Quillt innerlich doch keine neue Kraft;
Ich bin nicht um ein Haar breit höher,
Bin dem Unendlichen nicht näher.

Mephistopheles.

Mein guter Herr, ihr seht die Sachen,
Wie man die Sachen eben sieht;
Wir müssen das gescheiter machen,
Eh uns des Lebens Freude flieht.
Was Henker! Freilich Händ' und Füsze
Und Kopf und H——, die sind dein;
Doch Alles, was ich frisch geniesze,
Ist das drum weniger mein?
Wenn ich sechs Hengste zahlen kann,
Sind ihre Kräfte nicht die meine?
Ich renne zu und bin ein rechter Mann,
Als hätt' ich vierundzwanzig Beine.
Drum frisch! Lasz alles Sinnen sein.
Und grad' mit in die Welt hinein!
Ich sag' es dir: ein Kerl, der spekulirt,
Ist wie ein Thier, auf dürrer Heide
Von einem bösen Geist im Kreis herumgeführt,
Und rings umher liegt schöne grüne Weide.

youth. I myself should like to know such a gentleman—I would call him Mr. Microcosm.

Faust.

What, then, am I, if it be not possible to attain the crown of humanity, which every sense is striving for?

Mephistopheles.

Thou art in the end—what thou art. Put on wigs with a million of curls—set thy foot upon ell-high socks,—thou abidest ever what thou art.

Faust.

I feel it; in vain have I scraped together and accumulated all the treasures of the human mind upon myself; and when I sit down at the end, still no new power wells up within: I am not a hair's breadth higher,[64] nor a whit nearer the Infinite.

Mephistopheles.

My good Sir, you see things precisely as they are ordinarily seen; we must manage matters better, before the joys of life pass away from us. What the deuce! you have surely hands and feet, and head and ——. And what I enjoy with spirit, is that then the less my own? If I can pay for six horses, are not their powers mine? I dash along and am a proper man,[65] as if I had four-and-twenty legs. Quick, then, have done with poring, and straight away into the world with me. I tell you, a fellow that speculates is like a brute driven in a circle on a barren heath by an evil spirit, whilst fair green meadow lies everywhere around.

Faust.

Wie fangen wir das an?

Mephistopheles.

Wir gehen eben fort.
Was ist das für ein Marterort?
Was heiszt das für ein Leben führen,
Sich und die Jungens ennuyiren?
Lasz du das dem Herrn Nachbar Wanst!
Was willst du dich das Stroh zu dreschen plagen?
Das Beste, was du wissen kannst,
Darfst du den Buben doch nicht sagen.
Gleich hör' ich einen auf dem Gange!

Faust.

Mir ist's nicht möglich, ihn zu sehn.

Mephistopheles.

Der arme Knabe wartet lange,
Der darf nicht ungetröstet gehn.
Komm, gieb mir deinen Rock und Mütze;
Die Maske musz mir köstlich stehn.
[*Er kleidet sich um.*]
Nun überlasz es meinem Witze!
Ich brauche nur ein Viertelstündchen Zeit;
Indessen mache dich zur schönen Fahrt bereit!
[Faust *ab.*]

Mephistopheles (*in* Faust's *langem Kleide*).

Verachte nur Vernunft und Wissenschaft,
Des Menschen allerhöchste Kraft,
Lasz nur in Blend- und Zauberwerken
Dich von dem Lügengeist bestärken,
So hab' ich dich schon unbedingt—
Ihm hat das Schicksal einen Geist gegeben,
Der ungebändigt immer vorwärts dringt,
Und dessen übereiltes Streben
Der Erde Freuden überspringt.
Den schlepp' ich durch das wilde Leben,

Faust.

How shall we set about it?

Mephistopheles.

We will just start and take our chance. What a place of martyrdom is this? What a precious life to lead—wearying one's self and a set of youngsters to death? Leave that to your neighbour, Mr. Paunch! Why will you plague yourself to thrash straw? The best that you can know, you dare not tell the lads. Even now I hear one in the passage.

Faust.

I cannot possibly see him.

Mephistopheles.

The poor boy has waited long; he must not be sent away disconsolate. Come, give me your cap and gown; the mask will become me to admiration.

[*He changes his dress.*]

Now trust to my wit. I require but a quarter of an hour. In the mean time prepare for our pleasant trip.

[*Exit* FAUST.]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in* FAUST'S *gown*).

Only despise reason and knowledge, the highest strength of humanity; only permit thyself to be confirmed in delusion and sorcery-work by the spirit of lies,—and I have thee unconditionally. Fate has given him a spirit which is ever pressing onwards uncurbed, and whose overstrained striving o'erleaps the joys of earth.[66] Him will I drag through the wild passages of life,

Durch flache Unbedeutenheit,
Er soll mir zappeln, starren, kleben,
Und seiner Unersättlichkeit
Soll Speis' und Trank vor gier'gen Lippen schweben;
Er wird Erquickung sich umsonst erflehn,
Und hätt' er sich auch nicht dem Teufel übergeben,
Er müszte doch zu Grunde gehn! [*Ein* SCHÜLER *tritt auf.*]

Schüler.

Ich bin allhier erst kurze Zeit
Und komme voll Ergebenheit,
Einen Mann zu sprechen und zu kennen,
Den Alle mir mit Ehrfurcht nennen.

Mephistopheles.

Eure Höflichkeit erfreut mich sehr!
Ihr seht einen Mann wie andre mehr.
Habt ihr euch sonst schon umgethan?

Schüler.

Ich bitt' euch, nehmt euch meiner an!
Ich komme mit allem guten Muth,
Leidlichem Geld und frischem Blut;
Meine Mutter wollte mich kaum entfernen;
Möchte gern was Rechts hierauszen lernen.

Mephistopheles.

Da seid ihr eben recht am Ort.

Schüler.

Aufrichtig, möchte schon wieder fort:
In diesen Mauern, diesen Hallen
Will es mir keineswegs gefallen.
Es ist ein gar beschränkter Raum,
Man sieht nichts Grünes, keinen Baum,
Und in den Sälen, auf den Bänken
Vergeht mir Hören, Sehn und Denken.

through vapid insignificance. He shall sprawl, stand amazed, stick fast—and meat and drink shall hang, for his insatiableness, before his craving lips; he shall pray for refreshment in vain, and had he not already given himself up to the devil, he would, notwithstanding, inevitably be lost. [*A* STUDENT *enters.*[67]]

Student.

I am but just arrived, and come, full of devotion, to pay my respects to, and make acquaintance with, a man whom all name to me with reverence.

Mephistopheles.

I am flattered by your politeness. You see a man, like many others. Have you yet made any inquiry elsewhere?

Student.

Interest yourself for me, I pray you. I come with every good disposition, a little money, and youthful spirits; my mother could hardly be brought to part with me, but I would fain learn something worth learning in the world.

Mephistopheles.

You are here at the very place for it.

Student.

Honestly speaking, I already wish myself away: these walls, these halls, are by no means to my taste. The space is exceedingly confined; there is not a tree, nothing green, to be seen; and in the lecture-rooms, on the benches,—hearing, sight, and thinking fail me.

Mephistopheles.

Das kommt nur auf Gewohnheit an.
So nimmt ein Kind der Mutter Brust
Nicht gleich im Anfang willig an,
Doch bald ernährt es sich mit Lust.
So wird's euch an der Weisheit Brüsten
Mit jedem Tage mehr gelüsten.

Schüler.

An ihrem Hals will ich mit Freuden hangen;
Doch sagt mir nur, wie kann ich hingelangen?

Mephistopheles.

Erklärt euch, eh ihr weiter geht,
Was wählt ihr für eine Fakultät?

Schüler.

Ich wünschte recht gelehrt zu werden
Und möchte gern, was auf der Erden
Und in dem Himmel ist, erfassen,
Die Wissenschaft und die Natur.

Mephistopheles.

Da seid ihr auf der rechten Spur;
Doch müszt ihr euch nicht zerstreuen lassen.

Schüler.

Ich bin dabei mit Seel' und Leib;
Doch freilich würde mir behagen
Ein wenig Freiheit und Zeitvertreib
An schönen Sommerfeiertagen.

Mephistopheles.

Gebraucht der Zeit, sie geht so schnell von hinnen;
Doch Ordnung lehrt euch Zeit gewinnen.
Mein theurer Freund, ich rath' euch drum
Zuerst Collegium logicum.
Da wird der Geist euch wohl dressirt,
In spanische Stiefeln eingeschnürt,

Mephistopheles.

It all depends on habit. Thus, at first, the child does not take kindly to the mother's breast, but soon finds a pleasure in nourishing itself. Just so will you daily experience a greater pleasure at the breasts of wisdom.

Student.

I shall hang delightedly upon her neck; do but tell me how I am to attain it.

Mephistopheles.

Tell me before you go further, what faculty you fix upon?

Student.

I should wish to be profoundly learned, and should like to comprehend what is upon earth or in heaven, all science and nature.

Mephistopheles.

You are here upon the right scent; but you must not suffer your attention to be distracted.

Student.

I am heart and soul in the cause; but a little relaxation and pastime, to be sure, would not come amiss on bright summer holidays.

Mephistopheles.

Make the most of time, it glides away so fast; still method will teach you to gain time. For this reason, my good friend, I advise you to begin with a course of logic. In this study, the mind is well broken in,—laced up in Spanish boots,[68] so that it may creep circum-

Dasz er bedächtiger so fortan
Hinschleiche die Gedankenbahn
Und nicht etwa die Kreuz und Quer
Irrlichtelire hin und her.
Dann lehret man euch manchen Tag,
Dasz, was ihr sonst auf *einen* Schlag
Getrieben, wie Essen und Trinken frei,
Eins! Zwei! Drei! dazu nöthig sei.
Zwar ist's mit der Gedankenfabrik
Wie mit einem Webermeisterstück,
Wo *ein* Tritt tausend Fäden regt,
Die Schifflein herüber, hinüber schieszen,
Die Fäden ungesehen flieszen,
Ein Schlag tausend Verbindungen schlägt:
Der Philosoph, der tritt herein
Und beweist euch, es müszt' so sein:
Das Erst' wär' so, das Zweite so,
Und drum das Dritt' und Vierte so;
Und wenn das Erst' und Zweit' nicht wär',
Das Dritt' und Viert' wär' nimmermehr.
Das preisen die Schüler aller Orten,
Sind aber keine Weber geworden.
Wer will was Lebendig's erkennen und beschreiben,
Sucht erst den Geist herauszutreiben,
Dann hat er die Theile in seiner Hand,
Fehlt leider nur das geistige Band.
Encheiresin naturae nennt's die Chemie,
Spottet ihrer selbst und weisz nicht wie.

Schüler.

Kann euch nicht eben ganz verstehen.

Mephistopheles.

Das wird nächstens schon besser gehen,
Wenn ihr lernt Alles reduciren
Und gehörig klassificiren.

Schüler.

Mir wird von alledem so dumm,
Als ging' mir ein Mühlrad in Kopf herum.

spectly along the path of thought, and runs no risk of flickering, ignis-fatuus-like, in all directions. Then many a day will be spent in teaching you that one, two, three[69]—is necessary for that which formerly you hit off at a blow, as easily as eating and drinking. It is true, it is with the factory of thought as with a weaver's masterpiece, where one treadle moves a thousand threads; the shuttles shoot backwards and forwards, the threads flow unseen; ties, by thousands, are struck off at a blow: your philosopher,—he steps in and proves to you that this must needs be so: the first is so, the second so, and therefore the third and fourth are so; and if the first and second were not, the third and fourth would never be. The students of all countries put a high value on this, but none have become weavers. He who wishes to know and describe anything living, seeks first to drive the spirit out of it;[70] he has then the parts in his hand; only, unluckily, the spiritual bond is wanting. Chemistry terms it *encheiresis naturæ*, and mocks herself without knowing it.[71]

Student.

I cannot quite comprehend you.

Mephistopheles.

You will soon improve in that respect, if you learn to reduce and classify all things properly.

Student.

I am so confounded by all this, I feel as if a mill-wheel was turning round in my head.

Mephistopheles.

Nachher vor allen andern Sachen
Müszt ihr euch an die Metaphysik machen!
Da seht, dasz ihr tiefsinnig faszt,
Was in des Menschen Hirn nicht paszt;
Für was drein geht und nicht drein geht,
Ein prächtig Wort zu Diensten steht.
Doch vorerst dieses halbe Jahr
Nehmt ja der besten Ordnung wahr.
Fünf Stunden habt ihr jeden Tag;
Seid drinnen mit dem Glockenschlag;
Habt euch vorher wohl präparirt,
Paragraphos wohl einstudirt,
Damit ihr nachher besser seht,
Dasz er nichts sagt, als was im Buche steht;
Doch euch des Schreibens ja befleiszt,
Als diktirt' euch der Heilig' Geist!

Schüler.

Das sollt ihr mir nicht zweimal sagen!
Ich denke mir, wie viel es nützt;
Denn was man Schwarz auf Weisz besitzt,
Kann man getrost nach Hause tragen.

Mephistopheles.

Doch wählt mir eine Fakultät!

Schüler.

Zur Rechtsgelehrsamkeit kann ich mich nicht bequemen.

Mephistopheles.

Ich kann es euch so sehr nicht übel nehmen;
Ich weisz, wie es um diese Lehre steht.
Es erben sich Gesetz' und Rechte
Wie eine ew'ge Krankheit fort;
Sie schleppen von Geschlecht sich zum Geschlechte
Und rücken sacht von Ort zu Ort.
Vernunft wird Unsinn, Wohlthat Plage;
Weh dir, dasz du ein Enkel bist!

Mephistopheles.

In the next place, before everything else, you must set to at metaphysics. There see that you conceive profoundly what is not made for human brains. A fine word will stand you in stead for what enters and what does not enter there. And be sure, for this half-year, to adopt the strictest regularity. You will have five lectures every day.[72] Be in as the clock strikes. Be well prepared beforehand with the paragraphs carefully conned, that you may see the better that he says nothing but what is in the book; and write away as zealously as if the Holy Ghost were dictating to you.[73]

Student.

You need not tell me that a second time. I can imagine how useful it is. For what one has in black and white, one can carry home in comfort.

Mephistopheles.

But choose a faculty.

Student.

I cannot reconcile myself to jurisprudence.[74]

Mephistopheles.

I cannot much blame you. I know the nature of this science. Laws descend, like an inveterate hereditary disease; they trail from generation to generation, and glide imperceptibly from place to place. Reason becomes nonsense; beneficence, calamity. Woe to thee that thou art a grandson! Of the law that is born

Vom Rechte, das mit uns geboren ist,
Von dem ist leider nie die Frage.

Schüler.

Mein Abscheu wird durch euch vermehrt.
O glücklich der, den ihr belehrt!
Fast möcht' ich nun Theologie studiren.

Mephistopheles.

Ich wünschte nicht, euch irre zu führen.
Was diese Wissenschaft betrifft,
Es ist so schwer, den falschen Weg zu meiden,
Es liegt in ihr so viel verborgnes Gift
Und von der Arzenei ist's kaum zu unterscheiden.
Am Besten ist's auch hier, wenn ihr nur Einen hört
Und auf des Meisters Worte schwört.
Im Ganzen—haltet euch an Worte!
Dann geht ihr durch die sichre Pforte
Zum Tempel der Gewiszheit ein.

Schüler.

Doch ein Begriff musz bei dem Worte sein.

Mephistopheles.

Schon gut! Nur musz man sich nicht allzu ängstlich quälen;
Denn eben wo Begriffe fehlen,
Da stellt ein Wort zur rechten Zeit sich ein.
Mit Worten läszt sich trefflich streiten,
Mit Worten ein System bereiten,
An Worte läszt sich trefflich glauben,
Von einem Wort läszt sich kein Iota rauben.

Schüler.

Verzeiht, ich halt' euch auf mit vielen Fragen,
Allein ich musz euch noch bemühn.
Wollt ihr mir von der Medizin
Nicht auch ein kräftig Wörtchen sagen?
Drei Jahr' ist eine kurze Zeit,
Und, Gott, das Feld ist gar zu weit.

with us—of that, unfortunately, there is never a question.

Student.

You increase my repugnance. Oh, happy he, whom you instruct. I should almost like to study theology.

Mephistopheles.

I do not wish to mislead you. As for this science, it is so difficult to avoid the wrong way; there is so much hidden poison in it, which is hardly to be distinguished from the medicine. Here, again, it is best to attend but one master, and swear by his words. On the whole, stick to words; you will then pass through the safe gate into the temple of certainty.

Student.

But there must be some meaning connected with the word.

Mephistopheles.

Right! Only we must not be too anxious about that; for it is precisely where ideas fail that a word comes in most opportunely. With words one can admirably argue; with words one can form a system; it is easy to believe in words; from a word not an iota can be taken.

Student.

Your pardon, I detain you by my many questions, but I must still trouble you. Would you be so kind as to add a pregnant word or two on medicine? Three years is a short time, and the field, God knows, is far

Wenn man einen Fingerzeig nur hat,
Läszt sich's schon eher weiter fühlen.

Mephistopheles (*für sich*).

Ich bin des trocknen Tons nun satt,
Musz wieder recht den Teufel spielen.
(*Laut.*) Der Geist der Medizin ist leicht zu fassen;
Ihr durchstudirt die grosz- und kleine Welt,
Um es am Ende gehn zu lassen,
Wie's Gott gefällt.
Vergebens, dasz ihr ringsum wissenschaftlich schweift,
Ein Jeder lernt nur, was er lernen kann;
Doch der den Augenblick ergreift,
Das ist der rechte Mann.
Ihr seid noch ziemlich wohlgebaut,
An Kühnheit wird's euch auch nicht fehlen,
Und wenn ihr euch nur selbst vertraut,
Vertrauen euch die andern Seelen.
Besonders lernt die Weiber führen;
Es ist ihr ewig Weh und Ach
So tausendfach
Aus *einem* Punkte zu kuriren,
Und wenn ihr halbweg ehrbar thut,
Dann habt ihr sie all' unterm Hut.
Ein Titel musz sie erst vertraulich machen,
Dasz eure Kunst viel Künste übersteigt
Zum Willkomm tappt ihr dann nach allen Siebensachen,
Um die ein Andrer viele Jahre streicht,
Versteht das Pülslein wohl zu drücken
Und fasset sie mit feurig schlauen Blicken
Wohl um die schlanke Hüfte frei,
Zu sehn, wie fest geschnürt sie sei.

Schüler.

Das sieht schon besser aus! Man sieht doch, wo und wie.

Mephistopheles.

Grau, theurer Freund, ist alle Theorie
Und grün des Lebens goldner Baum.

too wide. If one has but a hint, one can feel one's way along further.

Mephistopheles (*aside*).

I begin to be tired of the prosing style. I must play the genuine devil again. [*Aloud.*]

The spirit of medicine[75] is easy to be caught; you study through the great and little world, and let things go on in the end—as it pleases God. It is vain that you wander scientifically about; no man will learn more than he can; he who avails himself of the passing moment—that is the proper man. You are tolerably well built, nor will you be wanting in boldness, and if you do but confide in yourself, other souls will confide in you. In particular, learn how to treat the women: their eternal *ohs!* and *ahs!* so thousandfold, are to be cured from a single point, and if you only assume a moderately demure air, you will have them all under your thumb. You must have a title, to convince them that your art is superior to most others, and then you are admitted from the first to all those little privileges for which another cozens many a year. Learn how to press the pulse adroitly, and boldly clasp them, with sly fiery glances, around the tapering hip, to see how tightly it is laced.

Student.

There is some sense in that; one sees at any rate the where and the how.

Mephistopheles.

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

Schüler.

Ich schwör' euch zu, mir ist's als wie ein Traum.
Dürft' ich euch wohl ein andermal beschweren,
Von eurer Weisheit auf den Grund zu hören?

Mephistopheles.

Was ich vermag, soll gern geschehn.

Schüler.

Ich kann unmöglich wieder gehn,
Ich musz euch noch mein Stammbuch überreichen.
Gönn' eure Gunst mir dieses Zeichen!

Mephistopheles.

Sehr wohl. [*Er schreibt und giebt's.*]

Schüler (*liest*).

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.
[*Macht's ehrerbietig zu und empfiehlt sich.*]

Mephistopheles.

Folg' nur dem alten Spruch und meiner Muhme, der Schlange,
Dir wird gewisz einmal bei deiner Gottähnlichkeit bange!
[Faust *tritt auf.*]

Faust.

Wohin soll es nun gehn?

Mephistopheles.

Wohin es dir gefällt.
Wir sehn die kleine, dann die grosze Welt.
Mit welcher Freude, welchem Nutzen
Wirst du den Cursum durchschmarutzen!

Faust.

Allein bei meinem langen Bart

Student.

I vow to you, it seems like a dream to me. Might I trouble you another time to hear your wisdom thoroughly expounded.

Mephistopheles.

I am at your service, to the extent of my poor abilities.

Student.

I cannot possibly go away without placing my album in your hands. Do not grudge me this token of your favour.

Mephistopheles.

With all my heart. [*He writes and gives it back.*]

Student (*reads*).

ERITIS SICUT DEUS, SCIENTES BONUM ET MALUM.[76]

[*He closes the book reverentially, and takes his leave.*]

Mephistopheles.

Only follow the old saying and my cousin the snake, and your resemblance to God will surely cause you anxiety one day.

Faust (*enters*).

Whither now?

Mephistopheles.

Where you please; to see the little, then the great world. With what joy, what profit, will you revel through the course!

Faust.

But with my long beard, I want the easy manners

Fehlt mir die leichte Lebensart.
Es wird mir der Versuch nicht glücken;
Ich wuszte nie mich in die Welt zu schicken,
Vor Andern fühl' ich mich so klein;
Ich werde stets verlegen sein.

Mephistopheles.

Mein guter Freund, das wird sich Alles geben;
Sobald du dir vertraust, sobald weiszt du zu leben.

Faust.

Wie kommen wir denn aus dem Haus?
Wo hast du Pferde, Knecht und Wagen?

Mephistopheles.

Wir breiten nur den Mantel aus,
Der soll uns durch die Lüfte tragen.
Du nimmst bei diesem kühnen Schritt
Nur keinen groszen Bündel mit.
Ein biszchen Feuerluft, die ich bereiten werde,
Hebt uns behend von dieser Erde.
Und sind wir leicht, so geht es schnell hinauf;
Ich gratulire dir zum neuen Lebenslauf.

of society. I shall fail in the attempt. I never knew how to present myself in the world, I feel so little in the presence of others; I shall be in a constant state of embarrassment.

Mephistopheles.

My dear friend, all that will come of its own accord; so soon as you feel confidence in yourself, you know the art of life.

Faust.

How, then, are we to start? Where are your carriages, horses, and servants?

Mephistopheles.

We have but to spread out this mantle;[77] that shall bear us through the air. Only you will take no heavy baggage on this bold trip. A little inflammable air, which I will get ready, will lift us quickly from this earth; and if we are light, we shall mount rapidly. I wish you joy of your new course of life.

AUERBACH'S KELLER IN LEIPZIG.

Zeche lustiger Gesellen.

Frosch.

WILL Keiner trinken? Keiner lachen?
Ich will euch lehren Gesichter machen!
Ihr seid ja heut wie nasses Stroh
Und brennt sonst immer lichterloh.

Brander.

Das liegt an dir; du bringst ja nichts herbei,
Nicht eine Dummheit, keine Sauerei.

Frosch (gieszt ihm ein Glas Wein über den Kopf).

Da hast du Beides!

Brander.

Doppelt Schwein!

Frosch.

Ihr wollt es ja, man soll es sein!

Siebel.

Zur Thür hinaus, wer sich entzweit!
Mit offner Brust singt Runda, sauft und schreit!
Auf! Holla! Ho!

Altmayer.

Weh mir, ich bin verloren!
Baumwolle her! Der Kerl sprengt mir die Ohren.

AUERBACH'S CELLAR[73] IN LEIPZIG.

(*Drinking bout of merry Fellows.*)

Frosch.

WILL no one drink? No one laugh? None of your gloomy faces! Why, you are like wet straw to-day, yet at other times you blaze brightly enough.

Brander.

That is your fault; you contribute nothing towards it: no nonsense, no beastliness.

Frosch (*throws a glass of wine over* BRANDER'S *head*). There are both for you!

Brander.

You double swine!

Frosch.

Why, you wanted me to be so.

Siebel.

Out with him who quarrels! With open throat strike up a chorus! swill and shout! holla, holla, ho!

Altmayer.

Woe is me, I am a lost man! Cotton, here! the knave splits my ears.

Siebel.

Wenn das Gewölbe wiederschallt,
Fühlt man erst recht des Basses Grundgewalt

Frosch.

So recht, hinaus mit dem, der etwas übel nimmt!
A! Tara lara da!

Altmayer.

A! Tara lara da!

Frosch.

Die Kehlen sind gestimmt.

(*Singt.*)

Das liebe Heil'ge Röm'sche Reich,
Wie hält's nur noch zusammen?

Brander.

Ein garstig Lied! Pfui! Ein politisch Lied!
Ein leidig Lied! Dankt Gott mit jedem Morgen,
Dasz ihr nicht braucht fürs Röm'sche Reich zu sorgen!
Ich halt' es wenigstens für reichlichen Gewinn,
Dasz ich nicht Kaiser oder Kanzler bin.
Doch musz auch uns ein Oberhaupt nicht fehlen;
Wir wollen einen Papst erwählen.
Ihr wiszt, welch eine Qualität
Den Ausschlag giebt, den Mann erhöht.

Frosch (*singt*).

Schwing dich auf, Frau Nachtigall,
Grüsz mir mein Liebchen zehntausendmal!

Siebel.

Dem Liebchen keinen Grusz! Ich will davon nichts hören!

Frosch.

Dem Liebchen Grusz und Kusz! Du wirst mir's nicht verwehren!

Siebel.

It is only when the vault echoes again, that one feels the true power of the bass.

Frosch.

Right, out with him who takes anything amiss. Ah! Tara lara da!

Altmayer.

Ah! Tara lara da!

Frosch.

Our throats are tuned. [*He sings.*]

The dear, holy Roman empire, how holds it still together?

Brander.

A nasty song! Psha! A political song! An offensive song! Thank God every morning of your life, that you have not the Roman empire to care for! I, at least, esteem it no slight gain that I am not emperor nor chancellor. But we cannot do without a head. We will choose a pope. You know what sort of qualification turns the scale, and elevates the man.

Frosch (*sings*).

Soar up, Dame Nightingale,[79] give my sweetheart ten thousand greetings for me.

Siebel.

No greeting to the sweetheart! I will not hear of it!

Frosch.

Greeting to the sweetheart, and a kiss too! Thou shalt not hinder me. [*He sings.*]

(*Singt*).

Riegel auf! In stiller Nacht.
Riegel auf! Der Liebste wacht.
Riegel zu! Des Morgens früh.

Siebel.

Ja, singe, singe nur und lob und rühme sie;
Ich will zu meiner Zeit schon lachen.
Sie hat mich angeführt, dir wird sie's auch so machen.
Zum Liebsten sei ein Kobold ihr beschert!
Der mag mit ihr auf einem Kreuzweg schäkern;
Ein alter Bock, wenn er vom Blocksberg kehrt,
Mag im Galopp noch gute Nacht ihr meckern!
Ein braver Kerl von echtem Fleisch und Blut
Ist für die Dirne viel zu gut.
Ich will von keinem Grusze wissen,
Als ihr die Fenster eingeschmissen!

Brander (*auf den Tisch schlagend*).

Paszt auf! Paszt auf! Gehorchet mir!
Ihr Herrn gesteht, ich weisz zu leben;
Verliebte Leute sitzen hier,
Und diesen musz nach Standsgebühr
Zur guten Nacht ich was zum Besten geben.
Gebt Acht! Ein Lied vom neusten Schnitt!
Und singt den Rundreim kräftig mit!

(*Er singt.*)

Es war eine Ratt' im Kellernest,
Lebte nur von Fett und Butter,
Hatte sich ein Ränzlein angemäst't
Als wie der Doktor Luther.
Die Köchin hatt' ihr Gift gestellt;
Da ward's so eng ihr in der Welt,
Als hätte sie Lieb' im Leibe.

CHORUS (*jauchzend*).

Als hätte sie Lieb' im Leibe.

Brander.

Sie fuhr herum, sie fuhr heraus
Und soff aus allen Pfützen,

Open bolts! In stilly night.
Open bolts! The lover wakes.
Shut bolts! At morning's dawn.

Siebel.

Ay, sing, sing on, and praise and celebrate her; my turn for laughing will come. She has taken me in; she will do the same for you. May she have a hobgoblin for a lover! He may toy with her on a cross-way. An old he-goat, on his return from the Blocksberg, may bleat good night to her on the gallop. A hearty fellow of genuine flesh and blood is far too good for the wench. I will hear of no greeting, unless it be to smash her windows.

Brander (*striking on the table*).

Attend, attend! Listen to me! You gentlemen must allow me to know something of life. Lovesick folks sit here, and I must give them something suitable to their condition by way of good night. Attend! A song of the newest cut! and strike boldly in with the chorus.

[*He sings.*]

There was a rat in the cellar, who lived on nothing but fat and butter, and had raised himself up a paunch like that of Doctor Luther. The cook had laid poison for him; then the world became too hot for him, as if he had love in his body.

Chorus.

As if he had love in his body.

Brander.

He ran round, he ran out, he drank of every

Zernagt', zerkratzt' das ganze Haus,
Wollte nichts ihr Wüthen nützen ;
Sie thät gar manchen Aengstesprung,
Bald hatte das arme Thier genung,
Als hätt' es Lieb' im Leibe.

CHORUS.

Als hätt' es Lieb' im Leibe.

Brander.

Sie kam vor Angst am hellen Tag
Der Küche zugelaufen,
Fiel an den Herd und zuckt' und lag
Und thät erbärmlich schnaufen.
Da lachte die Vergifterin noch :
Ha ! Sie pfeift auf dem letzten Loch,
Als hätte sie Lieb' im Leibe.

CHORUS.

Als hätte sie Lieb' im Leibe.

Siebel.

Wie sich die platten Bursche freuen !
Es ist mir eine rechte Kunst,
Den armen Ratten Gift zu streuen !

Brander.

Sie stehn wohl sehr in deiner Gunst?

Altmayer.

Der Schmerbauch mit der kahlen Platte !
Das Unglück macht ihn zahm und mild ;
Er sieht in der geschwollnen Ratte
Sein ganz natürlich Ebenbild.

FAUST *und* MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles.

Ich musz dich nun vor allen Dingen
In lustige Gesellschaft bringen,
Damit du siehst, wie leicht sich's leben läszt.

puddle; he gnawed and scratched the whole house, but his fury availed nothing; he gave many a bound of agony; the poor beast was soon done for, as if he had love in his body.

Chorus.

As if he had love in his body.

Brander.

He came running into the kitchen, for sheer pain, in open daylight, fell on the hearth and lay convulsed, and panted pitiably. Then the poisoner exclaimed, with a laugh—Ha! he is at his last gasp, as if he had love in his body.

Chorus.

As if he had love in his body.

Siebel.

How the flats chuckle! It is a fine thing, to be sure, to lay poison for the poor rats.

Brander.

Perchance they stand high in your favour?

Altmayer.

The bald-pated paunch! misfortune makes him humble and mild. He sees in the swollen rat his own image drawn to the life.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles.

Before all things else, I must bring you into merry company, that you may see how lightly life may be

Dem Volke hier wird jeder Tag ein Fest.
Mit wenig Witz und viel Behagen
Dreht Jeder sich im engen Zirkeltanz,
Wie junge Katzen mit dem Schwanz.
Wenn sie nicht über Kopfweh klagen,
So lang' der Wirth nur weiter borgt,
Sind sie vergnügt und unbesorgt.

Brander.

Die kommen eben von der Reise,
Man sieht's an ihrer wunderlichen Weise;
Sie sind nicht eine Stunde hier.

Frosch.

Wahrhaftig, du hast Recht! Mein Leipzig lob' ich mir!
Es ist ein klein Paris und bildet seine Leute.

Siebel.

Für was siehst du die Fremden an?

Frosch.

Lasz mich nur gehn! Bei einem vollen Glase
Zieh' ich, wie einen Kinderzahn,
Den Burschen leicht die Würmer aus der Nase.
Sie scheinen mir aus einem edlen Haus,
Sie sehen stolz und unzufrieden aus.

Brander.

Marktschreier sind's gewisz, ich wette!

Altmayer.

Vielleicht.

Frosch.

Gieb Acht, ich schraube sie!

Mephistopheles (*zu* FAUST).

Den Teufel spürt das Völkchen nie,
Und wenn er sie beim Kragen hätte.

passed. These people make every day a feast. With little wit and much self-complacency, each turns round in the narrow circle-dance, like kittens playing with their tails. So long as they have no headache to complain of, and so long as they can get credit from their host, they are merry and free from care.

Brander.

They are just off a journey; one may see as much from their strange manner. They have not been here an hour.

Frosch.

Indeed thou art right! Leipzig is the place for me![80] It is a little Paris, and gives its folks a finish.

Siebel.

What do you take the strangers to be?

Frosch.

Let me alone! In the drinking of a bumper I will worm it out of them as easily as draw a child's tooth. They appear to me to be noble; they have a proud and discontented look.

Brander.

Mountebanks to a certainty, I wager.

Altmayer.

Perhaps.

Frosch.

Now mark; I will smoke them.

Mephistopheles (to Faust).

These folk would never scent the devil, if he had them by the throat.

Faust.
Seid uns gegrüszt, ihr Herrn!

Siebel.
Viel Dank zum Gegengrusz!
[*Leise,* MEPHISTOPHELES *von der Seite ansehend.*]
Was? Hinkt der Kerl auf einem Fusz?

Mephistopheles.
Ist es erlaubt, uns auch zu euch zu setzen?
Statt eines guten Trunks, den man nicht haben kann,
Soll die Gesellschaft uns ergetzen.

Altmayer.
Ihr scheint ein sehr verwöhnter Mann.

Frosch.
Ihr seid wohl spät von Rippach aufgebrochen?
Habt ihr mit Herren Hans noch erst zu Nacht gespeist?

Mephistopheles.
Heut sind wir ihn vorbeigereist;
Wir haben ihn das letzte Mal gesprochen.
Von seinen Vettern wuszt' er viel zu sagen,
Viel Grüsze hat er uns an Jeden aufgetragen.
[*Er neigt sich gegen* FROSCH.]

Altmayer (*leise*).
Da hast du's! Der versteht's!

Siebel.
Ein pfiffiger Patron!

Frosch.
Nun, warte nur, ich krieg' ihn schon!

Mephistopheles.
Wenn ich nicht irrte, hörten wir
Geübte Stimmen Chorus singen?

Faust.

Our greetings, gentlemen.

Siebel.

Many thanks to you in return.

[*Aside, looking at* MEPHISTOPHELES *askance.*]

What? Does the fellow halt on one foot?

Mephistopheles.

Will you permit us to sit down with you? We shall have company to cheer us instead of good liquor, which is not to be had.

Altmayer.

You seem a very dainty gentleman.

Frosch.

You probably started at a late hour from Rippach?[81] Did you sup with Mr. Hans before you left?

Mephistopheles.

We passed him without stopping to-day. Last time we spoke with him. He had much to say of his cousins; he charged us with many greetings to each.

[*With an inclination towards* FROSCH.]

Altmayer (*aside*).

Thou hast it there! He knows a thing or two!

Siebel

A knowing fellow!

Frosch.

Only wait, I shall have him presently.

Mephistopheles.

If I am not mistaken, we heard some practised voices

Gewisz, Gesang musz trefflich hier
Von dieser Wölbung wiederklingen!

Frosch.

Seid ihr wohl gar ein Virtuos?

Mephistopheles.

O nein! Die Kraft ist schwach, allein die Lust ist grosz.

Altmayer.

Gebt uns ein Lied!

Mephistopheles.

Wenn ihr begehrt, die Menge.

Siebel.

Nur auch ein nagelneues Stück!

Mephistopheles.

Wir kommen erst aus Spanien zurück,
Dem schönen Land des Weins und der Gesänge.

(*Singt.*)

Es war einmal ein König,
Der hatt' einen groszen Floh—

Frosch.

Horcht! Einen Floh! Habt ihr das wohl gefaszt?
Ein Floh ist mir ein saubrer Gast.

Mephistopheles (*singt*).

Es war einmal ein König,
Der hatt' einen groszen Floh;
Den liebt' er gar nicht wenig,
Als wie seinen eignen Sohn.
Da rief er seinen Schneider,
Der Schneider kam heran:
"Da, misz dem Junker Kleider
Und misz ihm Hosen an!"

Brander.

Vergeszt nur nicht, dem Schneider einzuschärfen,

singing in chorus? No doubt singing must echo admirably from this vaulted roof.

Frosch.

Are you perhaps a virtuoso?

Mephistopheles.

Oh, no! The power is weak, but the desire is strong.

Altmayer.

Give us a song.

Mephistopheles.

As many as you like.

Siebel.

Only let it be brand-new.

Mephistopheles.

We are just returned from Spain, the fair land of wine and song. [*He sings.*]

There was once upon a time a king who had a great flea

Frosch.

Hark! A flea! Did you catch that? A flea is a fine sort of chap.

Mephistopheles (*sings*).[82]

There was once upon a time a king; he had a great flea, and was as fond of it as if it had been his own son. Then he called his tailor; the tailor came: "There, measure the youngster for clothes, and measure him for breeches."

Brander.

Only don't forget to impress it on the tailor to mea-

Dasz er mir aufs Genauste miszt,
Und dasz, so lieb sein Kopf ihm ist,
Die Hosen keine Falten werfen!

Mephistopheles.

In Sammet und in Seide
War er nun angethan,
Hatte Bänder auf dem Kleide,
Hatt' auch ein Kreuz daran
Und war sogleich Minister
Und hatt' einen groszen Stern.
Da wurden seine Geschwister
Bei Hof auch grosze Herrn.

Und Herrn und Frau'n am Hofe
Die waren sehr geplagt,
Die Königin und die Zofe
Gestochen und genagt,
Und durften sie nicht knicken
Und weg sie jucken nicht.
Wir knicken und ersticken
Doch gleich, wenn einer sticht.

CHORUS (*jauchzend*).

Wir knicken und ersticken
Doch gleich, wenn einer sticht.

Frosch.

Bravo! Bravo! Das war schön!

Siebel.

So soll es jedem Floh ergehn!

Brander.

Spitzt die Finger und packt sie fein

Altmayer.

Es lebe die Freiheit! Es lebe der Wein!

Mephistopheles.

Ich tränke gern ein Glas, die Freiheit hoch zu ehren,
Wenn eure Weine nur ein biszchen besser wären.

sure with the greatest nicety, and, as he loves his head, to make the breeches sit smoothly.

Mephistopheles.

He was now attired in velvet and silk, had ribbons on his coat, had a cross besides, and was forthwith made minister, and had a great star. Then his brothers also became great lords at court.

And the ladies and gentlemen at court were dreadfully tormented; from the queen to the waiting-woman they were pricked and bitten, yet dared not crack nor scratch them away. But we crack and stifle fast enough when one pricks.

Chorus.

But we crack and stifle fast enough when one pricks.

Frosch.

Bravo! bravo! That was capital!

Siebel.

So perish every flea.

Brander.

Point your fingers, and nick them cleverly.

Altmayer.

Liberty for ever! Wine for ever!

Mephistopheles.

I would willingly drink a glass in honour of liberty, were your wine a thought better.

Siebel.

Wir mögen das nicht wieder hören!

Mephistopheles.

Ich fürchte nur, der Wirth beschweret sich;
Sonst gäb' ich diesen werthen Gästen
Aus unserm Keller was zum Besten.

Siebel.

Nur immer her! Ich nehm's auf mich.

Frosch.

Schafft ihr ein gutes Glas, so wollen wir euch loben.
Nur gebt nicht gar zu kleine Proben;
Denn wenn ich judiciren soll,
Verlang' ich auch das Maul recht voll.

Altmayer (*leise*).

Sie sind vom Rheine, wie ich spüre.

Mephistopheles.

Schafft einen Bohrer an!

Brander.

Was soll mit dem geschehn?
Ihr habt doch nicht die Fässer vor der Thüre?

Altmayer.

Dahinten hat der Wirth ein Körbchen Werkzeug stehn.

Mephistopheles (*nimmt den Bohrer. Zu* Frosch).

Nun sagt, was wünschet ihr zu schmecken?

Frosch.

Wie meint ihr das? Habt ihr so Mancherlei?

Mephistopheles.

Ich stell' es einem Jeden frei.

Siebel.

You had better not let us hear that again!

Mephistopheles.

I am afraid the landlord would feel hurt, or I would treat these worthy gentlemen out of our cellar.

Siebel.

Do let us have it! I take the blame upon myself.

Frosch.

If you give us a good glass, we shall not be sparing of our praise. Only don't let your samples be too small; for if I am to give an opinion, I require a regular mouthful.

Altmayer (aside).

They are from the Rhine, I guess.

Mephistopheles.

Bring a gimlet.

Brander.

What for? You surely have not the casks at the door?

Altmayer.

Behind there, is a tool-chest of the landlord's.

Mephistopheles (taking the gimlet. To FROSCH).

Now say, what wine would you wish to taste?

Frosch.

What do you mean? Have you so many sorts?

Mephistopheles.

I give every man his choice.

Altmayer (*zu* FROSCH).
Aha! Du fängst schon an, die Lippen abzulecken.

Frosch.
Gut! Wenn ich wählen soll, so will ich Rheinwein haben.
Das Vaterland verleiht die allerbesten Gaben.

Mephistopheles (*indem er an dem Platz, wo* FROSCH *sitzt, ein Loch in den Tischrand bohrt*).
Verschafft ein wenig Wachs, die Pfropfen gleich zu machen!

Altmayer.
Ach, das sind Taschenspielersachen.

Mephistopheles (*zu* BRANDER).
Und ihr?

Brander.
Ich will Champagnerwein,
Und recht mussirend soll er sein!
[MEPHISTOPHELES *bohrt; Einer hat indessen die Wachspfropfen gemacht und verstopft.*]
Man kann nicht stets das Fremde meiden,
Das Gute liegt uns oft so fern.
Ein echter deutscher Mann mag keinen Franzen leiden,
Doch ihre Weine trinkt er gern.

Siebel (*indem sich* MEPHISTOPHELES *seinem Platze nähert*).
Ich musz gestehn, den Sauren mag ich nicht.
Gebt mir ein Glas vom echten Süszen!

Mephistopheles (*bohrt*).
Euch soll sogleich Tokaier fliesZen.

Altmayer.
Nein, Herren, seht mir ins Gesicht!
Ich seh' es ein, ihr habt uns nur zum Besten.

Altmayer (*to* FROSCH).

Ah! you begin to lick your lips already.

Frosch.

Well! If I am to choose, I will take Rhine wine. Our fatherland affords the very best of gifts.

Mephistopheles (*boring a hole in the edge of the table where* FROSCH *is sitting*).

Get a little wax to make stoppers immediately.

Altmayer.

Ah! these are jugglers' tricks.

Mephistopheles (*to* BRANDER).

And you?

Brander.

I choose champagne, and let it be right sparkling.

[MEPHISTOPHELES *bores; one of the others has in the meantime prepared the wax-stoppers and stopped the holes.*]

One cannot always avoid what is foreign; what is good often lies so far off. A true German cannot abide Frenchmen, but willingly drinks their wines.

Siebel (*as* MEPHISTOPHELES *approaches him*).

I must own, I do not like acid wine; give me a glass of genuine sweet.

Mephistopheles (*bores*).

You shall have Tokay in a twinkling.

Altmayer.

No, gentlemen; look me in the face. I see plainly you are only making fun of us.

Mephistopheles.

Ei! Ei! Mit solchen edlen Gästen
Wär' es ein biszchen viel gewagt,
Geschwind! Nur grad heraus gesagt!
Mit welchem Weine kann ich dienen?

Altmayer.

Mit jedem! Nur nicht lang' gefragt!
[*Nachdem die Löcher alle gebohrt und verstopft sind.*]

Mephistopheles (*mit seltsamen Geberden*).

Trauben trägt der Weinstock,
Hörner der Ziegenbock!
Der Wein ist saftig, Holz die Reben;
Der hölzerne Tisch kann Wein auch geben.
Ein tiefer Blick in die Natur!
Hier ist ein Wunder, glaubet nur!
Nun zieht die Pfropfen und genieszt!

Alle (*indem sie die Pfropfen ziehen und Jedem der verlangte Wein ins Glas läuft*).

O schöner Brunnen, der uns flieszt!

Mephistopheles.

Nur hütet euch, dasz ihr mir nichts vergieszt!
[*Sie trinken wiederholt.*]

Alle (*singen*).

Uns ist ganz kannibalisch wohl
Als wie fünfhundert Säuen!

Mephistopheles.

Das Volk ist frei, seht an, wie wohl's ihm geht!

Mephistopheles.

Ha! ha! that would be taking too great a liberty with such distinguished guests. Quick! Only speak out at once. What wine can I have the pleasure of serving you with?

Altmayer.

With any! Only don't lose time in asking.

[*After all the holes are bored and stopped.*]

Mephistopheles (*with strange gestures*).

The vine bears grapes.
The he-goat bears horns.
Wine is juicy, vines are wood;
The wooden table can also give wine.
A deep glance into nature!
Here is a miracle, only have faith!
Now draw the stoppers and drink.

All (*as they draw the stoppers, and the wine chosen by each runs into his glass*).

Oh! beautiful spring, that flows for us!

Mephistopheles.

Only take care not to spill any of it.

[*They drink repeatedly.*]

All (*sing*).

We feel as awfully jolly [83]
As five hundred swine.

Mephistopheles.

These people are free; behold how happy they are!

Faust.
Ich hätte Lust, nun abzufahren.

Mephistopheles.
Gieb nur erst Acht, die Bestialität
Wird sich gar herrlich offenbaren.

Siebel (trinkt unvorsichtig; der Wein fliesst auf die Erde und wird zur Flamme).
Helft! Feuer! Helft! Die Hölle brennt!

Mephistopheles (die Flamme besprechend).
Sei ruhig, freundlich Element! 1945
[*Zu dem Gesellen.*]
Für diesmal war es nur ein Tropfen Fegefeuer.

Siebel.
Was soll das sein? Wart! Ihr bezahlt es theuer!
Es scheinet, dasz ihr uns nicht kennt.

Frosch.
Lasz er uns das zum zweiten Male bleiben!

Altmayer.
Ich dächt', wir hieszen ihn ganz sachte seitwärts gehn.

Siebel.
Was, Herr? Er will sich unterstehn 1951
Und hier sein Hokuspokus treiben?

Mephistopheles.
Still, altes Weinfasz!

Siebel.
Besenstiel!
Du willst uns gar noch grob begegnen?

Brander.
Wart nur! Es sollen Schläge regnen. 1955

Faust.

I should like to be off now.

Mephistopheles.

But first attend; their brutishness will display itself right gloriously.

Siebel (drinks carelessly; the wine is spilt upon the ground, and turns to flame).

Help! fire! help! Hell is burning.

Mephistopheles (conjuring the flame).

Be quiet, friendly element. (*To* SIEBEL.) This time it was only a drop of the fire of purgatory.

Siebel.

What does that mean? Hold! you shall pay dearly for it. It seems that you do not know us.

Frosch.

You had better not try that a second time.

Altmayer.

I think we had better send him packing quietly.

Siebel.

What, Sir, dare you play off your hocus-pocus here?

Mephistopheles.

Silence, old wine-butt!

Siebel.

Broomstick! will you even be rude to us?

Brander.

Just wait! It shall rain blows!

Altmayer (*zieht einen Pfropf aus dem Tisch, es springt ihm Feuer entgegen*).
Ich brenne! Ich brenne!

Siebel.
Zauberei!
Stoszt zu! Der Kerl ist vogelfrei!
[*Sie ziehen die Messer und gehn auf* MEPHISTOPHELES *los.*]

Mephistopheles (*mit ernsthafter Geberde*).
Falsch Gebild und Wort
Verändern Sinn und Ort!
Seid hier und dort!
[*Sie stehn erstaunt und sehn einander an.*]

Altmayer.
Wo bin ich? Welches schöne Land!

Frosch.
Weinberge! Seh' ich recht?

Siebel.
Und Trauben gleich zur Hand!

Brander.
Hier unter diesem grünen Laube,
Seht, welch ein Stock! Seht, welche Traube!
[*Er faszt* SIEBELN *bei der Nase; die Andern thun es wechselseitig und heben die Messer.*]

Mephistopheles (*wie oben*).
Irrthum, lasz los der Augen Band!
Und merkt euch, wie der Teufel spasze!
[*Er verschwindet mit* FAUST; *die Gesellen fahren aus einander.*]

Siebel.
Was giebt's?

Altmayer (*draws a stopper from the table; fire flies out against him*).

I burn! I burn!

Siebel.

Sorcery! thrust home! The knave is outlawed.

[*They draw their knives and fall upon* MEPHISTOPHELES.]

Mephistopheles (*with solemn gestures*).

False form and word,
Change sense and place.
Be here, be there!

[*They stand amazed and gaze on each other.*]

Altmayer.

Where am I? What a beautiful country!

Frosch.

Vineyards! Can I believe my eyes?

Siebel.

And grapes close at hand!

Brander.

Here, under these green leaves, see, what a stem! See what a bunch!

[*He seizes* SIEBEL *by the nose. The others do the same one with the other, and raise their knives.*]

Mephistopheles (*as before*).

Error, loose the bandage from their eyes! And do ye remember the devil's mode of jesting!

[*He disappears with* FAUST. *The fellows start back from one another.*]

Siebel.

What's the matter?

Altmayer.

Wie?

Frosch.

War das deine Nase?

Brander (*zu* SIEBEL).

Und deine hab' ich in der Hand!

Altmayer.

Es war ein Schlag, der ging durch alle Glieder!
Schafft einen Stuhl, ich sinke nieder!

Frosch.

Nein, sagt mir nur, was ist geschehn?

Siebel.

Wo ist der Kerl? Wenn ich ihn spüre,
Er soll mir nicht lebendig gehn!

Altmayer.

Ich hab' ihn selbst hinaus zur Kellerthüre—
Auf einem Fasse reiten sehn——
Es liegt mir bleischwer in den Füszen.
[*Sich nach dem Tische wendend.*]
Mein! Sollte wohl der Wein noch flieszen?

Siebel.

Betrug war Alles, Lug und Schein.

Frosch.

Mir däuchte doch, als tränk' ich Wein.

Brander.

Aber wie war es mit den Trauben?

Altmayer.

Nun sag' mir Eins, man soll kein Wunder glauben!

Altmayer.

How?

Frosch.

Was that thy nose?

Brander (*to* SIEBEL).

And I have thine in my hand!

Altmayer.

It was a shock which thrilled through every limb! Give me a chair, I am sinking.

Frosch.

No, do but tell me; what has happened?

Siebel.

Where is the fellow? If I meet with him, it shall be as much as his life is worth.

Altmayer.

I myself saw him at the cellar door, riding out upon a cask. My feet feel as heavy as lead.

[*Turning towards the table.*]

My! I wonder whether the wine is running still?

Siebel.

It was all a cheat, a lie, and a delusion.

Frosch.

Yet it seemed to me as if I was drinking wine.

Brander.

But how was it with the grapes?

Altmayer.

Let anyone tell me after that, that one is not to believe in miracles!

HEXENKÜCHE.

Auf einem niedrigen Herde steht ein groszer Kessel über dem Feuer. In dem Dampfe, der davon in die Höhe steigt, zeigen sich verschiedne Gestalten. EINE MEERKATZE *sitzt bei dem Kessel und schäumt ihn und sorgt, dasz er nicht überläuft.* DER MEERKATER *mit den Jungen sitzt darneben und wärmt sich. Wände und Decke sind mit dem seltsamsten Hexenhausrath ausgeschmückt.*

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust.

MIR widersteht das tolle Zauberwesen!
Versprichst du mir, ich soll genesen
In diesem Wust von Raserei?
Verlang' ich Rath von einem alten Weibe?
Und schafft die Sudelköcherei
Wohl dreiszig Jahre mir vom Leibe?
Weh mir, wenn du nichts Bessers weiszt!
Schon ist die Hoffnung mir verschwunden.
Hat die Natur und hat ein edler Geist
Nicht irgend einen Balsam ausgefunden?

Mephistopheles.

Mein Freund, nun sprichst du wieder klug!
Dich zu verjüngen, giebt's auch ein natürlich Mittel:
Allein es steht in einem andern Buch
Und ist ein wunderlich Kapitel.

Faust.

Ich will es wissen.

WITCH'S KITCHEN.

A large cauldron is hanging over the fire on a low hearth. Different figures are seen in the fumes which rise from it. A FEMALE MONKEY *is sitting by the cauldron and skimming it, and taking care that it does not run over.* THE MALE MONKEY *is seated near with the young ones, and warming himself. The walls and ceiling are hung with the strangest articles of Witch furniture.*[81]

Faust.

I LOATHE this mad concern of witchcraft. Do you promise me that I shall recover in this chaos of insanity? Do I need an old hag's advice? And will this foul mess perchance take thirty years from my life? Woe is me, if you know of nothing better! Hope is already gone. Has nature and has a noble spirit discovered no sort of balsam?

Mephistopheles.

My friend, now again you speak wisely! There is also a natural mode of renewing youth. But it is in another book, and forms a very strange chapter.

Faust.

Let me know it.

Mephistopheles.

Gut! Ein Mittel, ohne Geld
Und Arzt und Zauberei zu haben:
Begieb dich gleich hinaus aufs Feld,
Fang an zu hacken und zu graben,
Erhalte dich und deinen Sinn
In einem ganz beschränkten Kreise,
Ernähre dich mit ungemischter Speise,
Leb mit dem Vieh als Vieh und acht es nicht für Raub,
Den Acker, den du erntest, selbst zu düngen;
Das ist das beste Mittel, glaub,
Auf achtzig Jahr' dich zu verjüngen!

Faust.

Das bin ich nicht gewöhnt, ich kann mich nicht bequemen,
Den Spaten in die Hand zu nehmen;
Das enge Leben steht mir gar nicht an.

Mephistopheles.

So musz denn doch die Hexe dran.

Faust.

Warum denn just das alte Weib?
Kannst du den Trank nicht selber brauen?

Mephistopheles.

Das wär' ein schöner Zeitvertreib!
Ich wollt' indesz wohl tausend Brücken bauen.
Nicht Kunst und Wissenschaft allein,
Geduld will bei dem Werke sein.
Ein stiller Geist ist Jahre lang geschäftig,
Die Zeit nur macht die feine Gährung kräftig.
Und Alles, was dazu gehört,
Es sind gar wunderbare Sachen!
Der Teufel hat sie's zwar gelehrt,
Allein der Teufel kann's nicht machen.
[*Die* THIERE *erblickend.*]
Sieh, welch ein zierliches Geschlecht!
Das ist die Magd! Das ist der Knecht!
[*Zu den* THIEREN.]
Es scheint, die Frau ist nicht zu Hause?

Mephistopheles.

Well! there is a remedy to be had without money, physician, or sorcery: betake thyself straightway to the field, begin to hoe and dig, confine thyself and thy sense within a thoroughly contracted circle; support thyself on simple food; live with beasts as a beast, and think it no robbery to manure yourself the field from which you reap. That is the best way, believe me, to keep you young to eighty.

Faust.

I am not used to it. I cannot bring myself to take the spade in hand; the confined life does not suit me at all.

Mephistopheles.

Then you must have recourse to the witch after all.

Faust.

But why must it just be the hag? Cannot you brew the drink yourself?

Mephistopheles.

That were a pretty pastime! I would rather build a thousand bridges in the time. Not art and science only, but patience is required for the job. A quiet spirit is active at it for years; time only strengthens this fine fermentation. And the ingredients are exceedingly curious. The devil, it is true, has taught it her, but the devil cannot make it. (*Perceiving the* MONKEYS.) See what a pretty breed! This is the maid—that is the man. (*To the* MONKEYS.) It seems your mistress is not at home?

Die Thiere.

Beim Schmause;
Aus dem Haus
Zum Schornstein hinaus!

Mephistopheles.

Wie lange pflegt sie wohl zu schwärmen?

Die Thiere.

So lang' wir uns die Pfoten wärmen.

Mephistopheles (*zu* FAUST).

Wie findest du die zarten Thiere?

Faust.

So abgeschmackt, als ich nur Jemand sah!

Mephistopheles.

Nein, ein Discurs wie dieser da
Ist grade der, den ich am Liebsten führe!
[*Zu den* THIEREN.]
So sagt mir doch, verfluchte Puppen,
Was quirlt ihr in dem Brei herum?

Thiere.

Wir kochen breite Bettelsuppen.

Mephistopheles.

Da habt ihr ein grosz Publikum.

Der Kater (*macht sich herbei und schmeichelt dem* MEPHISTOPHELES).

O, würfle nur gleich
Und mache mich reich
Und lasz mich gewinnen!
Gar schlecht ist's bestellt,
Und wär' ich bei Geld,
So wär' ich bei Sinnen.

The Monkeys.

At the feast,[85]
Out of the house,
By the chimney out.

Mephistopheles.

How long does she usually roam about?

The Monkeys.

As long as we warm our paws.

Mephistopheles (*to* FAUST).

How do you find these tender creatures?

Faust.

As disgusting as I ever saw anything.

Mephistopheles.

Nay, a discourse like the present, is precisely what I am fondest of engaging in. (*To the* MONKEYS.) Tell me, ye accursed puppets, why do you stir so this mess?

Monkeys.

We are cooking watery soups for beggars.[86]

Mephistopheles.

You will have plenty of customers.

The He Monkey (*approaches and fawns on* MEPHISTOPHELES).

O quick throw the dice,
And make me rich—
And let me win!
My fate is a sorry one,
And had I money
I should also have reason.

Mephistopheles.

Wie glücklich würde sich der Affe schätzen,
Könnt' er nur auch ins Lotto setzen!

[*Indessen haben die jungen* MEERKÄTZCHEN *mit einer groszen Kugel gespielt und rollen sie hervor.*]

Der Kater.

Das ist die Welt;
Sie steigt und fällt
Und rollt beständig;
Sie klingt wie Glas;
Wie bald bricht das?
Ist hohl inwendig;
Hier glänzt sie sehr
Und hier noch mehr.
Ich bin lebendig!
Mein lieber Sohn,
Halt dich davon!
Du muszt sterben!
Sie ist von Thon,
Es giebt Scherben.

Mephistopheles.

Was soll das Sieb?

Der Kater (*holt es herunter*).

Wärst du ein Dieb,
Wollt' ich dich gleich erkennen.

[*Er läuft zur Kätzin und läszt sie durchsehen.*]

Sieh durch das Sieb!
Erkennst du den Dieb?
Und darfst ihn nicht nennen?

Mephistopheles.

How happy the monkey would think himself, if he could only put into the lottery.

[*The Young* MONKEYS *have, in the meantime, been playing with a large globe, and roll it forwards.*]

The He Monkey.

That is the world;
It rises and falls,
And rolls unceasingly.
It rings like glass:
How soon breaks that?
It is hollow within;
It glitters much here,
And still more here—
I am alive!
My dear son,
Keep thee aloof;
Thou must die!
It is of clay,
This makes potsherds.

Mephistopheles.

What is the sieve for?

The He Monkey (*takes it down*).

Wert thou a thief, I should know thee at once.

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

Look through the sieve!
Dost thou recognize the thief?
And darest not name him?

Mephistopheles (*sich dem Feuer nähernd.*)
Und dieser Topf?

Kater und Kätzin.
Der alberne Tropf!
Er kennt nicht den Topf,
Er kennt nicht den Kessel!

Mephistopheles.
Unhöfliches Thier!

Der Kater.
Den Wedel nimm hier
Und setz dich in Sessel!
[*Er nöthigt den* MEPHISTOPHELES, *zu sitzen.*]

Faust (*welcher diese Zeit über vor einem Spiegel gestanden, sich ihm bald genähert, bald sich von ihm entfernt hat.*)
Was seh' ich? Welch ein himmlisch Bild
Zeigt sich in diesem Zauberspiegel!
O Liebe, leihe mir den schnellsten deiner Flügel
Und führe mich in ihr Gefild!
Ach, wenn ich nicht auf dieser Stelle bleibe,
Wenn ich es wage, nah zu gehn,
Kann ich sie nur als wie im Nebel sehn!—
Das schönste Bild von einem Weibe!
Ist's möglich, ist das Weib so schön?
Musz ich an diesem hingestreckten Leibe
Den Inbegriff von allen Himmeln sehn?
So etwas findet sich auf Erden?

Mephistopheles.
Natürlich, wenn ein Gott sich erst sechs Tage plagt
Und selbst am Ende Bravo sagt,
Da musz es was Gescheites werden.
Für diesmal sieh dich immer satt;
Ich weisz dir so ein Schätzchen auszuspüren,

Mephistopheles (approaching the fire).
And this pot?

The Monkeys.
The half-witted sot!
He knows not the pot!
He knows not the kettle!

Mephistopheles.
Uncivil brute!

The He Monkey.
Take the brush here,[87]
And sit down on the settle.
[*He makes* MEPHISTOPHELES *sit down.*]

Faust (who all this time has been standing before a looking-glass, now approaching and now retiring from it).
What do I see? What a heavenly image shows itself in this magic mirror! O Love! lend me the swiftest of thy wings, and bear me to her region! Ah! when I do not remain upon this spot, when I venture to go near, I can only see her as in a mist. The loveliest image of a woman! Is it possible, is woman so lovely? Must I see in these recumbent limbs the innermost essence of all Heavens? Is such a thing to be found on earth?

Mephistopheles.
When a God first works hard for six days, and himself says *bravo* at the end, it is but natural that something clever should come of it. For this time look your fill. I know where to find out such a love for you, and

Und selig, wer das gute Schicksal hat,
Als Bräutigam sie heimzuführen!
[FAUST *sieht immerfort in den Spiegel.* MEPHISTOPHELES, *sich in dem Sessel dehnend und mit dem Wedel spielend, fährt fort zu sprechen.*]
Hier sitz' ich wie der König auf dem Throne,
Den Zepter halt' ich hier, es fehlt nur noch die Krone.

Die Thiere (*welche bisher allerlei wunderliche Bewegungen durch einander gemacht haben, bringen dem* MEPHISTOPHELES *eine Krone mit groszem Geschrei.*)
O, sei doch so gut,
Mit Schweisz und mit Blut
Die Krone zu leimen!
[*Sie gehn ungeschickt mit der Krone um und zerbrechen sie in zwei Stücke, mit welchen sie herumspringen.*]
Nun ist es geschehn!
Wir reden und sehn,
Wir hören und reimen.

Faust (*gegen den Spiegel*).
Weh mir! Ich werde schier verrückt.

Mephistopheles (*auf die* THIERE *deutend*).
Nun fängt mir an fast selbst der Kopf zu schwanken.

Die Thiere.
Und wenn es uns glückt,
Und wenn es sich schickt,
So sind es Gedanken!

Faust (*wie oben*).
Mein Busen fängt mir an zu brennen!
Entfernen wir uns nur geschwind!

happy he whose fortune it is to bear her home as a bridegroom.

[FAUST *continues looking into the mirror.* MEPHISTOPHELES, *stretching himself on the settle and playing with the brush, continues speaking.*]

Here I sit, like the king upon his throne; here is my sceptre—I only want the crown.

The Monkeys (who have hitherto been playing all sorts of strange antics, bring MEPHISTOPHELES *a crown, with loud cries).*

Oh, be so good
As to glue the crown[88]
With sweat and blood.

[*They handle the crown awkwardly, and break it into two pieces, with which they jump about.*]

Now it is done.
We speak and see;
We hear and rhyme—

Faust (before the mirror).

Woe is me! I am becoming almost mad!

Mephistopheles (pointing to the MONKEYS).

Now my own head almost begins to reel.

The Monkeys.

And if we are lucky,
And if things fit,
Then they are thoughts!

Faust (as before).

My breast is beginning to burn! Do let us begone immediately!

Mephistopheles (*in obiger Stellung*).

Nun, wenigstens musz man bekennen,
Dasz es aufrichtige Poeten sind.

[*Der Kessel, welchen die* KÄTZIN *bisher auszer Acht gelassen, fängt an, überzulaufen; es entsteht eine grosze Flamme, welche zum Schornstein hinausschlägt.* DIE HEXE *kommt durch die Flamme mit entsetzlichem Geschrei heruntergefahren.*]

Die Hexe.

Au! Au! Au! Au!
Verdammtes Thier! Verfluchte Sau!
Versäumst den Kessel, versengst die Frau!
Verfluchtes Thier!

[FAUST *und* MEPHISTOPHELES *erblickend.*]

Was ist das hier?
Wer seid ihr hier?
Was wollt ihr da?
Wer schlich sich ein?
Die Feuerpein
Euch ins Gebein!

[*Sie fährt mit dem Schaumlöffel in den Kessel und spritzt Flammen nach* FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES *und den* THIEREN. DIE THIERE *winseln.*]

Mephistopheles (*welcher den Wedel, den er in der Hand hält, umkehrt und unter die Gläser und Töpfe schlägt*).

Entzwei! Entzwei!
Da liegt der Brei,
Da liegt das Glas!

Mephistopheles (*in the same position*).

Well, no one can deny, at any rate, that they are sincere poets.

[*The cauldron, which the* She Monkey *has neglected, begins to boil over; a great flame arises, which streams up the chimney. The* Witch *comes shooting down through the flame with horrible cries.*]

The Witch.

Ough, ough, ough, ough!
Damned beast! Accursed sow!
Neglecting the cauldron, scorching your dame—
Cursed beast!
[*Espying* Faust *and* Mephistopheles.]
What now?
Who are ye?
What would ye here?
Who hath come slinking in?
The plague of fire
Into your bones!

[*She dips the skimming ladle into the cauldron, and sprinkles flames at* Faust, Mephistopheles, *and the* Monkeys. *The* Monkeys *whimper.*]

Mephistopheles (*who inverts the brush which he holds in his hand, and strikes amongst the glasses and pots*).

To pieces! To pieces!
There lies the porridge!
There lies the glass!

Es ist nur Spasz,
Der Takt, du Aas,
Zu deiner Melodei!

[*Indem die* Hexe *voll Grimm und Entsetzen zurücktritt.*]

Erkennst du mich, Gerippe! Scheusal du!
Erkennst du deinen Herrn und Meister?
Was hält mich ab, so schlag' ich zu,
Zerschmettre dich und deine Katzengeister!
Hast du vorm rothen Wamms nicht mehr Respekt?
Kannst du die Hahnenfeder nicht erkennen?
Hab' ich dies Angesicht versteckt?
Soll ich mich etwa selber nennen?

Die Hexe.

O Herr, verzeiht den rohen Grusz!
Seh' ich doch keinen Pferdefusz.
Wo sind denn eure beiden Raben?

Mephistopheles.

Für diesmal kommst du so davon;
Denn freilich ist es eine Weile schon,
Dasz wir uns nicht gesehen haben.
Auch die Kultur, die alle Welt beleckt,
Hat auf den Teufel sich erstreckt;
Das nordische Phantom ist nun nicht mehr zu schauen;
Wo siehst du Hörner, Schweif und Klauen?
Und was den Fusz betrifft, den ich nicht missen kann,
Der würde mir bei Leuten schaden;
Darum bedien' ich mich, wie mancher junge Mann,
Seit vielen Jahren falscher Waden.

Die Hexe (tanzend).

Sinn und Verstand verlier' ich schier,
Seh' ich den Junker Satan wieder hier!

Mephistopheles.

Den Namen, Weib, verbitt' ich mir!

Die Hexe.

Warum? Was hat er euch gethan?

It is only a jest,
The measure, thou carrion,
To thy melody.

[*As the* WITCH *steps back in rage and horror.*]

Dost thou know me, thou skeleton, thou abomination? Dost thou know thy lord and master? What is there to hinder me from striking in good earnest, from dashing thee and thy monkey-spirits to pieces? Hast thou no more any respect for the red doublet? Canst thou not recognize the cock's feather? Have I concealed this face? Must I then name myself?

The Witch.

O master, pardon this rough reception! But I see no cloven foot. Where then are your two ravens?

Mephistopheles.

This once, you will come off unhurt; for, to be sure, it is some while since we saw each other. The march of intellect too, which licks all the world into shape, has even reached the devil. The northern phantom is now no more to be seen.[89] Where do you see horns, tail, and claws? And as for the foot, which I cannot do without, it would prejudice me in society; therefore, like many a youngster, I have worn false calves these many years.

The Witch (*dancing*).

I am almost beside myself, to see Squire Satan here again.

Mephistopheles.

Woman, I deprecate that name.

The Witch.

Wherefore? What has it done to you?

Mephistopheles.

Er ist schon lang' ins Fabelbuch geschrieben;
Allein die Menschen sind nichts besser dran,
Den Bösen sind sie los, die Bösen sind geblieben.
Du nennst mich Herr Baron, so ist die Sache gut;
Ich bin ein Kavalier wie andre Kavaliere.
Du zweifelst nicht an meinem edlen Blut;
Sieh her, das ist das Wappen, das ich führe!
[*Er macht eine unanständige Geberde.*]

Die Hexe (*lacht unmäszig*).

Ha! Ha! Das ist in eurer Art!
Ihr seid ein Schelm, wie ihr nur immer wart!

Mephistopheles (*zu* FAUST).

Mein Freund, das lerne wohl verstehn!
Dies ist die Art, mit Hexen umzugehn.

Die Hexe.

Nun sagt, ihr Herren, was ihr schafft!

Mephistopheles.

Ein gutes Glas von dem bekannten Saft!
Doch musz ich euch ums ältste bitten;
Die Jahre doppeln seine Kraft.

Die Hexe.

Gar gern! Hier hab' ich eine Flasche,
Aus der ich selbst zuweilen nasche,
Die auch nicht mehr im Mindsten stinkt;
Ich will euch gern ein Gläschen geben.
(*Leise.*) Doch wenn es dieser Mann unvorbereitet trinkt,
So kann er, wiszt ihr wohl, nicht eine Stunde leben.

Mephistopheles.

Es ist ein guter Freund, dem es gedeihen soll;
Ich gönn' ihm gern das Beste deiner Küche.
Zieh deinen Kreis, sprich deine Sprüche
Und gieb ihm eine Tasse voll!
[DIE HEXE, *mit seltsamen Geberden, zieht einen Kreis*

Mephistopheles.

It has long been relegated to the book of fables; but men are not the better off for that; they are rid of the evil one, but the evil ones have remained. You may call me Lord Baron, that will do very well. I am a cavalier, like other cavaliers. You doubt not of my gentle blood; see here, this is the coat of arms I bear!

[*He makes an unseemly gesture.*]

The Witch (*laughs immoderately*).

Ha, ha! That is in your way. You are the same mad wag as ever.

Mephistopheles (*to* FAUST).

My friend, attend to this. This is the way to deal with witches.

The Witch.

Now, sirs, say what is your pleasure?

Mephistopheles.

A good glass of the well-known juice! I must beg you to let it be of the oldest. Years double its strength.

The Witch.

Most willingly! Here is a bottle out of which I sometimes sip a little myself; which, besides, no longer stinks the least. I will give you a glass with pleasure. (*Whispering.*) But if this man drinks it unprepared, you well know he cannot live an hour.

Mephistopheles.

He is a dear friend of mine, on whom it will have a good effect. I grudge him not the best of thy kitchen. Draw thy circle, speak your spells, and give him a cup full.

[*The* WITCH, *with strange gestures, draws a circle*

und stellt wunderbare Sachen hinein; indessen fangen die Gläser an zu klingen, die Kessel zu tönen und machen Musik. Zuletzt bringt sie ein groszes Buch, stellt die MEERKATZEN *in den Kreis, die ihr zum Pult dienen und die Fackel halten müssen. Sie winkt* FAUSTEN, *zu ihr zu treten.*]

Faust (*zu* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Nein, sage mir, was soll das werden?
Das tolle Zeug, die rasenden Geberden,
Der abgeschmackteste Betrug
Sind mir bekannt, verhaszt genug.

Mephistopheles.

Ei Possen! Das ist nur zum Lachen;
Sei nur nicht ein so strenger Mann!
Sie musz als Arzt ein Hokuspokus machen,
Damit der Saft dir wohl gedeihen kann.
[*Er nöthigt* FAUSTEN, *in den Kreis zu treten.*]

Die Hexe (*mit groszer Emphase, fängt an, aus dem Buche zu deklamiren*).

Du muszt verstehn!
Aus Eins mach Zehn
Und Zwei lasz gehn
Und Drei mach gleich,
So bist Du reich.
Verlier die Vier!
Aus Fünf und Sechs,
So sagt die Hex',
Mach Sieben und Acht,
So ist's vollbracht;
Und Neun ist Eins,

and places strange things in it; in the meantime, the glasses begin to ring, and the cauldron to sound, and make music. Lastly, she brings a great book, and places the MONKEYS *in the circle, who are made to serve her for a reading-desk and hold the torch. She signs to* FAUST *to approach.*]

Faust (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

But tell me what is to come of all this? This absurd apparatus, these frantic gestures, this most disgusting jugglery—I know them of old and thoroughly abominate them.

Mephistopheles.

Pooh! that is only mere foolery. Don't be so fastidious. As mediciner she is obliged to play off some hocus-pocus, that the dose may operate well on you.

[*He makes* FAUST *enter the circle.*]

The Witch (*with a strong emphasis, begins to declaim from the book*).

You must understand,
Of one make ten,
And let two go,
And three make even;
Then art thou rich.
Lose the four!
Out of five and six,
So says the Witch,
Make seven and eight,
Then it is done;
And nine is one,

Und Zehn ist Keins :
Das ist das Hexen-Einmaleins !

Faust.

Mich dünkt, die Alte spricht im Fieber.

Mephistopheles.

Das ist noch lange nicht vorüber,
Ich kenn' es wohl, so klingt das ganze Buch ;
Ich habe manche Zeit damit verloren,
Denn ein vollkommner Widerspruch
Bleibt gleich geheimniszvoll für Kluge wie für Thoren.
Mein Freund, die Kunst ist alt und neu.
Es war die Art zu allen Zeiten,
Durch Drei und Eins und Eins und Drei
Irrthum statt Wahrheit zu verbreiten.
So schwätzt und lehrt man ungestört,
Wer will sich mit den Narr'n befassen ?
Gewöhnlich glaubt der Mensch, wenn er nur Worte hört,
Es müsse sich dabei doch auch was denken lassen.

Der Hexe (fährt fort).

Die hohe Kraft
Der Wissenschaft,
Der ganzen Welt verborgen !
Und wer nicht denkt,
Dem wird sie geschenkt,
Er hat sie ohne Sorgen.

Faust.

Was sagt sie uns für Unsinn vor ?
Es wird mir gleich der Kopf zerbrechen.
Mich dünkt, ich hör' ein ganzes Chor
Von hunderttausend Narren sprechen.

Mephistopheles.

Genug, genug, o treffliche Sibylle !
Gieb deinen Trank herbei und fülle
Die Schale rasch bis an den Rand hinan ;

And ten is none.
That is the witch's one-times-one.[90]

Faust.

It seems to me that the hag raves in fever.

Mephistopheles.

It is far from over yet, I know it well; the whole book is to the same tune. I have wasted many an hour upon it, for a downright contradiction[91] remains equally mysterious to wise folks and fools. My friend, the art is old and new. It has ever been the fashion to spread error instead of truth by three and one, and one and three. Thus they prattle and teach uninterruptedly; who will concern themselves about these dolts? Men are wont to believe, when they hear only words, that there must be something in it.

The Witch (continues).

The high power
Of knowledge,
Hidden from the whole world!
And he who thinks not,
On him is it bestowed;
He has it without trouble.

Faust.

What nonsense is she reciting to us? My head is splitting! I seem to hear a hundred thousand idiots declaiming in full chorus.

Mephistopheles.

Enough, enough, excellent Sibyl! Hand us thy drink, and fill the cup to the brim without more ado; for this

Denn meinem Freund wird dieser Trunk nicht schaden:
Er ist ein Mann von vielen Graden,
Der manchen guten Schluck gethan.
[*Die* HEXE, *mit vielen Zeremonien, schenkt den Trank in eine Schale; wie sie* FAUST *an den Mund bringt, entsteht eine leichte Flamme.*]
Nur frisch hinunter! Immer zu!
Es wird dir gleich das Herz erfreuen.
Bist mit dem Teufel du und du,
Und willst dich vor der Flamme scheuen?
[*Die* HEXE *löst den Kreis.* FAUST *tritt heraus.*]
Nun frisch hinaus! Du darfst nicht ruhn.

Die Hexe.
Mög' euch das Schlückchen wohl behagen!

Mephistopheles (*zur* HEXE).
Und kann ich dir was zu Gefallen thun,
So darfst du mir's nur auf Walpurgis sagen.

Die Hexe.
Hier ist ein Lied! Wenn ihr's zuweilen singt,
So werdet ihr besondre Wirkung spüren.

Mephistopheles (*zu* FAUST).
Komm nur geschwind und lasz dich führen!
Du muszt nothwendig transpiriren,
Damit die Kraft durch Inn- und Aeuszres dringt.
Den edlen Müssiggang lehr' ich hernach dich schätzen,
Und bald empfindest du mit innigem Ergetzen,
Wie sich Kupido regt und hin und wieder springt.

Faust.
Lasz mich nur schnell noch in den Spiegel schauen!
Das Frauenbild war gar zu schön!

draught will do my friend no harm. He is a man of many grades, who has taken many a good gulp already.

[*The* WITCH *with many ceremonies pours the liquor into a cup; as* FAUST *lifts it to his mouth a light flame arises.*]

Down with it at once! Do not stand hesitating. It will soon warm your heart. Are you hail-fellow well-met with the devil, and afraid of fire?

[*The* WITCH *dissolves the circle*—FAUST *steps out.*]

Now forth at once! You must not rest.

The Witch.

Much good may the draught do you.

Mephistopheles (*to the* WITCH).

And if I can do anything to pleasure you, you need only mention it to me on Walpurgis' night.

The Witch.

Here is a song! If you sing it occasionally, it will have a particular effect on you.

Mephistopheles (*to* FAUST).

Come quick, and be guided; it is absolutely necessary for you to perspire, that the potent juice may penetrate your whole frame. I will afterwards teach you how to appreciate noble idleness, and you will feel ere long, with heartfelt delight, how Cupid bestirs himself and bounds hither and thither.

Faust.

Let me only look another moment in the glass. That female form was too, too lovely.

Mephistopheles.

Nein, nein! Du sollst das Muster aller Frauen
Nun bald leibhaftig vor dir sehn.
(*Leise.*) Du siehst mit diesem Trank im Leibe
Bald Helenen in jedem Weibe.

Mephistopheles.

Nay, nay; you shall soon see the model of all womankind in flesh and blood. (*Aside.*) With this draught in your body, you will soon see a Helen in every woman.

STRASZE.

FAUST. MARGARETE *vorübergehend.*

Faust.

MEIN schönes Fräulein, darf ich wagen,
Meinen Arm und Geleit ihr anzutragen ?

Margarete.

Bin weder Fräulein weder schön,
Kann ungeleitet nach Hause gehn.
[*Sie macht sich los und ab.*]

Faust.

Beim Himmel, dieses Kind ist schön !
So etwas hab' ich nie gesehn !
Sie ist so sitt- und tugendreich
Und etwas schnippisch doch zugleich.
Der Lippe Roth, der Wange Licht,
Die Tage der Welt vergess' ich's nicht !
Wie sie die Augen niederschlägt,
Hat tief sich in mein Herz geprägt ;
Wie sie kurz angebunden war,
Das ist nun zum Entzücken gar !
[MEPHISTOPHELES *tritt auf.*]

Faust.

Hör, du muszt mir die Dirne schaffen !

Mephistopheles

Nun, welche ?

Faust.

Sie ging just vorbei.

THE STREET.

FAUST. MARGARET[92] (*passing by*).

Faust.

MY pretty lady, may I take the liberty of offering you my arm and escort?

Margaret.

I am neither lady, nor pretty, and can go home by myself. [*She disengages herself, and exit.*]

Faust.

By heaven, this girl *is* lovely! I have never seen the like of her. She is so modest and virtuous, and a little pert withal. The redness of her lip, the light of her cheek—I shall never forget them all the days of my life. The manner in which she cast down her eyes is deeply stamped upon my heart; and how sharp her speech was—it was absolutely ravishing!

[MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*]

Faust.

Hark, you must get me the girl.

Mephistopheles.

Which?

Faust.

She passed but now.

Mephistopheles.

Da die? Sie kam von ihrem Pfaffen,
Der sprach sie aller Sünden frei;
Ich schlich mich hart am Stuhl vorbei;
Es ist ein gar unschuldig Ding,
Das eben für nichts zur Beichte ging;
Ueber die hab' ich keine Gewalt!

Faust.

Ist über vierzehn Jahr' doch alt.

Mephistopheles.

Du sprichst ja wie Hans Liederlich,
Der begehrt jede liebe Blum' für sich,
Und dünkelt ihm, es wär' kein' Ehr'
Und Gunst, die nicht zu pflücken wär';
Geht aber doch nicht immer an.

Faust.

Mein Herr Magister Lobesan,
Lasz er mich mit dem Gesetz in Frieden!
Und das sag' ich ihm kurz und gut:
Wenn nicht das süsze junge Blut
Heut Nacht in meinen Armen ruht,
So sind wir um Mitternacht geschieden.

Mephistopheles.

Bedenkt, was gehn und stehen mag!
Ich brauche wenigstens vierzehn Tag',
Nur die Gelegenheit auszuspüren.

Faust.

Hätt' ich nur sieben Stunden Ruh,
Brauchte den Teufel nicht dazu,
So ein Geschöpfchen zu verführen.

Mephistopheles.

Ihr sprecht schon fast wie ein Franzos;
Doch bitt' ich, laszt's euch nicht verdrieszen:
Was hilft's, nur grade zu genieszen?

Mephistopheles.

What, she? She came from her confessor, who absolved her from all her sins. I stole up close to the chair. It is an innocent little thing, that went for next to nothing to the confessional. Over her I have no power.

Faust.

Yet she is past fourteen!

Mephistopheles.

You positively speak like Jack Rake, who covets every sweet flower for himself, and fancies that there is neither honour nor favour which is not to be had for the plucking. But this will not always do.

Faust.

My honourable pedagogue, don't plague me with your morality. And, in a word, I tell you this: if the sweet young creature does not lie this very night in my arms, at midnight our compact is at an end.

Mephistopheles.

Consider what is possible. I need a fortnight, at least, only to find an opportunity.

Faust.

Had I but seven hours clear, I should not want the devil's assistance to seduce such a child.

Mephistopheles.

You talk now almost like a Frenchman; but don't fret about it, I beg. What boots it to go straight to

Die Freud' ist lange nicht so grosz,
Als wenn ihr erst herauf, herum,
Durch allerlei Brimborium
Das Püppchen geknetet und zugericht't,
Wie's lehret manche wälsche Geschicht'.

Faust.

Hab' Appetit auch ohne das.

Mephistopheles.

Jetzt ohne Schimpf und ohne Spasz.
Ich sag' euch, mit dem schönen Kind
Geht's ein- für allemal nicht geschwind.
Mit Sturm ist da nichts einzunehmen ;
Wir müssen uns zur List bequemen.

Faust.

Schaff mir etwas vom Engelsschatz !
Führ mich an ihren Ruheplatz !
Schaff mir ein Halstuch von ihrer Brust,
Ein Strumpfband meiner Liebeslust !

Mephistopheles.

Damit ihr seht, dasz ich eurer Pein
Will förderlich und dienstlich sein,
Wollen wir keinen Augenblick verlieren,
Will euch noch heut in ihr Zimmer führen.

Faust.

Und soll sie sehn ? Sie haben ?

Mephistopheles.

Nein !
Sie wird bei einer Nachbarin sein.
Indessen könnt ihr ganz allein
An aller Hoffnung künft'ger Freuden
In ihrem Dunstkreis satt euch weiden.

Faust.

Können wir hin ?

enjoyment? The delight is not so great by far, as when you have kneaded and moulded the doll on all sides with all sorts of nonsense,[93] as many an Italian story shows us.

Faust.

But I have appetite without all that.

Mephistopheles.

Now, seriously and without offence, I tell you once for all, that the lovely girl is not to be had in such a hurry. Nothing here is to be taken by storm; we must have recourse to stratagem.

Faust.

Get me something belonging to the angel. Carry me to her place of repose; get me a kerchief from her bosom, a garter of my love.

Mephistopheles.

That you may see my anxiety to minister to your passion,—we will not lose a moment; this very day I will conduct you to her chamber.

Faust.

And shall I see her? have her?—

Mephistopheles.

No. She will be at a neighbour's. In the meantime, you, all alone, and in her atmosphere, may feast to satiety on future joys.

Faust.

Can we go now?

Mephistopheles.
Es ist noch zu früh.

Faust.
Sorg du mir für ein Geschenk für sie! [*Ab.*]

Mephistopheles.
Gleich schenken? Das ist brav! Da wird er reussiren:
Ich kenne manchen schönen Platz
Und manchen altvergrabnen Schatz;
Ich musz ein biszchen revidiren. [*Ab.*]

Mephistopheles.

It is too early.

Faust.

Get me a present for her. [*Exit.*]

Mephistopheles.

Making presents directly! That's capital! That's the way to succeed! I know many a fine place and many a long-buried treasure. I must look them over a bit.

[*Exit.*]

ABEND.

Ein kleines reinliches Zimmer.

Margarete (ihre Zöpfe flechtend und aufbindend).

ICH gäb' was drum, wenn ich nur wüszt',
Wer heut der Herr gewesen ist!
Er sah gewisz recht wacker aus
Und ist aus einem edlen Haus;
Das konnt' ich ihm an der Stirne lesen—
Er wär' auch sonst nicht so keck gewesen. [*Ab.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES. FAUST.

Mephistopheles.

Herein, ganz leise, nur herein!

Faust (nach einigem Stillschweigen).

Ich bitte dich, lasz mich allein!

Mephistopheles (herumspürend).

Nicht jedes Mädchen hält so rein. [*Ab.*]

Faust (rings aufschauend).

Willkommen, süszer Dämmerschein,
Der du dies Heiligthum durchwebst!
Ergreif mein Herz, du süsze Liebespein,
Die du vom Thau der Hoffnung schmachtend lebst!
Wie athmet rings Gefühl der Stille,
Der Ordnung, der Zufriedenheit!
In dieser Armuth welche Fülle!
In diesem Kerker welche Seligkeit!

[*Er wirft sich auf den ledernen Sessel am Bette.*]

EVENING.

A neat little Room.

Margaret (braiding and binding up her hair).

I WOULD give something to know who that gentleman was to-day! He had a gallant bearing, and is of a noble family I am sure. I could read that on his brow; besides, he would not else have been so impudent.[94]

[*Exit.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES—FAUST.

Mephistopheles.

Come in—as softly as possible. Only come in!

Faust (after a pause).

Leave me alone, I beg of you.

Mephistopheles (prying about).

It is not every maiden that is so neat. [*Exit.*]

Faust (looking round).

Welcome, sweet twilight, that pervades this sanctuary! Possess my heart, delicious pangs of love, ye who live languishing on the dew of hope! What a feeling of peace, order, and contentment breathes round! What abundance in this poverty! What bliss in this cell!

[*He throws himself upon the leathern easy chair by the side of the bed.*]

O, nimm mich auf, der du die Vorwelt schon
Bei Freud' und Schmerz in offnen Arm empfangen!
Wie oft, ach, hat an diesem Väterthron
Schon eine Schaar von Kindern rings gehangen!
Vielleicht hat, dankbar für den Heil'gen Christ,
Mein Liebchen hier mit vollen Kinderwangen
Dem Ahnherrn fromm die welke Hand geküszt.
Ich fühl', o Mädchen, deinen Geist
Der Füll' und Ordnung um mich säuseln,
Der mütterlich dich täglich unterweist,
Den Teppich auf den Tisch dich reinlich breiten heiszt,
Sogar den Sand zu deinen Füszen kräuseln.
O liebe Hand! So göttergleich!
Die Hütte wird durch dich ein Himmelreich.
Und hier! [*Er hebt einen Bettvorhang auf.*]
Was faszt mich für ein Wonnegraus!
Hier möcht' ich volle Stunden säumen.
Natur! Hier bildetest in leichten Träumen
Den eingebornen Engel aus.
Hier lag das Kind, mit warmem Leben
Den zarten Busen angefüllt,
Und hier mit heilig reinem Weben
Entwirkte sich das Götterbild!

Und du! Was hat dich hergeführt?
Wie innig fühl' ich mich gerührt!
Was willst du hier? Was wird das Herz dir schwer?
Armsel'ger Faust! Ich kenne dich nicht mehr.

Umgiebt mich hier ein Zauberduft?
Mich drang's, so grade zu genieszen,
Und fühle mich in Liebestraum zerflieszen!
Sind wir ein Spiel von jedem Druck der Luft?

Und träte sie den Augenblick herein,
Wie würdest du für deinen Frevel büszen!
Der grosze Hans, ach wie so klein,
Läg' hingeschmolzen ihr zu Füszen.

Oh! receive me, thou, who hast welcomed, with open arms, in joy and sorrow, the generations that are past. Ah, how often has a swarm of children clustered about this patriarchal throne! Here, perhaps, in gratitude for her Christmas-gift, with the warm round cheek of childhood—has my beloved piously kissed the withered hand of her grandsire. Maiden, I feel thy spirit of abundance and order breathe round me—that spirit which daily instructs thee like a mother—which bids thee spread the cloth neatly upon the table and curl the sand at thy feet. Dear hand! so godlike! you make the hut a heaven; and here—[*He lifts up a bed-curtain*]—what blissful tremor seizes me! Here could I linger for whole hours! Nature! This angel from birth you shaped, here, in airy dreams. Here lay the child! its gentle bosom filled with warm life; and here, with weavings of hallowed purity, the divine image developed itself.

And thou, what has brought thee hither? How deeply moved I feel! What wouldst thou here? Why grows thy heart so heavy? Miserable Faust, I no longer know thee.

Am I in an enchanted atmosphere?[95] I panted so for instant enjoyment, and feel myself dissolving into a dream of love. Are we the sport of every pressure of the air?

And if she entered this very moment, how wouldst thou atone for thy guilt! The big boaster! alas, how small! would lie, dissolved away, at her feet.

Mephistopheles.

Geschwind! Ich seh' sie unten kommen.

Faust.

Fort! Fort! Ich kehre nimmermehr!

Mephistopheles.

Hier ist ein Kästchen, leidlich schwer,
Ich hab's wo anders hergenommen.
Stellt's hier nur immer in den Schrein,
Ich schwör' euch, ihr vergehn die Sinnen:
Ich that euch Sächelchen hinein,
Um eine Andre zu gewinnen.
Zwar Kind ist Kind, und Spiel ist Spiel.

Faust.

Ich weisz nicht, soll ich?

Mephistopheles.

Fragt ihr viel?
Meint ihr vielleicht den Schatz zu wahren?
Dann rath' ich eurer Lüsternheit,
Die liebe schöne Tageszeit
Und mir die weitre Müh zu sparen.
Ich hoff' nicht, dasz ihr geizig seid!
Ich kratz' den Kopf, reib' an den Händen—
[*Er stellt das Kästchen in den Schrein und drückt das Schlosz wieder zu.*]
Nur fort! Geschwind!—
Um euch das süsze junge Kind
Nach Herzens Wunsch und Will' zu wenden;
Und ihr seht drein,
Als solltet ihr in den Hörsaal hinein,
Als stünden grau leibhaftig vor euch da
Physik und Metaphysika!
Nur fort!— [*Ab.*]

Margarete (*mit einer Lampe*).

Es ist so schwül, so dumpfig hie,
[*Sie macht das Fenster auf.*]
Und ist doch eben so warm nicht drausz.
Es wird mir so, ich weisz nicht wie—

Mephistopheles.

Quick! I see her coming below.

Faust.

Away, away! I return no more.

Mephistopheles.

Here is a casket tolerably heavy; I took it from somewhere else. Only place it instantly in the press here. I swear to you, she will be fairly beside herself. I put baubles in it to win by it another; but child is child, and play is play.

Faust.

I know not—shall I?

Mephistopheles.

Is that a thing to ask about? Perchance you mean to keep the treasure for yourself? In that case I advise your covetousness to spare yourself the precious hours, and further trouble to me. I hope you are not avaricious. I scratch my head, rub my hands-

[*He places the casket in the press and closes the lock.*]

But away, quick!—to bend the sweet young creature to your heart's desire; and now you look as if you were going to the lecture-room—as if Physic and Metaphysic were standing grey and bodily before you there. But away! [*Exeunt.*]

Margaret (with a lamp).

It feels so close, so sultry here.[96] [*She opens the window.*] And yet it is not so very warm without. I begin to feel I know not how. I wish my mother would

Ich wollt', die Mutter käm' nach Haus.
Mir läuft ein Schauer übern ganzen Leib—
Bin doch ein thöricht furchtsam Weib!
[*Sie fängt an zu singen, indem sie sich auszieht.*]

Es war ein König in Thule
Gar treu bis an das Grab,
Dem sterbend seine Buhle
Einen goldnen Becher gab.

Es ging ihm nichts darüber,
Er leert' ihn jeden Schmaus;
Die Augen gingen ihm über,
So oft er trank daraus.

Und als er kam zu sterben,
Zählt' er seine Städt' im Reich,
Gönnt' Alles seinem Erben,
Den Becher nicht zugleich.

Er sasz beim Königsmahle,
Die Ritter um ihn her,
Auf hohem Vätersaale,
Dort auf dem Schlosz am Meer.

Dort stand der alte Zecher,
Trank letzte Lebensgluth
Und warf den heiligen Becher
Hinunter in die Fluth.

Er sah ihn stürzen, trinken
Und sinken tief ins Meer.
Die Augen thäten ihm sinken,
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr.

[*Sie eröffnet den Schrein, ihre Kleider einzuräumen, und erblickt das Schmuckkästchen.*]
Wie kommt das schöne Kästchen hier herein?
Ich schlosz doch ganz gewisz den Schrein.
Es ist doch wunderbar! Was mag wohl drinne sein?
Vielleicht bracht's Jemand als ein Pfand,
Und meine Mutter lieh darauf.
Da hängt ein Schlüsselchen am Band,

come home. I tremble all over; but I am a silly, timid woman. [*She begins to sing as she undresses herself.*]

SONG.

There was a king in Thule,[97]
Faithful even to the grave,
To whom his dying mistress
Gave a golden goblet.

He prized nothing above it;
He emptied it at every feast;
His eyes overflowed as often
As he drank out of it.

And when he came to die,
He reckoned up the cities in his kingdom;
He grudged none of them to his heir,
But not so with the goblet.

He sat at the royal banquet,
With his knights around him,
In his proud ancestral hall, there
In his castle on the sea.

There stood the old carouser,
Took a parting draught of life's glow,
And threw the hallowed goblet
Down into the waves.

He saw it splash, fill, and sink
Deep into the sea;
His eyes sank, he never
Drank a drop more.

[*She opens the press to put away her clothes, and perceives the casket.*]

How came this beautiful casket here? I am sure I locked the press. It is very strange! What is in it, I wonder? Perhaps someone brought it as a pledge, and my mother lent upon it. A little key hangs by the

Ich denke wohl, ich mach' es auf!
Was ist das? Gott im Himmel! Schau,
So was hab' ich mein' Tage nicht gesehn!
Ein Schmuck! Mit dem könnt eine Edelfrau
Am höchsten Feiertage gehn.
Wie sollte mir die Kette stehn?
Wem mag die Herrlichkeit gehören?
[*Sie putzt sich damit auf und tritt vor den Spiegel.*]
Wenn nur die Ohrring' meine wären!
Man sieht doch gleich ganz anders drein.
Was hilft euch Schönheit, junges Blut?
Das ist wohl Alles schön und gut,
Allein man läszt's auch Alles sein;
Man lobt euch halb mit Erbarmen.
Nach Golde drängt,
Am Golde hängt
Doch Alles. Ach, wir Armen!

ribbon; I have a good mind to open it. What is this? Good heavens! Look! I have never seen anything like it in my life. A set of trinkets! a noble dame might wear such on the highest festival. How would the chain become me? To whom may this splendour belong?

[*She adorns herself with them, and steps before the looking-glass.*]

If the earrings were but mine! One cuts quite a different figure in them. What avails your beauty and your youth? That may be all pretty and good, but one leaves it alone. You are praised, half in pity. After gold all press, all are attached to gold. Alas, we poor ones!

SPAZIERGANG.

FAUST *in Gedanken auf und ab gehend. Zu ihm* MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles.

BEI aller verschmähten Liebe! Beim höllischen Elemente!
Ich wollt', ich wüszte was Aergers, dasz ich's fluchen könnte!

Faust.

Was hast? Was kneipt dich denn so sehr?
So kein Gesicht sah ich in meinem Leben!

Mephistopheles.

Ich möcht' mich gleich dem Teufel übergeben,
Wenn ich nur selbst kein Teufel wär'!

Faust.

Hat sich dir was im Kopf verschoben?
Dich kleidet's, wie ein Rasender zu toben!

Mephistopheles.

Denkt nur, den Schmuck, für Gretchen angeschafft,
Den hat ein Pfaff hinweggerafft!—
Die Mutter kriegt das Ding zu schauen,
Gleich fängt's ihr heimlich an zu grauen:
Die Frau hat gar einen feinen Geruch,
Schnuffelt immer im Gebetbuch
Und riecht's einem jeden Möbel an,
Ob das Ding heilig ist oder profan;
Und an dem Schmuck da spürt sie's klar,

A PROMENADE.

FAUST *walking up and down thoughtfully. To him* MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles.

BY all despised love! By the flames of hell! Would that I knew something worse to curse by!

Faust.

What is the matter? What is it that pinches you so sharply? I never saw such a face in my life!

Mephistopheles.

I could give myself to the devil directly, were I no devil myself.

Faust.

Is your brain disordered? It becomes you truly, to rave like a madman.

Mephistopheles.

Only think! A priest has carried off the jewels provided for Margaret. The mother gets sight of the thing, and begins at once to have a secret horror of it. Truly the woman hath a fine nose, is ever snuffling in her prayer-book, and smells in every piece of furniture whether the thing be holy or profane; and she plainly smells out in the jewels, that there was not

Dasz dabei nicht viel Segen war.
Mein Kind, rief sie, ungerechtes Gut
Befängt die Seele, zehrt auf das Blut.
Wollen's der Mutter Gottes weihen,
Wird uns mit Himmelsmanna erfreuen!
Margretlein zog ein schiefes Maul;
Ist halt, dacht' sie, ein geschenkter Gaul,
Und wahrlich, gottlos ist nicht der,
Der ihn so fein gebracht hierher.
Die Mutter liesz einen Pfaffen kommen;
Der hatte kaum den Spasz vernommen,
Liesz sich den Anblick wohl behagen.
Er sprach: So ist man recht gesinnt!
Wer überwindet, der gewinnt.
Die Kirche hat einen guten Magen,
Hat ganze Länder aufgefressen
Und doch noch nie sich übergessen;
Die Kirch' allein, meine lieben Frauen,
Kann ungerechtes Gut verdauen.

Faust.

Das ist ein allgemeiner Brauch,
Ein Jud' und König kann es auch.

Mephistopheles.

Strich drauf ein Spange, Kett' und Ring',
Als wären's eben Pfifferling',
Dankt' nicht weniger und nicht mehr,
Als ob's ein Korb voll Nüsse wär',
Versprach ihnen allen himmlischen Lohn—
Und sie waren sehr erbaut davon.

Faust.

Und Gretchen?

Mephistopheles.

Sitzt nun unruhvoll,
Weisz weder, was sie will noch soll,
Denkt ans Geschmeide Tag und Nacht,
Noch mehr an den, der's ihr gebracht.

much blessing in them. "My child," said she, "unrighteous wealth ensnares the soul, consumes the blood. We will consecrate it to the Mother of God; she will gladden us with heavenly manna!" Margaret made a wry face; it is after all, thought she, a gift horse; and truly, he cannot be godless, who brought it here so handsomely. The mother sent for a priest. Scarcely had he heard the curious story, when the look of it greatly pleased him. He spoke: "This shows a good disposition; who overcomes himself,—he is the victor. The church has a good stomach; she has eaten up whole countries, and has never yet over-eaten herself; the church alone, my good women, can digest unrighteous wealth."

Faust.

That is a general custom; a Jew and a King can do it too.

Mephistopheles.

So saying he swept off clasp, chain, and ring, as if they were mere trifles[98]; thanked them neither more nor less than if it had been a basket of nuts; promised them all heavenly reward—and very much edified they were.

Faust.

And Margaret?

Mephistopheles.

Is now sitting full of restlessness; not knowing what she wants, or what she should do with herself; thinks day and night on the trinkets, and still more on him who brought them to her.

Faust.

Des Liebchens Kummer thut mir leid.
Schaff du ihr gleich ein neu Geschmeid!
Am ersten war ja so nicht viel.

Mephistopheles.

O ja, dem Herrn ist Alles Kinderspiel!

Faust.

Und mach und richt's nach meinem Sinn!
Häng dich an ihre Nachbarin.
Sei, Teufel, doch nur nicht wie Brei
Und schaff einen neuen Schmuck herbei!

Mephistopheles.

Ja, gnäd'ger Herr, von Herzen gerne.
[FAUST *ab.*]

Mephistopheles.

So ein verliebter Thor verpufft
Euch Sonne, Mond und alle Sterne
Zum Zeitvertreib dem Liebchen in die Luft. [*Ab.*]

Faust.

My love's grief distresses me. Get her another set immediately. The first was of no great value after all.

Mephistopheles.

Oh! to be sure, all is child's play to the gentleman!

Faust.

Do it, and order it as I wish. Stick close to her neighbour. Don't be a milk-and-water devil; and fetch a fresh set of jewels.

Mephistopheles.

With all my heart, honoured Sir. [FAUST *exit.*]

Mephistopheles.

A love-sick fool like this puffs away into the air, sun, moon and stars, by way of pastime for his mistress. [*Exit.*]

DER NACHBARIN HAUS.

Marthe (allein).

GOTT verzeih's meinem lieben Mann,
Er hat an mir nicht wohl gethan!
Geht da stracks in die Welt hinein
Und läszt mich auf dem Stroh allein.
Thät ihn doch wahrlich nicht betrüben,
Thät ihn, weisz Gott, recht herzlich lieben.
[*Sie weint.*]
Vielleicht ist er gar todt!—O Pein!——
Hätt' ich nur einen Todtenschein!
[MARGARETE *kommt.*]

Margarete.

Frau Marthe!

Marthe.

Gretelchen, was soll's?

Margarete.

Fast sinken mir die Kniee nieder!
Da find' ich so ein Kästchen wieder
In meinem Schrein, von Ebenholz,
Und Sachen, herrlich ganz und gar,
Weit reicher, als das erste war.

Marthe.

Das musz sie nicht der Mutter sagen;
Thät's wieder gleich zur Beichte tragen.

Margarete.

Ach, seh sie nur! Ach, schau sie nur!

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

Martha (*alone*).

GOD forgive my dear husband; he has not acted well towards me. He goes straight away into the world, and leaves me quite alone on the straw. Yet truly I never did anything to vex him; God knows I loved him with all my heart. (*She weeps.*) Perhaps he is actually dead! Oh, torture!—Had I but a certificate of his death!

MARGARET *enters.*

Margaret.

Dame Martha!

Martha.

What is the matter, Margaret?

Margaret.

My knees almost sink under me! I have found just such another casket of ebony in my press, and things quite grand, far costlier than the first.

Martha.

You must say nothing about it to your mother; she would carry it at once to the confessional again.

Margaret.

Now, only see! do but look at them!

Marthe (putzt sie auf).
O du glücksel'ge Kreatur!

Margarete.
Darf mich leider nicht auf der Gassen
Noch in der Kirche mit sehen lassen.

Marthe.
Komm du nur oft zu mir herüber
Und leg den Schmuck hier heimlich an;
Spazier ein Stündchen lang dem Spiegelglas vorüber,
Wir haben unsre Freude dran;
Und dann giebt's einen Anlasz, giebt's ein Fest,
Wo man's so nach und nach den Leuten sehen läszt,
Ein Kettchen erst, die Perle dann ins Ohr;
Die Mutter sieht's wohl nicht, man macht ihr auch was vor.

Margarete.
Wer konnte nur die beiden Kästchen bringen?
Es geht nicht zu mit rechten Dingen! [*Es klopft.*]
Ach Gott, mag das meine Mutter sein?

Marthe (durchs Vorhängel guckend).
Es ist ein fremder Herr—Herein!
[MEPHISTOPHELES *tritt auf.*]

Mephistopheles.
Bin so frei, grad herein zu treten,
Musz bei den Frauen Verzeihn erbeten.
[*Tritt ehrerbietig vor* MARGARETEN *zurück.*]
Wollte nach Frau Marthe Schwerdtlein fragen!

Marthe.
Ich bin's. Was hat der Herr zu sagen?

Martha (*dresses her up in them*).

Oh! you happy creature.

Margaret.

Unfortunately, I must not be seen in them in the street, nor in the church.

Martha.

Do but come over frequently to me, and put on the trinkets here in private; walk a little hour up and down before the looking-glass; we shall have our enjoyment in that. And then an occasion offers, a holiday happens, when, little by little, one lets folks see them; —first a chain, then the pearl in the ear. Your mother will probably not observe it, or one may make some pretence to her.

Margaret.

But who could have brought the two caskets? There is something uncanny about it. [*Someone knocks.*]

Good God! can that be my mother?

Martha (*looking through the little curtain*).

It is a stranger. Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

Mephistopheles.

I have made free to come in at once; I have to beg pardon of the ladies.

[*He steps back respectfully on seeing* MARGARET.]

I came to inquire after Mrs. Martha Schwerdtlein.

Martha.

I am she. What is your pleasure, Sir?

Mephistopheles (*leise zu ihr*).
Ich kenne sie jetzt, mir ist das genug;
Sie hat da gar vornehmen Besuch.
Verzeiht die Freiheit, die ich genommen,
Will nach Mittage wiederkommen.

Marthe (*laut*).
Denk, Kind, um Alles in der Welt!
Der Herr dich für ein Fräulein hält.

Margarete.
Ich bin ein armes junges Blut;
Ach Gott! Der Herr ist gar zu gut:
Schmuck und Geschmeide sind nicht mein.

Mephistopheles.
Ach, es ist nicht der Schmuck allein;
Sie hat ein Wesen, einen Blick, so scharf!
Wie freut mich's, dasz ich bleiben darf.

Marthe.
Was bringt er denn? Verlange sehr—

Mephistopheles.
Ich wollt', ich hätt' eine frohere Mär'!
Ich hoffe, sie läszt mich's drum nicht büszen:
Ihr Mann ist todt und läszt sie grüszen.

Marthe.
Ist todt? Das treue Herz! O weh!
Mein Mann ist todt! Ach, ich vergeh'!

Margarete.
Ach, liebe Frau, verzweifelt nicht!

Mephistopheles.
So hört die traurige Geschicht'!

Mephistopheles (aside to her).

I know you now—that is enough. You have a visitor of distinction there. Excuse the liberty I have taken. I will call again in the afternoon.

Martha (aloud).

Only think, child—of all things in the world! This gentleman takes you for a lady.

Margaret.

I am a poor young creature. Oh! Heavens, the gentleman is too obliging. The jewels and ornaments are none of mine.

Mephistopheles.

Ah! it is not the jewels alone. You have a mien, a look, so striking. How glad I am that I may stay.

Martha.

What do you bring then? I am very curious—

Mephistopheles.

I wish I had better news! I hope you will not make me suffer for it. Your husband is dead, and sends you his greeting.

Martha.

Is dead? The good soul! Oh, woe is me! My husband is dead! Ah, I shall die!

Margaret.

Ah, dearest dame, don't despair.

Mephistopheles.

Listen to the melancholy tale.

Margarete.

Ich möchte drum mein' Tag' nicht lieben,
Würde mich Verlust zu Tode betrüben.

Mephistopheles.

Freud' musz Leid, Leid musz Freude haben.

Marthe.

Erzählt mir seines Lebens Schlusz!

Mephistopheles.

Er liegt in Padua begraben
Beim heiligen Antonius,
An einer wohlgeweihten Stätte
Zum ewig kühlen Ruhebette.

Marthe.

Habt ihr sonst nichts an mich zu bringen?

Mephistopheles.

Ja, eine Bitte, grosz und schwer;
Lasz sie doch ja für ihn dreihundert Messen singen!
Im Uebrigen sind meine Taschen leer.

Marthe.

Was! Nicht ein Schaustück, kein Geschmeid,
Was jeder Handwerksbursch im Grund des Säckels spart,
Zum Angedenken aufbewahrt,
Und lieber hungert, lieber bettelt?

Mephistopheles.

Madam, es thut mir herzlich leid;
Allein er hat sein Geld wahrhaftig nicht verzettelt.
Auch er bereute seine Fehler sehr,
Ja, und bejammerte sein Unglück noch viel mehr.

Margarete.

Ach! Dasz die Menschen so unglücklich sind!
Gewisz, ich will für ihn manch Requiem noch beten.

Margaret.

For this reason I should wish never to be in love for all the days of my life. The loss would grieve me to death.

Mephistopheles.

Joy must have sorrow—sorrow, joy.

Martha.

Relate to me the close of his life.

Mephistopheles.

He lies buried in Padua at St. Antony's, in a well-consecrated spot for an eternally cool bed of rest.

Martha.

Have you nothing else for me?

Mephistopheles.

Yes, a request, big and heavy; be sure to have three hundred masses sung for him! For the rest, my pockets are empty.

Martha.

What! Not a medal? Not a trinket? what every journeyman spares at the bottom of his wallet, keeping it as a token, and rather starves, rather begs—

Mephistopheles.

Madam, I am very sorry. But he really has not squandered away his money. He also bitterly repented of his sins; ay, and bewailed his ill-luck still more.

Margaret.

Ah! that mortals should be so unfortunate! Assuredly I will say many a prayer for his soul.

Mephistopheles.

Ihr wäret werth, gleich in die Eh' zu treten:
Ihr seid ein liebenswürdig Kind.

Margarete.

Ach nein, das geht jetzt noch nicht an.

Mephistopheles.

Ist's nicht ein Mann, sei's derweil ein Galan.
's ist eine der grösszten Himmelsgaben!
So ein lieb Ding im Arm zu haben.

Margarete.

Das ist des Landes nicht der Brauch.

Mephistopheles.

Brauch oder nicht! Es giebt sich auch.

Marthe.

Erzählt mir doch!

Mephistopheles.

Ich stand an seinem Sterbebette,
Es war was besser als von Mist,
Von halbgefaultem Stroh; allein er starb als Christ
Und fand, dasz er weit mehr noch auf der Zeche hätte.
Wie, rief er, musz ich mich von Grund aus hassen,
So mein Gewerb, mein Weib so zu verlassen!
Ach, die Erinn'rung tödtet mich.
Vergäb' sie mir nur noch in diesem Leben!—

Marthe (weinend).

Der gute Mann! Ich hab' ihm längst vergeben.

Mephistopheles.

Allein, weisz Gott, sie war mehr Schuld als ich.

Mephistopheles.

You deserve to be married directly. You are a loveable child.

Margaret.

Oh, no! that would not do for the present.

Mephistopheles.

If not a husband, then a gallant in the meantime. It is one of the best gifts of heaven to have so sweet a thing in one's arms.

Margaret.

That is not the custom in this country.

Mephistopheles.

Custom or not! Such things do come to pass though.

Martha.

But relate to me!

Mephistopheles.

I stood by his death-bed. It was somewhat better than dung,—of half-rotten straw; but he died like a Christian, and found that he had still much more upon his score. How thoroughly, he cried, must I detest myself—to run away from my business and my wife in such a manner. Oh! the recollection is death to me. If she would but forgive me in this life!—

Martha (weeping).

The good man! I have long since forgiven him.

Mephistopheles.

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

Marthe.

Das lügt er! Was, am Rand des Grabs zu lügen!

Mephistopheles.

Er fabelte gewisz in letzten Zügen,
Wenn ich nur halb ein Kenner bin.
Ich hatte, sprach er, nicht zum Zeitvertreib zu gaffen,
Erst Kinder und dann Brod für sie zu schaffen,
Und Brod im allerweitsten Sinn,
Und konnte nicht einmal mein Theil in Frieden essen.

Marthe.

Hat er so aller Treu', so aller Lieb' vergessen,
Der Plackerei bei Tag und Nacht!

Mephistopheles.

Nicht doch, er hat euch herzlich dran gedacht.
Er sprach: Als ich nun weg von Malta ging,
Da betet' ich für Frau und Kinder brünstig;
Uns war denn auch der Himmel günstig,
Dasz unser Schiff ein türkisch Fahrzeug fing,
Das einen Schatz des groszen Sultans führte.
Da ward der Tapferkeit ihr Lohn,
Und ich empfing denn auch, wie sich's gebührte,
Mein wohlgemessnes Theil davon.

Marthe.

Ei wie? Ei wo? Hat er's vielleicht vergraben?

Mephistopheles.

Wer weisz, wo nun es die vier Winde haben!
Ein schönes Fräulein nahm sich seiner an,
Als er in Napel fremd umherspazierte;
Sie hat an ihm viel Lieb's und Treu's gethan,
Dasz er's bis an sein selig Ende spürte.

Marthe.

Der Schelm! Der Dieb an seinen Kindern!

Martha.

He lied then! What, tell lies on the brink of the grave!

Mephistopheles.

He certainly fabled with his last breath, if I am but half a judge. I, said he, had no occasion to gape for pastime—first to get children, and then bread for them —and bread in the widest sense,—and could not even eat my share in peace.

Martha.

Did he thus forget all my fidelity, all my love—my drudgery by day and night?

Mephistopheles.

Not so; he affectionately reflected on it. He said: When I left Malta, I prayed fervently for my wife and children; and heaven was so far favourable, that our ship took a Turkish vessel, which carried a treasure of the great sultan. Bravery had its reward, and, as was no more than right, I got my fair share of it.

Martha.

How! Where! Can he have buried it?

Mephistopheles.

Who knows where it is now scattered to the four winds of heaven! A fair damsel took an interest in him as he was strolling about, a stranger, in Naples. She showed great fondness and fidelity towards him; so much so, that he felt it even unto his blessed end.

Martha.

The villain! The robber of his children! And all the

Auch alles Elend, alle Noth
Konnt' nicht sein schändlich Leben hindern!

Mephistopheles.
Ja seht! Dafür ist er nun todt.
Wär' ich nun jetzt an eurem Platze,
Betraurt' ich ihn ein züchtig Jahr,
Visirte dann unterweil nach einem neuen Schatze.

Marthe.
Ach Gott, wie doch mein erster war,
Find' ich nicht leicht auf dieser Welt den andern!
Es konnte kaum ein herziger Närrchen sein.
Er liebte nur das allzu viele Wandern
Und fremde Weiber und fremden Wein
Und das verfluchte Würfelspiel.

Mephistopheles.
Nun, nun, so konnt' es gehn und stehen,
Wenn er euch ungefähr so viel
Von seiner Seite nachgesehen.
Ich schwör' euch zu, mit dem Beding
Wechselt' ich selbst mit euch den Ring!

Marthe.
O, es beliebt dem Herrn zu scherzen!

Mephistopheles (für sich).
Nun mach' ich mich bei Zeiten fort!
Die hielte wohl den Teufel selbst beim Wort.
(*Zu* GRETCHEN.) Wie steht es denn mit ihrem Herzen?

Margarete.
Was meint der Herr damit?

Mephistopheles (für sich).
Du gut's, unschuldig's Kind!
(*Laut.*) Lebt wohl, ihr Frau'n!

Margarete.
Lebt wohl!

wretchedness, all the poverty, could not check his scandalous life.

Mephistopheles.

But you see, he died in consequence of it. Now, were I in your place, I would mourn him for one chaste year, and have an eye towards a new sweetheart in the meantime.

Martha.

Oh, God! but I shall not easily in this world find another like my first. There could hardly be a sweeter little fool. He only loved too much roaming about, and foreign women, and foreign wine, and the cursed dicing.

Mephistopheles.

Well, well, things might have gone on very well, if he, on his part, only had the same indulgence for you. I swear, upon this condition, I would change rings with you myself![99]

Martha.

Oh, the gentleman is pleased to jest.

Mephistopheles (*aside*).

Now it is full time to be off. I dare say she would take the devil himself at his word.—(*To* MARGARET.) How goes it with your heart?

Margaret.

What do you mean, Sir?

Mephistopheles (*aside*).

Good, innocent child.—(*Aloud.*) Farewell, ladies!

Margaret.

Farewell!

Marthe.

O, sagt mir doch geschwind!
Ich möchte gern ein Zeugnisz haben,
Wo, wie und wann mein Schatz gestorben und begraben.
Ich bin von je der Ordnung Freund gewesen,
Möcht' ihn auch todt im Wochenblättchen lesen.

Mephistopheles.

Ja, gute Frau, durch zweier Zeugen Mund
Wird allerwegs die Wahrheit kund;
Habe noch gar einen feinen Gesellen,
Den will ich euch vor den Richter stellen.
Ich bring' ihn her.

Marthe.

O, thut das ja!

Mephistopheles.

Und hier die Jungfrau ist auch da?—
Ein braver Knab'! Ist viel gereist,
Fräuleins alle Höflichkeit erweist.

Margarete.

Müszte vor dem Herren schamroth werden.

Mephistopheles.

Vor keinem Könige der Erden.

Marthe.

Da hinterm Haus in meinem Garten
Wollen wir der Herrn heut Abend warten.

Martha.

Oh, but tell me quickly! I should like to have a certificate where, how, and when my love died and was buried. I was always a friend to regularity, and should like to read his death in the weekly paper.

Mephistopheles.

Ay, my good madam, the truth is manifested by the testimony of two witnesses [100] all the world over; and I have a gallant companion, whom I will bring before the judge for you. I will fetch him here.

Martha.

Oh, pray do!

Mephistopheles.

And the young lady will be here too?—A fine lad! Has travelled much, and shows all possible politeness to the ladies.

Margaret.

I should be covered with confusion in the presence of the gentleman.

Mephistopheles.

In the presence of no king on earth.

Martha.

Behind the house there, in my garden, we shall expect you both this evening.

STRASZE.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust.

WIE ist's? Will's fördern? Will's bald gehn?

Mephistopheles.

Ah bravo! Find' ich euch in Feuer?
In kurzer Zeit ist Gretchen euer.
Heut Abend sollt ihr sie bei Nachbars Marthen sehn:
Das ist ein Weib wie auserlesen
Zum Kuppler- und Zigeunerwesen!

Faust.

So recht!

Mephistopheles.

Doch wird auch was von uns begehrt.

Faust.

Ein Dienst ist wohl des andern werth.

Mephistopheles.

Wir legen nur ein gültig Zeugnisz nieder,
Dasz ihres Ehherrn ausgereckte Glieder
In Padua an heil'ger Stätte ruhn.

Faust.

Sehr klug! Wir werden erst die Reise machen müssen!

THE STREET.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust.

HOW goes it? Is it in train? Will it soon do?

Mephistopheles.

Bravo! Do I find you all on fire? Margaret will very shortly be your's. This evening you will see her at neighbour Martha's. This is a woman especially chosen, as it were, for the procuress and gipsy calling.

Faust.

So far so good.

Mephistopheles.

Something, however, is required of us.

Faust.

One good turn deserves another.

Mephistopheles.

We have only to make a formal deposition that her husband's rigid limbs repose in holy ground in Padua.

Faust.

Wisely done! We shall first be obliged to take the journey thither, I suppose.

Mephistopheles.

Sancta simplicitas! Darum ist's nicht zu thun;
Bezeugt nur, ohne viel zu wissen!

Faust.

Wenn er nichts Bessers hat, so ist der Plan zerrissen.

Mephistopheles.

O heil'ger Mann! Da wärt ihr's nun!
Ist es das erste Mal in eurem Leben,
Dasz ihr falsch Zeugnisz abgelegt?
Habt ihr von Gott, der Welt und was sich drin bewegt,
Vom Menschen, was sich ihm in Kopf und Herzen regt,
Definitionen nicht mit groszer Kraft gegeben?
Mit frecher Stirne, kühner Brust?
Und wollt ihr recht ins Innre gehen,
Habt ihr davon, ihr müszt es grad gestehen,
So viel als von Herrn Schwerdtlein's Tod gewuszt!

Faust.

Du bist und bleibst ein Lügner, ein Sophiste.

Mephistopheles.

Ja, wenn man's nicht ein biszchen tiefer wüszte!
Denn morgen wirst in allen Ehren
Das arme Gretchen nicht bethören
Und alle Seelenlieb' ihr schwören?

Faust.

Und zwar von Herzen.

Mephistopheles.

Gut und schön!
Dann wird von ewiger Treu' und Liebe,
Von einzig überallmächt'gem Triebe—
Wird das auch so von Herzen gehn?

Mephistopheles.

Sancta simplicitas! There is no necessity for that. Only bear witness without knowing much about the matter.

Faust.

If you have nothing better to propose, the scheme is at an end.

Mephistopheles.

Oh, holy man! There you are! Is it the first time in your life that you have borne false testimony? Have you not confidently given definitions of God, of the world, and of whatever moves in it—of man, and of the workings of his head and heart—with unabashed front, dauntless breast? And, looking fairly at the real nature of things, you knew—you must certainly confess—as much of these matters as of Mr. Schwerdtlein's death!

Faust.

Thou art and ever wilt be a liar, a sophist.

Mephistopheles.

Ay, if one did not look a little deeper. To-morrow, too, will you not, in all honour, make a fool of poor Margaret, and swear to love her with all your soul?

Faust.

And truly from my heart.

Mephistopheles.

Fine talking! Then will you speak of eternal faith and love—of one exclusive, all-subduing passion;—will that also come from the heart?

Faust.

Lasz das! Es wird!—Wenn ich empfinde,
Für das Gefühl, für das Gewühl
Nach Namen suche, keinen finde,
Dann durch die Welt mit allen Sinnen schweife,
Nach allen höchsten Worten greife
Und diese Gluth, von der ich brenne,
Unendlich, ewig, ewig nenne,
Ist das ein teuflisch Lügenspiel?

Mephistopheles.

Ich hab' doch Recht!

Faust.

Hör! Merk dir dies—
Ich bitte dich und schone meine Lunge—
Wer Recht behalten will und hat nur eine Zunge,
Behält's gewisz.
Und komm, ich hab' des Schwätzens Ueberdrusz;
Denn du hast Recht, vorzüglich weil ich musz.

Faust.

Peace! It will!—When I feel, and seek a name for the passion, the frenzy, but find none; then range with all my senses through the world, grasp at all the most sublime expressions, and call this flame, which is consuming me, endless, eternal, eternal!—is that a devilish play of lies?

Mephistopheles.

I am right for all that.

Faust.

Hear! mark this, I beg of you, and spare my lungs. He who is determined to be right and has but a tongue, will be right undoubtedly. But come, I am tired of gossiping. For you are right, particularly because I cannot help myself.

GARTEN.

MARGARETE *an* FAUSTENS *Arm*, MARTHE *mit* MEPHISTOPHELES *auf und ab spazierend.*

Margarete.

ICH fühl' es wohl, dasz mich der Herr nur schont,
Herab sich läszt, mich zu beschämen.
Ein Reisender ist so gewohnt,
Aus Gütigkeit fürlieb zu nehmen;
Ich weisz zu gut, dasz solch erfahrnen Mann
Mein arm Gespräch nicht unterhalten kann.

Faust.

Ein Blick von dir, ein Wort mehr unterhält
Als alle Weisheit dieser Welt. [*Er küszt ihre Hand.*]

Margarete.

Inkommodirt euch nicht! Wie könnt ihr sie nur küssen?
Sie ist so garstig, ist so rauh!
Was hab' ich nicht schon Alles schaffen müssen!
Die Mutter ist gar zu genau. [*Gehn vorüber.*]

Marthe.

Und ihr, mein Herr, ihr reist so immerfort?

Mephistopheles.

Ach, dasz Gewerb und Pflicht uns dazu treiben!
Mit wie viel Schmerz verläszt man manchen Ort
Und darf doch nun einmal nicht bleiben!

GARDEN.

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

Margaret.

I FEEL it indeed—the gentleman is only indulgent with me—and is condescending, to make me blush. Travellers are wont to put up with things out of good nature. I know too well that my poor prattle cannot entertain a man of your experience.

Faust.

A glance, a word from thee, gives greater pleasure than all the wisdom of this world.

[*He kisses her hand.*]

Margaret.

Don't inconvenience yourself! How can you kiss it? It is so coarse, so hard. I have been obliged to do—heaven knows what not; my mother is indeed too close.

[*They pass on.*]

Martha.

And you, Sir, are always travelling in this manner?

Mephistopheles.

Alas, that business and duty should force us to it! How many a place one quits with regret, and yet may not tarry in it!

Marthe.

In raschen Jahren geht's wohl an,
So um und um frei durch die Welt zu streifen;
Doch kömmt die böse Zeit heran,
Und sich als Hagestolz allein zum Grab zu schleifen,
Das hat noch Keinem wohlgethan.

Mephistopheles.

Mit Grausen seh' ich das von weiten.

Marthe.

Drum, werther Herr, berathet euch in Zeiten!
[*Gehn vorüber.*]

Margarete.

Ja, aus den Augen, aus dem Sinn!
Die Höflichkeit ist euch geläufig;
Allein ihr habt der Freunde häufig,
Sie sind verständiger, als ich bin.

Faust.

O Beste, glaube, was man so verständig nennt,
Ist oft mehr Eitelkeit und Kurzsinn.

Margarete.

Wie?

Faust.

Ach, dasz die Einfalt, dasz die Unschuld nie
Sich selbst und ihren heil'gen Werth erkennt!
Dasz Demuth, Niedrigkeit, die höchsten Gaben
Der liebevoll austheilenden Natur—

Margarete.

Denkt ihr an mich ein Augenblickchen nur,
Ich werde Zeit genug an euch zu denken haben.

Faust.

Ihr seid wohl viel allein?

Martha.

It does very well in the wild years of youth, to rove about freely through the world. But the evil day comes at last, and to sneak a solitary old bachelor to the grave —that was never well for anyone yet.

Mephistopheles.

I shudder at the distant view of it.

Martha.

Then, worthy Sir, think better of it in time.

[*They pass on.*]

Margaret.

Ay! out of sight out of mind! Politeness sits easily on you. But you have plenty of friends: they are more sensible than I am.

Faust.

O dearest! believe me, what is called sensible, often better deserves the name of vanity and narrow-mindedness.

Margaret.

How?

Faust.

Alas, that simplicity, that innocence, never appreciates itself and its own hallowed worth! That humility, lowliness—the highest gifts of love-fraught, bounteous nature—

Margaret.

Only think of me one little minute; I shall have time enough to think of you.

Faust.

You are much alone, I dare say?

Margarete.

Ja, unsre Wirthschaft ist nur klein,
Und doch will sie versehen sein.
Wir haben keine Magd; musz kochen, fegen, stricken
Und nähn und laufen früh und spat;
Und meine Mutter ist in allen Stücken
So akkurat!
Nicht dasz sie just so sehr sich einzuschränken hat;
Wir könnten uns weit eh'r als Andre regen;
Mein Vater hinterliesz ein hübsch Vermögen,
Ein Häuschen und ein Gärtchen vor der Stadt.
Doch hab' ich jetzt so ziemlich stille Tage;
Mein Bruder ist Soldat,
Mein Schwesterchen ist todt.
Ich hatte mit dem Kind wohl meine liebe Noth;
Doch übernähm' ich gern noch einmal alle Plage,
So lieb war mir das Kind.

Faust.

Ein Engel, wenn dir's glich!

Margarete.

Ich zog es auf, und herzlich liebt' es mich.
Es war nach meines Vaters Tod geboren;
Die Mutter gaben wir verloren,
So elend wie sie damals lag,
Und sie erholte sich sehr langsam, nach und nach.
Da konnte sie nun nicht dran denken,
Das arme Würmchen selbst zu tränken,
Und so erzog ich's ganz allein
Mit Milch und Wasser; so ward's mein.
Auf meinem Arm, in meinem Schoosz
War's freundlich, zappelte, ward grosz.

Faust.

Du hast gewisz das reinste Glück empfunden.

Margarete.

Doch auch gewisz gar manche schwere Stunden.
Des Kleinen Wiege stand zu Nacht

Margaret.

Yes, our household is but small, and yet it must be looked after. We keep no maid; I am obliged to cook, sweep, knit and sew, and run early and late. And my mother is so precise in everything! Not that she has such pressing occasion to stint herself. We might do more than many others. My father left a nice little property—a small house and a garden outside the town. However, my days at present are tolerably quiet. My brother is a soldier; my little sister is dead. I had my full share of trouble with her, but I would gladly take all the worry upon myself again, so dear was the child to me.

Faust.

An angel, if it was like thee!

Margaret.

I brought it up, and it loved me dearly. It was born after my father's death. We gave up my mother for lost, so sad was the condition she then lay in; and she recovered very slowly, by degrees. Thus she could not think of suckling the poor little babe, and so I brought it up, all by myself, with milk and water. It thus became my own. On my arm, in my lap, it smiled, and kicked, and grew.

Faust.

You felt, no doubt, the purest joy.

Margaret.

And many anxious hours, too. The little one's cradle

An meinem Bett; es durfte kaum sich regen,
War ich erwacht;
Bald muszt' ich's tränken, bald es zu mir legen,
Bald, wenn's nicht schwieg, vom Bett aufstehn
Und tänzelnd in der Kammer auf und nieder gehn
Und früh am Tage schon am Waschtrog stehn;
Dann auf dem Markt und an dem Herde sorgen,
Und immerfort wie heut so morgen.
Da geht's, mein Herr, nicht immer muthig zu;
Doch schmeckt dafür das Essen, schmeckt die Ruh.
[*Gehn vorüber.*]

Marthe.

Die armen Weiber sind doch übel dran:
Ein Hagestolz ist schwerlich zu bekehren.

Mephistopheles.

Es käme nur auf eures Gleichen an,
Mich eines Bessern zu belehren.

Marthe.

Sagt grad, mein Herr, habt ihr noch nichts gefunden?
Hat sich das Herz nicht irgendwo gebunden?

Mephistopheles.

Das Sprichwort sagt: ein eigner Herd,
Ein braves Weib sind Gold und Perlen werth.

Marthe.

Ich meine, ob ihr niemals Lust bekommen.

Mephistopheles.

Man hat mich überall recht höflich aufgenommen.

Marthe.

Ich wollte sagen: ward's nie Ernst in eurem Herzen?

stood at night by my bed-side: it could scarcely move but I was awake; now obliged to give it drink; now to take it to bed to me; now, when it would not be quiet, to rise from bed, and walk up and down in the room dandling it; and early in the morning, stand already at the wash-tub: then go to market and attend to the cooking; and so on, day after day. Under such circumstances, Sir, one is not always in spirits; but food and rest relish the better for it. [*They pass on.*]

Martha.

The poor women have the worst of it. It is no easy matter to convert an old bachelor.

Mephistopheles.

It only depends on one like you to teach me better.

Martha.

Tell me plainly, Sir, have you never met with anyone? Has your heart never attached itself anywhere?

Mephistopheles.

The proverb says—a hearth of one's own, a good wife, are worth pearls and gold.

Martha.

I mean, have you never had any inclination?

Mephistopheles.

I have been in general very politely received.

Martha.

I wished to say—was your heart never seriously affected?

Mephistopheles.

Mit Frauen soll man sich nie unterstehn zu scherzen.

Marthe.

Ach, ihr versteht mich nicht!

Mephistopheles.

Das thut mir herzlich leid!
Doch ich versteh'—dasz ihr sehr gütig seid.
[*Gehn vorüber.*]

Faust.

Du kanntest mich, o kleiner Engel, wieder,
Gleich als ich in den Garten kam?

Margarete.

Saht ihr es nicht? Ich schlug die Augen nieder.

Faust.

Und du verzeihst die Freiheit, die ich nahm?
Was sich die Frechheit unterfangen,
Als du jüngst aus dem Dom gegangen?

Margarete.

Ich war bestürzt, mir war das nie geschehn;
Es konnte Niemand von mir Uebels sagen.
Ach, dacht' ich, hat er in deinem Betragen
Was Freches, Unanständiges gesehn?
Es schien ihn gleich nur anzuwandeln,
Mit dieser Dirne gradehin zu handeln.
Gesteh' ich's doch! Ich wuszte nicht, was sich
Zu eurem Vortheil hier zu regen gleich begonnte;
Allein gewisz, ich war recht bös auf mich,
Dasz ich auf euch nicht böser werden konnte.

Faust.

Süsz Liebchen!

Mephistopheles.

One should never venture to joke with women.

Martha.

Ah, you do not understand me.

Mephistopheles.

I am heartily sorry for it. But I understand—that you are very kind. [*They pass on.*]

Faust.

You knew me again, you little angel, the moment I entered the garden?

Margaret.

Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.

Faust.

And you forgive the liberty I took—my impudence as you were lately leaving the cathedral?

Margaret.

I was confused; such a thing had never happened to me before; no one could say anything bad of me. Alas, thought I, has he seen anything bold, unmaidenly, in thy behaviour? It seemed as if the thought suddenly struck him, "I need stand on no ceremony with this girl." I must own, I knew not what began to stir in your favour *here;* but certainly I was right angry with myself for not being able to be more angry with you.

Faust.

Sweet love!

Margarete.

Laszt einmal!
[*Sie pflückt eine Sternblume und zupft die Blätter ab, eins nach dem andern.*]

Faust.

Was soll das? Einen Strausz?

Margarete.

Nein, es soll nur ein Spiel.

Faust.

Wie?

Margarete.

Geht! Ihr lacht mich aus.
[*Sie rupft und murmelt.*]

Faust.

Was murmelst du?

Margarete (*halblaut*).

Er liebt mich—Liebt mich nicht.

Faust.

Du holdes Himmelsangesicht!

Margarete (*fährt fort*).

Liebt mich—Nicht—Liebt mich—Nicht—
[*Das letzte Blatt ausrupfend, mit holder Freude.*]
Er liebt mich!

Faust.

Ja, mein Kind! Lasz dieses Blumenwort
Dir Götterausspruch sein! Er liebt dich!
Verstehst du, was das heiszt? Er liebt dich!
[*Er faszt ihre beiden Hände.*]

Margarete.

Mich überläuft's,

Margaret.

Wait a moment!

[*She plucks a star-flower, and picks off the leaves one after the other.*]

Faust.

What is that for? A nosegay?

Margaret.

No, only a game.

Faust.

What?

Margaret.

Go! You will laugh at me.

[*She plucks off the leaves and murmurs to herself.*]

Faust.

What are you murmuring?

Margaret (half aloud).

He loves me—he loves me not!

Faust.

Thou angelic being!

Margaret (continues).

Loves me—not—loves me—not—(*Plucking off the last leaf with fond delight.*)—He loves me!

Faust.

Yes, my child. Let this flower-prophecy be to thee an oracle divine. He loves thee! Dost thou understand what that means? He loves thee!

[*He takes both her hands.*]

Margaret.

I tremble all over.

Faust.

O schaudre nicht! Lasz diesen Blick,
Lasz diesen Händedruck dir sagen,
Was unaussprechlich ist:
Sich hinzugeben ganz und eine Wonne
Zu fühlen, die ewig sein musz!
Ewig!—Ihr Ende würde Verzweiflung sein.
Nein, kein Ende! Kein Ende!

[MARGARETE *drückt ihm die Hände, macht sich los und läuft weg. Er steht einen Augenblick in Gedanken, dann folgt er ihr.*]

Marthe (*kommend*).

Die Nacht bricht an.

Mephistopheles.

Ja, und wir wollen fort.

Marthe.

Ich bät' euch, länger hier zu bleiben,
Allein es ist ein gar zu böser Ort.
Es ist, als hätte Niemand nichts zu treiben
Und nichts zu schaffen,
Als auf des Nachbarn Schritt und Tritt zu gaffen,
Und man kommt ins Gered', wie man sich immer stellt.
Und unser Pärchen?

Mephistopheles.

Ist den Gang dort aufgeflogen.
Muthwill'ge Sommervögel!

Marthe.

Er scheint ihr gewogen.

Mephistopheles.

Und sie ihm auch. Das ist der Lauf der Welt.

Faust.

Oh, tremble not. Let this look, let this pressure of the hand, say to thee what is unutterable:—To give ourselves up wholly, and feel a bliss which must be eternal! Eternal!—its end would be despair! No, no end! no end!

[MARGARET *presses his hands, breaks from him, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her.*]

Martha (*approaching*).

The night is coming on.

Mephistopheles.

Ay, and we will away.

Martha.

I would ask you to stay here longer, but it is much too wicked a place. One would suppose no one had any other object or occupation than to gape after his neighbour's incomings and outgoings. And one comes to be talked about, behave as one will. And our pair of lovers?

Mephistopheles.

Have flown up the walk yonder. Wanton butterflies!

Martha.

He seems fond of her.

Mephistopheles.

And she of him. Such is the way of the world.

EIN GARTENHÄUSCHEN.

MARGARETE *springt herein, steckt sich hinter die Thür, hält die Fingerspitze an die Lippen und guckt durch die Ritze.*

Margarete.

ER kommt!

Faust (kommt).

Ach Schelm, so neckst du mich! 2849
Treff' ich dich! [*Er küszt sie.*]

Margarete (ihn fassend und den Kusz zurückgebend).

Bester Mann! Von Herzen lieb' ich dich!
[MEPHISTOPHELES *klopft an.*]

Faust (stampfend).

Wer da?

Mephistopheles.

Gut Freund!

Faust.

Ein Thier!

Mephistopheles.

Es ist wohl Zeit zu scheiden.

Marthe (kommt).

Ja, es ist spät, mein Herr.

Faust.

Darf ich euch nicht geleiten?

A SUMMER HOUSE.

MARGARET *runs in, gets behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crevice.*

Margaret.

HE comes!

Faust (*enters*).

Ah, rogue, is it thus you tease me? I have caught you at last. [*He kisses her.*]

Margaret (*embracing him and returning the kiss*).

Dearest! from my heart I love thee!

[MEPHISTOPHELES *knocks.*]

Faust (*stamping*).

Who is there?

Mephistopheles.

A friend.

Faust.

A brute.

Mephistopheles.

It is time to part, I believe.

Martha (*comes up*).

Yes, it is late, Sir.

Faust.

May I not accompany you?

Margarete.

Die Mutter würde mich—Lebt wohl!

Faust.

Musz ich denn gehn?

Lebt wohl!

Marthe.

Ade!

Margarete.

Auf baldig Wiedersehn.

[FAUST *und* MEPHISTOPHELES *ab.*]

Margarete.

Du lieber Gott! Was so ein Mann
Nicht Alles, Alles denken kann!
Beschämt nur steh' ich vor ihm da
Und sag' zu allen Sachen ja.
Bin doch ein arm, unwissend Kind,
Begreife nicht, was er an mir find't. [*Ab.*]

Margaret.

My mother would—farewell!

Faust.

Must I then go? Farewell!

Martha.

Adieu!

Margaret.

Till our next speedy meeting!

[FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *exeunt.*]

Margaret.

Gracious God! How many things such a man can think about! I only stand abashed in his presence, and say *yea* to everything! I am but a poor silly girl; I cannot understand what he finds in me. [*Exit.*]

WALD UND HÖHLE.

FAUST *allein.*

Faust.

ERHABNER Geist, du gabst mir, gabst mir Alles,
Warum ich bat. Du hast mir nicht umsonst
Dein Angesicht im Feuer zugewendet,
Gabst mir die herrliche Natur zum Königreich,
Kraft, sie zu fühlen, zu genieszen. Nicht
Kalt staunenden Besuch erlaubst du nur,
Vergönnest mir, in ihre tiefe Brust
Wie in den Busen eines Freunds zu schauen.
Du führst die Reihe der Lebendigen
Vor mir vorbei und lehrst mich meine Brüder
Im stillen Busch, in Luft und Wasser kennen.
Und wenn der Sturm im Walde braust und knarrt,
Die Riesenfichte stürzend Nachbaräste
Und Nachbarstämme, quetschend, niederstreift,
Und ihrem Fall dumpf hohl der Hügel donnert:
Dann führst du mich zur sichern Höhle, zeigst
Mich dann mir selbst, und meiner eignen Brust
Geheime tiefe Wunder öffnen sich.
Und steigt vor meinem Blick der reine Mond
Besänftigend herüber, schweben mir
Von Felsenwänden, aus dem feuchten Busch
Der Vorwelt silberne Gestalten auf
Und lindern der Betrachtung strenge Lust.

O, dasz dem Menschen nichts Vollkommnes wird,
Empfind' ich nun. Du gabst zu dieser Wonne,
Die mich den Göttern nah und näher bringt,
Mir den Gefährten, den ich schon nicht mehr

FOREST AND CAVERN.

Faust (*alone*).

SUBLIME spirit! thou gavest me, gavest me everything I prayed for. Not in vain didst thou turn thy face in fire to me; thou gavest me glorious nature for a kingdom, with power to feel, to enjoy her. It is not merely a cold wondering visit that thou permittest me; thou grantest me to look into her profound depth, as into the bosom of a friend. Thou passest in review before me the whole series of animated things, and teachest me to know my brothers in the still wood, in the air, and in the water. And when the storm roars and groans in the forest, and the giant-pine, precipitating its neighbour-boughs and neighbour-trunks, sweeps, crushing, down,—and the mountain thunders with a dead hollow muttering to the fall,—then thou bearest me off to the sheltered cave; then thou showest me to myself, and deep mysterious wonders of my own breast reveal themselves. And when the clear moon, with its soothing influences, rises full in my view,—from the rocky walls, out of the damp underwood, the silvery forms of past ages hover up to me, and soften the austere pleasure of contemplation.

Oh, now I feel that nothing perfect falls to the lot of man! With this beatitude, which brings me nearer and nearer to the gods, thou gavest me the companion,

Entbehren kann, wenn er gleich kalt und frech
Mich vor mir selbst erniedrigt und zu Nichts
Mit einem Worthauch deine Gaben wandelt.
Er facht in meiner Brust ein wildes Feuer
Nach jenem schönen Bild geschäftig an.
So tauml' ich von Begierde zu Genusz,
Und im Genusz verschmacht' ich nach Begierde.
[MEPHISTOPHELES *tritt auf.*]

Mephistopheles.

Habt ihr nun bald das Leben g'nug geführt?
Wie kann's euch in die Länge freuen?
Es ist wohl gut, dasz man's einmal probirt;
Dann aber wieder zu was Neuen!

Faust.

Ich wollt', du hättest mehr zu thun,
Als mich am guten Tag zu plagen.

Mephistopheles.

Nun, nun! Ich lass' dich gerne ruhn,
Du darfst mir's nicht im Ernste sagen.
An dir Gesellen, unhold, barsch und toll,
Ist wahrlich wenig zu verlieren.
Den ganzen Tag hat man die Hände voll!
Was ihm gefällt und was man lassen soll,
Kann man dem Herrn nie an der Nase spüren.

Faust.

Das ist so just der rechte Ton!
Er will noch Dank, dasz er mich ennuyirt.

Mephistopheles.

Wie hätt'st du, armer Erdensohn,
Dein Leben ohne mich geführt?
Vom Kribskrabs der Imagination
Hab' ich dich doch auf Zeiten lang kurirt;
Und wär' ich nicht, so wärst du schon
Von diesem Erdball abspaziert.

whom already I cannot do without; although, cold and insolent, he degrades me in my own eyes, and turns thy gifts to nothing with a breath. He is ever kindling a wildfire in my heart for that lovely image. Thus do I reel from desire to enjoyment, and in enjoyment languish for desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

Mephistopheles.

Have you not had enough of this kind of life? How can you delight in it for any length of time? It is all well enough to try it once, but then on again to something new.

Faust.

I would you had something else to do than to plague me in my happier hour.

Mephistopheles.

Well, well! I will let you alone if you wish. You need not say so in earnest. Truly, it is little to lose an ungracious, peevish and crazy companion like you. The livelong day one has one's hands full. One cannot read in your worship's face what pleases you, and what to let alone.

Faust.

That is just the right tone! He would fain be thanked for wearying me to death.

Mephistopheles.

Poor son of earth! what sort of life would you have led without me? I have cured you, for some time to come, of the crotchets of imagination, and, but for me, you would already have taken your departure from this

Was hast du da in Höhlen, Felsenritzen
Dich wie ein Schuhu zu versitzen?
Was schlurfst aus dumpfem Moos und triefendem Gestein
Wie eine Kröte Nahrung ein?
Ein schöner, süszer Zeitvertreib
Dir steckt der Doktor noch im Leib.

Faust.

Verstehst du, was für neue Lebenskraft
Mir dieser Wandel in der Oede schafft?
Ja, würdest du es ahnen können,
Du wärest Teufel g'nug, mein Glück mir nicht zu gönnen.

Mephistopheles.

Ein überirdisches Vergnügen!
In Nacht und Thau auf den Gebirgen liegen
Und Erd' und Himmel wonniglich umfassen,
Zu einer Gottheit sich aufschwellen lassen,
Der Erde Mark mit Ahnungsdrang durchwühlen,
Alle sechs Tagewerk' im Busen fühlen,
In stolzer Kraft, ich weisz nicht was, genieszen,
Bald liebewonniglich in Alles überflieszen,
Verschwunden ganz der Erdensohn,
Und dann die hohe Intuition—(*mit einer Geberde*)
Ich darf nicht sagen wie—zu schlieszen.

Faust.

Pfui über dich!

Mephistopheles.

Das will euch nicht behagen;
Ihr habt das Recht, gesittet Pfui zu sagen.
Man darf das nicht vor keuschen Ohren nennen,
Was keusche Herzen nicht entbehren können.
Und kurz und gut, ich gönn' ihm das Vergnügen,
Gelegentlich sich etwas vorzulügen;
Doch lange hält er das nicht aus.
Du bist schon wieder abgetrieben
Und, währt es länger, aufgerieben
In Tollheit oder Angst und Graus.
Genug damit! Dein Liebchen sitzt dadrinne,

globe. Why mope in caverns and fissures of rocks, like an owl? Why sip in nourishment from sodden moss and dripping stone, like a toad? A fair, sweet pastime! The doctor still sticks to you.

Faust.

Dost thou understand what new life-power this wandering in the desert gives me? Ay, couldst thou have but a dim notion of it, thou wouldst be devil enough to grudge me my enjoyment.

Mephistopheles.

A super-earthly pleasure! To lie on the mountains in darkness and dew—clasp earth and heaven ecstatically—swell yourself up to a godhead—rake through the earth's marrow with your prescient yearnings—feel the whole six days' work in your bosom—in haughty might enjoy I know not what—now overflow, in love's raptures, into all, with your earthly nature cast aside—and then to end the lofty intuition (*with a gesture*)—I must not say how.

Faust.

Fie upon you.

Mephistopheles.

That is not to your mind; you are entitled to cry fie! so morally! We must not name to chaste ears what chaste hearts cannot renounce. And, in a word, I do not grudge you the pleasure of lying to yourself occasionally. But you will not keep it up long. You are already worn out again, and, if this holds much longer, will be fretted into madness or torture and horror. Enough of this! your little love sits yonder at

Und Alles wird ihr eng und trüb.
Du kommst ihr gar nicht aus dem Sinne,
Sie hat dich übermächtig lieb.
Erst kam deine Liebeswuth übergeflossen,
Wie vom geschmolznen Schnee ein Bächlein übersteigt;
Du hast sie ihr ins Herz gegossen,
Nun ist dein Bächlein wieder seicht.
Mich dünkt, anstatt in Wäldern zu thronen,
Liesz' es dem groszen Herren gut,
Das arme, affenjunge Blut
Für seine Liebe zu belohnen.
Die Zeit wird ihr erbärmlich lang;
Sie steht am Fenster, sieht die Wolken ziehn
Ueber die alte Stadtmauer hin.
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär', so geht ihr Gesang
Tage lang, halbe Nächte lang.
Einmal ist sie munter, meist betrübt,
Einmal recht ausgeweint,
Dann wieder ruhig, wie's scheint,
Und immer verliebt.

Faust.

Schlange! Schlange!

Mephistopheles (für sich).

Gelt, dasz ich dich fange!

Faust.

Verruchter! Hebe dich von hinnen
Und nenne nicht das schöne Weib!
Bring die Begier zu ihrem süszen Leib
Nicht wieder vor die halb verrückten Sinnen!

Mephistopheles.

Was soll es denn? Sie meint, du seist entflohn,
Und halb und halb bist du es schon.

Faust.

Ich bin ihr nah, und wär' ich noch so fern,
Ich kann sie nie vergessen, nie verlieren;
Ja, ich beneide schon den Leib des Herrn,
Wenn ihre Lippen ihn indesz berühren.

home, and all to her is confined and melancholy. You are never absent from her thoughts. She loves you all subduingly. At first, your passion came overflowing, like a snow-flushed rivulet; you have poured it into her heart, and lo! your rivulet [101] is dry again. Methinks, instead of reigning in the woods, your lordship would do well to reward the poor young creature for her love. The time seems lamentably long to her; she stands at the window and watches the clouds roll away over the old town-walls. "Were I a bird!" [102] so runs her song, during all the day and half the night. Now she is cheerful, mostly cast down,—now she has cried her fill —then, as it seems, calm again, and ever in love!

Faust.

Serpent! serpent!

Mephistopheles (*aside*).

Now I have trapped you!

Faust.

Reprobate! take thyself away, and name not the lovely woman. Bring not the desire for her sweet body before my half-distracted senses again!

Mephistopheles.

What is to become of this? She thinks that you are off, and in some manner you are.

Faust.

I am near her, and were I ever so far off, I can never forget, never lose her. Nay, I already envy the body of the Lord when her lips are touching it.

Mephistopheles.

Gar wohl, mein Freund! Ich hab' euch oft beneidet
Ums Zwillingspaar, das unter Rosen weidet.

Faust.

Entfliehe, Kuppler!

Mephistopheles.

Schön! Ihr schimpft, und ich musz lachen.
Der Gott, der Bub und Mädchen schuf,
Erkannte gleich den edelsten Beruf,
Auch selbst Gelegenheit zu machen.
Nur fort! Es ist ein groszer Jammer!
Ihr sollt in eures Liebchens Kammer,
Nicht etwa in den Tod.

Faust.

Was ist die Himmelsfreud' in ihren Armen?
Lasz mich an ihrer Brust erwarmen,
Fühl' ich nicht immer ihre Noth?
Bin ich der Flüchtling nicht, der Unbehauste,
Der Unmensch ohne Zweck und Ruh,
Der wie ein Wassersturz von Fels zu Felsen brauste,
Begierig wüthend, nach dem Abgrund zu?
Und seitwärts sie, mit kindlich dumpfen Sinnen,
Im Hüttchen auf dem kleinen Alpenfeld,
Und all ihr häusliches Beginnen
Umfangen in der kleinen Welt.
Und ich, der Gottverhaszte,
Hatte nicht genug,
Dasz ich die Felsen faszte
Und sie zu Trümmern schlug!
Sie, ihren Frieden muszt' ich untergraben!
Du, Hölle, musztest dieses Opfer haben!
Hilf, Teufel, mir die Zeit der Angst verkürzen!
Was musz geschehn, mag's gleich geschehn!
Mag ihr Geschick auf mich zusammenstürzen
Und sie mit mir zu Grunde gehn!

Mephistopheles.

Very well, my friend! I have often envied you the twin-pair,[103] which feed among roses.

Faust.

Pander, begone!

Mephistopheles.

Good again! You rail, and I cannot help laughing. The God, who made lad and lass, well understood the noble calling of making opportunity too. But away, it is a mighty matter to be sad about! You should betake yourself to your mistress's chamber—not, I think, to death.

Faust.

What are the joys of heaven in her arms? Even when I kindle on her breast, do I not feel her wretchedness unceasingly? Am I not the outcast—the houseless one?—the monster without aim or rest—who, like a cataract, dashed from rock to rock, in devouring fury towards the precipice? And she, upon the side, with childlike simplicity, in her little cot upon the little mountain field, and all her homely cares embraced within that little world! And I, the hated of God—it was not enough for me to grasp the rocks and smite them to shatters! Her, her peace, must I undermine! —Hell, thou couldst not rest without this sacrifice! Devil, help me to shorten the pang! Let what must be, be quickly! Let her fate fall crushing upon me, and both of us perish together!

Mephistopheles.

Wie's wieder siedet, wieder glüht!
Geh ein und tröste sie, du Thor!
Wo so ein Köpfchen keinen Ausgang sieht,
Stellt er sich gleich das Ende vor.
Es lebe, wer sich tapfer hält!
Du bist doch sonst so ziemlich eingeteufelt.
Nichts Abgeschmackters find' ich auf der Welt
Als einen Teufel, der verzweifelt.

Mephistopheles.

How it seethes and glows again! Get in, and comfort her, you fool!—When such a dull head sees no outlet, it imagines at once that all is at an end. He who bears himself bravely, for ever! Well, on the whole, you have a fair spice of the devil in you. I know nothing in the world more insipid than a devil that despairs.

GRETCHENS STUBE.

Gretchen (*am Spinnrade allein*).

MEINE Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab',
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

MARGARET'S ROOM.

Margaret (*alone, at the spinning-wheel*).

MY peace is gone;
My heart is heavy;
I shall find it never,
And never more.

Where I have him not
Is the grave to me.
The whole world
Is embittered to me.

My poor head
Is wandering,
My poor sense
Distracted.

My peace is gone;
My heart is heavy;
I shall find it never,
And never more.

For him alone look I
Out at the window!
For him alone go I
Out of the house!

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt`

Und seiner Rede
Zauberflusz,
Sein Händedruck
Und, ach, sein Kusz !

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer ;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Ach, dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn !

Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt' !

His stately step,
His noble form;
The smile of his mouth,
The power of his eyes,

And of his speech
The witching flow;
The pressure of his hand,
And, ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone;
My heart is heavy;
I shall find it never,
And never more.

My bosom yearns
Towards him.
Ah! could I enfold him
And hold him!

And kiss him
As I would!
On his kisses
I should die away!

MARTHENS GARTEN.

MARGARETE. FAUST.

Margarete.

VERSPRICH mir, Heinrich!

Faust.

Was ich kann!

Margarete.

Nun sag, wie hast du's mit der Religion?
Du bist ein herzlich guter Mann,
Allein ich glaub', du hältst nicht viel davon.

Faust.

Lasz das, mein Kind! Du fühlst, ich bin dir gut;
Für meine Lieben liesz' ich Leib und Blut,
Will Niemand sein Gefühl und seine Kirche rauben.

Margarete.

Das ist nicht recht, man musz dran glauben!

Faust.

Musz man?

Margarete.

Ach, wenn ich etwas auf dich könnte!
Du ehrst auch nicht die heil'gen Sakramente.

Faust.

Ich ehre sie.

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET—FAUST.

Margaret.

PROMISE me, Henry!

Faust.

What I can!

Margaret.

Now, tell me, how is it with your religion? You are a dear, good man, but I believe you don't think much of it.

Faust.

Leave that, my child! you feel I love you: I would lay down my life for those I love, nor would I deprive any of their feeling and their church.

Margaret.

That is not right; we must believe in it.

Faust.

Must we?

Margaret.

Ah! if I had any influence over you! You do not honour the holy sacraments, either.

Faust.

I honour them.

Margarete.

Doch ohne Verlangen.
Zur Messe, zur Beichte bist du lange nicht gegangen.
Glaubst du an Gott?

Faust.

Mein Liebchen, wer darf sagen:
Ich glaub' an Gott?
Magst Priester oder Weise fragen,
Und ihre Antwort scheint nur Spott
Ueber den Frager zu sein.

Margarete.

So glaubst du nicht?

Faust.

Miszhör mich nicht, du holdes Angesicht!
Wer darf ihn nennen,
Und wer bekennen:
Ich glaub' ihn?
Wer empfinden
Und sich unterwinden,
Zu sagen: ich glaub' ihn nicht?
Der Allumfasser,
Der Allerhalter,
Faszt und erhält er nicht
Dich, mich, sich selbst?
Wölbt sich der Himmel nicht da droben?
Liegt die Erde nicht hier unten fest?
Und steigen, freundlich blickend,
Ewige Sterne nicht herauf?
Schau' ich nicht Aug' in Auge dir,
Und drängt nicht Alles
Nach Haupt und Herzen dir
Und webt in ewigem Geheimnisz,
Unsichtbar, sichtbar, neben dir?
Erfüll davon dein Herz, so grosz es ist,
Und wenn du ganz in dem Gefühle selig bist,
Nenn es dann, wie du willst,
Nenn's Glück! Herz! Liebe! Gott!
Ich habe keinen Namen

Margaret.

But without desiring them. It is long since you went to mass or confession. Do you believe in God?

Faust.

My love, who dares say, I believe in God? You may ask priests and philosophers, and their answer will appear but a mockery of the questioner.

Margaret.

You don't believe, then?

Faust.

Mistake me not, sweet darling! Who dare name him? and who avow: "I believe in him?" Who feel —and dare to say: "I believe not in him?" The All-embracer, the All-sustainer, does he not embrace and sustain thee, me, himself? Does not the heaven arch itself there above?—Lies not the earth firm here below? —And do not eternal stars rise, kindly twinkling, on high?—Are we not looking into each other's eyes, and is not all thronging to thy head and heart, and weaving in eternal mystery, invisibly—visibly, about thee? With it fill thy heart, big as it is, and when thou art wholly blest in the feeling, then call it what thou wilt! Call it Bliss!—Heart!—Love!—God! I have no name

Dafür! Gefühl ist Alles;
Name ist Schall und Rauch,
Umnebelnd Himmelsgluth.

Margarete.
Das ist Alles recht schön und gut;
Ungefähr sagt das der Pfarrer auch,
Nur mit ein biszchen andern Worten.

Faust.
Es sagen's aller Orten
Alle Herzen unter dem himmlischen Tage,
Jedes in seiner Sprache;
Warum nicht ich in der meinen?

Margarete.
Wenn man's so hört, möcht's leidlich scheinen,
Steht aber doch immer schief darum;
Denn du hast kein Christenthum.

Faust.
Lieb's Kind!

Margarete.
Es thut mir lang' schon weh,
Dasz ich dich in der Gesellschaft seh'.

Faust.
Wie so?

Margarete.
Der Mensch, den du da bei dir hast,
Ist mir in tiefer innrer Seele verhaszt;
Es hat mir in meinem Leben
So nichts einen Stich ins Herz gegeben
Als des Menschen widrig Gesicht.

Faust.
Liebe Puppe, fürcht ihn nicht!

Margarete.
Seine Gegenwart bewegt mir das Blut.
Ich bin sonst allen Menschen gut;

for it![104] Feeling is all in all. Name is sound and smoke,[105] clouding heaven's glow.

Margaret.

That is all very fine and good. The priest says nearly the same, only with somewhat different words.

Faust.

All hearts in all places under the blessed light of day say it, each in its own language—why not I in mine?

Margaret.

When one hears this it seems passable; but, for all that, there is something wrong about it, for thou hast no Christianity.

Faust.

Dear child!

Margaret.

I have long been grieved at the company I see you in.

Faust.

How so?

Margaret.

The man you have with you is hateful to me in my inmost soul.[106] Nothing in the whole course of my life has given my heart such a pang, as the repulsive visage of that man.

Faust.

Fear him not, sweet love!

Margaret.

His presence makes my blood creep. I have kind feelings towards everybody else; but, much as I long

Aber, wie ich mich sehne, dich zu schauen,
Hab' ich vor dem Menschen ein heimlich Grauen
Und halt' ihn für einen Schelm dazu!
Gott verzeih' mir's, wenn ich ihm Unrecht thu'!

Faust.

Es musz auch solche Käuze geben.

Margarete.

Wollte nicht mit seines Gleichen leben!
Kommt er einmal zur Thür herein,
Sieht er immer so spöttisch drein
Und halb ergrimmt;
Man sieht, dasz er an nichts keinen Antheil nimmt,
Es steht ihm an der Stirn geschrieben,
Dasz er nicht mag eine Seele lieben.
Mir wird's so wohl in deinem Arm,
So frei, so hingegeben warm,
Und seine Gegenwart schnürt mir das Innre zu.

Faust.

Du ahnungsvoller Engel du!

Margarete.

Das übermannt mich so sehr,
Dasz, wo er nur mag zu uns treten,
Mein' ich sogar, ich liebte dich nicht mehr.
Auch wenn er da ist, könnt' ich nimmer beten.
Und das friszt mir ins Herz hinein;
Dir, Heinrich, musz es auch so sein.

Faust.

Du hast nun die Antipathie!

Margarete.

Ich musz nun fort.

Faust.

Ach, kann ich nie
Ein Stündchen ruhig dir am Busen hängen
Und Brust an Brust und Seel' in Seele drängen?

to see you, I have an unaccountable horror of that man, and hold him for a rogue besides. God forgive me, if I do him wrong.

Faust.

There must be such queer fellows, too.

Margaret.

I would not live with the like of him. Whenever he comes to the door, he looks in so mockingly, and with fury but half-suppressed; one sees that he sympathizes with nothing. It is written on his forehead, that he can love no living soul. I feel so happy in thy arms—so unrestrained—in such glowing abandonment; and his presence closes up my heart's core.

Faust.

You foreboding angel, you!

Margaret.

It overcomes me to such a degree, that when he but chances to join us, I even think I do not love you any longer. Nor could I ever pray, when he is present; and this eats into my heart. You, too, Henry, must feel the same.

Faust.

Well, you have an antipathy against him.

Margaret.

I must go now.

Faust.

Ah, can I never recline one little hour undisturbed upon thy bosom, and press heart to heart and soul to soul?

Margarete.

Ach, wenn ich nur alleine schlief'!
Ich liesz' dir gern heut Nacht den Riegel offen;
Doch meine Mutter schläft nicht tief,
Und würden wir von ihr betroffen,
Ich wär' gleich auf der Stelle todt!

Faust.

Du Engel, das hat keine Noth.
Hier ist ein Fläschchen, drei Tropfen nur
In ihren Trank umhüllen
Mit tiefem Schlaf gefällig die Natur.

Margarete.

Was thu' ich nicht um deinetwillen!
Es wird ihr hoffentlich nicht schaden!

Faust.

Würd' ich sonst, Liebchen, dir es rathen?

Margarete.

Seh' ich dich, bester Mann, nur an,
Weisz nicht, was mich nach deinem Willen treibt;
Ich habe schon so viel für dich gethan,
Dasz mir zu thun fast nichts mehr übrig bleibt. [*Ab.*]

[MEPHISTOPHELES *tritt auf.*]

Mephistopheles.

Der Grasaff'! Ist er weg?

Faust.

Hast wieder spionirt?

Mephistopheles.

Ich hab's ausführlich wohl vernommen,
Herr Doktor wurden da katechisirt;
Hoff', es soll Ihnen wohl bekommen.
Die Mädels sind doch sehr interessirt,
Ob Einer fromm und schlicht nach altem Brauch.
Sie denken, duckt er da, folgt er uns eben auch.

Margaret.

Ah, did I but sleep alone! I would gladly leave the door unbolted for you this very night. But my mother does not sleep sound, and were we discovered by her, I should die upon the spot.

Faust.

Thou angel, there is no fear of that. You see this phial! Only three drops in her drink will gently envelop nature in deep sleep.

Margaret.

What would I not do for thy sake? It will do her no harm, I hope.

Faust.

Should I else advise it to you, my love?

Margaret.

If, best of men, I do but look on you, I know not what drives me to comply with your will. I have already done so much for you, that scarcely anything more remains for me to do. [*Exit.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

Mephistopheles.

The little monkey! is she gone?

Faust.

Hast thou been playing the spy again?

Mephistopheles.

I heard what passed plainly enough. You were catechized, Doctor. Much good may it do you. The girls are certainly deeply interested in knowing whether a man be pious and simple-minded after the old fashion. They think: "If he is pliable in that matter, he will also obey us."

Faust.

Du Ungeheuer siehst nicht ein,
Wie diese treue, liebe Seele,
Von ihrem Glauben voll,
Der ganz allein
Ihr seligmachend ist, sich heilig quäle,
Dasz sie den liebsten Mann verloren halten soll

Mephistopheles.

Du übersinnlicher, sinnlicher Freier,
Ein Mägdelein nasführet dich.

Faust.

Du Spottgeburt von Dreck und Feuer!

Mephistopheles.

Und die Physiognomie versteht sie meisterlich.
In meiner Gegenwart wird's ihr, sie weisz nicht wie;
Mein Mäskchen da weissagt verborgnen Sinn;
Sie fühlt, dasz ich ganz sicher ein Genie,
Vielleicht wohl gar der Teufel bin.
Nun heute Nacht—?

Faust.

Was geht dich's an?

Mephistopheles.

Hab' ich doch meine Freude dran!

Faust.

Thou, monster as thou art, canst not conceive how this loving, faithful soul, full of her faith, which, according to her notions, is alone capable of conferring eternal happiness, feels a holy horror to think that she must hold her best-beloved for lost.

Mephistopheles.

Thou super-sensual, sensual lover, a chit of a girl leads thee by the nose.

Faust.

Thou abortion of dirt and fire!

Mephistopheles.

And she is knowing in physiognomy too. In my presence she feels she knows not how. My little mask betokens some hidden sense. She feels that I am most assuredly a genius—perhaps the devil himself. To-night, then—?

Faust.

What is that to you?

Mephistopheles.

I have my pleasure in it, though.

AM BRUNNEN.

GRETCHEN *und* LIESCHEN *mit Krügen.*

Lieschen.

HAST nichts von Bärbelchen gehört?

Gretchen.

Kein Wort. Ich komm' gar wenig unter Leute.

Lieschen.

Gewisz, Sibylle sagt' mir's heute,
Die hat sich endlich auch bethört.
Das ist das Vornehmthun!

Gretchen.

Wie so?

Lieschen.

Es stinkt!
Sie füttert Zwei, wenn sie nun iszt und trinkt.

Gretchen.

Ach!

Lieschen.

So ist's ihr endlich recht ergangen.
Wie lange hat sie an dem Kerl gehangen!
Das war ein Spazieren,
Auf Dorf und Tanzplatz Führen,
Muszt' überall die Erste sein,
Kurtesirt' ihr immer mit Pastetchen und Wein;
Bildt' sich was auf ihre Schönheit ein,
War doch so ehrlos, sich nicht zu schämen,
Geschenke von ihm anzunehmen.

AT THE WELL.

MARGARET *and* BESSY *with pitchers.*

Bessy.

HAVE you heard nothing of Barbara?

Margaret.

Not a word. I go very little abroad.

Bessy.

Certainly, Sybella told it me to-day. She has even made a fool of herself at last. That comes of playing the fine lady.

Margaret.

How so?

Bessy.

It is a bad business. She feeds two when she eats and drinks now.

Margaret.

Ah!

Bessy.

She is rightly served at last. What a time she has hung upon the fellow! There was a promenading and a leading to village resorts and dancing places—she forsooth must be the first everywhere—he was ever treating her to tarts and wine. She thought great things of her beauty, and was so lost to honour as not to be ashamed

War ein Gekos' und ein Geschleck';
Da ist denn auch das Blümchen weg!

Gretchen.

Das arme Ding!

Lieschen.

Bedauerst sie noch gar!
Wenn Unsereins am Spinnen war,
Uns Nachts die Mutter nicht hinunterliesz,
Stand sie bei ihrem Buhlen süsz,
Auf der Thürbank und im dunkeln Gang
Ward ihnen keine Stunde zu lang.
Da mag sie denn sich ducken nun,
Im Sünderhemdchen Kirchbusz' thun!

Gretchen.

Er nimmt sie gewisz zu seiner Frau.

Lieschen.

Er wär' ein Narr! Ein flinker Jung'
Hat anderwärts noch Luft genung.
Er ist auch fort.

Gretchen.

Das ist nicht schön!

Lieschen.

Kriegt sie ihn, soll's ihr übel gehn.
Das Kränzel reiszen die Buben ihr,
Und Häckerling streuen wir vor die Thür! [*Ab.*]

Gretchen (*nach Hause gehend*).

Wie konnt' ich sonst so tapfer schmählen,
Wenn thät ein armes Mägdlein fehlen!
Wie konnt' ich über Andrer Sünden
Nicht Worte g'nug der Zunge finden!
Wie schien mir's schwarz, und schwärzt's noch gar,
Mir's immer doch nicht schwarz g'nug war,
Und segnet' mich und that so grosz,
Und bin nun selbst der Sünde blosz!
Doch—Alles, was dazu mich trieb,
Gott, war so gut, ach, war so lieb!

to receive presents from him. There was a hugging and kissing—and lo, the flower is gone!

Margaret.

Poor thing!

Bessy.

You even pity her! When the like of us were at the spinning, our mothers never let us go down at night. She was with her sweet lover; on the bench before the door, and in the dark passage, the time was never too long for them. But now she may humble herself, and do church-penance, in a sinner's shift, in the church.

Margaret.

He will surely make her his wife.

Bessy.

He would be a fool if he did. A brisk young fellow has the world before him. Besides, he's off.

Margaret.

That's not fair!

Bessy.

If she gets him, it will go ill with her. The boys will tear her wreath for her, and we will strew chaff before her door.[107] [*Exit.*]

Margaret (*going home*).

How stoutly I could formerly revile, if I saw a poor maiden make a slip! how I could never find words enough to speak of another's shame! How black it seemed to me! and I blackened it still more, it was never black enough for me—and blessed myself and felt so grand, and am now myself a prey to sin! Yet—all that drove me to it, was, God knows, so sweet, so dear!

ZWINGER.

In der Mauerhöhle ein Andachtsbild der Mater dolorosa, Blumenkrüge davor.

GRETCHEN (*steckt frische Blumen in die Krüge*).

ACH, neige,
Du Schmerzenreiche,
Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Noth!

Das Schwert im Herzen,
Mit tausend Schmerzen
Blickst auf zu deines Sohnes Tod.

Zum Vater blickst du
Und Seufzer schickst du
Hinauf um sein' und deine Noth.

Wer fühlet,
Wie wühlet
Der Schmerz mir im Gebein?
Was mein armes Herz hier banget,
Was es zittert, was verlanget,
Weiszt nur du, nur du allein!

Wohin ich immer gehe,
Wie weh, wie weh, wie wehe
Wird mir im Busen hier!
Ich bin, ach, kaum alleine,

ZWINGER.[108]

In the niche of the wall a devotional image of the Mater Dolorosa, with pots of flowers before it.

MARGARET (*places fresh flowers in the pots*).

AH, incline,
Thou full of pain,
Thy countenance graciously to my distress.

The sword in thy heart,[109]
With thousand pangs
Up-lookest thou to thy Son's death.

To the Father look'st thou,
And sendest sighs
Aloft for his and thy distress.

Who feels
How rages
My torment to the quick?
How the poor heart in me throbbeth,
How it trembleth, how it yearneth,
Knowest thou, and thou alone!

Whithersoe'er I go,
What woe, what woe, what woe,
Grows within my bosom *here!*
Hardly, alas, am I alone,

Ich wein', ich wein', ich weine,
Das Herz zerbricht in mir.

Die Scherben vor meinem Fenster
Bethaut' ich mit Thränen, ach,
Als ich am frühen Morgen
Dir diese Blumen brach.

Schien hell in meine Kammer
Die Sonne früh herauf,
Sasz ich in allem Jammer
In meinem Bett schon auf.

Hilf! Rette mich von Schmach und Tod!
Ach, neige,
Du Schmerzenreiche,
Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Noth!

I weep, I weep, I weep,
My heart is bursting within me!

The flower-pots on my window-sill
Bedewed I with tears, alas!
When I at morning's dawn
Plucked these flowers for thee.

When brightly in my chamber
The rising sun's rays shone,
Already, in all wretchedness,
Was I sitting up in my bed,

Help! rescue me from shame and death!
Ah, incline,
Thou full of pain,
Thy countenance graciously to my distress!

NACHT.—STRASZE VOR GRETCHENS THURE.

VALENTIN, *Soldat*, GRETCHENS *Bruder*.

Valentin.

WENN ich so sasz bei einem Gelag,
Wo Mancher sich berühmen mag,
Und die Gesellen mir den Flor
Der Mägdlein laut gepriesen vor,
Mit vollem Glas das Lob verschwemmt:
Den Ellenbogen aufgestemmt,
Sasz ich in meiner sichern Ruh,
Hört' all dem Schwadroniren zu,
Und streiche lächelnd meinen Bart
Und kriege das volle Glas zur Hand
Und sage: Alles nach seiner Art!
Aber ist Eine im ganzen Land,
Die meiner trauten Gretel gleicht,
Die meiner Schwester das Wasser reicht?
Top! Top! Kling! Klang! Das ging herum!
Die Einen schrieen: er hat Recht,
Sie ist die Zier vom ganzen Geschlecht!
Da saszen alle die Lober stumm.
Und nun!—Um's Haar sich auszuraufen
Und an den Wänden hinauf zu laufen!—
Mit Stichelreden, Naserümpfen
Soll jeder Schurke mich beschimpfen!
Soll wie ein böser Schuldner sitzen,
Bei jedem Zufallswörtchen schwitzen!
Und möcht' ich sie zusammenschmeiszen,
Könnt' ich sie doch nicht Lügner heiszen.

Was kommt heran? Was schleicht herbei?
Irr' ich nicht, es sind ihrer Zwei.
Ist er's, gleich pack' ich ihn beim Felle,
Soll nicht lebendig von der Stelle!

NIGHT.—STREET BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR.

VALENTINE (*a Soldier*, MARGARET'S *brother*).

WHEN I was seated at some carouse, where people are fain to boast, and my companions were loud in their praises of blooming girls, and drowned their commendation in bumpers,—with my elbows leaning on the board, I sat in quiet confidence, and listened to all their swaggering; then I stroke my beard with a smile, and take the bumper in my hand, and say: "All very well in its way! but is there one in the whole country to compare with my dear Margaret,—who is fit to hold a candle to my sister?" Hob and nob, cling! clang! so it went round! Some shouted, "He is right; she is the pearl of the whole sex;" and all those swaggerers were dumb. And now—it is enough to make one tear out one's hair by the roots, and run up the walls—I am to be twitted by the sneers and taunts of every knave, am to sit like a bankrupt debtor, and sweat at every chance word. And though I might crush them at a blow, yet I could not call them liars.

Who comes there? Who is slinking this way? If I mistake not, there are two of them. If it is he, I will attack him at once; he shall not leave this spot alive.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust.

Wie von dem Fenster dort der Sakristei
Aufwärts der Schein des ew'gen Lämpchens flämmert
Und schwach und schwächer seitwärts dämmert,
Und Finsternisz drängt ringsum bei:
So sieht's in meinem Busen nächtig.

Mephistopheles.

Und mirist's wie dem Kätzlein schmächtig,
Das an den Feuerleitern schleicht,
Sich leis dann um die Mauern streicht.
Mir ist's ganz tugendlich dabei,
Ein biszchen Diebsgelüst, ein biszchen Rammelei.
So spukt mir schon durch alle Glieder
Die herrliche Walpurgisnacht.
Die kommt uns übermorgen wieder,
Da weisz man doch, warum man wacht.

Faust.

Rückt wohl der Schatz indessen in die Höh',
Den ich dort hinten flimmern seh'?

Mephistopheles.

Du kannst die Freude bald erleben,
Das Kesselchen herauszuheben.
Ich schielte neulich so hinein,
Sind herrliche Löwenthaler drein.

Faust.

Nicht ein Geschmeide, nicht ein Ring,
Meine liebe Buhle damit zu zieren?

Mephistopheles.

Ich sah dabei wohl so ein Ding
Als wie eine Art von Perlenschnüren.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust.

How from the window of the Sacristy there, the light of the eternal lamp flickers upwards, and glimmers weaker and weaker at the sides, and darkness thickens round! Just so is all night-like in my breast

Mephistopheles.

And I feel languishing like the tom-cat, that sneaks along the fire-ladders and then creeps stealthily round the walls. I feel quite virtuously,—with a spice of thievish pleasure, a spice of wantonness. In such a manner does the glorious Walpurgis night already thrill me through every limb. The day after to-morrow it comes round to us again; there one knows what one wakes for.

Faust.

Will in the meantime the treasure rise, which I see glimmering yonder? [110]

Mephistopheles.

You will soon enjoy the lifting up of the kettle. I lately took a squint at it. There are capital lion-dollars within.[11]

Faust.

Not a trinket—not a ring—to adorn my lovely mistress with?

Mephistopheles.

I think I saw some such thing there, a sort of pearl necklace.

Faust.

So ist es recht! Mir thut es weh,
Wenn ich ohne Geschenke zu ihr geh'.

Mephistopheles.

Es sollt' euch eben nicht verdrieszen,
Umsonst auch etwas zu genieszen.
Jetzt, da der Himmel voller Sterne glüht,
Sollt ihr ein wahres Kunststück hören:
Ich sing' ihr ein moralisch Lied,
Um sie gewisser zu bethören. [*Singt zur Zither.*]

Was machst du mir
Vor Liebchens Thür,
Kathrinchen, hier
Bei frühem Tagesblicke?
Lasz, lasz es sein!
Er läszt dich ein,
Als Mädchen ein,
Als Mädchen nicht zurücke.

Nehmt euch in Acht!
Ist es vollbracht,
Dann gute Nacht,
Ihr armen, armen Dinger!
Habt ihr euch lieb,
Thut keinem Dieb
Nur nichts zu Lieb'
Als mit dem Ring am Finger.

Valentin (*tritt vor*).

Wen lockst du hier? Beim Element!
Vermaledeiter Rattenfänger!
Zum Teufel erst das Instrument!
Zum Teufel hinterdrein den Sänger!

Mephistopheles.

Die Zither ist entzwei! An der ist nichts zu halten.

Valentin.

Nun soll es an ein Schädelspalten!

Faust.

That is well. I feel sorry when I go to her without a present.

Mephistopheles.

You ought not to regret having some enjoyment gratis. Now that the heavens are studded thick with stars, you shall hear a true masterpiece. I will sing her a moral song, to beguile her the more certainly.

[*He sings to the guitar.*]

"What are you doing here, Catherine, before your lover's door at morning dawn? [112] Stay, and beware! he lets thee in a maid, not to come out a maid.

"Beware! If it be done, then good night to you, you poor, poor things. If you love yourselves, do nothing to pleasure any spoiler, except with the ring on the finger."

Valentine (*comes forward*).

Whom art thou luring here? A plague on you! thou cursed ratcatcher! [113] First, to the devil with the instrument, then to the devil with the singer.

Mephistopheles.

The guitar is broken to pieces! It is all up with it.

Valentine.

Now then for a skull-cracking.

Mephistopheles (*zu* FAUST).

Herr Doktor, nicht gewichen! Frisch!
Hart an mich an, wie ich euch führe!
Heraus mit eurem Flederwisch!
Nur zugestoszen! Ich parire.

Valentin.

Parire den!

Mephistopheles.

Warum denn nicht?

Valentin.

Auch den!

Mephistopheles.

Gewisz!

Valentin.

Ich glaub', der Teufel ficht!
Was ist denn das? Schon wird die Hand mir lahm.

Mephistopheles (*zu* FAUST).

Stosz zu!

Valentin (*fällt*).

O weh!

Mephistopheles.

Nun ist der Lümmel zahm!
Nun aber fort! Wir müssen gleich verschwinden;
Denn schon entsteht ein mörderlich Geschrei.
Ich weisz mich trefflich mit der Polizei,
Doch mit dem Blutbann schlecht mich abzufinden.

Marthe (*am Fenster*).

Heraus! Heraus!

Gretchen (*am Fenster*).

Herbei ein Licht!

Marthe (*wie oben*).

Man schilt und rauft, man schreit und ficht.

Mephistopheles (*to* FAUST).

Don't give way, Doctor! Courage! Stick close, and do as I tell you. Out with your toasting-iron![114] Thrust away, and I will parry.

Valentine.

Parry that!

Mephistopheles.

Why not?

Valentine.

And that!

Mephistopheles.

To be sure.

Valentine.

I believe the devil is fighting. What is that? My hand is already lamed.

Mephistopheles (*to* FAUST).

Thrust home!

Valentine (*falls*).

Oh, torture!

Mephistopheles.

The clod is tamed now. But away! We must vanish in a twinkling, for a horrible outcry is already raised. I can manage very well the police, but very badly the blood-ban.[115]

Martha (*at the window*).

Out! out!

Margaret (*at the window*).

Bring a light!

Martha (*as before*).

They are railing and scuffling, screaming and fighting.

Volk.
Da liegt schon Einer todt!

Marthe (heraustretend).
Die Mörder, sind sie denn entflohn?

Gretchen (heraustretend).
Wer liegt hier?

Volk.
Deiner Mutter Sohn.

Gretchen.
Allmächt'ger! Welche Noth!

Valentin.
Ich sterbe! Das ist bald gesagt
Und bälder noch gethan.
Was steht ihr Weiber, heult und klagt?
Kommt her und hört mich an! [*Alle treten um ihn.*]
Mein Gretchen, sieh, du bist noch jung,
Bist gar noch nicht gescheit genung,
Machst deine Sachen schlecht.
Ich sag' dir's im Vertrauen nur:
Du bist doch nun einmal eine —;
So sei's auch eben recht!

Gretchen.
Mein Bruder! Gott! Was soll mir das?

Valentin.
Lasz unsern Herr Gott aus dem Spasz!
Geschehn ist leider nun geschehn,
Und wie es gehn kann, so wird's gehn.
Du fingst mit Einem heimlich an,
Bald kommen ihrer mehre dran,
Und wenn dich erst ein Dutzend hat,
So hat dich auch die ganze Stadt.

Wenn erst die Schande wird geboren,
Wird sie heimlich zur Welt gebracht,
Und man zieht den Schleier der Nacht

People.

Here lies one dead already.

Martha (*coming out*).

Have the murderers escaped?

Margaret (*coming out*).

Who lies here?

People.

Thy mother's son.

Margaret

Almighty God! what misery!

Valentine.

I am dying! that is soon said, and sooner still done. Why do you women stand howling and wailing? Come here and listen to me. [*All come round him.*]

Look ye, my little Margaret! you are still young! you are not yet adroit enough, and manage your matters ill. I tell it you in confidence; since you are, once for all, a ——, be one in good earnest.

Margaret.

Brother! God! What do you mean?

Valentine.

Leave our Lord God out of the game. What is done, alas! cannot be undone, and things will take their course. You began privately with one; more of them will soon follow; and when a dozen have had you, the whole town will have you too.

When first Shame is born, she is brought into the world clandestinely, and the veil of night is drawn over

Ihr über Kopf und Ohren;
Ja, man möchte sie gern ermorden.
Wächst sie aber und macht sich grosz,
Dann geht sie auch bei Tage blosz
Und ist doch nicht schöner geworden.
Je häszlicher wird ihr Gesicht,
Je mehr sucht sie des Tages Licht.

Ich seh' wahrhaftig schon die Zeit,
Dasz alle brave Bürgersleut',
Wie von einer angesteckten Leichen,
Von dir, du Metze, seitab weichen.
Dir soll das Herz im Leib verzagen,
Wenn sie dir in die Augen sehn!
Sollst keine goldne Kette mehr tragen,
In der Kirche nicht mehr am Altar stehn,
In einem schönen Spitzenkragen
Dich nicht beim Tanze wohl behagen,
In eine finstre Jammerecken
Unter Bettler und Krüppel dich verstecken
Und, wenn dir dann auch Gott verzeiht,
Auf Erden sein vermaledeit!

Marthe.

Befehlt eure Seele Gott zu Gnaden!
Wollt ihr noch Lästrung auf euch laden?

Valentin.

Könnt' ich dir nur an den dürren Leib,
Du schändlich kupplerisches Weib,
Da hofft' ich aller meiner Sünden
Vergebung reiche Masz zu finden.

Gretchen.

Mein Bruder! Welche Höllenpein!

Valentin.

Ich sage, lasz die Thränen sein!
Da du dich sprachst der Ehre los,
Gabst mir den schwersten Herzensstosz.
Ich gehe durch den Todesschlaf
Zu Gott ein als Soldat und brav. [*Stirbt.*]

her head and ears. Ay, people would fain stifle her. But when she grows and waxes big, she walks flauntingly in open day, and yet is not a whit the fairer. The uglier her face becomes, the more she courts the light of day.

Forsooth, I already see the time when all honest townspeople will turn aside from you, you harlot, as from an infected corpse. Your heart will sink within you when they look you in the face. You will wear no golden chain again! No more will you stand at the altar in the church, or take pride in a fair lace collar at the dance. You will hide yourself in some dark miserable corner, amongst beggars and cripples, and, even should God forgive you, be cursed upon earth!

Martha.

Commend your soul to God's mercy. Will you yet heap the sin of slander upon your soul.

Valentine.

Could I but get at thy withered body, thou shameless bawd, I should hope to find a full measure of pardon for all my sins!

Margaret.

My brother! Oh, this agonizing pang!

Valentine.

Have done with tears, I tell you. When you renounced honour, you gave me the deepest heart-stab of all. I go through death's sleep unto God, a soldier and a brave one. [*He dies.*]

DOM.

AMT, ORGEL UND GESANG.

GRETCHEN *unter vielem Volke.* BÖSER GEIST *hinter* GRETCHEN.

Böser Geist.

WIE anders, Gretchen, war dir's,
Als du noch voll Unschuld
Hier zum Altar tratst,
Aus dem vergriffnen Büchelchen
Gebete lalltest,
Halb Kinderspiele,
Halb Gott im Herzen!
Gretchen!
Wo steht dein Kopf?
In deinem Herzen
Welche Missethat?
Betst du für deiner Mutter Seele, die
Durch dich zur langen, langen Pein hinüberschlief?
Auf deiner Schwelle wessen Blut?
—Und unter deinem Herzen
Regt sich's nicht quillend schon
Und ängstet dich und sich
Mit ahnungsvoller Gegenwart?

Gretchen

Weh! Weh!
Wär' ich der Gedanken los,
Die mir herüber und hinüber gehen
Wider mich!

CATHEDRAL.

SERVICE, ORGAN, AND ANTHEM.

MARGARET *amongst a number of People.* EVIL SPIRIT *behind* MARGARET.

Evil Spirit.

HOW different was it with thee, Margaret,
When still full of innocence
Thou camest to the altar there—
Out of the well-worn little book
Lispedst prayers,
Half child-sport,
Half God in the heart!
Margaret!
Where is thy head?
In thy heart
What crime?
Prayest thou for thy mother's soul—who
Slept over into long, long pain through thee?
Whose blood on thy threshold?
——And under thy heart
Stirs it not quickening even now,[116]
Torturing itself and thee
With its foreboding presence?

Margaret.

Woe! woe!
Would that I were free from the thoughts,
That come over me and across me
Against myself!

Chor.
Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favilla. [*Orgelton.*]

Böser Geist.
Grimm faszt dich!
Die Posaune tönt!
Die Gräber beben!
Und dein Herz,
Aus Aschenruh
Zu Flammenqualen
Wieder aufgeschaffen,
Bebt auf!

Gretchen.
Wär' ich hier weg!
Mir ist, als ob die Orgel mir
Den Athem versetzte,
Gesang mein Herz
Im Tiefsten löste.

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

Gretchen.
Mir wird so eng!
Die Mauernpfeiler
Befangen mich!
Das Gewölbe
Drängt mich!—Luft!

Chorus.

Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favilla.[117] [*Organ plays.*]

Evil Spirit.

Horror seizes thee!
The Trump sounds!
The graves tremble!
And thy heart
From the repose of its ashes
For fiery torment
Brought to life again,
Trembles up!

Margaret.

Would that I were hence!
I feel as if the organ [118]
Stifled my breath,
As if the anthem
Dissolved my heart's core!

Chorus.

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

Margaret.

I feel so oppressed!
The wall-pillars
Close on me!
The vaulted roof
Presses on me!—Air!

Böser Geist.

Verbirg dich! Sünd' und Schande
Bleibt nicht verborgen.
Luft? Licht?
Weh dir!

Chor.

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

Böser Geist.

Ihr Antlitz wenden
Verklärte von dir ab.
Die Hände dir zu reichen,
Schauert's den Reinen.
Weh!

Chor.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

Gretchen.

Nachbarin! Euer Fläschchen!—
[*Sie fällt in Ohnmacht.*]

Evil Spirit.

Hide thyself! Sin and shame
Remain, unhidden.
Air? Light?
Woe to thee!

Chorus.

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

Evil Spirit.

The glorified from thee
Avert their faces.
The pure shudder
To reach thee their hands.
Woe!

Chorus.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

Margaret.

Neighbour! your smelling bottle!

[*She swoons away.*]

WALPURGISNACHT.

HARZGEBIRG.

Gegend von Schierke und Elend.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles.

VERLANGST du nicht nach einem Besenstiele?
Ich wünschte mir den allerderbsten Bock.
Auf diesem Weg sind wir noch weit vom Ziele.

Faust.

So lang' ich mich noch frisch auf meinen Beinen fühle,
Genügt mir dieser Knotenstock.
Was hilft's, dasz man den Weg verkürzt!
Im Labyrinth der Thäler hinzuschleichen,
Dann diesen Felsen zu ersteigen,
Von dem der Quell sich ewig sprudelnd stürzt,
Das ist die Lust, die solche Pfade würzt!
Der Frühling webt schon in den Birken,
Und selbst die Fichte fühlt ihn schon;
Sollt' er nicht auch auf unsre Glieder wirken?

Mephistopheles.

Fürwahr, ich spüre nichts davon!
Mir ist es winterlich im Leibe;
Ich wünschte Schnee und Frost auf meiner Bahn.
Wie traurig steigt die unvollkommne Scheibe
Des rothen Monds mit später Gluth heran
Und leuchtet schlecht, dasz man bei jedem Schritte
Vor einen Baum, vor einen Felsen rennt!
Erlaub, dasz ich ein Irrlicht bitte!

WALPURGIS-NIGHT.[119]

THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

District of Schirke and Elend.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles.

DO you not long for a broomstick? For my part, I should be glad of the sturdiest he-goat. By this road we are still far from our destination.

Faust.

So long as I feel fresh upon my legs, this knotted stick suffices me. What is the use of shortening the way? To creep along the labyrinth of the vales, and then ascend these rocks, from which the ever-bubbling spring dashes—this is the pleasure which gives zest to such a path. The spring is already stirring in the birch trees, and even the pine is beginning to feel it,—ought it not to have some effect upon our limbs?

Mephistopheles.

Verily, I feel nothing of it. All is wintry in my body, and I should prefer frost and snow upon my path. How mournfully the imperfect disc of the red moon rises with belated glare! and gives so bad a light, that, at every step, one runs against a tree or a rock. With your leave, I will call a will-o'-the-wisp. I see

Dort seh' ich eins, das eben lustig brennt.
He da! Mein Freund! Darf ich dich zu uns fodern?
Was willst du so vergebens lodern?
Sei doch so gut und leucht uns da hinauf!

Irrlicht.

Aus Ehrfurcht, hoff' ich, soll es mir gelingen,
Mein leichtes Naturell zu zwingen;
Nur zickzack geht gewöhnlich unser Lauf.

Mephistopheles.

Ei, ei! Er denkt's den Menschen nachzuahmen.
Geh er nur grad, ins Teufels Namen!
Sonst blas' ich ihm sein Flackerleben aus.

Irrlicht.

Ich merke wohl, ihr seid der Herr vom Haus,
Und will mich gern nach euch bequemen.
Allein bedenkt! Der Berg ist heute zaubertoll,
Und wenn ein Irrlicht euch die Wege weisen soll,
So müszt ihr's so genau nicht nehmen.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, IRRLICHT (*im Wechselgesang*).

In die Traum- und Zaubersphäre
Sind wir, scheint es, eingegangen.
Führ uns gut und mach dir Ehre,
Dasz wir vorwärts bald gelangen
In den weiten, öden Räumen!

Seh' die Bäume hinter Bäumen,
Wie sie schnell vorüberrücken,
Und die Klippen, die sich bücken,
Und die langen Felsennasen,
Wie sie schnarchen, wie sie blasen!

Durch die Steine, durch den Rasen
Eilet Bach und Bächlein nieder.
Hör' ich Rauschen? Hör' ich Lieder?
Hör' ich holde Liebesklage,
Stimmen jener Himmelstage?

one yonder, burning right merrily. Holloa, there, my friend! May I entreat your company? Why wilt thou blaze away so uselessly? Be so good as to light us up along here.

Will-o'-the-Wisp.

Out of reverence, I hope, I shall succeed in subduing my unsteady nature; our course is ordinarily but a zigzag one.

Mephistopheles.

Ha! ha! you think to imitate men. But go straight, in the devil's name, or I will blow your flickering life out.

Will-o'-the-Wisp.

I see well that you are the master of the house, and will willingly accommodate myself to you. But consider! The mountain is magic-mad to-night, and if a will-o'-the-wisp is to show you the way, you must not be too particular.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, WILL-O'-THE-WISP (*in alternating song*).

Into the sphere of dreams and enchantments, it seems, have we entered. Lead us right, and do yourself credit!—that we may advance betimes in the wide, desolate regions.

See trees after trees, how rapidly they move by; and the cliffs, that bow, and the long-snouted rocks, how they snort, how they blow!

Through the stones, through the turf, brook and brooklet hurry down.[120] Do I hear rustling? do I hear songs? do I hear the sweet plaint of love—voices of

Was wir hoffen, was wir lieben!
Und das Echo, wie die Sage
Alter Zeiten, hallet wieder.

Uhu! Schuhu! Tönt es näher;
Kauz und Kibitz und der Häher,
Sind sie alle wach geblieben?
Sind das Molche durchs Gesträuche,
Lange Beine, dicke Bäuche?
Und die Wurzeln, wie die Schlangen,
Winden sich aus Fels und Sande,
Strecken wunderliche Bande,
Uns zu schrecken, uns zu fangen;
Aus belebten, derben Masern
Strecken sie Polypenfasern
Nach dem Wandrer. Und die Mäuse,
Tausendfärbig, schaarenweise,
Durch das Moos und durch die Heide!
Und die Funkenwürmer fliegen
Mit gedrängten Schwärmezügen
Zum verwirrenden Geleite.

Aber sag mir, ob wir stehen
Oder ob wir weiter gehen?
Alles, Alles scheint zu drehen:
Fels und Bäume, die Gesichter
Schneiden, und die irren Lichter,
Die sich mehren, die sich blähen.

Mephistopheles.

Fasse wacker meinen Zipfel!
Hier ist so ein Mittelgipfel,
Wo man mit Erstaunen sieht,
Wie im Berg der Mammon glüht.

Faust.

Wie seltsam glimmert durch die Gründe
Ein morgenröthlich trüber Schein!
Und selbst bis in die tiefen Schlünde
Des Abgrunds wittert er hinein.
Da steigt ein Dampf, dort ziehen Schwaden,

those blest days?—What we hope, what we love! And Echo, like the tale of old times, sends back the sound.

Tu-whit! Tu-whoo![121]—it sounds nearer; the screech-owl, the plover, and the jay,—have they all remained awake? Are those salamanders through the bushes, with their long legs, thick paunches? And the roots, like snakes,[122] wind from out of rock and sand, and stretch forth strange filaments to terrify, to seize us; from living sturdy gnarls they stretch polypus-fibres towards the wanderer. And the mice, thousand-coloured, in whole tribes, through the moss and through the heath! And the glowworms fly, in crowded swarms, a bewildering escort.

But tell me whether we stand still, or whether we are moving on? Everything seems to turn round,—rocks and trees, which make grimaces, and the will-o'-the-wisps, which multiply, which swell themselves out.

Mephistopheles.

Keep a stout hold of my skirt! Here is a central peak, from which one sees with wonder how Mammon is glowing in the mountain.

Faust.

How strangely a melancholy light, of morning-red, glimmers through the mountain gorges, and quivers even to the deepest recesses of the precipice! Here vapours rise, there float exhalations; here glow

Hier leuchtet Gluth aus Dunst und Flor,
Dann schleicht sie wie ein zarter Faden,
Dann bricht sie wie ein Quell hervor.
Hier schlingt sie eine ganze Strecke
Mit hundert Adern sich durchs Thal,
Und hier in der gedrängten Ecke
Vereinzelt sie sich auf einmal.
Da sprühen Funken in der Nähe
Wie ausgestreuter goldner Sand.
Doch schau! In ihrer ganzen Höhe
Entzündet sich die Felsenwand.

Mephistopheles.

Erleuchtet nicht zu diesem Feste
Herr Mammon prächtig den Palast?
Ein Glück, dasz du's gesehen hast;
Ich spüre schon die ungestümen Gäste.

Faust.

Wie ras't die Windsbraut durch die Luft!
Mit welchen Schlägen trifft sie meinen Nacken!

Mephistopheles.

Du muszt des Felsens alte Rippen packen;
Sonst stürzt sie dich hinab in dieser Schlünde Gruft.
Ein Nebel verdichtet die Nacht.
Höre, wie's durch die Wälder kracht!
Aufgescheucht fliegen die Eulen.
Hör, es splittern die Säulen
Ewig grüner Paläste.
Girren und Brechen der Aeste!
Der Stämme mächtiges Dröhnen!
Der Wurzeln Knarren und Gähnen!
Im fürchterlich verworrenen Falle
Ueber einander krachen sie alle,
Und durch die übertrümmerten Klüfte
Zischen und heulen die Lüfte.
Hörst du Stimmen in der Höhe?
In der Ferne, in der Nähe?
Ja, den ganzen Berg entlang
Strömt ein wüthender Zaubergesang!

sparkles out of vapour and haze, then steals along like a fine thread, and then again bursts forth like a fountain. Here it winds, a whole track, with a hundred veins, through the valley; and here, in the compressed corner, it scatters itself suddenly.[123] There sparks are sputtering near, like scattered golden sand. But, see! The wall of rocks is on fire in all its height.

Mephistopheles.

Does not Sir Mammon illuminate his palace magnificently for this festival? It is lucky that you have seen it; I feel already the approach of the boisterous guests.

Faust.

How the storm-blast[124] is raging through the air! With what thumps it strikes against my neck!

Mephistopheles.

You must lay hold of the old ribs of the rock, or it will hurl you down into the depth of this abyss. A mist thickens the night. Hark! what a crashing through the forest! The owls fly scared away. Hark, to the splintering of the pillars of the ever-green palaces! the crackling and snapping of the boughs, the mighty groaning of the trunks, the creaking and yawning of the roots!—All come crashing down, one over the other, in fearfully-confused fall; and the winds hiss and howl through the wreck-covered cliffs! Dost thou hear voices aloft? —in the distance?—close at hand?—Ay, a raving witch-song streams along the whole mountain.

Hexen (im Chor).

Die Hexen zu dem Brocken ziehn;
Die Stoppel ist gelb, die Saat ist grün.
Dort sammelt sich der grosze Hauf,
Herr Urian sitzt oben auf.
So geht es über Stein und Stock;
Es — die Hexe, es stinkt der Bock.

Stimme.

Die alte Baubo kommt allein;
Sie reitet auf einem Mutterschwein.

Chor.

So Ehre denn, wem Ehr' gebührt!
Frau Baubo vor! Und angeführt!
Ein tüchtig Schwein und Mutter drauf,
Da folgt der ganze Hexenhauf.

Stimme.

Welchen Weg kommst du her?

Stimme.

Uebern Ilsenstein!
Da guckt' ich der Eule ins Nest hinein.
Die macht' ein Paar Augen!

Stimme.

O, fahre zur Hölle!
Was reit'st du so schnelle!

Stimme.

Mich hat sie geschunden,
Da sieh nur die Wunden!

Hexen. (Chor.)

Der Weg ist breit, der Weg ist lang;
Was ist das für ein toller Drang?
Die Gabel sticht, der Besen kratzt,
Das Kind erstickt, die Mutter platzt.

The Witches (*in chorus*).

To the Brocken the witches repair! The stubble is yellow, the corn is green. There the huge multitude assembles. Sir Urian[125] sits at the top. On they go, over stone and stock; the witch ——s, the he-goat stinks.[126]

Voices.

Old Baubo[127] comes alone; she rides upon a farrow-sow.

Chorus.

Then honour to whom honour is due! Mother Baubo to the front, and lead the way! A goodly sow and mother upon her,—then follows the whole swarm of witches.

Voice.

Which way did you come?

Voice.

By Ilsenstein.[128] I there peeped into the owl's nest. She made such eyes at me!

Voice.

Oh! Betake thee to hell! What a rate you are riding at!

Voice.

She has grazed me in passing; only look at the wound!

Chorus of Witches.

The way is broad—the way is long; what mad throng is this? The pitchfork pricks—the besom scratches: the child is suffocated—the mother bursts.

Hexenmeister. (*Halbes Chor.*)
Wir schleichen wie die Schneck' im Haus,
Die Weiber alle sind voraus.
Denn geht es zu des Bösen Haus,
Das Weib hat tausend Schritt voraus.

(*Andre Hälfte.*)
Wir nehmen das nicht so genau.
Mit tausend Schritten macht's die Frau;
Doch wie sie auch sich eilen kann,
Mit *einem* Sprunge macht's der Mann.

Stimme (*oben*).
Kommt mit, kommt mit, vom Felsensee!

Stimmen (*von unten*).
Wir möchten gerne mit in die Höh'.
Wir waschen, und blank sind wir ganz und gar,
Aber auch ewig unfruchtbar.

Beide Chöre.
Es schweigt der Wind, es flieht der Stern,
Der trübe Mond verbirgt sich gern;
Im Sausen sprüht das Zauberchor
Viel tausend Feuerfunken hervor.

Stimme (*von unten*).
Halte! Halte!

Stimme (*von oben*).
Wer ruft da aus der Felsenspalte?

Stimme (*unten*).
Nehmt mich mit! Nehmt mich mit!
Ich steige schon dreihundert Jahr'
Und kann den Gipfel nicht erreichen.
Ich wäre gern bei meines Gleichen.

Beide Chöre.
Es trägt der Besen, trägt der Stock,
Die Gabel trägt, es trägt der Bock.

Wizards (*half-chorus*).

We steal along like snails in their house; the women are all before; for, in going to the house of the evil one, woman is a thousand steps in advance.

The other Half.

We do not take that so precisely. The woman does it with a thousand steps; but, let her make as much haste as she can, the man does it at a single bound.

Voices (*above*).

Come with us, come with us, from Felsensee!

Voices (*from below*).

We should like to mount with you. We wash, and are thoroughly clean, but we are ever barren.

Both Choruses.

The wind is still, the star flies, the melancholy moon is glad to hide herself; the magic-choir sputters forth sparks of fire by thousands in its whizzing.

Voice (*from below*).

Hold! hold!

Voice (*from above*).

Who calls there, from the cleft in the rock?

Voice (*from below*).

Take me with you! take me with you! I have been mounting for three hundred years already, and cannot reach the top. I would fain be with my fellows.

Both Choruses.

The besom carries, the stick carries, the fork carries,

Wer heute sich nicht heben kann,
Ist ewig ein verlorner Mann.

Halbhexe (*unten*).

Ich tripple nach, so lange Zeit;
Wie sind die Andern schon so weit!
Ich hab' zu Hause keine Ruh
Und komme hier doch nicht dazu.

Chor der Hexer.

Die Salbe giebt den Hexen Muth,
Ein Lumpen ist zum Segel gut,
Ein gutes Schiff ist jeder Trog;
Der flieget nie, der heut nicht flog.

Beide Chöre.

Und wenn wir um den Gipfel ziehn,
So streichet an dem Boden hin
Und deckt die Heide weit und breit
Mit eurem Schwarm der Hexenheit.

[*Sie lassen sich nieder.*]

Mephistopheles.

Das drängt und stöszt, das ruscht und klappert,
Das zischt und quirlt, das zieht und plappert,
Das leuchtet, sprüht und stinkt und brennt,
Ein wahres Hexenelement!
Nur fest an mir! Sonst sind wir gleich getrennt.
Wo bist Du?

Faust (*in der Ferne*).

Hier!

Mephistopheles.

Was! Dort schon hingerissen?
Da werd' ich Hausrecht brauchen müssen.
Platz! Junker Voland kommt. Platz! Süszer Pöbel, Platz!
Hier, Doktor, fasse mich! Und nun in *einem* Satz
Lasz uns aus dem Gedräng' entweichen;
Es ist zu toll, sogar für meines Gleichen.

the he-goat carries. Who cannot raise himself to-night, is lost for ever.

Demi-Witch (below).

I have been tripping along such a length of time;—how far the others are ahead already! I have no rest at home,—and don't get it here either.

Chorus of Witches.

The salve gives courage to the witches; a rag is good for a sail; every trough makes a good ship; he will never fly, who flew not to-night.

Both Choruses.

And when we round the peak, sweep along the ground, and cover the heath far and wide with your swarm of witch-hood. [*They let themselves down.*]

Mephistopheles.

There's crowding and pushing, rustling and clattering! There's whizzing and twirling, bustling and babbling! There's glittering, sparkling, stinking, burning! A true witch-element! But stick close to me, or we shall be separated in a moment. Where art thou?

Faust (in the distance).

Here!

Mephistopheles.

What! carried away already so far? I must exert my authority as master. Room! Squire Voland [129] comes! Make room, sweet rabble, make room! Here, Doctor, take hold of me! and now, at one bound, let us get clear of the crowd. It is too mad, even for the like of

Dort neben leuchtet was mit ganz besondrem Schein;
Es zieht mich was nach jenen Sträuchen.
Komm, komm! Wir schlupfen da hinein.

Faust.

Du Geist des Widerspruchs! Nur zu! Du magst mich führen.
Ich denke doch, das war recht klug gemacht:
Zum Brocken wandeln wir in der Walpurgisnacht,
Um uns beliebig nun hieselbst zu isoliren.

Mephistopheles.

Da sieh nur, welche bunte Flammen!
Es ist ein muntrer Klub beisammen.
Im Kleinen ist man nicht allein.

Faust.

Doch droben möcht' ich lieber sein!
Schon seh' ich Gluth und Wirbelrauch.
Dort strömt die Menge zu dem Bösen;
Da musz sich manches Räthsel lösen.

Mephistopheles.

Doch manches Räthsel knüpft sich auch.
Lasz du die grosze Welt nur sausen!
Wir wollen hier im Stillen hausen.
Es ist doch lange hergebracht,
Dasz in der groszen Welt man kleine Welten macht.
Da seh' ich junge Hexchen, nackt und blosz,
Und alte, die sich klug verhüllen.
Seid freundlich, nur um meinetwillen!
Die Müh ist klein, der Spasz ist grosz.
Ich höre was von Instrumenten tönen;
Verflucht Geschnarr! Man musz sich dran gewöhnen.
Komm mit! Komm mit! Es kann nicht anders sein,
Ich tret' heran und führe dich herein,
Und ich verbinde dich aufs Neue.
Was sagst Du, Freund? Das ist kein kleiner Raum.

me. Hard by there, shines something with a peculiar light. Something attracts me towards those bushes. Come along! we will slip in there.

Faust.

Thou spirit of contradiction! But go on! thou may'st lead me. But it was wisely done, to be sure! We repair to the Brocken on Walpurgis' night—in order to isolate ourselves here voluntarily.

Mephistopheles.

Only see what variegated flames! A merry club is met together. One is not alone in a small company.

Faust.

I should prefer being above, though! I already see flame and eddying smoke. Yonder the multitude is streaming to the Evil One. Many a riddle must there be untied.

Mephistopheles.

And many a riddle is also knotted here. Let the great world bluster as it may! We will here settle ourselves in peace. It is an old custom, that in the great world one makes little worlds. Yonder I see young witches, naked and bare, and old ones, who prudently cover themselves. Be amiable, if only for my sake! The trouble is small, the sport is great. I hear instruments resounding. Confounded jangle! One must accustom oneself to it. Come along, come along! It cannot be otherwise; I will go forward and introduce you, and I shall lay you under a fresh obligation. What sayest thou, friend? This is no little space. Only

Da sieh nur hin! Du siehst das Ende kaum.
Ein Hundert Feuer brennen in der Reihe;
Man tanzt, man schwatzt, man kocht, man trinkt, man liebt,
Nun sage mir, wo es was Bessers giebt?

Faust.

Willst du dich nun, um uns hier einzuführen,
Als Zaubrer oder Teufel produciren?

Mephistopheles.

Zwar bin ich sehr gewohnt, inkognito zu gehn;
Doch läszt am Galatag man seinen Orden sehn.
Ein Knieband zeichnet mich nicht aus,
Doch ist der Pferdefusz hier ehrenvoll zu Haus.
Siehst du die Schnecke da? Sie kommt herangekrochen;
Mit ihrem tastenden Gesicht
Hat sie mir schon was abgerochen.
Wenn ich auch will, verleugn' ich hier mich nicht.
Komm nur! Von Feuer gehen wir zu Feuer,
Ich bin der Werber, und du bist der Freier.
[*Zu Einigen, die um verglimmende Kohlen sitzen.*]
Ihr alten Herrn, was macht ihr hier am Ende?
Ich lobt' euch, wenn ich euch hübsch in der Mitte fände,
Von Saus umzirkt und Jugendbraus;
Genug allein ist Jeder ja zu Haus.

General.

Wer mag auf Nationen trauen,
Man habe noch so viel für sie gethan!
Denn bei dem Volk wie bei den Frauen
Steht immerfort die Jugend obenan.

Minister.

Jetzt ist man von dem Rechten allzu weit,
Ich lobe mir die guten Alten;
Denn freilich, da wir Alles galten,
Da war die rechte goldne Zeit.

look! you can hardly see the end! A hundred fires are burning in a row. People are dancing, talking, cooking, drinking, love-making! Now tell me where could be found anything better?

Faust.

To introduce us here, do you intend to present yourself as wizards or devils?

Mephistopheles.

It is true, I am much used to go incognito; but one shows one's orders on gala-days. I have no garter to distinguish me, but the cloven foot is held in high honour here. Do you see the snail there? she comes creeping up, and with her feelers has already scented out something in me. Even if I would, I could not deny myself here. But come! We will go from fire to fire; I am the go-between, and you shall be the wooer.

[*To some who are sitting round expiring embers.*] Old gentlemen, what are you doing here at the extremity? I should commend you, did I find you nicely in the middle, in the thick of the riot and youthful revelry; everyone is surely enough alone at home.

General.

Who can put his trust in nations, though he has done ever so much for them? For with the people, as with the women, youth has always the upper hand.

Minister.

At present people are wide astray from the right path —the good old ones for me! For, verily, when we were all in all, that was the true golden age.

Parvenu.

Wir waren wahrlich auch nicht dumm
Und thaten oft, was wir nicht sollten;
Doch jetzo kehrt sich Alles um und um,
Und eben da wir's fest erhalten wollten.

Autor.

Wer mag wohl überhaupt jetzt eine Schrift
Von mäszig klugem Inhalt lesen!
Und was das liebe junge Volk betrifft,
Das ist noch nie so naseweis gewesen.

Mephistopheles (der auf einmal sehr alt erscheint).

Zum jüngsten Tag fühl' ich das Volk gereift,
Da ich zum letzten Mal den Hexenberg ersteige,
Und weil mein Fäszchen trübe läuft,
So ist die Welt auch auf der Neige.

Trödelhexe.

Ihr Herren, geht nicht so vorbei!
Laszt die Gelegenheit nicht fahren!
Aufmerksam blickt nach meinen Waaren!
Es steht dahier gar mancherlei.
Und doch ist nichts in meinem Laden,
Dem keiner auf der Erde gleicht,
Das nicht einmal zum tücht'gen Schaden
Der Menschen und der Welt gereicht.
Kein Dolch ist hier, von dem nicht Blut geflossen,
Kein Kelch, aus dem sich nicht in ganz gesunden Leib
Verzehrend heiszes Gift ergossen,
Kein Schmuck, der nicht ein liebenswürdig Weib
Verführt, kein Schwert, das nicht den Bund gebrochen,
Nicht etwa hinterrücks den Gegenmann durchstochen.

Mephistopheles.

Frau Muhme, sie versteht mir schlecht die Zeiten.
Gethan, geschehn! Geschehn, gethan!
Verleg sie sich auf Neuigkeiten!
Nur Neuigkeiten ziehn uns an,

Parvenu.

We, too, were certainly no fools, and often did what we ought not; but now everything is turned topsy-turvy, and just when we wished to keep it firm.

Author.

Who now-a-days, speaking generally, likes to read a work of even moderate sense? And as for the dear young folk, they were never so pert as now.

Mephistopheles (*who all at once appears very old*).

I feel the people ripe for doomsday, now that I ascend the witch-mountain for the last time;[130] and because my own cask runs thick, the world also is come to the dregs.

Huckster-Witch.

Do not pass by in this manner, gentlemen! Do not let the opportunity escape! Look at my wares attentively; I have them of all sorts. And yet there is nothing in my shop—which has not its fellow upon earth—that has not, some time or other, wrought great mischief to mankind and to the world. There is no dagger here, from which blood has not flowed; no chalice, from which hot consuming poison has not been poured into a healthy body; no trinket, which has not seduced some amiable woman; no sword, which has not cut some tie asunder, which has not perchance stabbed an adversary from behind.

Mephistopheles.

Cousin! you understand but ill the temper of the times. Done, happened! Happened, done! Take to dealing in novelties; novelties only have any attraction for us.

Faust.

Dasz ich mich nur nicht selbst vergesse!
Heisz' ich mir das doch eine Messe!

Mephistopheles.

Der ganze Strudel strebt nach oben;
Du glaubst zu schieben, und du wirst geschoben.

Faust.

Wer ist denn das?

Mephistopheles.

Betrachte sie genau!
Lilith ist das.

Faust.

Wer?

Mephistopheles.

Adam's erste Frau.
Nimm dich in Acht vor ihren schönen Haaren,
Vor diesem Schmuck, mit dem sie einzig prangt!
Wenn sie damit den jungen Mann erlangt,
So läszt sie ihn sobald nicht wieder fahren.

Faust.

Da sitzen Zwei, die Alte mit der Jungen;
Die haben schon was Recht's gesprungen!

Mephistopheles.

Das hat nun heute keine Ruh.
Es geht zum neuen Tanz; nun komm, wir greifen zu.

Faust (*mit der Jungen tanzend*).

Einst hatt' ich einen schönen Traum;
Da sah ich einen Apfelbaum,
Zwei schöne Aepfel glänzten dran,
Sie reizten mich, ich stieg hinan.

Faust.

I must endeavour to keep my senses! This is a fair with a vengeance!

Mephistopheles.

The whole throng struggles upwards. You think to shove, and you yourself are shoved.

Faust.

Who, then, is that?

Mephistopheles.

Mark her well! That is Lilith.[131]

Faust.

Who?

Mephistopheles.

Adam's first wife. Beware of her fair hair, of that ornament in which she shines pre-eminent. When she ensnares a young man with it, she does not let him off again so easily.

Faust.

There sit two, the old one with the young one. They have already capered a good bit!

Mephistopheles.

There is no rest to-night for these folk. A new dance is beginning; come, we will set to.

Faust (*dancing with the young one*).

I had once upon a time a fair dream; therein I saw an apple-tree; two lovely apples glittered on it; they enticed me, I climbed up.

Die Schöne.

Der Aepfelchen begehrt ihr sehr,
Und schon vom Paradiese her.
Von Freuden fühl' ich mich bewegt,
Dasz auch mein Garten solche trägt.

Mephistopheles (mit der Alten).

Einst hatt' ich einen wüsten Traum;
— — — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — — — —

Die Alte.

Ich biete meinen besten Grusz
Dem Ritter mit dem Pferdefusz!
— — — — — —
— — — — — — —

Proktophantasmist.

Verfluchtes Volk! Was untersteht ihr euch?
Hat man euch lange nicht bewiesen,
Ein Geist steht nie auf ordentlichen Füszen?
Nun tanzt ihr gar, uns andern Menschen gleich!

Die Schöne (tanzend).

Was will denn der auf unserm Ball?

Faust (tanzend).

Ei! Der ist eben überall.
Was Andre tanzen, musz er schätzen.
Kann er nicht jeden Schritt beschwätzen,
So ist der Schritt so gut als nicht geschehn.
Am Meisten ärgert ihn, sobald wir vorwärts gehn.
Wenn ihr euch so im Kreise drehen wolltet,
Wie er's in seiner alten Mühle thut,
Das hiesz' er allenfalls noch gut,
Besonders wenn ihr ihn darum begrüszen solltet.

The Fair One.

Little apples you covet much, and you have done so already in paradise. I feel moved with joy, that my garden also bears such.

Mephistopheles (*with the Old One*).

I had once upon a time a wild dream.

— — — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — — — —

The Old One.

I present my best respects
To the knight of the cloven foot.

— — — — — —
— — — — — — —

Procktophantasmist.[132]

Confounded mob! How dare you? Was it not long since demonstrated to you that a spirit never stands upon ordinary feet? And now you are actually dancing away, like us mortals!

The Fair One.

Why then does he come to our ball?

Faust (*dancing*).

Ha! He is absolutely everywhere. He must appraise what others dance! If he cannot talk about every step, the step is as good as never made at all. He is most vexed, when we go forwards. If you would but turn round in a circle, as he does in his old mill, he would term that good, I dare say; particularly were you to consult him about it.

Proktophantasmist.

Ihr seid noch immer da! Nein, das ist unerhört.
Verschwindet doch! Wir haben ja aufgeklärt!
Das Teufelspack, es fragt nach keiner Regel!
Wir sind so klug, und dennoch spukt's in Tegel.
Wie lange hab' ich nicht am Wahn hinausgekehrt,
Und nie wird's rein, das ist doch unerhört!

Die Schöne.

So hört doch auf, uns hier zu ennuyiren!

Proktophantasmist.

Ich sag's euch Geistern ins Gesicht:
Den Geistesdespotismus leid' ich nicht;
Mein Geist kann ihn nicht exerciren.
[*Es wird fortgetanzt.*]
Heut, seh' ich, will mir nichts gelingen;
Doch eine Reise nehm' ich immer mit
Und hoffe, noch vor meinem letzten Schritt
Die Teufel und die Dichter zu bezwingen.

Mephistopheles.

Er wird sich gleich in eine Pfütze setzen,
Das ist die Art, wie er sich soulagirt,
Und wenn Blutegel sich an seinem Steisz ergetzen,
Ist er von Geistern und von Geist kurirt.
[*Zu* FAUST, *der aus dem Tanz getreten ist.*]
Was lässest du das schöne Mädchen fahren,
Das dir zum Tanz so lieblich sang?

Faust.

Ach! Mitten im Gesange sprang
Ein rothes Mäuschen ihr aus dem Munde.

Mephistopheles.

Das ist was Recht's! Das nimmt man nicht genau;
Genug, die Maus war doch nicht grau.
Wer fragt darnach in einer Schäferstunde?

Procktophantasmist.

You are still there, then! No, that is unheard of! But vanish! We have enlightened the world, you know! This devil's brood pays no attention to rules. We are so wise,—and Tegel is haunted,[133] notwithstanding! How long have I not been sweeping away at the delusion; and it never becomes clean! It is unheard of!

The Fair One.

Have done boring us here, at any rate, then!

Procktophantasmist.

I tell you, Spirits, to your faces, I endure not the despotism of the spirit; my spirit cannot exercise it. (*The dancing goes on.*) To-night, I see, I shall succeed in nothing; but I am always ready for a journey; and still hope, before my last step, to get the better of devils and poets.

Mephistopheles.

He will, forthwith, seat himself in a puddle; that is his mode of soothing himself; and when leeches have feasted on his rump, he is cured of spirits and spirit. (*To* FAUST, *who has left the dance.*) Why do you leave the fair maid, who sung so sweetly to you in the dance?

Faust.

Ah! in the middle of the song, a little red mouse jumped out of her mouth.[134]

Mephistopheles.

There is nothing out of the way in that. One must not be too nice about such matters. Enough that the mouse was not grey. Who cares for such things in a lovers' hour?

Faust.

Dann sah ich—

Mephistopheles.

Was?

Faust.

Mephisto, siehst du dort
Ein blasses schönes Kind allein und ferne stehen?
Sie schiebt sich langsam nur vom Ort,
Sie scheint mit geschlossnen Füszen zu gehen.
Ich musz bekennen, dasz mir däucht,
Dasz sie dem guten Gretchen gleicht.

Mephistopheles.

Lasz das nur stehn! Dabei wird's Niemand wohl.
Es ist ein Zauberbild, ist leblos, ein Idol.
Ihm zu begegnen ist nicht gut;
Vom starren Blick erstarrt des Menschen Blut,
Und er wird fast in Stein verkehrt:
Von der Meduse hast du ja gehört.

Faust.

Fürwahr, es sind die Augen einer Todten,
Die eine liebende Hand nicht schlosz,
Das ist die Brust, die Gretchen mir geboten,
Das ist der süsze Leib, den ich genosz.

Mephistopheles.

Das ist die Zauberei, du leicht verführter Thor!
Denn Jedem kommt sie wie sein Liebchen vor.

Faust.

Welch eine Wonne! Welch ein Leiden!
Ich kann von diesem Blick nicht scheiden.
Wie sonderbar musz diesen schönen Hals
Ein einzig rothes Schnürchen schmücken,
Nicht breiter als ein Messerrücken!

Faust.

Then I saw—

Mephistopheles.

What?

Faust.

Mephisto, do you see yonder a pale, fair girl, standing alone and afar off? She drags herself but slowly from the place; she seems to move with fettered feet. I must own, she seems to me to resemble poor Margaret.

Mephistopheles.

Have nothing to do with that! No good can come of it to anyone. It is a magic shape, is lifeless,—an idol.[135] It is not well to meet it; the blood of man is benumbed at its chill look, and he is wellnigh turned to stone: surely you have heard of Medusa.

Faust.

In truth, they are the eyes of one dead, which there was no fond hand to close. That is the bosom, which Margaret yielded to me; that is the sweet body, which I enjoyed.

Mephistopheles.

That is sorcery, thou easily deluded fool; for she wears to everyone the semblance of his beloved.

Faust.

What bliss! What suffering! I cannot tear myself from that look. How strange it is that a single red line, no thicker than the back of a knife, should adorn that lovely neck.

Mephistopheles.

Ganz recht, ich seh' es ebenfalls.
Sie kann das Haupt auch unterm Arme tragen,
Denn Perseus hat's ihr abgeschlagen.—
Nur immer diese Lust zum Wahn!
Komm doch das Hügelchen heran!
Hier ist's so lustig wie im Prater;
Und hat man mir's nicht angethan,
So seh' ich wahrlich ein Theater.
Was giebt's denn da?

Servibilis.

Gleich fängt man wieder an.
Ein neues Stück, das letzte Stück von sieben;
So viel zu geben, ist allhier der Brauch.
Ein Dilettant hat es geschrieben,
Und Dilettanten spielen's auch.
Verzeiht, ihr Herrn, wenn ich verschwinde;
Mich dilettirt's, den Vorhang aufzuziehn.

Mephistopheles.

Wenn ich euch auf dem Blocksberg finde,
Das find' ich gut; denn da gehört ihr hin.

Mephistopheles.

Right! I see it too. She can also carry her head under her arm, for Perseus has cut it off for her. But ever this fondness for delusion! Come up the hill, however; here all is as merry as in the Prater;[136] and if I am not bewitched, I actually see a theatre. What is going on here, then?

Servibilis.

They will recommence immediately. A new piece, the last of seven;—it is the custom here to give so many. A dilettante has written it, and dilettanti play it. Excuse me, gentlemen, but I must be off. It is my dilettante office to draw up the curtain.

Mephistopheles.

When I find you upon the Blocksberg,—that is just what I approve; for this is the proper place for you.

WALPURGISNACHTSTRAUM

ODER

OBERON'S UND TITANIA'S GOLDNE HOCHZEIT.

INTERMEZZO.

Theatermeister.

HEUTE ruhen wir einmal,
Mieding's wackre Söhne.
Alter Berg und feuchtes Thal,
Das ist die ganze Scene!

Herold.

Dasz die Hochzeit golden sei,
Soll'n funfzig Jahr' sein vorüber;
Aber ist der Streit vorbei,
Das golden ist mir lieber.

Oberon.

Seid ihr Geister, wo ich bin,
So zeigt's in diesen Stunden!
König und die Königin,
Sie sind aufs Neu' verbunden.

Puck.

Kommt der Puck und dreht sich quer
Und schleift den Fusz im Reihen,
Hundert kommen hinterher,
Sich auch mit ihm zu freuen.

Ariel.

Ariel bewegt den Sang
In himmlisch reinen Tönen;
Viele Fratzen lockt sein Klang,
Doch lockt er auch die Schönen.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM;

OR,

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

INTERMEZZO.[137]

Stage-Manager.

TO-DAY we rest for once; we, the brave sons of Mieding.[138] Old mountain and damp dale,—that is the whole scenery!

Herald.

That the wedding-feast may be golden, fifty years are to be past; but if the quarrel is over, I shall like the Golden Wedding the better.[139]

Oberon.

If ye spirits are with me, this is the time to show it! The king and the queen, they are united anew.

Puck.

When Puck comes and whirls himself about, and his foot goes whisking in the dance,—hundreds come after to rejoice along with him.

Ariel.[140]

Ariel awakes the song, in tones of heavenly purity; his music lures many ugly faces, but it also lures the fair ones.

Oberon.

Gatten, die sich vertragen wollen,
Lernen's von uns Beiden!
Wenn sich Zweie lieben sollen,
Braucht man sie nur zu scheiden.

Titania.

Schmollt der Mann, und grillt die Frau,
So faszt sie nur behende,
Führt mir nach dem Mittag *sie*,
Und *ihn* an Nordens Ende.

Orchester. Tutti (Fortissimo).

Fliegenschnauz' und Mückennas'
Mit ihren Anverwandten,
Frosch im Laub und Grill' im Gras,
Das sind die Musikanten!

Solo.

Seht, da kommt der Dudelsack!
Es ist die Seifenblase.
Hört den Schneckeschnickeschnack
Durch seine stumpfe Nase.

Geist, der sich erst bildet.

Spinnenfusz und Krötenbauch
Und Flügelchen dem Wichtchen!
Zwar ein Thierchen giebt es nicht,
Doch giebt es ein Gedichtchen.

Ein Pärchen.

Kleiner Schritt und hoher Sprung
Durch Honigthau und Düfte;
Zwar du trippelst mir genung,
Doch geht's nicht in die Lüfte.

Neugieriger Reisender.

Ist das nicht Maskeradenspott?
Soll ich den Augen trauen,
Oberon, den schönen Gott,
Auch heute hier zu schauen?

Oberon.

Wedded ones, who would agree,—let them take a lesson from us two. To make a couple love each other, it is only necessary to separate them.

Titania.

If the husband is sulky, and the wife is fretting, take hold of both of them immediately. Conduct me her to the South, and him to the extremity of the North.

Orchestra-Tutti (Fortissimo).

Flies' snouts, and gnats' noses, with their kindred, frog in the leaves, and cricket in the grass—they are the musicians.

Solo.

See, here comes the bagpipe! It is the soap-bubble. Hark to the Schnecke-schnicke-schnack through its snub-nose.

Spirit that is fashioning itself.

Spider's foot and toad's belly, and little wings for the little wight! It does not make an animalcule, it is true, but it makes a little poem.

A Pair of Lovers.

Little step and high bound, through honey-dew and exhalations. Truly, you trip it me enough, but you do not mount into the air.

Inquisitive Traveller.[141]

Is not this masquerading-mockery? Can I believe my eyes? To see the beauteous god, Oberon, here to-night, too!

Orthodox.
Keine Klauen, keinen Schwanz!
Doch bleibt es auszer Zweifel,
So wie die Götter Griechenlands,
So ist auch er ein Teufel.

Nordischer Künstler.
Was ich ergreife, das ist heut
Fürwahr nur skizzenweise;
Doch ich bereite mich bei Zeit
Zur italiän'schen Reise.

Purist.
Ach, mein Unglück führt mich her:
Wie wird nicht hier geludert!
Und von dem ganzen Hexenheer
Sind Zweie nur gepudert.

Junge Hexe.
Der Puder ist, so wie der Rock,
Für alt- und graue Weibchen;
Drum sitz' ich nackt auf meinem Bock
Und zeig' ein derbes Leibchen.

Matrone.
Wir haben zu viel Lebensart,
Um hier mit euch zu maulen;
Doch, hoff' ich, sollt ihr jung und zart,
So wie ihr seid, verfaulen.

Kapellmeister.
Fliegenschnauz' und Mückennas',
Umschwärmt mir nicht die Nackte!
Frosch im Laub und Grill' im Gras,
So bleibt doch auch im Takte!

Windfahne (nach der einen Seite).
Gesellschaft, wie man wünschen kann.
Wahrhaftig, lauter Bräute!
Und Junggesellen, Mann für Mann,
Die hoffnungsvollsten Leute!

Orthodox.

No claws, no tail! Yet it stands beyond a doubt that, even as the Gods of Greece, so is he too a devil.

Northern Artist.

What I catch, is at present only sketch-ways as it were; but I prepare myself betimes for the Italian journey.

Purist.[142]

Ah! my ill-fortune brings me hither; what a constant scene of rioting! And of the whole host of witches, only two are powdered.

Young Witch.

Powder as well as petticoats are for old and grey little women. Therefore I sit naked upon my he-goat, and show a strapping body.

Matron.

We have too much good-breeding to squabble with you here; but I hope you will rot, young and delicate as you are.

Leader of the Band.

Flies' snouts and gnats' noses, don't swarm so about the naked one. Frog in leaves, and cricket in the grass, I beg of you, do keep time.

Weathercock (towards one side).

Company to one's heart's content! Truly, nothing but brides! And bachelors, man for man! the hopefullest people!

Windfahne (nach der andern Seite).
Und thut sich nicht der Boden auf,
Sie Alle zu verschlingen,
So will ich mit behendem Lauf
Gleich in die Hölle springen.

Xenien.
Als Insekten sind wir da
Mit kleinen scharfen Scheren,
Satan, unsern Herrn Papa,
Nach Würden zu verehren.

Hennings.
Seht, wie sie in gedrängter Schaar
Naiv zusammen scherzen!
Am Ende sagen sie noch gar,
Sie hätten gute Herzen.

Musaget.
Ich mag in diesem Hexenheer
Mich gar zu gern verlieren;
Denn freilich, diese wüszt' ich eh'r
Als Musen anzuführen.

Ci-devant Genius der Zeit.
Mit rechten Leuten wird man was.
Komm, fasse meinen Zipfel!
Der Blocksberg, wie der deutsche Parnasz,
Hat gar einen breiten Gipfel.

Neugieriger Reisender.
Sagt, wie heiszt der steife Mann?
Er geht mit stolzen Schritten,
Er schnopert, was er schnopern kann.
"Er spürt nach Jesuiten."

Kranich.
In dem Klaren mag ich gern
Und auch im Trüben fischen;
Darum seht ihr den frommen Herrn
Sich auch mit Teufeln mischen.

Weathercock (towards the other side).

And if the ground does not open, to swallow up all of them—with a quick course, I will immediately jump into hell.

Xenien.[143]

We are here as insects, with little sharp nippers, to honour Satan, our worshipful papa, according to his dignity.

Hennings.

See! how naïvely they joke together in a crowded troop. They will e'en say in the end, that they have good hearts.

Musaget.

I like full well to lose myself in this host of witches; for, truly, I could easier lead them than the Muses.

Ci-devant Genius of the Age.

With proper people, one becomes somebody. Come, take hold of my skirt! The Blocksberg, like the German Parnassus, has a very broad top.

Inquisitive Traveller.

Tell me, what is the name of that stiff man?[144] He stalks along with proud steps; he snuffles everything he can snuffle. "He is scenting out Jesuits."

The Crane.[145]

I like to fish in clear and even in troubled waters. Therefore you also see the pious gentleman associate even with devils.

Weltkind.

Ja, für die Frommen, glaubet mir,
Ist Alles ein Vehikel;
Sie bilden auf dem Blocksberg hier
Gar manches Konventikel.

Tänzer.

Da kommt ja wohl ein neues Chor?
Ich höre ferne Trommeln.
"Nur ungestört! Es sind im Rohr
Die unisonen Dommeln."

Tanzmeister.

Wie Jeder doch die Beine lupft,
Sich, wie er kann, herauszieht!
Der Krumme springt, der Plumpe hupft
Und fragt nicht, wie es aussieht.

Fideler.

Das haszt sich schwer, das Lumpenpack,
Und gäb' sich gern das Restchen;
Es eint sie hier der Dudelsack,
Wie Orpheus' Leier die Bestjen.

Dogmatiker.

Ich lasse mich nicht irre schrein,
Nicht durch Kritik noch Zweifel.
Der Teufel musz doch etwas sein;
Wie gäb's denn sonst auch Teufel?

Idealist.

Die Phantasie in meinem Sinn
Ist diesmal gar zu herrisch:
Fürwahr, wenn ich das Alles bin,
So bin ich heute närrisch.

Realist.

Das Wesen ist mir recht zur Qual
Und musz mich basz verdrieszen;

Worldling.

Ay, for the pious, believe me, everything becomes a vehicle. They actually form many a conventicle, here upon the Blocksberg.

Dancer.

Is there not a new choir coming? I hear distant drums. "But don't disturb yourselves! They are the unisonous bitterns among the reeds."

Dancing Master.

How each throws up his legs, gets on as best he may! The crooked jumps, the clumsy hops, and asks not how it looks.

Fiddler.[146]

How deeply this pack of ragamuffins hate each other, and how gladly they would give each other the finishing blow! The bagpipe unites them here, as Orpheus' lyre the beasts.

Dogmatist.[147]

I shall not allow myself to be misled either by the cries of criticism or doubts. The devil, though, must be something; for how else could there be devils?

Idealist.

Phantasy, this once, is really too masterful in my mind: truly, if I be all that, I must be beside myself to-day.

Realist.

Entity is a regular plague to me, and cannot but vex

Ich stehe hier zum ersten Mal
Nicht fest auf meinen Füszen.

Supernaturalist.

Mit viel Vergnügen bin ich da
Und freue mich mit diesen;
Denn von den Teufeln kann ich ja
Auf gute Geister schlieszen.

Skeptiker.

Sie gehn den Flämmchen auf der Spur
Und glauben sich nah dem Schatze.
Auf Teufel reimt der Zweifel nur;
Da bin ich recht am Platze.

Kapellmeister.

Frosch im Laub und Grill' im Gras,
Verfluchte Dilettanten!
Fliegenschnauz' und Mückennas'
Ihr seid doch Musikanten!

Die Gewandten.

Sanssouci, so heiszt das Heer
Von lustigen Geschöpfen;
Auf den Füszen geht's nicht mehr,
Drum gehn wir auf den Köpfen.

Die Unbehülflichen.

Sonst haben wir manchen Bissen erschranzt;
Nun aber Gott befohlen!
Unsere Schuhe sind durchgetanzt,
Wir laufen auf nackten Sohlen.

Irrlichter.

Von dem Sumpfe kommen wir,
Woraus wir erst entstanden;
Doch sind wir gleich im Reihen hier
Die glänzenden Galanten.

me much. I stand here, for the first time, not firm upon my feet.

Supernaturalist.

I am greatly pleased at being here, and am delighted with these; for, from devils, I can certainly draw conclusions as to good spirits.

Sceptic.

They follow the track of the flame, and believe themselves near the treasure. Only doubt (*Zweifel*) rhymes to devil (*Teufel*). Here I am quite at home.

Leader of the Band.

Frog in the leaves, and cricket in the grass, confounded dilettanti! Flies' snouts and gnats' noses, you are real musicians!

The Adroit.

Sansouci, that is the name of the host of merry creatures; there is no longer any walking upon feet, wherefore we walk upon our heads.

The Awkward.

In times past we have sponged many a tit-bit; but now, good-bye to all that! Our shoes are danced through; we run on bare soles.

Will-o'-the-Wisps.[148]

We come from the bog, from which we are just sprung; but we are the glittering gallants here in the dance directly.

Sternschnuppe.

Aus der Höhe schosz ich her
Im Stern- und Feuerscheine,
Liege nun im Grase quer;
Wer hilft mir auf die Beine?

Die Massiven.

Platz und Platz! Und ringsherum!
So gehn die Gräschen nieder.
Geister kommen, Geister auch,
Sie haben plumpe Glieder.

Puck.

Tretet nicht so mastig auf
Wie Elephantenkälber!
Und der Plumpst' an diesem Tag
Sei Puck, der Derbe, selber!

Ariel.

Gab die liebende Natur,
Gab der Geist euch Flügel,
Folget meiner leichten Spur,
Auf zum Rosenhügel!

Orchester (Pianissimo).

Wolkenzug und Nebelflor
Erhellen sich von oben.
Luft im Laub und Wind im Rohr,
Und Alles ist zerstoben.

Shooting Star.

From on high, in star-and-fire-light, I shot hither, I am now lying crooked-ways in the grass; who will help me upon my legs?

The Massive Ones.

Room! room! And round about! So down go the grass-stalks. Spirits are coming, but spirits as they are, they have clumsy limbs.

Puck.

Don't tread so heavily, like elephant-calves! And the clumsiest on this day be the sturdy Puck himself.

Ariel.

If kind nature gave—if the spirit gave you wings, follow my light track up to the hill of roses!

Orchestra (pianissimo).

Drifting clouds, and wreathed mists, brighten from on high! Breeze in the leaves, and wind in the rushes, and all is dissipated!

TRÜBER TAG. FELD.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust.

IM Elend! Verzweifelnd! Erbärmlich auf der Erde! Lange verirrt und nun gefangen! Als Missethäterin im Kerker zu entsetzlichen Qualen eingesperrt, das holde, unselige Geschöpf! Bis dahin! Dahin!—Verrätherischer, nichtswürdiger Geist, und das hast du mir verheimlicht! —Steh nur, steh! Wälze die teuflischen Augen ingrimmend im Kopf herum! Steh und trutze mir durch deine unerträgliche Gegenwart! Gefangen! Im unwiederbringlichen Elend! Bösen Geistern übergeben und der richtenden gefühllosen Menschheit! Und mich wiegst du indesz in abgeschmackten Zerstreuungen, verbirgst mir ihren wachsenden Jammer und lässest sie hülflos verderben!

Mephistopheles.

Sie ist die Erste nicht.

Faust.

Hund! Abscheuliches Unthier!—Wandle ihn, du unendlicher Geist, wandle den Wurm wieder in seine Hundsgestalt, wie er sich oft nächtlicher Weise gefiel, vor mir herzutrotten, dem harmlosen Wandrer vor die Füsze zu kollern und sich dem niederstürzenden auf die Schultern zu hängen! Wandl ihn wieder in seine Lieblingsbildung, dasz er vor mir im Sand auf dem Bauch krieche, ich ihn

A GLOOMY DAY.—OPEN COUNTRY.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust.

IN misery! Despairing! Miserably lying on the ground![149] A long time wandering about, and now a prisoner! The dear, unhappy being, cooped up in the dungeon, as a malefactor, for horrid tortures! Even to that! To that! Treacherous, worthless spirit, and this hast thou concealed from me! Stand, only stand! Roll thy devilish eyes infuriated in thy head! Stand and brave me with thy unbearable presence! A prisoner! In irremediable misery! Given over to evil spirits, and to condemning, unfeeling man! And me, in the mean time, hast thou been lulling with tasteless dissipations, concealing her growing wretchedness from me, and leaving her to perish without help.

Mephistopheles.

She is not the first.

Faust.

Dog! Horrible monster!—Turn him, thou Infinite Spirit! turn the reptile back again into his dog's shape, in which he was often pleased to trot before me by night, to roll before the feet of the harmless wanderer,[150] and fasten on his shoulders when he fell. Turn him again into his favourite shape, that he may crouch on his belly before me in the sand, whilst I spurn him with

mit Füszen trete, den Verworfnen!—Die Erste nicht! —Jammer! Jammer, von keiner Menschenseele zu fassen, dasz mehr als *ein* Geschöpf in die Tiefe dieses Elendes versank, dasz nicht das erste genugthat für die Schuld aller übrigen in seiner windenden Todesnoth vor den Augen des ewig Verzeihenden! Mir wühlt es Mark und Leben durch, das Elend dieser Einzigen; du grinsest gelassen über das Schicksal von Tausenden hin!

Mephistopheles.

Nun sind wir schon wieder an der Grenze unsers Witzes, da, wo euch Menschen der Sinn überschnappt. Warum machst du Gemeinschaft mit uns, wenn du sie nicht durchführen kannst? Willst fliegen und bist vorm Schwindel nicht sicher? Drangen wir uns dir auf, oder du dich uns?

Faust.

Fletsche deine gefräszigen Zähne mir nicht so entgegen! Mir ekelt's!—Groszer, herrlicher Geist, der du mir zu erscheinen würdigtest, der du mein Herz kennest und meine Seele, warum an den Schandgesellen mich schmieden, der sich am Schaden weidet und am Verderben sich letzt?

Mephistopheles.

Redigst du?

Faust.

Rette sie, oder weh dir! Den gräszlichsten Fluch über dich auf Jahrtausende!

Mephistopheles.

Ich kann die Bande des Rächers nicht lösen, seine

my foot, the reprobate! Not the first! Woe! woe! It is inconceivable by any human soul, that more than one creature should have sunk into such a depth of misery,—that the first, in its writhing death-agony, was not sufficient to atone for the guilt of all the rest in the sight of the Ever-pardoning. The misery of this one harrows up my marrow and my very life; thou art grinning away calmly at the fate of thousands.

Mephistopheles.

Now are we already at our wits' end again! just where the sense of your mortals snaps with overstraining. Why dost thou enter into fellowship with us, if thou canst not go through with it? Will'st fly, and art not safe from dizziness? Did we force ourselves on thee, or thou thyself on us?

Faust.

Gnash not thy greedy teeth thus defyingly at me! I loathe thee! Great, glorious Spirit, thou who didst deign to appear to me, thou who knowest my heart and my soul, why yoke me to this shame-fellow, who feeds on mischief, and battens on destruction!

Mephistopheles.

Hast done?

Faust.

Save her, or woe to thee! The most horrible curse on thee for thousands of years!

Mephistopheles.

I cannot loosen the shackles of the avenger, nor undo

Riegel nicht öffnen.—Rette sie!—Wer war's, der sie ins Verderben stürzte! Ich oder du?

[FAUST *blickt wild umher.*]

Greifst du nach dem Donner? Wohl, dasz er euch elenden Sterblichen nicht gegeben ward! Den unschuldig Entgegnenden zu zerschmettern, das ist so Tyrannenart, sich in Verlegenheiten Luft zu machen.

Faust.

Bringe mich hin! Sie soll frei sein!

Mephistopheles.

Und die Gefahr, der du dich aussetzest? Wisse, noch liegt auf der Stadt Blutschuld von deiner Hand. Ueber des Erschlagenen Stätte schweben rächende Geister und lauern auf den wiederkehrenden Mörder.

Faust.

Noch das von dir? Mord und Tod einer Welt über dich Ungeheuer! Führe mich hin, sag' ich, und befrei sie!

Mephistopheles.

Ich führe dich, und was ich thun kann, höre! Habe ich alle Macht im Himmel und auf Erden? Des Thürners Sinne will ich umnebeln; bemächtige dich der Schlüssel und führe sie heraus mit Menschenhand! Ich wache; die Zauberpferde sind bereit, ich entführe euch. Das vermag ich!

Faust.

Auf und davon!

his bolts.—Save her!—Who was it that plunged her into ruin? I or thou? [FAUST *looks wildly around.*] Art thou grasping after the thunder? Well, that it is not given to you, wretched mortals! To dash to pieces one who replies to you in all innocence—that is just the tyrant's way of venting himself in perplexities.

Faust.

Bring me thither! She shall be free!

Mephistopheles.

And the danger to which you expose yourself? Know, the guilt of blood, from your hand, still lies upon the town. Avenging spirits hover over the place of the slain, and lie in wait for the returning murderer.

Faust.

That, too, from thee? Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Conduct me thither, I say, and free her!

Mephistopheles.

I will conduct thee, and what I can do, hear! Have I all power in heaven and upon earth? I will cloud the gaoler's senses; do you possess yourself of the keys, and bear her off with human hand. I will watch! The magic horses will be ready, I will bear you off. This much I can do.

Faust.

Up and away!

NACHT, OFFEN FELD.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *auf schwarzen Pferden daherbrausend.*

Faust.

WAS weben die dort um den Rabenstein?

Mephistopheles.

Weisz nicht, was sie kochen und schaffen.

Faust.

Schweben auf, schweben ab, neigen sich, beugen sich.

Mephistopheles.

Eine Hexenzunft.

Faust.

Sie streuen und weihen.

Mephistopheles

Vorbei! Vorbei!

NIGHT.—A COMMON.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *rushing along upon black horses.*

Faust.

WHAT are they weaving—those about the Ravenstone[151] yonder?

Mephistopheles.

Can't tell what they're cooking and making.

Faust.

Are waving upwards—waving downwards—bending —stooping.

Mephistopheles.

A witches' company.

Faust.

They are sprinkling and charming.

Mephistopheles.

On! on!

KERKER.

FAUST (*mit einem Bund Schlüssel und einer Lampe vor einem eisernen Thürchen*).

MICH faszt ein längst entwohnter Schauer,
Der Menschheit ganzer Jammer faszt mich an.
Hier wohnt sie, hinter dieser feuchten Mauer,
Und ihr Verbrechen war ein guter Wahn!
Du zauderst, zu ihr zu gehen!
Du fürchtest, sie wiederzusehen!
Fort! Dein Zagen zögert den Tod heran.
[*Er ergreift das Schlosz. Es singt inwendig.*]

Meine Mutter, die —,
Die mich umgebracht hat!
Mein Vater, der Schelm,
Der mich gessen hat!
Mein Schwesterlein klein
Hub auf die Bein'
An einem kühlen Ort;
Da ward ich ein schönes Waldvögelein;
Fliege fort, fliege fort!

Faust (*aufschlieszend*).

Sie ahnet nicht, dasz der Geliebte lauscht,
Die Ketten klirren hört, das Stroh, das rauscht.
[*Er tritt ein.*]

Margarete (*sich auf dem Lager verbergend*).

Weh! Weh! Sie kommen. Bittrer Tod!

Faust (*leise*).

Still! Still! Ich komme, dich zu befreien.

DUNGEON.

FAUST (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket*).

A TREMOR, long unfelt, seizes me; the concentrated misery of mankind seizes on me. Here, behind these damp walls, is her dwelling-place, and her crime was a dear delusion! Thou dost hesitate to go to her! Thou fearest to see her again! On! Thy delay will cause her death.

[*He takes hold of the lock.—Singing within.*]

My mother, the ——,
That killed me!
My father, the rogue,
That ate me up!
My little sister
Laid my bones
In a cool place!
There I became a beautiful little wood-bird.
Fly away! fly away![152]

Faust (*opening the lock*).

She does not suspect that her lover is listening, hears the chains clank, the straw rustle. [*He enters.*]

Margaret (*hiding her face in the bed of straw*).

Woe! woe! They come. Bitter death!

Faust (*softly*).

Hush! hush! I come to free thee.

Margarete (sich vor ihn hinwälzend).

Bist du ein Mensch, so fühle meine Noth!

Faust

Du wirst die Wächter aus dem Schlafe schreien!
[*Er faszt die Ketten, sie aufzuschlieszen.*]

Margarete (auf den Knieen).

Wer hat dir Henker diese Macht
Ueber mich gegeben!
Du holst mich schon um Mitternacht.
Erbarme dich und lasz mich leben!
Ist's morgen früh nicht zeitig genung? [*Sie steht auf.*]
Bin ich doch noch so jung, so jung!
Und soll schon sterben!
Schön war ich auch, und das war mein Verderben.
Nah war der Freund, nun ist er weit;
Zerrissen liegt der Kranz, die Blumen zerstreut.
Fasse mich nicht so gewaltsam an!
Schone mich! Was hab' ich dir gethan?
Lasz mich nicht vergebens flehen,
Hab' ich dich doch mein' Tage nicht gesehen!

Faust.

Werd' ich den Jammer überstehen!

Margarete.

Ich bin nun ganz in deiner Macht.
Lasz mich nur erst das Kind noch tränken.
Ich herzt' es diese ganze Nacht;
Sie nahmen mir's, um mich zu kränken,
Und sagen nun, ich hätt' es umgebracht.
Und niemals werd' ich wieder froh.
Sie singen Lieder auf mich! Es ist bös von den Leuten!
Ein altes Märchen endigt so,
Wer heiszt sie's deuten?

Margaret (*throwing herself before him*).

If thou art human, feel for my wretchedness.

Faust.

You will wake the guard by your cries!

[*He takes hold of the chains to unlock them.*]

Margaret (*on her knees*).

Who has given you, headsman, this power over me? You come for me whilst it is yet midnight. Be merciful and let me live. Is not to-morrow morning soon enough? [*She rises.*]

I am yet so young, so young! and am to die already! I was fair, too, and that was my undoing! My true-love was near—he is now far away. Torn lies my wreath, scattered the flowers. Don't take hold of me so roughly! Spare me! What have I done to you? Let me not implore in vain! I never saw you before in all my life, you know!

Faust.

Can I endure this misery!

Margaret.

I am now entirely in thy power. Only let me first suckle my child. I pressed it this whole night to my heart. They took it away to vex me, and now say I killed it. And I shall never be happy again. They sing songs upon me! It is wicked of the people. An old tale ends so,—who bids them apply it?

Faust (wirft sich nieder).

Ein Liebender liegt dir zu Füszen,
Die Jammerknechtschaft aufzuschlieszen.

Margarete (wirft sich zu ihm).

O lasz uns knien, die Heil'gen anzurufen!
Sieh! Unter diesen Stufen,
Unter der Schwelle
Siedet die Hölle!
Der Böse,
Mit furchtbarem Grimme,
Macht ein Getöse!

Faust (laut).

Gretchen! Gretchen!

Margarete (aufmerksam).

Das war des Freundes Stimme!

[*Sie springt auf; die Ketten fallen ab.*]

Wo ist er? Ich hab' ihn rufen hören.
Ich bin frei! Mir soll Niemand wehren.
An seinen Hals will ich fliegen,
An seinem Busen liegen!
Er rief Gretchen! Er stand auf der Schwelle.
Mitten durchs Heulen und Klappen der Hölle,
Durch den grimmigen, teuflischen Hohn
Erkannt' ich den süszen, den liebenden Ton.

Faust.

Ich bin's!

Margarete.

Du bist's! O sag es noch einmal!

[*Ihn fassend.*]

Er ist's! Er ist's! Wohin ist alle Qual?
Wohin die Angst des Kerkers? Der Ketten?
Du bist's! Kommst, mich zu retten!
Ich bin gerettet!—Schon ist die Strasze wieder da,
Auf der ich dich zum ersten Male sah,
Und der heitere Garten,
Wo ich und Marthe deiner warten.

Faust (*throws himself on the ground*).

A lover lies at thy feet, to unloose the bonds of wretchedness.

Margaret (*throws herself by his side*).

Ay, let us kneel to invoke the saints. See, under these steps, under the threshold, hell is seething! The Evil One, with fearful fury, is making a din.

Faust (*passionately*).

Margaret! Margaret!

Margaret (*aloud*).

That was my true-love's voice. (*She springs up; the chains fall off.*) Where is he? I heard him call. I am free! Nobody shall hinder me. I will fly to his neck, lie on his bosom! He called Margaret! He stood upon the threshold. Amidst the howling and clattering of hell, amidst the grim, devilish scoffing, I knew the sweet, the loving tone again.

Faust.

'Tis I.

Margaret.

'Tis thou! Ah, say so once again! (*Clasping him.*) 'Tis he! 'Tis he! Whither is all my wretchedness? Whither the agony of the dungeon?—Of the chains? 'Tis thou! Thou com'st to save me. I am saved!—There again already is the street, where I saw thee for the first time; and the cheerful garden, where I and Martha waited for thee.

Faust (*fortstrebend*).
Komm mit! Komm mit!

Margarete.
O weile!
Weil' ich doch so gern, wo du weilest. [*Liebkosend.*]

Faust.
Eile!
Wenn du nicht eilest,
Werden wir's theuer büszen müssen.

Margarete.
Wie? Du kannst nicht mehr küssen?
Mein Freund, so kurz von mir entfernt,
Und hast's Küssen verlernt?
Warum wird mir an deinem Halse so bang,
Wenn sonst von deinen Worten, deinen Blicken
Ein ganzer Himmel mich überdrang
Und du mich küsztest, als wolltest du mich ersticken?
Küsse mich!
Sonst küss' ich dich! [*Sie umfaszt ihn.*]
O weh! Deine Lippen sind kalt,
Sind stumm.
Wo ist dein Lieben
Geblieben?
Wer brachte mich drum? [*Sie wendet sich von ihm.*]

Faust.
Komm! Folge mir! Liebchen, fasse Muth!
Ich herze dich mit tausendfacher Gluth;
Nur folge mir! Ich bitte dich nur dies!

Margarete (*zu ihm gewendet*).
Und bist du's denn? Und bist du's auch gewisz?

Faust.
Ich bin's! Komm mit!

Faust (*striving to take her away*).

Come! Come with me!

Margaret.

Oh stay! I like to stay where thou stayest.

[*Caressing him.*]

Faust.

Haste! If you do not make haste, we shall pay dearly for it.

Margaret.

What? You can no longer kiss? So short a time away from me, my love, and already forgotten how to kiss! Why do I feel so anxious on your neck—when, in other times, a whole heaven came over me from your words, your looks, and you kissed me as if you were going to smother me? Kiss me! or I will kiss you! (*She embraces him.*) O woe! your lips are cold,—are dumb. Where have you left your love? Who has robbed me of it? [*She turns from him.*]

Faust.

Come! follow me! Take courage, my love! I will press thee to my heart with thousandfold warmth—only follow me! I ask thee but this.

Margaret (*turning to him*).

And is it thou, then? And is it thou, indeed?

Faust.

'Tis I. Come along!

Margarete.

Du machst die Fesseln los,
Nimmst wieder mich in deinen Schoosz.
Wie kommt es, dasz du dich vor mir nicht scheust?—
Und weiszt du denn, mein Freund, wen du befreist?

Faust.

Komm! Komm! Schon weicht die tiefe Nacht.

Margarete.

Meine Mutter hab' ich umgebracht,
Mein Kind hab' ich ertränkt.
War es nicht dir und mir geschenkt?
Dir auch—du bist's! Ich glaub' es kaum.
Gieb deine Hand! Es ist kein Traum!
Deine liebe Hand!—Ach, aber sie ist feucht!
Wische sie ab! Wie mich däucht,
Ist Blut dran.
Ach Gott! Was hast du gethan!
Stecke den Degen ein;
Ich bitte dich drum!

Faust.

Lasz das Vergangne vergangen sein,
Du bringst mich um.

Margarete.

Nein, du muszt übrig bleiben!
Ich will dir die Gräber beschreiben,
Für die muszt du sorgen,
Gleich morgen;
Der Mutter den besten Platz geben,
Meinen Bruder sogleich darneben,
Mich ein wenig bei Seit',
Nur nicht gar zu weit!
Und das Kleine mir an die rechte Brust.
Niemand wird sonst bei mir liegen!—
Mich an deine Seite zu schmiegen,
Das war ein süszes, ein holdes Glück!
Aber es will mir nicht mehr gelingen;
Mir ist's, als müszt' ich mich zu dir zwingen,

Margaret.

You undo my fetters, you take me to your arms again! How comes it that you are not afraid of me? And do you then know, my love, whom you are freeing?

Faust.

Come, come! The depth of night is already passing away.

Margaret.

I have killed my mother, I have drowned my child. Was it not given to thee and me—to thee, too? 'Tis thou! I scarcely believe it. Give me thy hand. It is no dream—thy dear hand!—but oh, 'tis damp! Wipe it off. It seems to me as if there was blood on it. Oh, God! what hast thou done? Put up thy sword! I pray thee, do!

Faust.

Let what is past, be past. Thou wilt kill me.

Margaret.

No, you must survive! I will describe the graves to you; you must see to them the first thing to-morrow. Give my mother the best place;—my brother close by;—me, a little on one side, only not too far off! And the little one on my right breast; no one else will lie by me. To nestle to *thy* side,—that was a sweet, a dear delight! But I can no more attain it; I feel as if I

Als stieszest du mich von dir zurück.
Und doch bist du's und blickst so gut, so fromm.

Faust.

Fühlst du, dasz ich es bin, so komm!

Margarete.

Da hinaus?

Faust.

Ins Freie.

Margarete.

Ist das Grab drausz,
Lauert der Tod, so komm!
Von hier ins ewige Ruhebett,
Und weiter keinen Schritt—
Du gehst nun fort? O Heinrich, könnt' ich mit!

Faust.

Du kannst! So wolle nur! Die Thür steht offen.

Margarete.

Ich darf nicht fort; für mich ist nichts zu hoffen.
Was hilft es fliehn? Sie lauern doch mir auf.
Es ist so elend, betteln zu müssen,
Und noch dazu mit bösem Gewissen!
Es ist so elend, in der Fremde schweifen,
Und sie werden mich doch ergreifen!

Faust.

Ich bleibe bei dir.

Margarete.

Geschwind! Geschwind!
Rette dein armes Kind!
Fort! Immer den Weg
Am Bach hinauf,
Ueber den Steg,
In den Wald hinein,
Links, wo die Planke steht
Im Teich.

must force myself upon you, as if you did repel me. And yet, 'tis you; and you look so kind, so good.

Faust.

If you feel that 'tis I, come along.

Margaret.

Out there?

Faust.

Into the free air!

Margaret.

If the grave is without, if death lies in wait,—then come! Hence into the eternal resting-place, and not a step further.—Thou art now going away? O Henry, could I but go too!

Faust.

Thou canst! Thou need'st only will it! The door stands open.

Margaret.

I dare not go out; there is no hope for me! What avails it flying? They are lying in wait for me. It is so miserable to be obliged to beg,—and with an evil conscience, too. It is so miserable to wander in a strange land,—and they will catch me, do as I will.

Faust.

I shall be with thee.

Margaret.

Quick, quick! Save thy poor child. Away! Keep the path up by the brook—over the bridge—into the wood—to the left where the plank is—in the pond.

Fasz es nur gleich!
Es will sich heben,
Es zappelt noch.
Rette! Rette!

Faust.

Besinne dich doch!
Nur *einen* Schritt, so bist du frei!

Margarete.

Wären wir nur den Berg vorbei!
Da sitzt meine Mutter auf einem Stein,
Es faszt mich kalt beim Schopfe!
Da sitzt meine Mutter auf einem Stein
Und wackelt mit dem Kopfe;
Sie winkt nicht, sie nickt nicht, der Kopf ist ihr schwer,
Sie schlief so lange, sie wacht nicht mehr.
Sie schlief, damit wir uns freuten.
Es waren glückliche Zeiten!

Faust.

Hilft hier kein Flehen, hilft kein Sagen,
So wag' ich's, dich hinwegzutragen.

Margarete.

Lasz mich! Nein, ich leide keine Gewalt!
Fasse mich nicht so mörderisch an!
Sonst hab' ich dir ja Alles zu Lieb' gethan.

Faust.

Der Tag graut! Liebchen! Liebchen!

Margarete.

Tag! Ja, es wird Tag! Der letzte Tag dringt herein;
Mein Hochzeittag sollt' es sein!
Sag Niemand, dasz du schon bei Gretchen warst.
Weh meinem Kranze!
Es ist eben geschehn!
Wir werden uns wiedersehn;
Aber nicht beim Tanze.
Die Menge drängt sich, man hört sie nicht.

Only quick and catch hold of it! It tries to rise! it is still struggling! Save it! Save!

Faust.

Be calm, I pray! Only one step, and thou art free.

Margaret.

Were we but past the hill! There sits my mother on a stone—my brain grows chill!—there sits my mother on a stone, and wags her head. She beckons not, she nods not, her head is heavy; she slept so long, she'll wake no more. She slept that we might enjoy ourselves. Those were happy times!

Faust.

As no prayer, no persuasion, is here of any avail, I will risk the bearing thee away.

Margaret.

Let me go! No, I endure no violence! Lay not hold of me so murderously! You know I have else done everything to please you.

Faust.

The day is dawning! My love! My love!

Margaret.

Day! Yes, it is growing day! The last day is breaking in! My wedding-day it was to be! Tell no one that thou hadst been with Margaret already. Woe to my wreath! It is all over now! We shall meet again, but not at the dance. The crowd thickens; it is not

Der Platz, die Gassen
Können sie nicht fassen.
Die Glocke ruft, das Stäbchen bricht.
Wie sie mich binden und packen!
Zum Blutstuhl bin ich schon entrückt.
Schon zuckt nach jedem Nacken
Die Schärfe, die nach meinem zückt.
Stumm liegt die Welt wie das Grab!

Faust.

O, wär' ich nie geboren!

MEPHISTOPHELES *erscheint brauszen.*

Mephistopheles.

Auf! Oder ihr seid verloren.
Unnützes Zagen, Zaudern und Plaudern!
Meine Pferde schaudern,
Der Morgen dämmert auf.

Margarete.

Was steigt aus dem Boden herauf?
Der! Der! Schick ihn fort!
Was will der an dem heiligen Ort?
Er will mich!

Faust.

Du sollst leben!

Margarete.

Gericht Gottes! Dir hab' ich mich übergeben!

Mephistopheles (*zu* FAUST).

Komm! Komm! Ich lasse dich mit ihr im Stich.

Margarete.

Dein bin ich, Vater! Rette mich!
Ihr Engel! Ihr heiligen Schaaren,
Lagert euch umher, mich zu bewahren!
Heinrich! Mir graut's vor dir.

heard. The square, the streets, cannot hold them. The bell tolls!—the wand is broken![153] How they bind and seize me! Already am I dragged off to the blood-seat![154] Already quivering for every neck is the sharp steel which quivers for mine. Dumb lies the world as the grave!

Faust.

Oh that I had never been born!

Mephistopheles (*appears without*).

Up! or you are lost. Vain hesitation! Lingering and prattling! My horses shiver; the morning is gloaming up.

Margaret.

What rises up from the floor? He! He! Send him away! What would he at the holy place? He comes for me!

Faust.

Thou shalt live!

Margaret.

Judgment of God! I have given myself up to thee.

Mephistopheles (*to* Faust).

Come! come! I will leave you in the lurch with her.

Margaret.

Thine am I, Father! Save me! Ye Angels! Ye Holy Hosts,[155] range yourselves round about, to guard me! Henry! I shudder to look upon thee.

Mephistopheles.

Sie ist gerichtet!

Stimme (*von oben*).

Ist gerettet!

Mephistopheles (*zu* FAUST).

Her zu mir!

[*Verschwindet mit* FAUST.]

Stimme (*von innen verhallend*).

Heinrich! Heinrich!

Mephistopheles.

She is judged! [136]

Voice from above.

Is saved.

Mephistopheles (*to* FAUST).

Hither to me!

[*Disappears with* FAUST.]

Voice (*from within, dying away*).

Henry! Henry!

NOTES.

PAGE 3, *n.* 1. Goethe began the composition of "Faust" in early youth, somewhere between the years 1769 and 1773; but the exact date cannot be confidently stated. Having worked at it off and on, he laid it aside, but, to judge from a communication of his to Schiller, he took it up again, 1797. In the latter year it was that he wrote the *Zueignung*, which forms a kind of poetical retrospect. The Dedication, or rather Invocation, written in *ottave rime*, is considered one of the finest of Goethe's poems.—ED.

PAGE 5, *n.* 2. *Prelude on the Stage.*—It must be borne in mind that the theatre is one of those temporary theatres or booths which are common at fairs, and that the company is supposed to be an itinerant one.

PAGE 5, *n.* 3. By the *Lustige Person*, "Merryman," an actor is here meant who used to represent the "Merry Andrew" or "Clown"—the *Schalksnarr* or *Hanswurst* of the German plays—in the Director's troop.—ED.

PAGE 5, *n.* 4. *Pleasing and instructive.* Cp.

> "Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci."
>
> HORACE.

PAGE 9, *n.* 5. *People come to look.* Cp.

> "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
> Ipse sibi tradit spectator."—HORACE.

PAGE 9, *n.* 6. "La Comédie des Visionnaires nous réjouit beaucoup: nous trouvames que c'est la representation de tout le monde; chacun a ses visions plus ou moins marquées."—MADAME DE SEVIGNÉ.

PAGE 11, *n.* 7. Compare "Wilhelm Meister" (Book ii. ch. ii.), in which somewhat similar notions of the poet's vocation are put into the mouth of the hero.

PAGE 13, *n.* 8. "I cannot tell why, this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the present world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, which showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of lies doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that, if there were taken from men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations, *as one would*, and the like vinum Dæmonum (as a Father called poetry), but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?"—LORD BACON, *quoted in The Friend*, vol. i. p. 9.

PAGE 15, *n.* 9. It was a favourite theory of Goethe, that the power of calling up the most vivid emotions was in no respect impaired by age, whilst the power of pourtraying them was greatly improved by experience.

"To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar:

> Both sun and moon, and stars, throughout the year,
> And man and woman,—

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talent."—COLERIDGE'S *Biog. Lit.*

PAGE 16, *n.* 10. "And God made two great lights; the *greater light* to rule the day, and the *lesser light* to rule the night; he made the stars also."—*Gen.* i. 17.

PAGE 19, *n.* 11. *Prologue in Heaven.*—The idea of this prologue is taken from the Book of Job, chapters 1st and 2nd. "It is worthy of remark," says Dr. Schubart, "that in the guise in which the poet introduces his Mephistopheles, a great difference is to be seen between his mode of treating the prin-

ciple of evil, and that followed by Klopstock, Milton, and Lord Byron in 'Cain.' It has also been a matter of course, to hold to one side only of the biblical tradition, which represents Satan as an angel of light fallen through pride and haughtiness, endeavouring to disturb the glorious creation of the Supreme Being. Goethe, on the contrary, has adhered rather to the other side of the tradition, of which the Book of Job is the groundwork, according to which Satan or the Devil forms one of the Lord's Host, not as a rebel against his will, but as a powerful tempter, authorized and appointed as such," &c.—*Vorlesungen.* We are also called upon to admire the propriety of the parts assigned to the Archangels in the introductory song. Dr. Hinrichs shows some anxiety to establish that The Lord depicted by Goethe, is the Lord of Christianity. On this subject he has the following note: "That The Lord in this poem is the Christian God, and therefore the Divine Spirit, Cornelius also signifies in the title-page of his 'Illustrations of Faust,' where the Lord, in the middle of an unequal square, begirt by a half-circle of angels, bears the triple crown upon his head, and the terrestrial globe in his left hand; whilst in Retzsch's 'Illustrations of Faust,' the Lord without the triple crown and the cross, does not express the Christian God, and for that reason the conception is not embraced by it.'—*Vorlesungen*, p. 36.

PAGE 21, *n.* 12. *But thy messengers, Lord, revere the gentle movement of thy day.*—"Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto them, Here we are?"—*Job* xxxviii. 35. "And of the angels he saith, Who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire."—ST. PAUL, *Heb.* i. 7.

PAGE 25, *n.* 13. *A good man in his indistinct strivings*, &c.—*Drang* in this passage is untranslatable, though the meaning is clear. In rendering it as above, I had *the striving of jarring impulses* (Coleridge's "Aids") in my mind.

PAGE 25, *n.* 14. *The waggish scoffer is the least offensive to me.*—This does not convey the character of Mephistopheles, nor is there any English word that would. The meaning must be: I prefer a malicious, roguish devil who laughs or scoffs at my works, to one who openly defies.

PAGE 25, *n.* 15. *The creative essence*, &c.—It is quite impossible to translate this passage, and I have never seen a satis-

factory explanation of it. *Das Werdende* is literally *The Becoming*, but *werden* is rather the Greek γινομαι than the English *to become*. The Greek word εγενετο (says Mr. Coleridge) unites in itself the two senses of *began to exist* and *was made to exist*: it exemplifies the force of the *middle voice*, in distinction from the verb reflex.—*Aids to Reflection*, 2nd edit. p. 18.

One friend, whom I consulted about this passage, sent me the following version: "Creation's energy—ever active and alive—encircle you with the joyous bounds of love—and that which flits before you, a fluent and changeful phantom, do ye fix by the power of enduring thought!"

Mr. Carlyle interpreted it thus: "There is clearly no translating of these lines, especially on the spur of the moment; yet, it seems to me the meaning of them is pretty distinct. The Lord has just remarked, that man (poor fellow) needs a devil, as travelling companion, to spur him on by means of Denial; whereupon, turning round (to the angels and other perfect characters) he adds, 'But ye, the genuine sons of Heaven, joy ye in the living fulness of the beautiful' (not of the logical, practical, contradictory, wherein man toils imprisoned); 'let Being (or Existence) which is everywhere a glorious birth into higher Being, as it for ever works and lives, encircle you with the soft ties of Love; and whatsoever wavers in the doubtful empire of appearance' (as all earthly things do), 'that do ye by enduring thought make firm.' Thus would *Das Werdende*, the thing that is a being (is o-being), mean no less than the universe (the visible universe) itself; and I paraphrase it by 'Existence which is everywhere a birth into higher Existence' (or in some such way), and make a comfortable enough kind of sense out of that quatrain." See also Mr. Heraud's remarks in "Fraser's Magazine" for May, 1832. [Cp. ll. 436, 437.—Ed.]

Page 26, *n.* 16. *I like to see the Ancient One occasionally.*—Shelley translates *den Alten*, the Old Fellow. But the term may allude merely to "The Ancient of Days," and is not necessarily a disrespectful one. A correspondent proposes "The Old Gentleman." I am also told that *der Alte* is a slang expression for *the father*.

In allusion to Mephistopheles' liking to see The Lord occasionally, Dr. Hinrichs observes: "A fallen angel, as Shakespeare himself says, is still an angel, who likes to see the Lord.

occasionally, and avoids breaking with him, wherefore we find Mephistopheles in heaven amongst the host."—p. 37.

PAGE 29, *n.* 17. *Night.*—The opening scene is the only part in which the "Faustus" of Marlow bears any similarity to the "Faust" of Goethe. . . . The commencement of Lord Byron's "Manfred" is clearly traceable to "Faust," either Marlow's or Goethe's. Cf. Chorus and Act 1, scene 1.

PAGE 29, *n.* 18. *For this very reason is all joy torn from me.*—"I communed with my own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem, yea, my heart hath great experience of wisdom and knowledge.

"And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceive that this also is vexation of spirit. For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow."—*Eccl.* c. i.

PAGE 29, *n.* 19. *I have therefore devoted myself to magic.*—Goethe tells us, in his Memoirs, that whilst he was confined by ill-health, he and Fräulein von Klettenberg read through several books on alchemy; *e.g.*, Welling's "Opus Mago-Cabalisticum," Theophrastus Paracelsus, Basilius Valentinus, Helmont, Starkey, and the "Aurea Catena Homeri."[1] The study of these writers subsequently induced Goethe to put up a small chemical apparatus, of which he says: "Now were certain ingredients of the Macrocosmus and Microcosmus dealt with after a strange fashion." In his "Farbenlehre," also, he enters upon an animated defence of natural magic. It is clear from many passages in his Memoirs, that the reflections on the insufficiency of knowledge which he has here put into the mouth of Faust, were his own at one period. For instance: "The remarkable puppet-show fable of Faust found many an answering echo in my breast. I too had ranged through the whole round of knowledge, and was early enough led to see its vanity."

PAGE 33, *n.* 20. *Nostradamus.*—"Nostradamus, properly Michel Notre Dame, born in 1503, at St. Remy in Provence, of a family of Jewish origin, studied medicine, applied himself somewhat to quackery, and fell at last into the favourite malady of his age, astrology. The prophecies which, from his

[1] Döring ("Life of Goethe," page 72) mentions the circumstance and connects it with "Faust."

and the Soul gets whole. Eds.

seclusion at Salon, he made known in rhymed quatrains under the title of 'Centuries of the World,' excited great notice by their style and their obscurity. Henry II., King of France, sent for the author and rewarded him royally."—*Convers. Lexikon.*

PAGE 33, *n.* 21. *Macrocosm, and Spirit of the Earth or Microcosm.*—Dr. Hinrichs says: "The Macrocosm signifies Nature, as such, and is opposed to Microcosm, as man."—p. 59. But I incline to think Macrocosm means the Universe, and the Spirit of Earth, the Earth generally. Thus Falk, in accounting for Faust's weakness in the presence of the latter, says, "The mighty and multiform universality of the earth itself—that focus of all phenomena, which at the same time contains within itself sea, mountain, storm, earthquake, tiger, lion, lamb, Homer, Phidias, Raphael, Newton, Mozart, and Apelles—whom, appear when and where it might, would it not strike with trembling, fear, and awe?"—p. 247. The *Ganzen* (I am here adopting the gloss of a friend) is the *Omneity* of the metaphysicians, and *Eins in dem Andern wirkt und lebt*, is *The Immanence of All in each* of Plato.

"According to Paracelsus," says Mr. Heraud, "the macrocosm is the great world, and man is the microcosm, or a little world—a kind of epitome of the great."

PAGE 33, *n.* 22. *Up, acolyte!*—I have been called on for an authority for using this word in the above sense:—

"You are doubtless an acolyte in the noble and joyous science of minstrelsy and music."—*Anne of Geierstein*, vol. ii. p. 238.[1]

PAGE 33, *n.* 23. *How heavenly powers*, &c.—"And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set up on the earth and the top of it reached the heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."—*Genesis* xxviii. 12.

PAGE 35, *n.* 24. "Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.

"Then a spirit passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up."—*The Book of Job*, ch. iv.

[1] That the word "acolyte" may be used in the sense of "novice" will be found confirmed by further quotations in Dr. Murray's "New English Dictionary," p. 82.—ED.

PAGE 39, *n.* 25. The traditional Faust had a disciple or pupil named Wagner or Wagenar, who figures in all the dramas or histories founded on the fable. A book entitled "Christoph. Wagner's Magic Arts and Life of Dr. Faust," was published at Berlin, in 1714, assumed to be by the veritable attendant of the philosopher.[1]

It is also worthy of remark that one of Goethe's early friends was called Wagner. He signalized himself by stealing from "Faust" (which was communicated to him in confidence previously to publication) the tragic portion relating to Margaret, and making it the subject of a tragedy, called "The Infanticide." Goethe expresses great indignation at the treachery.—*Memoirs*, B. 14.

PAGE 41, *n.* 26. Wagner, a man of learning, was probably alluding to the well-known aphorism of Demosthenes. *Vortrag* comes near the Greek Ὑπόκρισις, which includes not action merely, but all that relates to the delivery of a speech.

PAGE 41, *n.* 27. *In which ye crisp the shreds of*, &c.—The phrase *Schnitzel kräuseln* is one about which great variety of opinion exists, but the two highest authorities substantially agree:—

"Vos discours qui brillent d'un si faux éclat, dans lequel vous étalez les ornemens les plus factices de l'esprit humain, &c. *Kräuseln, rendre crépu, friser. Schnitzel*, ce sont des decoupures de papier.[2] En les tordant en differens sens on peut en faire des ornemens, même des fleurs, mais ces fleurs n'ont aucune fraicheur. Le poete les compare donc avec les ornemens d'une rhéthorique affectée. Une des beautés de ce passage c'est la singularité de la rime *kräuseln* et *säuseln*, laquelle à son tour aura amené les expressions un peu bizarres du second vers."—M. DE SCHLEGEL—*private letter.*

"Your fine speeches, in which you ruffle up man's poorest shreds (in which you repeat the most miserable trifles in candied language), are comfortless," &c.—DR. JACOB GRIMM—*private letter.* The analogy between this passage and the *si vis me flere*, &c., of Horace, will readily suggest itself. [Some consider *der Menschheit* to be in the dat. case.—ED.]

[1] A professor's "assistant" is called at German universities *famulus* (Lat.), "servant."—ED.

[2] The word *Papier-Schnitzel* is used in this sense in "Wilhelm Meister." See "Goethe's Works," Stuttgart and Tübingen edition, vol. xviii. p. 86.

PAGE 43, *n.* 28. Cp. Revel. St. John v. 1.—ED.

PAGE 43, *n.* 29. *Haupt- und Staats-Action* was the name given to a description of drama formerly well known in Germany. Dr. Grimm's note upon this passage is: "*Ein Kehricht-Fass*," &c., a dust-vat (dirt-basket) and a lumber-room, and at best a historico-pragmatical play, with excellent moral maxims, as they are fit for a puppet-show." M. de Schlegel says: "*Haupt- und Staats-Action:* C'est le titre qu'on affichait pour les drames destinés aux marionnettes, lorsqu'ils traitaient des sujets héroiques et historiques."

PAGE 43, *n.* 30. "Il faut avoir une pensée de derrière et juger de tout par là, en parlant cependant comme le peuple."—PASCAL.

PAGE 47, *n.* 31. The same sentiment, very beautifully expressed, will be found in Schiller's poem, "Die Ideale," elegantly translated by Lord F. Egerton (now Earl of Ellesmere). Goethe also observes in his Memoirs: "Ordinarily, when our soul-concert is more spiritually attuned, the harsh grating tones of the world strike in, in the most overpowering and boisterous manner, and the contrast which is ever secretly going on, suddenly coming forth, only influences the more sensibly on that account." He highly commends Wieland for his skill in representing this contrast.

PAGE 49, *n.* 32. The inscription on an old tombstone may serve to illustrate the meaning of this passage:—

"What I gave, I have; what I spent, I had; what I left, I lost."[1]

PAGE 51, *n.* 33. An allusion to an old German custom.—ED.

PAGE 55, *n.* 34. "There is one exquisite passage in ancient poetry which presents us with a similar touch of nature. If Goethe had read it, he has rather produced an admirable counterpart than an imitation of it. It is in Apollonius Rhodius, whose Medea, being in like manner bent on self-destruction, is overpowered and recalled from her purpose by a sudden rush of kindly remembrances, even while the chest of magic drugs is resting on her knees."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 125, p. 41.

PAGE 55, *n.* 35. *Whilst he is in reviving bliss.*—It is impossible to translate *Werdelust.* The meaning probably is, that our

[1] Taylor renders l. 330, "Earn it anew, to really possess it."—ED.

Saviour enjoys, in coming to life again, a happiness nearly equal to that of the Creator in creating.

PAGE 65, *n.* 36. According to a popular superstition formerly current in some parts of Germany, St. Andrew's-night (Nov. 29) was specially favourable for maidens to discover their future sweethearts by means of various charms.—ED.

PAGE 67, *n.* 37. To understand Faust's position in this speech, the reader must fancy a town on a river, like most of those upon the Rhine, with a suburban village on the opposite bank.

PAGE 75, *n.* 38. Mr. T. Griffiths, of Kensington, who delivered an extremely interesting lecture on Alchymical Signs at the Royal Institution, enables me to furnish an explanation of this passage, which has generally been passed over as (what M. Saint-Aulaire is pleased to term it) *galimatias.*

There was a red lion.—This expression implies the red stone, red mercury, or cinnabar.

A bold lover.—This expression alludes to the property the above compound possessed (according to the adepts) of devouring, swallowing, or ravishing every pure metallic nature or body.

—*married.*—This simply implies the conjoining or union of two bodies of opposite natures; red and white were supposed to be male and female.

—*to the lily.*—This term denotes a preparation of antimony, called lilium minerale, or lilium Paracelsi; the white stone, or perhaps albified mercury, sometimes called the "white fume," or the "most milk-white swanne."

—*in the tepid bath.*—This denotes a vessel filled with heated water, or a "balneum Mariæ," used as a very convenient means of elevating the body of an aludel or alembic slowly to a gentle heat.

—*and then with open flame.*—This means the direct and fierce application of fire to the aludel upon its removal from the water-bath, after the marriage had taken place betwixt the "red and the white."

—*tortured.*—The adepts deemed their compounds sensible of pleasure and pain; the heat of the open fire tortured the newly united bodies; these therefore endeavoured to escape, or sublime, which is the sense in which the word tortured is to be taken.

—*from one bridal chamber.*—This means the body of the aludel, in which they were first placed, and which had been heated to such a degree as to cause their sublimation.

—*to another.*—This signifies the glass head or capital placed on the body of the aludel, which received the sublimed vapours. Many heads were put on in succession, into which the vapours successively passed.

If the young queen.—This implies the supposed royal offspring of the red lion and the lily, or its alliance to the noble metals —the sublimer products.

—*with varied hues then appeared.*—During the process, various hues appeared on the sublimed compound; according to the order of their appearance, the perfection or completion of the great work was judged of. Purple and ruby were most esteemed, for being royal colours they were good omens.

—*in the glass.*—This means the glass head or capital of the aludel, as before noticed.

The passage divested of alchymical obscurity would read thus:—

"There was red mercury, a powerfully acting body, united with the tincture of antimony, at a gentle heat of the water-bath. Then being exposed to the heat of the open fire in an aludel, a sublimate filled its heads in succession, which, if it appeared with various hues, was the desired medicine."

In his note to me, Mr. Griffiths adds: "All the terms it contains may be found in alchymical works it is a very good specimen of mystical writing."[1]

PAGE 75, *n.* 39. *No one*, &c.—*i.e.* people did not make any inquiries about the beneficial influence of the medicines.—ED.

PAGE 77, *n.* 40. *The silver brook flowing into golden streams.* —This may allude to the gradual gliding of the waters, as the sunbeams come to play upon them, or to another natural phenomenon, which I will explain by an anecdote. In the summer of 1831, it was my good fortune to pass through the beautiful

[1] Some consider *das Widrige* (l. 688) to denote "the repulsive medicine." Goethe's acquaintance with alchymistic terminology dates from the time when he returned, in 1768, from Leipzig to Frankfurt in an ailing condition. At his mother's solicitation he had recourse to the "panacea" of a mystic physician, and having been cured, he applied himself to the study of alchymy. —ED.

valley of Ahrenberg, a valley which wants but a Moore to make an Ovoca of it. Whilst we were changing horses, I walked with a German student to a rising ground to get a better view of the scenery. The setting sun was shining in such a manner, that the beams massed themselves on a broad part of the stream, and fell transversely over a tributary brook, thus giving a rich golden glow to the river and the appearance of a white silvery line to the rivulet. We had hardly gained the height, when my fellow-traveller exclaimed :—

"Den Silberbach in goldne Ströme flieszen."

PAGE 77, *n.* 41. *The day before me and the night behind.*—This fine expression occurs in a very old and popular tale of witchcraft mentioned at some length by Voss. Mr. Coleridge has something like it in "The Homeric Hexameter described and exemplified" :—

"Strangely it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean."

"The Ovidian Elegiac Metre described and exemplified" is a literal translation from Schiller.

PAGE 77, *n.* 42. *No bodily wing*, &c.—

"Oft when my spirit doth spread her bolder wings,
In mind to mount up to the purer sky,
It down is weighed with thought of earthly things,
And clogged with burden of mortality."

SPENSER'S *Sonnets.*

PAGE 77, *n.* 43. "Wie oft habe ich mit Fittigen eines Kranichs, der über mich hinflog, zu dem Ufer des ungemessenen Meeres gesehnt."—*Werther's Leiden*—Letter dated Aug. 18. —ED.

PAGE 79, *n.* 44. The notion that man is endowed with two souls is of ancient origin, and may be traced to the Christian dogma of the divine and human elements in Christ.—ED.

PAGE 79, *n.* 45. *The realms of an exalted ancestry.*—This alludes to a supposed divine origin of the soul or spirit of man, or to—"For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is better."—*Phil.* i. An

anonymous commentator quotes the following lines *àpropos* of the main sentiment in this speech:—

"Und was die Menschen meinen,
Das ist mir einerlei,
Möchte mich mir selbst vereinen
Allein wir sind zu zwei;

"Und im lebend'gen Treiben
Sind wir ein Hier und Dort,
Das eine liebt zu bleiben
Das andre möchte fort."

PAGE 79, *n.* 46. "The spirits of the aire will mix themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infest the clyme where they raise any tempest, that soudainely great mortality shall ensue to the inhabitants."—*Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication*, 1592, cited in Steeven's Shakespeare. "The air is not so full of flies in summer, as it is at all times of invisible devils; this Paracelsus stiffly maintains."—BURTON, *Anat.*, part i.

PAGE 81, *n.* 47. In his work on Colours, Goethe gives the following explanation of this phenomenon: "A dark object, the moment it withdraws itself, imposes on the eye the necessity of seeing the same form bright. Between jest and earnest, I shall quote a passage from 'Faust' which is applicable here. (Then follows the passage.) This had been written some time,—from poetical intuition and in half consciousness,—when, as it was growing twilight, a black poodle ran by my window in the street, and drew a clear, shining appearance after him,—the undefined image of his passing form remaining in the eye. Such phenomena occasion the more pleasing surprise, as they present themselves most vividly and beautifully, precisely when we suffer our eyes to wander unconsciously. There is no one to whom such counterfeit images have not often appeared, but they are allowed to pass unnoticed; yet I have known persons who teased themselves on this account, and believed it to be a symptom of the diseased state of their eyes, whereupon the explanation which I had it in my power to give inspired them with the highest satisfaction. He who is instructed as to the real nature of it, remarks the phenomenon more frequently, because the reflection immediately suggests itself. Schiller wished many a time that this theory had never been communicated to

him, because he was everywhere catching glimpses of that the necessity for which was known to him." The phenomenon is now a recognized and familiar one. See Sir David Brewster's "Letters on Natural Magic," p. 20.

In a note to the following lines in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," there is a strange story of a fiend appearing in the shape of a black dog:—

> "For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
> Like him of whom the story ran,
> He spoke the spectre-hound in Man."—Canto 6.

According to the tradition, Faust was constantly attended by an evil spirit in the shape of a black dog. This four-footed follower has a place in most of the old pictures, those in Auerbach's cellar not excepted.

PAGE 87, *n.* 48. "It has often and with truth been said, that unbelief is an inverted superstition, and our age suffers greatly by it. A noble deed is attributed to selfishness, an heroic action to vanity, an undeniable poetic production to a state of delirium; nay, what is still stranger, everything of the highest excellence that comes forth, everything most worthy of remark that occurs, is, so long as it is barely possible, denied."—GOETHE, *Farbenlehre.*

PAGE 87, *n.* 49. It is clear from Goethe's Memoirs, and many other parts of his works, that he is here describing the workings of his own mind in youth; that, when his spirit was tormented by doubts, he constantly referred to the Bible for consolation, and found it there. It also appears that he occasionally struggled to penetrate below the surface in somewhat the same manner as Faust. "So far as the main sense was concerned, I held by Luther's edition; in particulars, I referred occasionally to Schmidt's verbal translations, and sought to make my little Hebrew as useful as I could."

In one of Lessing's plans for a drama to be founded on "Faust," Faust was to be studying Aristotle ("Ueber Goethe's Faust," &c., 82). In Calderon's "El Magico Prodigioso," Cyprian is studying Pliny.

PAGE 89, *n.* 50. These are the elementary spirits in which the belief was very general in the Middle Ages. The *Salamanders* were supposed to live in the fire, the *Undines* in the

water, the *Sylphs* in the air, and the *Kobolds* or *Gnomes* represented the spirits of the earth.—ED.

PAGE 93, *n.* 51. *Fahrende Schüler*, "roving" or "travelling scholars"—*scholastici vagantes*—used to be called in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, those students who wandered from university to university, living on the bounty or credulity of charitable people.—ED.

PAGE 95, *n.* 52. *Fly-god*, *i.e.* Beelzebub, whose name is partly compounded of a Hebrew word signifying *fly*.[1]

PAGE 95, *n.* 53. *I am*, &c.—"And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

"And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness."—*Gen.* c. i.

"Granted, that day, proceeding from the original source of light, deserves all honour, because it invigorates, quickens, gladdens—still it does not follow that darkness must be addressed and shunned as the evil principle, because it makes us uneasy, and lulls us to sleep; we rather see in such an effect the characteristics of sensuous beings controlled by phenomena."—GOETHE.

PAGE 97, *n.* 54. *That which is opposed to nothing.*—Dr. Schubart cautions us against supposing that under the term *nichts* a complete void is intended, as it means merely the original state of things under the reign of Chaos.

PAGE 97, *n.* 55. *From air, water, earth*, &c.—"In the air, in the water, in the marshes, in the sand,—genera and species multiplied, and I believe that they will continue to multiply in the same proportion with the course of discovery."—HERDER, *Ideen zur Philosophie*, &c., b. ii. c. 4.

PAGE 99, *n.* 56. The *Pentagram*, Pentalpha, or Drudenfusz, was a pentagonal figure like the following:—



—supposed to possess the same sort of power which used popularly to be attributed to the horseshoe amongst us.

1 Faust asserts that the characters of the devils may generally be inferred from their names.—ED.

Those who wish for more information on this subject may refer to "Schol. in Aristoph. Nub." 599, and Lucian's Dialogue—"De lapsu inter salutandum"—in the Amsterdam quarto edition of 1743, vol. i. pp. 729, 730, *in notis*. The Pentalpha is also mentioned in Hobhouse's "Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold," p. 334.

In one of a series of engravings by a Dutch artist of the beginning of the seventeenth century (Van Sichem by name), Faust is represented standing within two intersecting circles, upon two intersecting squares, conjuring Mephistopheles, who is just appearing in his true shape.

PAGE 99, *n.* 57. *A compact*, &c.—"'These are fine promises,' replied the student; 'but you gentlemen devils are accused of not being religious observers of what you promise to men.' 'It is a groundless charge,' replied Asmodeus; 'some of my brethren indeed make no scruple of breaking their word, but I am a slave to mine.'"—*The Devil upon Two Sticks*, chap. i.

PAGE 101, *n.* 58. It would seem that Faust's sensuous longing has been awakened, and he therefore asks for some "pleasant tidings."—ED.

PAGE 111, *n.* 59. "Our physical as well as social life, manners, customs, worldly wisdom, philosophy, religion, all exclaim to to us, 'That we shall renounce.'"—*Dichtung und Wahrheit*, part ii. book 17.

PAGE 113, *n.* 60. Faust alludes by the "sweet familiar tone" to the chiming of the Easter bells which had recalled him to life.—ED.

PAGE 119, *n.* 61. *But hast thou food*, &c.—"This passage has caused a good deal of puzzling," says Hayward, in a very long note in which he quotes several extracts from the older German commentaries; but it seems that neither he nor most other translators saw the drift of the speech, which is, with the exception of the last two lines, throughout interrogatory. It must simply be assumed that Faust really wishes for volatile and changeable pleasures. Cp. Loeper on the passage in question.—ED.

PAGE 121, *n.* 62. *At the doctor's feast.*—Alluding to the inauguration feast given on the taking of a degree.

PAGE 125, *n.* 63. *Take a poet to counsel*, &c.—See, for example, the wishes put into the mouth of Sir Epicure Mammon in "The Alchymist."

PAGE 127, *n.* 64. *I am not a hair's breadth higher*, &c.—"Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?"—*Matt.* vi. 27.

PAGE 127, *n.* 65. *And am a proper man.*—

"As proper a man as any in Venice."—SHAKESPEARE.

PAGE 129, *n.* 66. *Whose overstrained striving o'erleaps*, &c.—

"I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other."—*Macbeth.*

PAGE 131, *n.* 67. *A Student enters.*—This scene is a satire on the modes of instruction pursued in German universities, and has been much admired. But the effect is in a great measure produced by the happy application of pedantic phrases and college slang, which are no more capable of being relished in England than such terms as *wooden-spoon*, *little-go*, *cramming*, *plucking*, in Germany. A distinguished scholar thus mentions this scene and the three other scenes which have been thought to resemble it in tone: "To the great and overwhelming tragic powers of Goethe, Aristophanes, of course, can make no pretension; but in their preference of the arbitrary comic to the comic of manners, the two writers come very close together; and both writers should have lived, as Madame de Stael expresses it, when there was an intellectual chaos, similar to the material chaos. Had Aristophanes written in modern times, it is, perhaps, not impertinent to suggest, that the Auerbach's Keller in Leipzig, the Hexenküche, the Walpurgisnacht, and perhaps the quizzing scene with the young student just fresh from his university, are precisely the sort of scenes which would have fallen from his pen."—MITCHELL'S *Translation of Aristophanes*, Preface, p. xxvii.

It is evident from many passages in his Memoirs, that Goethe's early impressions of university pursuits were pretty nearly what he has put into the mouth of Mephistopheles; nor, if we are to believe Falk, did his opinions change materially in after-life:—

"Our scientific men are rather too fond of details. They count out to us the whole consistency of the earth in separate lots, and are so happy as to have a different name for every lot. That is argil (*Thonerde*); that is quartz (*Keiselerde*); that is this, and this is that. But what am I the better if I am ever so perfect in all these names? When I hear them I always think of the old lines in 'Faust'—

> '*Encheiresin naturæ* nennt's die Chemie
> Bohrt sich selber Esel und weiss nicht wie!'

"What am I the better for these lots? what for their names? I want to know what it is that impels every several portion of the universe to seek out some other portion,—either to rule or to obey it,—and qualifies some for the one part and some for the other, according to a law innate in them all, and operating like a voluntary choice. But this is precisely the point upon which the most perfect and universal silence prevails."

"Everything in science," said he at another time, with the same turn of thought, "is become too much divided into compartments. In our professors' chairs the several provinces (*Fächer*) are violently and arbitrarily severed, and allotted into half-yearly courses of lectures, according to fixed plans. The number of real discoveries is small, especially when one views them consecutively through a few centuries. Most of what these people are so busy about, is mere repetition of what has been said by this or that celebrated predecessor. Such a thing as independent original knowledge is hardly thought of. Young men are driven in flocks into lecture-rooms, and are crammed, for want of any real nutriment, with quotations and words. The insight which is wanting to the teacher, the learner is to get for himself as he may. No great wisdom or acuteness is necessary to perceive that this is an entirely mistaken path."—MRS. AUSTIN'S *Characteristics of Goethe.*

It is worthy of note that Burton (*Anat.*, part i. sect. 2, subsec. 7), remarks on the several sciences in somewhat the same spirit as Goethe.

PAGE 133, *n.* 68. The Spanish boot was an instrument of torture, like the Scottish boot mentioned in "Old Mortality" (vol. ii. p. 406).

PAGE 135, *n.* 69. *Then many a day will be spent in teaching you*, &c.—"In logic it struck me as strange that I was so to

pull to pieces, dismember, and, as it were, destroy those very operations of the mind which I had gone through with the greatest ease from my youth, in order to perceive the proper use of them."—GOETHE'S *Memoirs*.

> "And all a rhetorician's rules,
> Teach nothing but to name his tools."—*Hudibras*.

See also "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," act ii. scene 6, where the Master of Philosophy explains the object of logic.

PAGE 135, *n.* 70. *He who wishes*, &c.—

> "Like following life in creatures we dissect,
> We lose it in the moment we detect."—POPE.

"It was, generally speaking, the prevailing tendency of the time which preceded our own,—a tendency displayed also in physical science,—to consider what is possessed of life as a mere accumulation of dead parts, to separate what exists only in connection and cannot be otherwise conceived, instead of penetrating to the central point and viewing all the parts as so many irradiations from it."—SCHLEGEL'S *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, vol. ii. p. 127.

PAGE 135, *n.* 71. *Encheiresin naturæ* denotes "handling" or "treatment of nature," and is here used in order to ridicule the analytical process by means of which we are unable to discover "final causes."

PAGE 137, *n.* 72. *Five lectures*, &c.—Five is the number of courses of lectures a young and eager student ordinarily attends.[1]

PAGE 137, *n.* 73. *As if the*, &c.—It is or was the custom in Germany for the professors to read slowly enough for their pupils to follow them with the pen. This was called dictating.

PAGE 137, *n.* 74. *I cannot reconcile myself to jurisprudence.*—Here again Goethe is repeating his own sentiments. He was originally destined by his father for the law, but it was only with the greatest reluctance that he could be brought to qualify himself for the necessary examination at Strasburg, where such examinations were comparatively light. He says that he had no turn for anything positive.—*Memoirs* book ix.

[1] Bayard Taylor translates ll. 1598-99 :—

> "a splendid word to serve, you'll find,
> For what goes in—or won't go in—the human mind."—ED.

The exclamation, "Woe to thee that thou art a grandson," alludes to the artificial and complicated systems which people coming late into the world are pretty sure to find entailed upon them. The law that is born with us means, I suppose, what in common parlance is called the law of nature. It may assist future translators, not versed in German jurisprudence, to be told that *Gesetz*, in strictness, means "enactment," and *Recht*, "law," or a rule of law, generally. *Gesetz und Rechte* [l. 1618], therefore, are both included under the term *laws*.[1]

PAGE 141, *n.* 75. *The spirit of medicine.*—Goethe associated a good deal with medical students at Strasburg, and took considerable interest in the studies usually followed in connection with medicine.

PAGE 143, *n.* 76. *Eritis*, &c.—This verse is from the Vulgata, where, however, the word *dii* occurs instead of *deus*.—ED.

PAGE 145, *n.* 77. *We have but to spread out this mantle.*—This was the mode of travelling afforded by Asmodeus to Don Cleofas.

PAGE 147, *n.* 78. *Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig.*—Auerbach's Cellar is a place of public entertainment of the same class and character as the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.[2] I supped there during my last visit to Germany, and took some pains to ascertain the traditions connected with it, which the waiter seemed to have a particular pleasure in communicating. He assured me that there was not the shadow of a doubt as to my being seated in the very vault in which both Faust and Goethe had caroused; and producing an old copy of Widman, he avowed himself ready to make oath that it had been in the cellar, as a sort of heirloom, for 300 years at the least. It was really a very curious copy, but bore the date of MDCXCV. The principal curiosities of the vault are two very old paintings, shaped like the segment of a circle, painted, it is supposed, to commemorate Faust's presence and achievements there. The one represents him at the table drinking to the sound of music, with a party of students; the other represents him in the act of passing out of the door upon a cask, whilst the spectators are holding up their hands in astonishment. The first-men-

1 Birds renders *Wohlthat, Plage*, "benefits turn into plagues."—ED.

2 *Auerbach's Keller*, which exists to this very day, is in No. 1 of the Grimmaische Strasze.—ED.

tioned bears a Latin inscription, which has proved a puzzler to the philologists [1] :—

"VIVE. BIBE. OBGRÆGARE. MEMOR FAVSTI HVIVS ET HVIVS PŒNÆ : ADERAT CLAVDO HÆC ASTERAT AMPLA GRADV.—1525."

A distinguished scholar, Dr. Maginn, proposes to read it thus :—

"VIVE, BIBE, OBGRÆCARE, MEMOR FAUSTI HUJUS ET HUJUS PŒNÆ ! ADERAT CLAUDO HÆC, AST ERAT AMPLA GRADU." [2]—

Over the other are inscribed the lines following :—

"Doctor Faust zu dieser Frist
Aus Auerbach's Keller geritten ist,
Auf einem Fass mit Wein geschwind,
Welches gesehen viel Mutterkind.
Solches durch seine subtile Kraft hat gethan,
Und des Teufel's Lohn empfangen davon.—1525."

It has been made a doubt whether this date (1525) refers to the time at which the pictures were painted, or to that at which the adventures took place.

PAGE 149, *n.* 79. Lines 1746-47 form respectively the beginning and end of two popular songs. The former runs—

Schwing' dich auf, Frau Nachtigall,

and the latter—

Grüsz' mein Schätzchen tausendmal.

Hayward quotes in full the second song, beginning, *Nachtigall, ich hör' dich singen*, and occurring in "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," of Arnim and Brentano, but he does not seem to have known the former song.—ED.

PAGE 155, *n.* 80. *Leipzig is the place*, &c.—It appears from his Memoirs, that when Goethe commenced his college studies at Leipzig, a great affectation of politeness prevailed amongst the students.[3]

[1] See the "Leipziger Tageblatt" for 1833, Nos. 22, 23, 25; and Stieglitz's "Sage vom Doctor Faust."

[2] Messrs. Turner and Morshead, in a longer and very interesting note, in their edition of "Auerbach's Cellar," render the above :—

"Live, drink, revel, but think upon Faustus, and how a requital,
Tho' with a lingering step, did on his sorcery fall."—ED.

[3] Leipzig was called a *klein Paris* in a book published in 1768.—ED.

PAGE 157, *n.* 81. *You probably started*, &c.—Rippach is a village near Leipzig,[1] and to ask for Hans von Rippach, a fictitious personage, was an old joke amongst the students. The ready reply of Mephistopheles indicating no surprise, shows Siebel and Altmayer that he is up to it. Hans is the German Jack, as *Hans der Riesentödter*, Jack the Giant-Killer.

PAGE 159, *n.* 82. *Mephistopheles sings.*—A favourite at the court of Weimar is said to be alluded to. "Bertuch, the father," says Falk, "who was treasurer to the Duke, used in after times to speak with great glee of a singular head in the accounts which he had to submit in those days. It consisted almost entirely of breeches, waistcoats, shoes and stockings for German literati, who were wandering within the gates of Weimar, slenderly provided with those articles." This song was set to music by Beethoven.

PAGE 167, *n.* 83.—Hayward and other translators, following some commentators, render the line—

Uns ist ganz kannibalisch wohl—

rather literally, "We are happy as cannibals," which does not seem to convey the right notion. The word *kannibalisch* is used in common language, figuratively, for "awfully," "in a high degree," &c. Cp. Sanders' "Wörterbuch," *sub voce* "kannibalisch."

PAGE 175, *n.* 84.—The best commentary on this scene is to be found in Retzsch's "Outlines." The monkeys are there represented as something between the monkey and the baboon; but he himself told me that *Meerkatze* is the common little long-tailed *monkey*.[2] The term is thus used in a German translation of "Lear"—"Eine unvergleichliche Ausflucht für einen Hurenjäger, seinen Meerkatzen-Trieb den Sternen zur Last zu legen"—act i. sc. 2, in Edmund's speech on planetary influences. Madame de Stael considers it to mean something between a monkey and a cat.

The following passage (in which Goethe is the speaker) may

[1] The village of Rippach used to serve as a butt for ridicule to the people of Leipzig in particular; just as is the case with Schilda, Krähwinkel, &c., throughout Germany.—ED.

[2] Apes were originally imported into Germany from Africa, and coming thus across the sea they were called, a male ape *meerkater*, and a female ape *meerkatze*.—ED.

save the reader a good deal of profitless puzzling: "For thirty years they (the Germans) have been sorely vexed and tormented in spirit by the broomstick on the Blocksberg and the cats' dialogue in the Witches' kitchen, which occur in 'Faust,' and all the interpreting and allegorizing of this dramatic humoristic extravaganza have never thoroughly prospered. Really people should learn when they are young to make and take a joke, and to throw away scraps as scraps."—FALK.

PAGE 179, *n.* 85. *At the feast*, &c.—Falk observes, in allusion to the text of these three lines, that Faust and Mephistopheles are greeted in a tone which, through the diphthong *au*, bears a strong affinity to the language of monkeys.

PAGE 179, *n.* 86. The poet applies here the term *Bettel-suppen* to the insipid and watery literary productions of his time. That this explanation is the correct one may be seen from a passage in a letter of Goethe's, written July, 1777. Falk's interpretation, quoted by Hayward, was written, as has been pointed out by Bayard Taylor, before the Goethe-Schiller correspondence had been published.—ED.

PAGE 183, *n.* 87. *Take the brush here*, &c.—Retzsch represents Mephistopheles as holding a light screen or fan in his hand.

PAGE 185, *n.* 88. *Oh! be so good as to glue the crown*, &c.—"A wish which, profoundly considered, sounds so politically, that one would swear the monkey-spirits had read the history of both the old Romish and the new empire, chapter by chapter, with all its dethronings and assassinations, from the beginning of the first to the end of the last war."—FALK.

PAGE 189, *n.* 89. *The northern phantom is now no more to be seen. Where do you see horns, tails, and claws?*—The old German catechisms, from Luther's time downwards, were generally adorned with a frontispiece, representing the devil with all the above-mentioned appendages.

PAGE 195, *n.* 90. *That is the witch's* (or *witches'*) *one-times-one*, *i.e.* multiplication table.

PAGE 195, *n.* 91. *For a downright contradiction*, &c.—Dr. Hinrich's note on this passage is: "A system of philosophy which, like that of Hegel, begins with such a contradiction,—for instance, *Das Seyn ist Nichts*,—has the advantage that it

frightens away those who have no call for it, both wise men and fools."

PAGE 201, *n.* 92. Goethe's first love was called *Margaret.* She was a girl of inferior rank in life, apprenticed, during the love-affair, to a milliner. He was about fifteen at the commencement of the acquaintance, and she two or three years older. Previously to the introduction he was in the habit of following her to church, but never ventured on accosting her.[1] —See the "Dichtung und Wahrheit," b. 5.

PAGE 205, *n.* 93. *All sorts,* &c.—"Ces pendardes-là, avec leur pommade, ont, je pense, envie de me ruiner. Je ne vois partout que blancs d'œufs, lait virginal, et mille autres *brimborions*[2] que je ne connois point."—*Les Precieuses Ridicules,* act i. sc. 4.

PAGE 209, *n.* 94. *Besides, he would not,* &c.—This is simply a hit against the assuming and overbearing conduct of aristocratic people towards people of inferior rank.—ED.

PAGE 211, *n.* 95. *Am I in an enchanted atmosphere?*—

> "'Tis her breathing that
> Perfumes the chamber thus."
>
> *Cymbeline,* act ii. sc. 2.

There is some analogy between this scene and "La Nouvelle Heloise," vol. i., lettre 54, though Faust's feelings in his mistress's chamber are very different from St. Preux's.

PAGE 213, *n.* 96. *It feels so close, so sultry here.*—

> "Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
> Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
> And pours down mischief."
>
> *King John,* act iii. sc. 2.

PAGE 215, *n.* 97. *There was a king in Thule.*—Many of the songs in "Faust," this among others, were not originally written for it. Goethe mentions in his Memoirs that he sung

[1] Another reminiscence from the poet's life occurs further on (l. 2306, &c.), where Faust asks for a token from his beloved—or rather "*for* his love's delight." Cp. Goethe's poem, "Lebendiges Angedenken."—ED.

[2] "*Brimborium,*" says Schröer ("Faust," i. 159), "französisch *brimborion.* Goethe gebraucht es aber nicht im Sinne des französischen Wortes (Bettel, Lumperei), sondern für leere Umschweife, wobei er vielleicht an 'praeambulum' oder Ähnliches denkt." Cp. also Düntzer's Commentary, p. 289, on the etymology of *Brimborion,* of which Brachet declares "origine inconnue."—ED.

this song with considerable applause in a social meeting. [Cp. on this ballad my collection of *Balladen und Romanzen* in the "Golden Treasury Series," p. 36 *n.*—ED.]

PAGE 221, *n.* 98. Hayward, and I believe most, if not all other translators, render *Pfifferling* wrongly "mushrooms," "toad-stools," &c. This is the primary meaning of the word, but its figurative meaning is "trifles," "worthless things," and in this signification it is here employed.—ED.

PAGE 237, *n.* 99. *I would change rings with you myself.*—In some countries of Germany the bridegroom, instead of placing the ring on the finger of the bride, gives one to her and receives one in return.

PAGE 239, *n.* 100. *Two witnesses.*—Alluding to the rule of the civil law, which forms the basis of all the German systems—*Unius responsio testis omnino non audiatur.—Cod.* 4, 20, 9.

PAGE 271, *n.* 101. *Like a snow-flushed rivulet*, &c.—"Like a rock in the mid-channel of a river swoln by a sudden *rain-flush* from the mountains," &c.—COLERIDGE'S *Aids to Reflection*, p. 79.

PAGE 271, *n.* 102. *Were I a bird*, &c.—

"Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Und auch zwei Flüglein hätt',
Flög' ich zu dir;
Weils aber nicht kann seyn,
Bleib ich allhier.

"Bin ich gleich weit von dir,
Bin ich doch im Schlaf bei dir,
Und red mit dir;
Wenn ich erwachen thu,
Bin ich allein.

"Es vergeht keine Stund in der Nacht,
Da mein Herze nicht erwacht,
Und an dich gedenkt
Dasz du mir viel tausendmal
Dein Herze geschenkt."

HERDER'S *Volkslieder*, i. p. 67.
Wunderhorn, part i. p. 259 [Hempel's edition].

PAGE 273, *n.* 103. *I have often envied you*, &c.—"Thy two

breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies."—*Song of Solomon*, ch. iv., v. 5. "Je ne vous conseille pas de traduire cela littéralement. On jeterait les hauts cris. C'est à la responsibilité du poete. L'esprit malin semble vouloir insinuer que les saints même, et les sages, tels que Solomon, n'étaient pas insensibles aux attraits de la volupté."—M. DE SCHLEGEL.

PAGE 285, *n* 104. *I have no name for it.*—"The Persian poet Saadi of Schiraz says, according to Herder: 'Who knows God, is silent.'"

PAGE 285, *n.* 105. *Name is sound and smoke.*—In most of the editions preceding the collected edition of Goethe's Works commenced in 1828, it stands: *Nature is sound and smoke.*

PAGE 285, *n.* 106. *The man you have with you is hateful to me*, &c.—Margaret's intuitive apprehension of Mephistopheles is copied from an incident mentioned in Goethe's Memoirs: "I could scarcely rest till I had introduced my friend Merck at Lotta's (the original of Werther's Charlotte), but his presence in this circle did me no good; for, like Mephistopheles, go where he will, he will hardly bring a blessing with him." Goethe always called this friend "Mephistopheles Merck," and gives a strange account of the mingled goodness and devilishness of his disposition.

Sir Walter Scott had probably this passage in his mind when he wrote the following: "The innocent Alice, without being able to discover what was wrong either in the scenes of unusual luxury with which she was surrounded, or in the manners of her hostess, which, both from nature and policy, were kind and caressing, felt nevertheless an instinctive apprehension that all was not right, a feeling in the human mind allied, perhaps, to that sense of danger which animals exhibit when placed in the vicinity of the natural enemies of their race, and which makes birds cower when the hawk is in the air, and beasts tremble when the tiger is abroad in the desert. There was a heaviness at her heart which she could not dispel, and the few hours which she had already spent at Chiffinch's were like those passed in a prison by one unconscious of the cause or event of his captivity."—*Peveril of the Peak.*

PAGE 295, *n.* 107. *We will strew chaff before her door.*—

This alludes to a German custom something analogous to Skimmerton-riding in this country. It consists in strewing cut or chopped straw before the door of a bride whose virtue is suspected, the day before the wedding. The garland (like the snood) is a token of virginity, and a ruined maiden is said to have lost her garland.

PAGE 297, *n.* 108. *Zwinger.*—*Zwinger* is untranslatable, and a good deal of doubt exists as to the meaning of the term. "Zwinger (says a learned correspondent) from *Zwingen*, to subdue, is a name given to castles found in some of the free towns, and formerly held by an imperial governor. They are often in the middle of the town, and have a passage wherein a devotional image with a lamp has occasionally been placed, not expressly for the sake of devotion, but to lighten up a dark passage; Margaret wishes to be unobserved, and prefers this lonely spot to the chapel." This account was confirmed to me in conversation by Retzsch. In his Outline of the scene, Margaret is represented kneeling before an image of the Virgin placed in a niche close to a church.[1]

PAGE 297, *n.* 109. The second stanza of Gretchen's prayer is based on the first stanza of the hymn, "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," &c.—ED.

PAGE 303, *n.* 110. *Will in the meantime*, &c.—This alludes to a superstitious belief that the presence of a treasure is indicated by a blue light or flame to the initiated. The same allusion occurs in the Intermezzo, and also in a little poem by Goethe, called "Der Schatzgräber":—

"Und ich sah ein Licht von weitem,
Und es kam gleich einem Sterne."

In the 'Antiquary," too, in the scene between Sir Arthur Wardour and Dousterswivel in the ruins of St. Ruth, it is said, "No supernatural light burst forth from below to indicate the subterranean treasury." [What Hayward calls a "little

[1] I have left the above explanation of the word *Zwinger*—although it is wrong—on account of the mention of Retzsch in it. *Zwinger* has several significations; here it denotes the place between the town-wall and the moat, such as Goethe described in his "Dichtung und Wahrheit" in speaking of Frankfurt when it still was a fortified town. In such town-walls there used to be niches with saints' images. That Gretchen lived near the town-wall will be seen from l. 2964. Cp. Sanders, *sub voce* "Zwinger."—ED.

poem," is in fact one of the finest ballads of Goethe. Cp. my above-mentioned "Romanzen und Balladen" (Golden Treasury Series), p. 33 and Notes.—ED.]

PAGE 303, *n.* 111. *There are*, &c.—The *Löwenthaler* is a coin first struck by the Bohemian Count Schlick, from the mines of Joachims-Thal in Bohemia; the finest in the years 1518-1529, under Ludovic, the first king of Hungary and Bohemia. The one side represents the fork-tailed lion, with the inscription—"Ludwig I. D. G. Rex Bohm." The reverse, the full-length image of St. John, with the arms of Schlick.—KÖHLER'S *Münz-Belustigungen.*

PAGE 305, *n.* 112. *What are you doing here, Catherine?* &c.—This song is obviously imitated from Ophelia's.—*Hamlet*, act iv. scene 5.

PAGE 305, *n.* 113. *Ratcatcher.*—

> "Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?"
> *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. scene 1.

The common people in Germany believe (or believed) that ratcatchers, by whistling or piping a peculiar note, could compel the rats to follow them wherever they chose.—*Deutsche Sagen*, No. 245. This accounts for the application of the term to a serenading seducer. [Goethe evidently alludes to the traditional "Ratcatcher of Hameln," who allured by his play the children of that town into a mountain cavern.—ED.]

PAGE 307, *n.* 114. *Out with your toasting-iron.*—

> "Put up thy sword betime,
> Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
> That you shall think the devil is come from hell."
> *King John*, act iv. scene 3.

Flederwisch, literally *goosewing*, is a cant term for a *sword.*

PAGE 307, *n.* 115. *I can manage very well the police, but very badly the blood-ban.—Blutbann* is an old name for criminal jurisdiction in the general sense. The distinction between *Polizei-Uebertretungen* and *Verbrechen*, to which the above passage might otherwise be supposed to refer, was introduced into the German systems in imitation of the French code; consequently not till long after the period at which this scene was written.—See MITTERMAIER'S "Strafverfahren," pp. 10 and

16. To make matters sure, I referred both *Blutbann* and *Blutschuld* to M. Mittermaier himself.

PAGE 313, *n.* 116. *And under thy heart*, &c.—It is common in Germany to say, *Sie trägt das Pfand der Liebe unter ihrem Herzen*—"She bears the pledge of love under her heart." Thus Schiller in "Die Kindesmörderin,"—"Nicht das Knäblein unter meinem Herzen?"

PAGE 315, *n.* 117. *Dies iræ*, &c.—Goethe has here made use of the harrowing "Sequence" by Thomas of Celano, who lived in the thirteenth century; introducing the first, sixth, and seventh stanzas only, which would in English run thus:—

1. The day of wrath, that day,
   Shall dissolve the world in ashes,
2. When the Judge shall be seated
   Everything hidden shall be brought to light,
   Nothing shall remain unpunished.
3. What shall I, wretched one, then say?
   What protector shall I supplicate
   When the just will scarcely be safe?—ED.

PAGE 315, *n.* 118. *I feel as if the organ*, &c.—Mr. W. Taylor says that Sir Walter Scott borrowed a hint or two from this scene for the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." I suppose he alludes to the thirtieth stanza of the last canto:—

"And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose:
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burthen of the song—
Dies iræ, Dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favillâ—
While the pealing organ rung."

PAGE 319, *n.* 119. *Walpurgis-Night.*—The *Walpurgis-Night* is in German folk-lore the eve of the 1st of May, which day was dedicated to *St. Walpurga* (a niece of St. Boniface, who went in the first half of the eighth century with her brothers to Germany in order to convert the Saxon heathens), probably in order to substitute a Christian holiday for the heathenish one which used to be celebrated on May 1st. The *culte* of *St. Walpurga* became very popular in the ninth century, and when the heathenish gods were represented as devils, they were

described as celebrating their "fantastic revels,"—as Heine expresses it in his "Harzreise,"—during the night from April 30th to May 1st, on several mountains in Germany. The most notorious of these was, since the fifteenth century, the Brocken. This mountain, called in popular language *Blocksberg*, forms the highest point of the *Harzgebirge*, at the foot of which the small places *Schierke* and *Elend* are situated. The Harz district itself is a broad range of mountains extending between the rivers Leine and Saale, on the boundary line between Upper and Lower Saxony, in Central Germany.

The Faust legend does not stand in any connection whatever with the *Brocken*, but it is probably owing to the present *intermezzo* and to Goethe's cantata, "Die erste Walpurgisnacht" ("spiritedly translated," as Hayward remarks, "by Dr. Anster"), set to music by Mendelssohn, that that mountain was connected with it in folk-lore, and became so famous. Goethe's magnificent poem, "Harzreise im Winter," was written in 1777, after having visited the Harz district. He knew, therefore, the locality well, when he wrote, twenty-three years later, the present *intermezzo*, which, by the bye, seems to have been uppermost in the mind of Heine when he visited the Brocken, and he too calls attention to Retzsch's exquisite illustrations of the "fantastic revels." Cp. my edition of his "Harzreise" (Clarendon Press Series), p. 46, l. 19, &c., and Notes.[1]—ED.

PAGE 321, *n.* 120. *Through the stones, through the turf, brook and brooklet hurry down.*—"Here and there on rushes the water, silver-clear, trickles among the stones, and bathes the naked roots and fibres. . . . Again, in many places, the water spouts more freely from out of rocks and roots, and forms little cascades. . . . There is such a strange murmuring and rustling—the birds sing broken snatches of languishing songs—the trees whisper as with thousands of maidens' tongues; as with thousands of maidens' eyes the rare mountain flowers gaze upon us, and stretch out towards us their singularly broad,

[1] Hayward, who translates the heading *Walpurgisnacht* "May-Day Night," quotes in a longer note, containing much irrelevant matter, a passage from Sir W. Scott's "Antiquary" (vol. i. p. 249), in which the well-known phenomenon of the Brocken Spectre is described, and he adds a scientific explanation of it from Hibbert's "On Apparitions" (p. 440, note), and from Brewster's "Natural Magic" (Letter 6). He also calls attention to the "very interesting story," called "The First of May; or, Walpurga's Night," contained in Mr. Gillies's collection of German stories.—ED.

conically forked leaves," &c., &c.—HEINE, *Reisebilder*, vol. i. p. 173. See also his account of the rise of the Ilse, p. 223. [The passages here translated by Hayward, and likewise Heine's account of the rise of the *Ilse*, will be found in the Grote'sche "Kritische Gesammtausgabe von Heine's Werken," vol. iii. p. 44, &c., and in my own, above-mentioned edition of the "Harzreise," pp. 44, 45, &c.—ED.]

PAGE 323, *n.* 121. *Tu-whit! Tu-whoo.*—

"'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock.
Tu-whit !—tu-whoo ! " *Christabel.*

PAGE 323, *n.* 122. *And the roots, like snakes*, &c.—"In consequence of the rocky nature of the ground, the roots are in many places unable to penetrate it, and wind, snake-like, over the huge blocks of granite, which lie scattered everywhere about, like huge play-balls, for the unearthly revellers to throw at each other on May-day night."—*Reisebilder.*

PAGE 325, *n.* 123. Shelley has translated *vereinzelt sich*—*masses itself*—probably under the notion of making the contrast more complete. But the next line—*There sparks are sputtering near*, &c.—shows clearly that the literal version is the proper one. [Some render *vereinzelt sich*, "isolates," or "detaches itself."—ED.]

PAGE 325, *n.* 124. The expression *Windsbraut* for *rasender wind*, "raging," or "tempestuous wind," has a mythological basis. Hayward quotes Luther's version: "Nicht lang aber darnach erhob sich wider ihr Vornehmen eine Windsbraut, die man nennete Nordost," which runs in the revised version of the Bible: "But after no long time there beat down from it a tempestuous wind which is called Euraquilo.' (The old version, also quoted by Hayward, has "Euroclydon.")—ED.

PAGE 327, *n.* 125. *Urian* is one of the nicknames of the Devil.—ED.

PAGE 327, *n.* 126. *The witch ———s, the he-goat stinks.*—In Aristophanic language—the witch περδέται, the he-goat κιναβρᾶ.

PAGE 327, *n.* 127. *Baubo* is in Greek mythology the indecorous nurse of Demeter or Ceres. Here she is introduced as the symbol of shamelessness.—ED.

PAGE 327, *n.* 128. The *Ilsenstein* is a colossal granite rock, and the most considerable among the Brockengebirge. Tradition relates that an enchanted princess of the name of *Ilse* guards there hidden treasures. The *Felsensee* mentioned (l. 3629) is also situated in that district.—ED.

PAGE 331, *n.* 129. *Squire Voland.*—The name of *Voland* or *Volant* was applied to Satan. Cp. Grimm's "Mythology," p. 943, &c.—ED.

PAGE 337, *n.* 130. *Now that I ascend the witch-mountain for the last time.*—"And because the contradictions of life and thought have reached their highest pitch, but at the same time have found their end and solution, does Mephistopheles convince himself that he has ascended the Blocksberg for the last time?"—*Ueber Goethe's Faust, Leipzig.*[1]

PAGE 339, *n.* 131. In accordance with a rabbinical tradition, the "female" created simultaneously with the "male" (Gen. i. 27), was called *Lilith;* but proving refractory, Eve was created from the rib of Adam (Gen. ii. 1-25) as his helpmate. Lilith, however, continued to exist as a spectral being, seducing men and injuring children. The name of *Lilith* occurring in Isaiah (xxxiv. 14), is rendered in the Vulgata *Lamia*, in Luther's Bible *Kobold*, in the old English version *screech-owl*, and in the revised one *satyr*, or *he-goat.* Later on, she was brought into connection with German sorceresses, and for this reason Goethe introduced her into the Walpurgis-Night.[2]—ED.

PAGE 341, *n.* 132. The word *Proktophantasmist* has been freely coined by Goethe in order to ridicule the once famous bookseller and publisher, Chr. Fr. Nicolai, a pedantical adversary of the poet. Though a pronounced champion of rationalism, he was occasionally subjected to visions, from which he got himself cured by applying leeches to that part of the body called in German "Steisz," and in Greek πρωκτός, which forms the first term of the above compound. Nicolai was imprudent

[1] I have left the above note as it stands; but it seems to me that Mephistopheles, "who at once appears very old," simply adapts his speech to his assumed character, and mocks at the same time the tone of the four preceding speakers. Cp. Bayard Taylor's note on this passage.—ED.

[2] Hayward seems to have taken considerable trouble to furnish a correct explanation of *Lilith*, but his longer note does not convey a distinct notion of the subject. The above explanation is based on the standard German commentaries.

enough to make his malady and cure the subject of a dissertation, which he read before the Academy of Sciences at Berlin in 1799.[1]—Ed.

Page 343, *n.* 133. The phrase, *es spukt in Tegel*, has sadly puzzled both translators and commentators. Tegel is a small place about eight or ten miles from Berlin. In the year 1797, the inhabitants of Berlin, who pride themselves very highly on their enlightenment, were fairly taken in by the story of a ghost, said to haunt the dwelling of a Mr. Schulz at Tegel. No less than two commissions of distinguished persons set forth to investigate the character of the apparition. The first betook themselves to the house on the 13th of September, 1797, waited from eleven at night till one in the morning, heard a noise, and saw nothing. The second party were more fortunate, for one of them rushed with such precipitation towards the place from whence the noise proceeded, that the ghost was under the necessity of decamping in a hurry, leaving the instruments with which he made the noise (very clumsy contrivances) as *spolia opima* to the conquerors. Thus began and ended the Tegel ghost's career, who however fully rivalled our Cock Lane ghost in celebrity, and gave rise to a good deal of controversy. This statement is taken from an account published in 1798, in 8vo, with the motto: "Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus." Dr. Hitzig (to whom I am indebted for it) proposes the following interpretation:—

"We Berlin folks (enlightened by me Nicolai) are so wise (so free from prejudice) and Tegel is haunted notwithstanding (we notwithstanding suffer our heads to be turned by a ghost story, so stupid as this of Tegel)."

Shelley and M. Stapfer say Brocktophantasmist. This alteration destroys the etymology, which the allusion to the leeches shows to be Πρωκτος.[2]

[1] Hayward quotes in a very long note, chiefly relating to Nicolai's literary activity, a passage on the latter from Carlyle's "German Romance" (vol. iv. p. 15), and concludes with the following references: "An account of his malady, drawn up by the sufferer himself, is quoted by Dr. Hibbert ('Theory of Apparitions'), and may be seen in Nicholson's 'Philosophical Journal,' vol. vi. p. 161."—Ed.

[2] The real gist of the allusion to the fact that "Tegel was haunted" lies in the circumstance that Nicolai had alluded to it in the above-mentioned dissertation. The reproach to Shelley and M. Stapfer is unfounded. Goethe had actually first written "Brocktophantasmist," and subsequently altered it into "Procktophantasmist."—Ed.

PAGE 343, *n.* 134. *A little red mouse jumped out*, &c.—In German folk-lore it is recorded that *red mice* escape from the mouths of sorceresses whilst they are asleep. Cp. Grimm's "Deutsche Mythologie," p. 1036.—ED.

PAGE 345, *n.* 135. The term *Idol* must be understood in the sense of *Eidolon*.

PAGE 347, *n.* 136. *As merry as in the Prater.*—This is an allusion to the famous public place of resort—consisting of a park—near Vienna, and called the *Prater*.

PAGE 349, *n.* 137. The *Intermezzo* is a continuation of the preceding satirical interlude. The reminiscences from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and Wieland's "Oberon" will be obvious to the readers of this volume. Both Oberon and Titania are represented as demoniac powers, and have therefore been suitably introduced into the Walpurgis Night's Dream. The *Golden Wedding* is celebrated, according to an ancient German custom, after fifty years of married life.—ED.

PAGE 349, *n.* 138. *Mieding* was a stage-decorator at Weimar, whom Goethe immortalized in a poem headed "Mieding's Tod," and the name "Mieding's sons" is here applied to the theatre-decorators.—ED.

PAGE 349, *n.* 139. The quarrel between *Oberon* and *Titania* arose about an "Indian boy," whom the latter had brought up. Cp. Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," ii. 1. On the occasion of the *Golden Wedding* they got reconciled. —ED.

PAGE 349, *n.* 140. *Ariel* is a spirit of the air. Cp. Shakespeare's "Tempest."—ED.

PAGE 351, *n.* 141. The Inquisitive Traveller is Nicolai; and the allusion to "the stiff man smelling after Jesuits" is to him. Cp. further on, p. 355, *n.* 144. Nicolai had written Travels full of denunciations of popery.

I have been told that the words put into the mouth of the northern artist are intended as a quiz on the style of expression affected by the German artists of the day, but I rather think they allude to Goethe's own Italian Journey, which might be almost said to have revolutionized his mind. A

distinguished German critic thinks that Fernow is the person alluded to.

PAGE 353, *n.* 142. The *Purist* is said to typify a school of critics who affected great zeal for purity of expression, and strict attention to costume, upon the stage.

PAGE 355, *n.* 143. The "Xenien," as is well known, is the name given by Goethe and Schiller to verses, mostly satirical or epigrammatical, which they published from time to time in co-partnership. These formed an important era in German literature. "A war of all the few good heads in the nation, with all the many bad ones (says Mr. Carlyle), began in Schiller's 'Musenalmanach' for 1793. The 'Xenien' (in another place he names the 'Horen' along with them), a series of philosophic epigrams, jointly by Schiller and Goethe, descended there unexpectedly, like a flood of ethereal fire, on the German literary world; quickening all that was noble into new life, but visiting the ancient empire of dulness with astonishment and unknown pangs." The war might have been commenced in this manner, but the burden of maintaining it (as Mr. Carlyle himself half admits in another place[1]) certainly fell upon the Schlegels and Tieck, to whose admirable critical productions the "Xenien" bears about the same relation that the sharpshooters bear to the regular army.

The "Genius of the Age" and "The Musaget"[2] were the names of literary journals edited by Hennings, who was at different times in controversy with the Schlegels, Schiller, and Goethe. Hennings is also attacked in the "Xenien." One of Goethe's minor poems is entitled "Die Musageten."

PAGE 355, *n.* 144. The *stiff man* applies again, as has been pointed out above, to Nicolai.—ED.

PAGE 355, *n.* 145. The nickname *Crane* has been applied by Goethe to Lavater, on account of his curious walk.—ED.

PAGE 357, *n.* 146. Düntzer interprets the word *Fideler* to denote a "jolly" or "good fellow," reading it *Fidēler*, and Bayard Taylor follows him in his translation. Loeper takes

[1] "German Romance," vol. ii. p. 8.

[2] "Musaget," *i.e.*, "leader of the muses;" "friend," or "patron of the muses," was the title of a supplement, in the shape of a "Musenalmanach," to the "Genius der Zeit."—ED.

the word *Fideler* to mean "a fiddler;" Schröer adopts the same meaning, but has the reading *Fiedler*.—Ed.

Page 357, *n.* 147. The five philosophers here mentioned refer respectively to Wolf (Dogmatist), Fichte (Idealist), to Garve and others (Realist), to Jacobi (Supernaturalist), and to the disciples of Hume (Sceptic).—Ed.

Page 359, *n.* 148. To the best of my information, *Irrlichter* means *parvenus:* and *Sternschnuppe* a sort of poetical Icarus, who mounts like a rocket, and comes down like the stick. Most of the other allusions refer to well-known classes in society, or to sects or schools in metaphysical philosophy.

M. de Schlegel told me that the allusions in the Intermezzo were not present to his memory, and finding that it would cost him some trouble to recover the train, I did not press my request for an explanation of them, though his very interesting letter on Goethe's "Triumph der Empfindsamkeit," addressed to M. de Rémusat and published in the third volume of the "Théâtre Allemand," was a powerful temptation. The first paragraph of this letter may help to explain why it is so difficult to write notes upon Goethe: "J'ai vécu quelques années près de Goethe (says M. de Schlegel) lorsqu'il était dans la force de l'âge et dans la maturité de son génie; j'ai souvent passé des journées entières avec lui, et nous avons beaucoup causé sur ses ouvrages; mais il n'aimait guère à donner des explications, comme aussi il n'a jamais voulu faire des préfaces."

M. Varnhagen von Ense tells me that many more verses were originally composed for the Intermezzo.

Page 363, *n.* 149. I have altered Hayward's translation in accordance with the reading adopted by Loeper. The text which Hayward had before him, and which has also been adopted by Schröer, runs thus: "Erbärmlich auf der Erde lange verirrt und nun gefangen," and accordingly his translation ran: "Long a wretched wanderer upon the earth, and now a prisoner."—Ed.

Page 363, *n.* 150. *To roll before the feet*, &c.—This alludes to a prevalent superstition, that evil spirits will sometimes place themselves in the path of a foot passenger, in the shape of a dog or other animal, with the view of tripping him up and springing upon him when down. Thus Caliban, in allusion to the spirits set upon him by Prospero:—

"Some time like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way."

Tempest, act ii. sc. 2.

PAGE 369, *n.* 151. *The Rabenstein*, "raven stone," was a raised square block on which the gallows used to be erected. That the ravens flocked to such a place is a matter of course.

PAGE 371, *n.* 152. *Fly away! fly away!* &c.—The song is founded on a popular German story, to be found in the "Kinder- und Haus-Märchen" of the distinguished brothers Grimm, under the title of "Von dem Machandelboom" [Baum], and in the English selection from that work (entitled "German Popular Stories") under the title of "The Juniper Tree."—The wife of a rich man, whilst standing under a juniper tree, wishes for a little child as white as snow and as red as blood; and on another occasion expresses a wish to be buried under the juniper when dead. Soon after, a little boy as white as snow and as red as blood is born: the mother dies of joy at beholding it, and is buried according to her wish. The husband marries again, and has a daughter. The second wife, becoming jealous of the boy, murders him and serves him up at table for the unconscious father to eat. The father finishes the whole dish, and throws the bones under the table. The little girl, who is made the innocent assistant in her mother's villainy, picks them up, ties them in a silk handkerchief, and buries them under the juniper tree. The tree begins to move its branches mysteriously, and then a kind of cloud rises from it, a fire appears in the cloud, and out of the fire comes a beautiful bird, which flies about singing the following song:—

"Mein' Mutter, die mich schlacht,
Mein Vater, der mich asz,
Mein' Schwester de Marlenichen
Sucht alle meine Benichen,
Bindt sie in ein seiden Tuch,
Legt's unter den Machandelboom;
Kywitt! Kywitt!
Wat vör'n schön Vogel bin ich!"

The literal translation would be—

"My mother who slew me,
My father who ate me,

My sister Mary Anne
Gathers all my bones
And binds them up in a silk handkerchief,
Lays them under the juniper tree.
Kywitt! Kywitt! ah, what a beautiful bird am I!"

It will be doing an acceptable service to those who love to trace poetical analogies, to remind them of Wordsworth's exquisite little poem of "Ruth":—

"God help thee, Ruth! Such pains she had
That she in half a year was mad,
And in a prison housed;
And there she sang tumultuous songs,
By recollection of her wrongs
To fearful passion roused."

PAGE 385, *n.* 153. *The wand is broken.*—The signal for the executioner to do his duty is given by the breaking of a wand or staff.[1]

PAGE 385, *n.* 154. *The blood-seat.*—"This alludes to the German custom of tying the unfortunate female that is to be beheaded on a wooden chair. Males on such melancholy occasions are kneeling on a little heap of sand."—BOILEAU'S *Remarks*, p. 19.

PAGE 385, *n.* 155. *Ye Holy Hosts, range yourselves round about, to guard me.*—

"Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
Ye heavenly guards!"—*Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4.

PAGE 387, *n.* 156. *She is judged.*—Some difference of opinion prevails as to the concluding sentences of this scene. The more poetical interpretation is, that Margaret dies after pronouncing the last words assigned to her; that the judgment of Heaven is pronounced upon her as her spirit parts; that Mephistopheles announces it in his usual sardonic and deceitful style; that the *voice from above* makes known its real purport; and that the *voice from within, dying away*, is Margaret's spirit

[1] The staff is usually broken when the sentence of death is pronounced; but, according to an old German custom, a white staff was broken by the judge before the execution, after having read the sentence of death. He then threw the pieces at the feet of the executioner.—ED.

calling to her lover on its way to heaven, whilst her body lies dead upon the stage. This is the only mode in which the *voice from within, dying away*, can be accounted for. M. de Schlegel, however, certainly the highest living authority on such matters, says: "*Sie ist gerichtet*, se rapporte à la sentence de mort prononcée par le juge; les mots suivants, *Sie ist gerettet*, au salut de son âme." It has been contended that *Sie ist gerichtet* refers both to the judgment in heaven and to the judgment upon earth. As to the translation of the passage, no doubt can well exist, for *richten* is literally *to judge*, and is constantly used in the precise sense the above interpretation attributes to it; for instance, *Die Lebendigen und die Todten zu richten, to judge the quick and the dead.*

APPENDIX.

I.

Abstract of the Second Part of "Faust," and some Account of the Circumstances under which it was composed.

THE heading, or stage direction, of the first scene is—"A pleasant country—Faust bedded upon flowery turf, tired, restless, endeavouring to sleep—Twilight—a circle of spirits hovering round, graceful little forms." Ariel opens it with a song, accompanied by Æolian harps; the other spirits form a chorus, and Faust gives voice to the emotions which the rising sun (very beautifully described) awakens in him.

The next scene is laid in the emperor's court—what emperor, does not appear. He is seated in full pomp upon his throne, surrounded by all his officers of state, to whom he condescendingly addresses himself: "I greet my true, my loving subjects, congregated from far and near; I see the sage (meaning the astrologer) at my side, but where tarries the fool?" The fool, it seems, has just been carried out drunk or in a fit, most probably by the contrivance of Mephistopheles, who instantly steps forward in his place and proposes a riddle to his majesty. He puts it aside with the remark, that riddles are for his council, and only (it is to be inferred) simple, unadulterated folly for himself. The new fool, however, is regularly installed; the emperor opens the conference, and all the high officers give their opinions upon the existing state of the realm, than which nothing can well be worse. The chancellor complains of the neglect of the laws, the commander-in-chief of the insubordination of the army, the marshal of the household of the waste in the kitchen, and the first lord of the treasury expatiates on the empty state of his coffers, the grand source of all the other evils. The emperor, sorely puzzled, reflects a moment, and then turns to the

fool, or rather to Mephistopheles disguised as such: "Speak, fool, dost thou too know of no matter of complaint?" Mephistopheles replies in the negative, and expresses his astonishment that anything should be wanting where so much glittering splendour was to be seen. This calls forth a murmur from the courtiers, and Mephistopheles is made the subject of a fair share of insinuation and abuse; but he proceeds notwithstanding and develops his plan, which is, "to begin digging for subterraneous treasures immediately"; as all such, he observes, belong of right to the emperor. This plan is generally approved by all but the chancellor, who does not think it in exact accordance with religion; and the emperor himself declares his intention of laying aside his sword and sceptre, and setting to work in his own proper person immediately. The astrologer, however, calls on them to mitigate their zeal, and first finish the celebration of the approaching carnival. The emperor assents, and gives the word for a general rejoicing accordingly; the trumpets sound, and *exeunt omnes* but Mephistopheles, who concludes the scene with a sneer: "How desert and good fortune are linked together, this never occurs to fools; if they had the stone of the philosopher, they would want the philosopher for the stone."

The subject of the next scene is a *Mask* [or "Carnival Masquerade"] got up by Faust for the amusement of the emperor, irregular and extravagant in the extreme. Gardeners, flower-girls, olive-branches, rosebuds, fishermen, bird-catchers, wood-hewers, parasites, satirists, the Graces, the Parcæ, the Furies, Fear, Hope, Prudence, Zoilo-Thersites, Pan, Plutus, Fauns, Gnomes, Satyrs, Nymphs, are amongst the things and persons which come forward in the course of the entertainment. The verses placed in their mouths are often very beautiful, but appear to have no reference to a plot. There is also some clever general satire. The scene closes, like most of our melodrames, with a general blaze, which is also described with great spirit by the herald.

The next scene is in one of the palace pleasure-gardens, where the court is found assembled as before, and the emperor is represented thanking Faust for the *Mask* and congratulating himself on having discovered such a treasure of a man. Their converse is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the marshal of the household, the commander-in-chief and the lord treasurer, to announce that all their distresses have been suddenly removed by the creation of an odd sort of paper-money, bills promising payment in the emperor's name when the subterranean treasure before mentioned shall be dug

up. The circulation of this paper appears to have produced nearly the same effect in the emperor's dominions as the South Sea scheme in England or Law's project in France, which, we presume, it must be intended to ridicule. The people are represented as running absolutely wild at their fancied accession of wealth, and the emperor amuses himself by bestowing portions of it on the followers of his court, on condition of their declaring what use they intend to make of what they receive. The humour thus elicited does not rise beyond commonplace. One says that he will lead a merry life upon it, a second that he will buy chains and rings for his sweetheart, a third has a fancy for good wine, and a fourth for sausages; a fifth proposes to redeem his mortgages, and a sixth to add it to his hoard. The fool comes last, and might well have been expected to say something sharp, but he simply avows a wish to become a landholder, and yet is complimented by Mephistopheles on his wit. Faust and Mephistopheles are then represented walking in a dark gallery, whither Faust has withdrawn Mephistopheles to procure the means of exhibiting Helen and Paris before the emperor, to whom he has pledged his word to that effect. Mephistopheles answers at first evasively: he has nothing (he says) to do with the heathen world, they live in a hell of their own; there is one mode, however;—Faust must repair to certain goddesses called, *par eminence*, The Mothers,[1] dwelling in the deepest recesses of unearthly solitudes, through which he is to be guided by a key bestowed for that purpose by Mephistopheles. Faust shudders at the name, but undertakes the adventure and sets out.

The following scene represents the assembling of the court; Mephistopheles cures a blonde beauty of freckles, and a brunette of lameness, and bestows a love-potion on a third; after which exploits, we proceed to the grand hall, where the emperor and his suite are awaiting the arrival of Faust for the promised *spectacle* to begin. He appears at last, emerging as it were from the stage; he is

[1] I have never yet met with anyone who could tell me what *Die Mütter* means. [Since Hayward made this discouraging declaration, a good deal has been written on the mysterious mention of "The Mothers," which Bayard Taylor, in an interesting note, characterizes as "an enigma, a complete and satisfactory solution of which is not to be expected." All attempts at an acceptable explanation must, of course, be founded on mere conjectures, but the reader will find some very valuable information on the subject in Düntzer's great commentary on "Faust." In Appendix B to his excellent work, "The Spirit of Goethe's Faust," Dr. Coupland has a highly suggestive note, referring the reader to the results of recent research.—ED.]

dressed in sacrificial robes, and a tripod accompanies him. By the aid of the Mothers, and the application of a charmed key which he has with him, he brings first Paris and then Helen upon the stage. For a time, all goes on well, and we are amused by the remarks of the courtiers, male and female, on the beauty and her lover, when on Paris behaving with something like rudeness to Helen, Faust gets jealous and interferes. An explosion is heard, the spirits ascend in vapour, and Faust, prostrated by the shock, is borne off senseless by Mephistopheles.

So ends the first act. At the commencement of the second, we find Faust laid on an old-fashioned bed in his old study, with Mephistopheles attending him. "He whom Helen paralyzes (says the latter) comes not easily to his senses again." From a conversation between Mephistopheles and an attendant, it appears that, ever since Faust's disappearance, Wagner has lived on in his house, and has now attained to almost as great a reputation as his master. At the opening of the scene, he has been long busied in his laboratory, endeavouring, like another Frankenstein, to discover the principle of life. To make the train of old associations complete, the Student, now a Bachelor, enters, and thus affords us an opportunity of seeing how far he has profited by Mephistopheles' advice. It seems that he is become a convert to Idealism, and he makes a speech in which Fichte's system is quizzed.

After this dialogue we are conducted into Wagner's laboratory, who has just succeeded in manufacturing an Homunculus, a clever little imp, incarcerated in a bottle, bearing a strong resemblance to the Devil upon Two Sticks. He is introduced apparently to act as a guide to the Classical Walpurgis Night; Mephistopheles, as has been already intimated, having no jurisdiction over the heathen world. Of this Classical Walpurgis Night itself, which occupies the next sixty or seventy pages, it is quite impossible to give anything like a regular description or analysis; though the readers of the First Part of "Faust" may form some notion of it on being told, that it is formed upon pretty nearly the same plan as the wilder part of the scenes upon the Blocksberg, with the difference, that all the characters are classical. The number of these is prodigious. Besides monsters of various sorts, we find Erichtho, the Sphynx, the Sirens, the Pigmies, the Nymphs, Chiron, talking Dactyls, Lamiæ, Anaxagoras, Thales, Dryas, Phorkyas, Nereids, Tritons, Nereus, Proteus, and many other less familiar names which it would be wearisome to recapitulate, all scattering apophthegms or allusions at

random, with (we say it with all due humility) very little immediate fitness or point.[1]

The Helena, which in some sense may be considered a part of the Classical Walpurgis Night, follows, and forms the third act of the continuation.[2]

Helen enters upon the stage (before the palace of Menelaus at Sparta) accompanied by a chorus of captive Trojan women. From her opening speech, it appears that she has just landed with her lord, who has sent her on before, and is expected to follow immediately. She has been directed to prepare all things for a sacrifice, but on entering the palace for this purpose, she encounters an apparition in the shape of a gigantic old woman, who, before Helen has well done relating what she had seen to the chorus, comes forth *in propriâ personâ*. This is Phorkyas, who begins by upbraiding Helen, and gets into a not very edifying squabble with her maids. But the main object is to frighten them away; with this view Phorkyas plays on Helen's fears by suggesting that, amidst all the required preparations for the sacrifice, nothing had yet transpired as to the intended victim, and that the victim was most probably herself. It is further intimated that the chorus had nothing very pleasing to look forward to, and Menelaus' treatment of Deiphobus, whose nose and ears he cropped, is considerately alluded to in illustration of the Spartan chief's mode of dealing with his enemies. The plan succeeds, and the Queen consents to fly to a neighbouring country of barbarians, described in glowing colours by Phorkyas. Instantly clouds veil the scene, which shifts to the inner court of a town, surrounded by rich fantastic buildings of the middle ages. She is here received by Faust, the lord of the place, who appears dragging along one Lynceus, his watchman, in chains, for not giving due notice of the beauty's approach. Lynceus excuses himself in fine flowing verse, and receives his pardon as a matter of course. Faust makes good use of his time, and is rapidly growing into high favour with Helen, when Phorkyas rushes in with the tidings that Menelaus, with all his army, is at hand. Faust starts up to encounter the enemy, but, instead of being turned into a battlefield, the scene changes into a beautiful Arcadian landscape, set round with leafy bowers, amongst which Faust and Helen contrive to lose themselves for a time. Whilst they are out of sight, Phorkyas converses with

[1] This remark is quite in harmony with the former Faust-criticism.—ED.

[2] See an article in the "Foreign Review," vol. i. p. 429, by Mr. Carlyle, for a full account of the Helena. ["Miscellanies," vol. i.]

the chorus, and amongst other topics describes to them a beautiful cupid-like sort of boy, called Euphorion, who directly afterwards comes forward with Helen and Faust. This youngster, after exhorting by turns all the party to merriment, and behaving with some rudeness to one of the young ladies of the chorus, who out of sheer modesty vanishes into air, springs upon a high rock, talks wildly about battles and warlike fame, and finishes by bounding up into the air, through which he darts like a rocket, with a stream of brightness in his train, leaving his clothes and lyre upon the ground. The act now hurries to a conclusion; Helen bids Faust farewell, and throws herself into his arms to give him a farewell kiss, but the corporeal part of her vanishes, and only her veil and vest remain in his embrace. These, however, also dissolve into clouds, which encircle Faust, lift him up on high, and finally fly away with him. Phorkyas picks up Euphorion's clothes and lyre, and seats herself by a pillar in the front of the stage. The leader of the chorus, supposing her to be gone for good and all, exhorts the chorus to avail themselves of the opportunity of returning to Hades, which they decline, saying, that as they have been given back to the light of the day, they prefer remaining there, though at the same time well aware that they are no longer to be considered as persons. One part professes an intention of remaining as Hamadryads, living among and having their being in trees; a second proposes to exist as echoes; a third, to be the animating spirits of brooks; and a fourth, to take up their abode in vineyards. After this declaration of their respective intentions, the curtain falls, and Phorkyas, laying aside the mask and veil, comes forward in his or her real character of Mephistopheles, "to comment (this is the stage direction) so far as might be necessary, in the way of epilogue, on the piece."

The fourth act is conversant with more familiar matters, but its bearing on the main action is equally remote. The scene is a high mountain. A cloud comes down and breaks apart: Faust steps forth and soliloquizes: a seven-mile boot walks up; then another: then Mephistopheles, upon whose appearance the boots hurry off, and we see and hear no more of them. A dialogue takes place between Faust and Mephistopheles, in the course of which it appears that Faust has formed some new desire, which he tells Mephistopheles to guess. He guesses empire, pleasure, glory, but it is none of them: Faust has grown jealous of the daily encroachments of the sea, and his wish is step by step to shut it out. Just as this wish is uttered, the sound of trumpets is heard; the cause is explained by

Mephistopheles. Our old friend, the emperor, is advancing to encounter a rival, whom his ungrateful subjects have set up. Mephistopheles proposes to Faust to aid him and gain from his gratitude the grant of a boundless extent of strand for their experiment, to which Faust apparently consents. Three spirits are called up by Mephistopheles, in the guise of armed men,[1] to assist. Faust joins the emperor's army and proffers him the aid of his men. The fight commences, and is won by the magical assistance of Faust. Some of the changes of the battle are sketched with great force and spirit, as seen from the rising ground, where the emperor, Faust, and Mephistopheles are witnessing it.[2] The last scene of the act is laid in the rebel emperor's tent, where several plunderers are busily engaged until disturbed by the entrance of the victorious emperor with four of his chiefs, each of whom he rewards with some post of honour. Then enters an archbishop, who reproaches the emperor for leaguing himself with sorcerers, and succeeds in extorting a handsome endowment for the church.

The first scene of the fifth and last act represents an aged couple (Baucis and Philemon by name) extending their hospitality to a stranger. From a few words which drop from them, it appears that their cottage stands in the way of Faust's improvements, and that, Ahab-like, he has already manifested an undue eagerness to possess himself of it. The next scene represents a palace, with an extensive pleasure garden and a large canal. Faust appears in extreme old age, and plunged in thought. The subject of his meditations is the cottage of the old couple, which "comes him cramping in," and spoils the symmetry of his estate. A richly-laden vessel arrives, but the cargo fails to soothe him; the little property which he does not possess would embitter, he says, the possession of a world. All is now deep night, and Lynceus the watchman is on his tower, when a fire breaks out in the cottage of the old couple. Mephistopheles, with three sailors belonging to the vessel, has set fire to the cottage, and the old couple perish in the conflagration. Without any immediate connection with the foregoing incidents, four grey old women are brought upon the stage—Guilt, Want, Care, and Misery—and hold an uninteresting (!) conversation with Faust. We have then Mephis-

1 See Samuel, b. ii. ch. xxiii. v. 8-13.

2 There is hardly a description of any sort in the poem which is not placed in the mouth of someone looking down from a commanding point of view upon the scene. This was Sir Walter Scott's favourite mode of describing. Several instances are enumerated in Mr. L. Adolphus' "Letters on the Author of Waverley," p. 242.

topheles acting as overseer to a set of workmen (earthly as well as unearthly, it would seem) employed in consummating Faust's wish of limiting the dominion of the waves. I shall give Faust's dying words literally:—

"*Faust.* A marsh extends along the mountain's foot, infecting all that is already won: to draw off the noisome pool—the last would be the crowning success; I lay open a space for many millions to dwell upon, not safely it is true, but in free activity; the plain, green, and fruitful; men and flocks forthwith made happy on the newest soil, forthwith settled on the mound's firm base, which the eager industry of the people has thrown up. Here within, a land like Paradise; there without, the flood may rage up to the brim, and as it nibbles powerfully to shoot in, the community throngs to close up the openings. Yes, heart and soul am I devoted to this wish; this is the last resolve of wisdom. He only deserves freedom and life, who is daily compelled to conquer them for himself. And thus here, hemmed round by danger, childhood, manhood, and old age, vigorously pass their years. I would fain see such a busy multitude,—stand upon free soil with free people. I might then say to the moment—'Stay, thou art so fair!' The trace of my earthly days cannot perish in centuries. In the presentiment of such exalted bliss, I now enjoy the most exalted moment.

[FAUST *sinks back; the* LEMURES *take him up and place him upon the ground.*

Mephistopheles. No pleasure satisfies him, no happiness contents him; so is he ever in pursuit of changing forms: the last, the worst, the empty moment, the poor one wishes to hold it fast. He who withstood me so vigorously—Time has obtained the mastery; here lies the old man in the dust! The clock stands still!

Chorus. Stands still! It is as silent as midnight. The index hand falls.

The angels descend, and a contest ensues between them and Mephistopheles, backed by his devils, for the soul of Faust. It is eventually won by the angels, who succeed by exciting the passions and so distracting the attention of Mephistopheles. They fly off, and he is left soliloquizing thus:—

Mephistopheles (*looking round*). But how? whither are they gone? Young as you are, you have over-reached me. They have flown heavenwards with the booty; for this they have been nibbling at this grave A great, singularly precious treasure has been wrested from me; the exalted soul which had pledged itself to me, this have

they cunningly smuggled away from me. To whom must I now complain. Who will regain my fairly-won right for me? Thou art cheated in thy old days; thou hast deserved it; matters turn out fearfully ill for thee. I have scandalously mismanaged matters; a great outlay, to my shame, is thrown away; common desire, absurd amorousness, take possession of the out-pitched devil. And if the old one, with all the wisdom of experience, has meddled in this childish, silly business, in truth, it is no small folly which possesses him at the close."

The last scene is headed—"Mountain defiles—Forest—Rock—Desert." The characters introduced are Anchorites. Fathers, Angels, and a band of female Penitents, amongst whom we recognize Margaret rejoicing over the salvation of Faust. The verses placed in their mouths are often very beautiful, but have little connection with each other and no reference to a plot.

I will now add what has transpired as to the circumstances under which the continuation was composed. The first scene (down to p. 63 of the original) and the whole of the third act (the Helena) were published during Goethe's lifetime, in the last complete edition of his works. His views in publishing the Helena were explained in the "Kunst und Alterthum" by himself. The following extract applies to the general plan of the continuation: "I could not but wonder that none of those who undertook a continuation and completion of my 'Fragments' (the First Part) had lighted upon the thought seemingly so obvious, that the composition of a Second Part must necessarily elevate itself altogether away from the hampered sphere of the First, and conduct a man of such a nature into higher regions, under worthier circumstances. How I, for my part, had determined to essay this, lay silently before my own mind from time to time, exciting me to some progress; while from all and each I carefully guarded my secret, still in hope of bringing the work to the wished-for issue."

I am also enabled to state in his own words the manner in which this wished-for issue was brought about:—

"I have now arranged the Second Part of 'Faust,' which, during the last four years, I have taken up again in earnest, filled up chasms and connected together the matter I had ready by me, from beginning to end.

"I hope I have succeeded in obliterating all difference between Earlier and Later.

"I have known for a long time what I wanted, and even how I

wanted it, and have borne it about within me for so many years as an inward tale of wonder—but I only executed portions which from time to time peculiarly attracted me. The Second Part, then, must not and could not be so fragmentary as the First. The reason has more claim upon it, as has been seen in the part already printed. It has indeed at last required a most vigorous determination to work up the whole together in such a manner that it could stand before a cultivated mind. I, therefore, made a firm resolution that it should be finished before my birthday. And so it was; the whole lies before me, and I have only trifles to alter. And thus I seal it up; and then it may increase the specific gravity of my succeeding volumes, be they what they may.

"If it contains problems enough (inasmuch as, like the history of man, the last-solved problem ever produces a new one to solve), it will nevertheless please those who understand by a gesture, a wink, a slight indication. They will find in it more than I could give.

"And thus is a heavy stone now rolled over the summit of the mountain, and down on the other side. Others, however, still lie behind me, which must be pushed onwards, that it may be fulfilled which was written, 'Such labour hath God appointed to man.'"—*Letter to Meyer, dated Weimar, July 20th*, 1831.

I copy this from Mrs. Austin's "Characteristics," in which two other interesting passages relating to the same subject occur. The following is translated from the "Bibliothèque Universelle" of Geneva:—

"Having once secured complete tranquillity on this head (his will), Goethe resumed his usual habits, and hastened to put the last hand to his unpublished works; either to publish them himself, if Heaven should grant him two or three years more of life, or to put them in a condition to be intrusted to an editor without burdening him with the responsibility of the corrections. He began with the most pressing. The Second Part of 'Faust' was not finished; Helena, which forms the third act, had been composed more than thirty years before, with the exception of the end, which is much more recent, and which certainly does not go back further than 1825. The two preceding acts had just been finished—there remained the two last. Goethe composed the fifth act first: then, but a few weeks before his death, he crowned his work by the fourth. This broken manner of working was, perhaps, not always his; but it is explained in this case by the care he took to conceive his plan entire before he began to execute it; to reflect upon it, sometimes for a long series of years, and to work out sometimes one

part, sometimes another, according to the inspiration of the moment. He reserved to himself the power of binding together these separate members in a final redaction—of bringing them together by the necessary transitions, and of throwing out all that might injure the integrity of the poem. Thus it happens that in the manuscripts relating to 'Faust,' there are found a great number of poems written at different periods, which could not find place in the drama, but which we hope may be published in the miscellaneous works."—*Characteristics of Goethe*, vol. iii. pp. 87, 88.[1]

The Chancellor von Müller, in his excellent little work entitled "Goethe in seiner Praktischen Wirksamkeit," thus describes the conclusion of "Faust," and (what is not less interesting) the events immediately preceding it:—

"When Goethe had to bear the death of his only son, he wrote to Zelter thus: 'Here, then, can the mighty conception of duty alone hold us erect. I have no other care than to keep myself in equipoise. The body *must*, the spirit *will*;—and he who sees a necessary path prescribed to his will, has no need to ponder much.'

"Thus did he shut up the deepest grief within his breast, and hastily seized upon a long-postponed labour, 'in order entirely to lose himself in it.' In a fortnight he had nearly completed the fourth volume of his life, when nature avenged herself for the violence he had done her; the bursting of a blood-vessel brought him to the brink of the grave.

"He recovered surprisingly, and immediately made use of his restored health to put his house most carefully in order; made all his testamentary dispositions as to his works and manuscripts with perfect cheerfulness, and earnestly employed himself in fully making up his account with the world.

"But in looking over his manuscripts it vexed him to leave his 'Faust' unfinished; the greater part of the fourth act of the Second Part was wanting; he laid it down as a law to himself to complete

[1] This account is confirmed by Falk's story of the "Walpurgissack;" and also by the following anecdote communicated to me in a private letter by M. de Schlegel: "Ce pöeme, dès son origine, était condamné à ne rester qu'un fragment. Mais quoiqu'on juge de l'ensemble, les détails sont admirables. Ceci me rappelle une anecdote que je tiens du célèbre médecin Zimmermann, fort lié avec Goethe dans sa jeunesse: Faust avait été annoncé de bonne heure, et l'on s'attendait alors à le voir paraître prochainement. Zimmermann, se trouvant à Weimar, demanda à son ami des nouvelles de cette composition. Goethe apporta un sac rempli de petits chiffons de papier. Il le vida sur la table et dit: 'Voilà mon Fauste'."

it worthily, and, on the day before his last birthday, he was enabled to announce that the highest task of his life was completed. He sealed it under a tenfold seal, escaped from the congratulations of friends, and hastened to revisit, after many many years, the scene of his earliest cares and endeavours, as well as of the happiest and richest hours of his life."

Referring to my article on the Second Part of "Faust" in the "Foreign Quarterly Review" (in which most of the foregoing abstract, interspersed with translated specimens, appeared), some of my German friends blamed me for not putting in the plea of age for the author. I have done this most effectually now; and the pleas of sickness and sorrow might also be supported if necessary. Indeed, after reading the above extracts, the wonder is, not that symptoms of decaying power are here and there discernible, but that the poem, under such circumstances, should have been completed at all; and we may well say of "Faust" and its author (as Longinus said of Homer and the "Odyssey"), though the work of an old man, it is yet the work of an old Goethe.[1]

Another set have censured me for my sceptical and superficial notions of the plot, which is said to hide a host of meanings. My only answer is that I cannot see them and have never yet met with anyone who could, though I studied the poem under circumstances peculiarly favourable to the discovery. None of the German critics, to the best of my information, have yet dived deeper than myself; the boldest merely venture to suggest that Faust's salvation or justification, without any apparent merit of his own, is in strict accordance with the purest doctrines of our faith; and that, though he suffered himself to be seduced into wickedness, his mind and heart remained untainted by the Mephistophelian philosophy to the last. This view of the poetical justice of the catastrophe was eloquently expounded by Dr. Franz Horn in a long conversation which I had with him on this subject in August last (1833).

1 The above verdict on Part II. is one of the instances which confirm Professor J. M. Hart's dictum—in the thoughtful introduction to his edition of Goethe's "Faust"—to the effect that one of the principal merits of Hayward's notes consists in the fact that they afford an interesting glimpse at the *then* state of Goethe criticism in England. Since the above was written much new light has been thrown on the Second Part, and if Hayward had only made later on the acquaintance of, say, Düntzer's "Erläuterungen," he would certainly have reversed his judgment, both as regards the poem and its commentators. Even Mr. G. H. Lewes's estimate of Part II. may now be considered antiquated. Cp. Bayard Taylor's excellent preface and notes to the latter.—Ed.

Tasso tells us in a letter to a friend on the "Jerusalem Delivered," that when he was beyond the middle of the poem and began to consider the strictness of the times, he began also to think of an allegory as a thing which ought to smooth every difficulty. The allegory which he thought of, and subsequently gave out as the key to the more recondite beauties of the poem, was this: "The Christian army, composed of various princes and soldiers, signified the natural man, consisting of soul and body, and of a soul not simple, but divided into many and various faculties. Jerusalem, a strong city, placed on a rough and mountainous tract, and to which the chief aim of the army is directed, figures civil or public felicity, while Godfrey himself represents the ruling intellect; Rinaldo, Tancred, and others being the inferior powers of the mind, and the soldiers, or bulk of the army, the body. The conquest, again, with which the poem concludes, is an emblem of political felicity; but as this ought not to be the final object of a Christian man, the poem ends with the adoration of Godfrey, it being thereby signified that the intellect, fatigued in public exertions, should finally seek repose in prayer, and in contemplating the blessings of a happy and eternal life."

What Tasso did for the "Jerusalem Delivered" in this matter, I can conceive it quite possible the commentators may do for the Second Part of "Faust;" but that they will thereby greatly elevate its poetical character, connect it with the First Part, or prove it an apt solution of the problem, I doubt. As the Prologue in Heaven was not added until 1807 or 1808, my own opinion is that Goethe's plot had no more original existence than Tasso's allegory.

Mr. Coleridge is reported to have expressed himself as follows:—

"The intended theme of the 'Faust' is the consequences of a misology, or hatred and depreciation of knowledge, caused by an originally intense thirst for knowledge baffled. But a love of knowledge for itself, and for pure ends, would never produce such a misology, but only a love of it for base and unworthy purposes. There is neither causation nor progression in the 'Faust;' he is a ready-made conjuror from the very beginning; the *incredulus odi* is felt from the first line. The sensuality and the thirst after knowledge are unconnected with each other. Mephistopheles and Margaret are excellent; but Faust himself is dull and meaningless. The scene in Auerbach's cellar is one of the best, perhaps the very best; that on the Brocken is also fine; and all the songs are beautiful. But there is no whole in the poem; the scenes are mere magic-lantern

pictures, and a large part of the work is to me very flat. The German is very pure and fine."[1]—*Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 114.

[1] The untenableness, not to say unfairness, of the above "subjective" criticism of "Faust," as a whole, has been fully proved by Mr. G. H. Lewes in his "Life and Works of Goethe," p. 483, etc.—ED.

APPENDIX.

II.

Being an Historical Notice of the Story of "Faust," and the various Productions in Art and Literature that have grown out of it.[1]

DURING a late visit to Germany (1833), it was one of my amusements to inquire at all the libraries to which I could procure access, for books relating to Faust or Faustus; and though the number was far from trifling, it cost me no great labour to acquire a general notion of the contents of most of them, and write down what bore upon my own peculiar study or seemed any way striking or new. I had made considerable progress in the arrangement of the materials thus collected, when Brockhaus' "Historisches Taschenbuch" (Historical Pocket-book)[2] for 1834 arrived, containing an article entitled "Die Sage vom Doctor Faust," by Dr. Stieglitz (already known for an instructive article on the same subject[3]), in which, after a brief his-

[1] I considered it right to reprint the present Appendix, like the preceding one, such as Hayward wrote it; more especially because his views and those of the authorities quoted by him, furnish an excellent view of the state of criticism of the drama in general and of the Faust-legend in particular, as it was current sixty years ago. It has, as I said in the Preface to the present volume, a *litterar-historisches Interesse*. A corrective of the most glaring antiquated views will be found in my introduction on the Faust-legend, in the principal writings on Goethe's poem, of which I give a special list, and, finally, in some of the notes I append to the present sketch.—Ed.

[2] The above is the exact literal rendering of "Taschenbuch," which in a literary sense was applied to annuals, somewhat corresponding to the "Musenalmanache," containing articles written in popular style. The then editor of the "Historisches Taschenbuch" was the distinguished historian, Friedrich von Raumer.—Ed.

[3] The article in F. Schlegel's "Deutsches Museum" referred to in my first edition.

tory of the hero himself, all the compositions of every sort, that (to the writer's knowledge) have grown out of the fable, are enumerated. The narrow limits of a Taschenbuch restricted Dr. Stieglitz to giving little more than a bare list of title-pages; but this list has proved so extremely useful in indicating where almost every sort of information was to be had, that I think it right to avow beforehand the extent of obligation he has laid me under.

Before beginning the life of Faust, some of his biographers have thought it necessary to determine whether he ever lived at all; and, were we to adopt the mode of reasoning so admirably illustrated in Dr. Whately's "Historic Doubts concerning the existence of Napoleon," we must unavoidably believe that there never was such a person, but that the fable was invented by the monks to revenge themselves on the memory of Faust the printer, who had destroyed their trade in manuscripts.[1] But if we are content with that sort of evidence by which the vast majority of historical incidents are established, we shall arrive at a much more satisfactory conclusion concerning him. Melancthon knew him personally;[2] and he is spoken of by other immediate cotemporaries.

Johann (or John) Faust (or Faustus), then, according to the better opinion, was born at Kundlingen,[3] within the territory of Wurttemberg,[4] of parents low of stock (as Marlowe expresses it), some time towards the end of the fifteenth century. He must not be confounded with Faust (or Fust) the printer, who flourished more than half a century before.[5] He was bred a physician, and graduated in medicine, but soon betook himself to magic. In this pursuit he is said to have spent a rich inheritance left him by an uncle. The study of magic naturally led to an acquaintance with the devil, with whom he entered into a compact substantially the same as that cited by Widmann (*ante*, p. 182) in a note.[6] In company with an imp or spirit, given him by his friend Satan and attending on him in the guise of a black dog, he ranged freely through the world, playing off many singular

1 It has been contended that the very name is an invented one; the notion being that it was given to a magician—*ob faustum in rebus peractu difficillimis successum.*

2 So says the "Conversations-Lexicon;" but Dr. Stieglitz is silent on the point.

3 The correct name is Knittlingen.—Ed.

4 Anhalt and Brandenburg also claim the honour of his birth.

5 A distinct title is assigned to each in the "Conversations-Lexicon." The printer is supposed to have died of the plague in 1466.

6 In order not to swell unnecessarily the bulk of the notes, it has been considered advisable to transfer the note in question (referring to the top line of p.

pranks upon the way. No doubt, however, he enjoys the credit of a great deal of mischief he had no hand in, just as wits like Jekyl or Sheridan have all the puns of their contemporaries to answer for. "Shortly (says Görres) Faustus appeared conspicuous in history as the common representative of mischievous magicians, guilty of all kind of diablerie. Their sins, throughout centuries, were all laid at his door; and when the general faith, falling as it were to pieces, divided into ferocious schisms, it found a common point of approach in a man who, during his frequent tours, and his intercourse with all ranks of people, had boasted of his infernal connections and influence in the nether lands." [1]

Faust appears to have travelled mostly in a magic mantle, presenting himself in the cities he lighted on as a travelling scholar (*Fahrender Scholast*), a very common sort of vagabond in the middle ages. We trace him through Ingolstadt (where he is said to have studied), Prague, Erfurt, Leipsic, and Wittenberg, but cannot say with certainty what other places he visited in his tours. "About 1560 (says Mr. Carlyle in a short note about him in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' No. XVI.) his term of thaumaturgy being over, he disap-

117 in this edition) to this place, where it seems, besides, to come in more appropriately.—ED.

"*And what am I to do for you in return?*—The actual or traditional compact was to the following effect:—

'Puis le D. Fauste reçoit son sang sur une tuile, et y met des charbons tout chauds, et écrit comme s'ensuit ci après:

'"Jean Fauste, Docteur, reconnois de ma propre main manifestement pour une chose ratifiée, et ce en vertu de cet écrit: qu'après que je me suis mis à spéculer les élémens, et après les dons qui m'ont été distribuez et départis delà-haut: lesquels n'ont point trouvé d'habitude dans mon entendement. Et de ce que je n'ai peu être enseigné autrement des hommes, lors je me suis présentement adonné à un Esprit, qui s'appelle Méphistophilès, qui est valet du prince infernal en Orient, par paction entre lui et moi, qu'il m'adresseroit et m'apprendroit, comme il m'étoit prédestiné, qui aussi réciproquement m'a promis de m'être sujet en toutes choses. Partant et à l'opposite, je lui ai promis et lui certifie, que d'ici à vingt-quatre ans de la date de ces présentes, vivant jusques-là complètement, comme il m'enseignera en son art et science, et en ses inventions me maintiendra, gouvernera, conduira, et me fera tout bien, avec toutes choses nécessaires à mon corps, à mon âme, à ma chair, à mon sang, et à ma santé: que je suis et serai sien à jamais. Partant, je renonce à tout ce qui est pour la vie du maître céleste et de tous les hommes, et que je sois en tout sien. Pour plus grande certitude, et plus grande confirmation, j'ai écrit la présente promesse de ma propre main, et l'ai sous-écrit de mon propre sang que je me suis tiré expressément pour ce faire, de mon sens et de mon jugement, de ma pensée et volonté, et l'ai arrêté, scellé et testifié, &c."'—Cayet's 'Widmann,' Part I.

"In Marlowe's 'Faustus' the instrument is formally set out."

1 "Volksbücher," as translated by Mr. Roscoe.

peared; whether under a feigned name, by the rope of some hangman, or frightfully torn in pieces by the devil near the village of Rimlich, between twelve and one in the morning, let every reader judge for himself." There is no authority for the above very injurious insinuation, nor has Mr. Carlyle followed the best as to the date of Faust's disappearance. Nothing authentic was heard of him for nearly thirty years before. One anecdote, corroborative of the commonly received notion of his death, is worth recording. Neumann [1] relates, that when, during the Thirty Years' War, the enemy broke into Saxony, a detachment was quartered at a village called Breda, on the Elbe. The magistrate of the village sought out the commander, and informed him that his house had obtained a high celebrity through Faust's horrible death in it, as the blood-besprinkled walls still testified. At this information the conquerors stood astounded, and soon taking the alarm, endeavoured to save themselves by flight.

Faust had a disciple named Wagner, the son of a clergyman at Wasserburg. The name of Wagner also figures, as editor, on the title-pages of some works on magic attributed to Faust.

The most remarkable thing about this fable is its almost universal diffusion. It spread rapidly through France, Italy, Spain, England, Holland, and Poland, giving birth to numerous fictions, some of a high order of poetical merit. Amongst others, Calderon's "El Magico Prodigioso" has been attributed to it. St. Cyprian of Antioch was the model which Calderon really worked upon, but Goethe has been so unequivocally accused of plagiarism from this play, that I shall make a short digression for the purpose of conveying a general notion of the plot. Three scenes have been translated by Shelley.

The first scene is the neighbourhood of Antioch, where a solemnity in honour of Jupiter is in the act of celebration. Cyprian, who has begun to see the errors of polytheism, appears attended by two of his disciples carrying books. As he is meditating over a passage in Pliny relating to the nature and existence of God, the Evil One presents himself in the guise of a travelling gentleman who has lost his way. They have a dispute of some length, the devil defending the old superstition, and Cyprian attacking it. The devil has the worst of the argument, and makes a pretence for withdrawing himself, resolving to seduce Cyprian by means of a woman. For this purpose he

[1] "Disquisitio de Fausto," &c. [The full title of the curious work in question is, Neumann, J. G., et C. Chr. Kirchner, "Disquisitio historica de Fausto præstigiatore, vulgo von Doctor Faust." Wittabergæ, 1693.—Ed.]

selects Justine, one of the new converts to Christianity, who is living in Antioch under the care of her adopted father, Lysando.[1] She is beloved by Floro and Lælio, who are about to fight a duel, when they are interrupted by the accidental presence of Cyprian, who undertakes to see the lady, and ascertain which of them is favoured by her preference. He visits and falls in love with her himself, but is not more successful than the two young rivals have been; and his desires are at length worked up to such a pitch, that he resolves on making every sacrifice to attain the object of them. Whilst in this mood he witnesses a shipwreck, and offers the solitary survivor an asylum in his house. It is the demon, who professes himself able to procure Cyprian the possession of Justine, and, in testimony of his power, splits a rock (*penasco*) asunder, and discovers her asleep in the centre of it. Cyprian is thereby induced to sign with his blood a contract for the eventual surrender of his soul, upon condition that Justine be secured to him; which the devil contracts for in his turn. For the furtherance of his views, he studies magic, under the devil's instruction, until he has made himself a master of the art. Whilst Cyprian is thus accomplishing himself, Justine is beginning to relent, and, tempted by the devil, suffers amatory emotions to influence her to such a degree, that she is on the point of falling, but resists, and saves herself by faith. I am tempted to give an extract from Shelley's beautiful version of this scene, where the evil spirit is tempting the heroine:—

Justine. 'Tis that enamoured nightingale
Who gives me the reply;
Who ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy
To his mate, who rapt and fond,
Listening sits, a bough beyond.

Be silent, Nightingale!—no more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me.
And, voluptuous vine, O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing,—
To the trunk thou interlacest,
Art the verdure which embracest,
And the weight which is its ruin,—
No more, with green embraces, vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest,—

[1] This may remind the reader of Recha in "Nathan the Wise."

For whilst thou thus thy boughs entwine,
I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,
How arms might be entangled too.

Light-enchanted sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender,
On the sun's revolving splendour!
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance,
Nor touch my beating heart to fear,
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How eyes must weep! O, nightingale,
Cease from thy enamoured tale,
Leafy vine, unwreathe thy bower,
Restless sunflower, cease to move,
Or tell me all, what poisonous power
Ye use against me—

All. Love! love! love!

The devil, thus foiled in his expectations, can only bring Cyprian a phantom resembling her, and maintains that he has thereby fulfilled his contract, but in the end is obliged to own that he has not; that God—oue God—the God of Christianity, prevents him from harming the maiden, herself a Christian. Cyprian draws his sword upon the devil, who is compelled to depart, leaving his intended victim to make his peace with God. This he does by becoming on the instant a complete convert to Christianity, the immediate result of which is that he is apprehended and condemned to die as a heretic in Antioch. Justine, in the mean time, has been exposed to a series of trials through the rivalry of Floro and Lælio, whose jealousy has been exasperated by various deceits put upon them by the devil; and at the period of Cyprian's condemnation she also is condemned as a heretic. They suffer together after an affecting interview, in which their constancy is put to a severe trial, and the piece closes (if we except a few expressions of astonishment by the bystanders) with the appearance of the demon, mounted on a serpent, on high, who declares himself commanded by God to declare Justine's entire innocence.

There is a comic by-plot between the inferior characters of the piece, with several bustling scenes between Floro, Lælio, Lysando, and Justine. The grand aim of the piece is obviously to exalt Christianity.

We may also refer to the histories of Virgilius, a magician who long preceded Faust,[1] in proof that we are not loosely to attribute all

[1] See Roscoe's "German Novelists," vol. i. p. 257. Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, Cardanus, Thomas Campanella, Albertus Magnus, are enumerated by

traditions and fictions which have a necromantic doctor for their hero, to the latter. The works directly founded on or relating to Faust's history are numerous enough to satisfy the most ardent supporter of his dignity. Dr. Stieglitz makes the books alone amount to 106, and his catalogue is incomplete. For instance, he does not mention a modern French prose epopee of some note (I forget the precise title) in three volumes, published within the last six years; nor the old English work of 1594 mentioned by Mr. Roscoe [1] as lent to him by Mr. Douce; nor Mr. Roscoe's own volume; nor four out of six of the English dramatic adaptations. The Second Part of "Faust" had not appeared when Dr. Stieglitz wrote, nor could my own book have reached Germany early enough to be counted in his list. I also miss Dr. Franz Horn, who has given a detailed and very interesting account of the old puppet-show play.[2]

I proceed to mention the most remarkable of these productions.

First amongst those of the dramatic order stand the old puppet-plays. Dr. Stieglitz mentions several of these as popular in the last century, but gives only a general account of them. I therefore follow Dr. Franz Horn, who is speaking of a representation which he witnessed himself about the year 1807.

The first scene represents Faust sitting in his study, with a large book before him, in much the same attitude in which he is represented by Marlowe and Goethe. After some reflections on the vanity of knowledge, he steps into the magic circle and conjures up the devils, for the purpose, it would seem, of selecting one of them for his slave. He questions each in turn as to his comparative swiftness, and after rejecting one by one those who merely profess to be as swift as air, arrows, plagues, &c., he chooses the one who says he is as swift as the thoughts of men. "In later versions," says Dr. Horn, "Faust is made to choose the devil who is as swift as the transition from good to

Dr. Stieglitz as early renowned for mysterious pursuits which went by the name of magical; and we might match our own Roger Bacon against any of them. See "The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon, with the Lives and Deaths of the Two Conjurors Bungye and Vandermast," reprinted in 1815.

1 "The Second Report of Doctor John Faustus, containing his Appearances, and the Deedes of Wagner, written by an English Gentleman, Student in Wittenberg, an University of Germany, in Saxony. Published for the delight of all those which desire Novelties, by a Friend of the same Gentleman. London, printed by Abell Jeffes, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at the middle shop, at Saint Milfred Church by the Stockes, 1594."

2 In his "Freundliche Schriften" (Th. 2), and also in his "Poesie und Beredsamkeit, &c.," vol. ii. p. 263. At p. 258, he gives a short account of the old puppet-play of Don Juan, whom he calls, in another work, the antithesis of Faust.

evil." Faust is interrupted by the entrance of Wagner, who is represented as a lively sort of person apeing his master. Then enters Kasperl, the Mr. Merryman of the piece, who soon throws Wagner into the shade. Indeed, on the hiring of Kasperl as Faust's servant by Wagner, which takes place after a humorous dialogue between the two, Wagner drops out of view and Kasperl figures as the only attendant upon Faust. So soon as Kasperl is left alone, he is driven by curiosity to peep into Faust's book of magic, and succeeds with much difficulty in spelling out two words: *Berlik*, a spell to call up devils, and *Berlok*, spell to send them away. He forthwith puts his new knowledge to the test, and amuses himself by repeating the words so rapidly one after the other, that it is only by the utmost exertion of their activity that the devils can keep pace with him and obey the word of command. In the end, however, he gets a knockdown blow or rebuff which closes the scene.

Faust is next represented as anxious to enter into a compact with the devil, with the view of adding to his own influence upon earth. The compact is ready, and Faust is bringing ink to subscribe it, when the devil with a laugh explains to him that his own blood will be required. He complies, and opens a vein in his hand; the blood forms itself into the letters H. F. (*Homo, fuge*), and the warning is followed up by the appearance of a guardian-angel, but in vain. Mephistopheles, who had retreated before the angel, reappears; and a raven flies off with the paper, now subscribed by Faust, in its beak.

The only use Faust makes of his newly-acquired power is to wander from place to place playing tricks. The palace of an Italian duke is the scene of all those which are represented in this show; where he calls up Samson, Goliah, Solomon, Judith, &c., &c., for the amusement of the duchess. He is thus growing into high favour with her, when the duke, whether from jealousy or from some other cause which does not appear, makes an attempt to poison him, and Faust prudently moves off. I must not forget to mention that Kasperl is as facetious as usual during their sojourn in Italy, but on his master's sudden flight he appears reduced to the most melancholy condition by solitude. For company's sake, he invokes a devil, and embraces it with the utmost warmth of affection when it appears. This devil is touched by his situation, promises to convey him back to Germany, and advises him to apply for the place of watchman when there. Kaspar [1] thanks him heartily for his flatter-

[1] Dr. Horn spells the name sometimes *Kasperl*, and sometimes *Kaspar*. [*Kasperl* is the Austrian popular diminutive form for *Kaspar*.—Ed.]

ing advice, but modestly declares that he cannot sing; to which the devil replies that the watchmen in Germany are not required to sing better than they can.

Faust is now again in his Fatherland, but his term is nearly expired, and he whiningly asks the devil, who by the contract is always to speak the truth, whether it be yet possible for him to come to God. The devil stammers out a soft "I know not," and flies trembling away. Faust kneels down to pray, but his devotions are interrupted by the vision of Helen, sent by the Evil One to prevent him from relapsing into faith. He yields to the temptation, and all hope is at an end.

It is now the night of the catastrophe. As the clock strikes nine, a voice from above calls to Faust: *Bereite dich,—Prepare thyself;* and shortly afterwards the same voice exclaims: *Du bist angeklagt,—Thou art arraigned.* It strikes ten, and as Kasperl (in his capacity of watchman) calls the hour, the voice exclaims: *Du bist gerichtet,—Thou art judged.* "Thus then," says Franz Horn, "no retreat is any longer possible, for the judgment (*Urtheil* not *Verurtheilung*) is passed, and though not yet pronounced, still quite clear to the foreboding spirit." On the stroke of midnight, the voice calls for the last time: *Du bist auf ewig verdammt,—Thou art damned to all eternity;* and after a short monologue, Faust falls into the power of the Evil One. The piece concludes with another exhibition of buffoonery by Kaspar, who comes upon the stage just as his master is borne off.

None of the other puppet-show plays of which we have any accurate account, differ materially from the above.

The pantomimes founded on Faust are numerous, but I have found it impossible to acquire more than a vague and hearsay knowledge of them, nor perhaps is a more particular knowledge desirable. Only two produced at Leipzig in 1770 and 1809, and one produced at Vienna in 1779, are recorded by Dr. Stieglitz; but Mr. Winston, the secretary to the Garrick Club, a gentleman remarkably well versed in dramatic history, has obligingly supplied me with a copy of the following three entries in his own private catalogue of performances:—

"Harlequin Dr. Faustus, with the Masques of the Deities, produced at Drury Lane in 1724. Published in Oct., 1724. By Thurmond, a dancing-master. Pantomime.

"Harlequin Dr. Faustus, 1766; a revival of the last, with alterations by Woodward.

"Harlequin Dr. Faustus, or the Devil will have his Own. Pantomime. 1793."

Marlowe's play[1] seems to be the earliest regular drama founded on the fable; one by Mountfort, also an Englishman, the next.[2] A play extemporized by a company of actors at Mainz in 1746, is the first of which anything certain is recorded in Germany.[3] Since Marlowe's time, between thirty and forty dramatic fictions have been founded on it. The great majority of these have been elicited by Goethe's. Maler Müller, and two or three others, undoubtedly preceded him, so far at least as publication is concerned;[4] but the designs differ widely, and no one, after reading Müller's, will suspect Goethe of borrowing much from it. There is considerable power in the soliloquies, and the scene in which the emblems of Wealth, Power, Pleasure, and Glory, are in turns exhibited to Faust, is very finely conceived; but the greater part is occupied by tedious colloquies between subordinate characters, and the plot has not time to develop itself before the Fragment concludes. There are two or three points of imperfect analogy, which I will name.

The first scene, instead of representing the Lord wagering with Mephistopheles that he cannot seduce Faust, represents Lucifer wagering with Mephistopheles that no truly great (that is, firm and steadfast) man is to be found upon earth. Mephistopheles undertakes to prove that Faust is such a man; so that in Goethe's drama we have Mephistopheles depreciating, and in Müller's exalting, the character of Faust. Again—Wagner makes his first entrance during one of Faust's soliloquies, which he breaks off; and Margaret

1 It was acted in 1594 by the Lord Admiral's servants. From Mr. Collier's "Annals of the Stage" (vol. iii. p. 126), it appears that a considerable portion of Marlowe's play, as it has come down to us, is the work of other hands. The earliest known edition is that of 1604; but it must have been written some time before, as it is supposed to have suggested "The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," published in 1594, by Greene. See Collier, vol. iii. p. 159, and Dyce's edition of Greene's Works. Marlowe's "Faustus" has been translated into German by Wilhelm Müller, with a Preface by Von Arnim, one of the editors of the "Wunderhorn." [Professor Selss has two interesting notes on Marlowe's "Faustus" in his edition of Goethe's "Faust."—Ed.]

2 "Life and Death of Dr. Faustus," by W. Mountfort, brought out at Queen's Theatre, Dorset Gardens; published in 4to. 1697.

3 Neumann, "Disquis. de Fausto," says generally that it was dramatized in the seventeenth century.

4 "Johann Faust, an allegorical Drama in five Acts," was published at Munich in 1775. "Faust. Ein Fragment," by Goethe, was published in 1790.

is represented as conversing with her lover from her window in this manner :—

"*Kölbel.* Margaret, my charmer, my angel! Oh, that I were above there, in thy arms!

"*Margaret.* Hush! I hear my sister; my uncle coughs. Come round to the other window, and I have something more to say to you.

"*Kölbel.* With all my heart, love."

There is no want of charity in supposing that this love-adventure ended much in the same manner as that recorded by Goethe; and the expressions strongly resemble those.[1] Some similarity in the soliloquies was to be anticipated, as they necessarily turn upon the same topics of discontent, but there is one reply made by Müller's Faust to the devil, which bears so close a likeness to one placed by Goethe in his mouth,[1] that I shall quote it also as it stands :—

"*Faust.* Know'st thou then all my wishes?

"*Sixth Devil.* —And will leave them in the consummation far behind.

"*Faust.* How! if I required it, and thou wert to bear me to the uppermost stars,—to the uppermost part of the uppermost, shall I not bring a human heart along with me, which in its wanton wishes will nine times surpass thy flight? Learn from me that man requires more than God and Devil can give."

Previously to the publication of "Faust's Leben dramatisirt" (the piece I quote from), Müller had published (in 1776) a fragment entitled, "A Situation out of Faust's Life." It presents nothing remarkable.

Among the writers who have followed Goethe in writing poems, dramas, or dramatic scenes about Faust, are Lenz, Schreiber, Klinger, Von Soden, Schink, Von Chamisso, Voigt, Schöne, Berkowitz, Klingemann, Grabbe, Holtei, Harro Harring, Rosenkranz, Hofmann, Bechstein, and Pfizer; besides those who have published anonymously.[2]

Lessing, it is well known, had drawn up two plans for a drama upon Faust; he has only left us one fragment of a scene. This has been translated by Lord F. L. Egerton (now Lord Ellesmere), and appended to his translation of Goethe's "Faust." Madame de Staël suggests that Goethe's plan was borrowed from it, and she is pro-

1 In the present edition, pp. 287 and 117 respectively.—Ed.

2 Besides the above authors should be mentioned Lenau, Braun von Braunthal, Heine, Stolte, &c.—Ed.

bably right as regards the Prologue in Heaven. The only difference is that Lessing's is a Prologue in Hell, where one of the attendant spirits proposes to Satan the seduction of Faust, who assents and declares the plan a feasible one, on being informed that Faust has an overweening desire of knowledge. The whole of this fragment would not more than fill two of my pages. See, as to Lessing's plans, his "Briefe die neueste Literatur betreffend," Part i., p. 103; the "Analecten für die Literatur," Part i., p. 110; and the Second Part of his Theatrical Legacy ("Nachlass").[1]

Dr. Stieglitz has no less than four Operas upon his list. Of those by Bäuerle and Von Voss, I know nothing. That by Bernard and Spohr has been received with considerable applause in Germany, but the plot is mostly made up out of the old traditionary stories, and the composer seems very rarely to have had Goethe's drama in his mind. An *Opera Seria*, entitled "Fausto," was also produced at Paris in March, 1831, the music by Mademoiselle Louise Bertin; this I never saw, nor do I know whether it succeeded or not. The Ballet of "Faust," imported last year (1832), must be fresh in everybody's recollection; the descent scene had a fine effect in Paris, but it was completely spoiled at our Italian Opera House by the shallowness of the stage. The devils were brought so near to the spectators, that the very materials of their infernal panoply were clearly distinguishable.

A "Romantic Musical Drama," called first "Faustus," and afterwards "The Devil and Dr. Faustus," the joint production of Messrs. Soane and Terry, was brought out at Drury Lane in May, 1825; and by the aid of Stansfield's scenery and Terry's excellent acting in Mephistopheles, it had a considerable run. It was afterwards published by Simpkin and Marshall.

The most successful attempt to set "Faust" to music is that of the late Prince Radzivil. His composition is spoken of in the highest terms of approbation, and I understand that the Princess (his widow)

[1] A great deal has been written on the relation of Goethe's "Faust" to the two extant diminutive Faust-fragments of Lessing, of which one only is quite authentic; but anything like a learned discussion on the subject, in order to show that both Madame de Staël and Mr. Hayward were wrong in their judgment, would be out of place in a volume like the present. I cannot help pointing out, however, that Hayward seems to have mixed up the two short fragments, and that he has wrongly described the one communicated by J. J. Engel to the editor of Lessing's "Theatralischer Nachlass," which, by the bye, we should now call in English "Dramatic" or "Theatrical Remains," I believe, and not "Theatrical *Legacy*."—ED.

has printed, or is about to print, the whole for circulation among her friends. Goethe's approval of the attempt has been unequivocally expressed ("Works," vol. xxx. p. 89).[1]

It appears from the correspondence between Goethe and Zelter (vol. ii. pp. 424, 429), that Zelter[2] once undertook to write music for "Faust" by the desire of the author; nor must I forget to mention that Goethe's "Faust" has been adapted to the stage by Tieck. It was first acted in its altered state at Leipzig and Dresden on the 28th of August, 1829, the anniversary of Goethe's eightieth birthday, and is now a stock-piece at the principal theatres. A good deal of discussion took place at the time as to the fitness of the poem for theatrical representation at all;[3] though Schlegel, who considers the question in his "Lectures on the Drama" (Lect. 15) and decides in the negative, appears to have set the question at rest.[4]

To make this appendix complete, I shall here recapitulate the whole of the commentaries with which I am acquainted.

"Ueber Goethe's Faust: Vorlesungen von Dr. Schubarth," Berlin, 1830.

"Ueber Goethe's Faust und dessen Fortsetzung, nebst einem Anhange von dem ewigen Juden," Leipzig, 1824.

"Aesthetische Vorlesungen über Goethe's Faust, &c., von Dr. Hinrichs," Halle, 1825.

"Ueber Calderon's Tragoedie vom Wunderthätigen Magus; Ein Beitrag zum Verständniss der Faustischen Fabel, von Karl Rosenkranz," Halle und Leipzig, 1829.

"Ueber Erklärung und Fortsetzung des Faust im Allgemeinen, &c., von K. Rosenkranz," Leipzig, 1831.

"Doctor Faustus, Tragödie von Marlowe, &c.; aus dem Englischen übersetzt von W. Müller. Mit einer Vorrede von Ludwig von Arnim," Berlin, 1808. [The translation is by the poet Wilhelm Müller, father of Professor Max Müller. The preface was written by *Achim*, and not by *Ludwig* von Arnim.—Ed.]

1 Musical compositions in connection with "Faust" have been written, besides, by Schumann, Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, Gounod, &c.—Ed.

2 Cp. "Goethe's Letters to Zelter," translated by Mr. A. D. Coleridge (Bell's), p. 74.—Ed.

3 See Bechstein's pamphlet, published at Stuttgardt, 1831.

4 The above remark is sure to raise a smile in the reader, there being few pieces more effective on the stage than Part I. of "Faust"—of course, if properly represented—and even Part II. has been successfully performed. Some highly interesting remarks on Faust-performances will be found in Mr. H. Schütz Wilson's "Facts and Fancies about Faust," in his volume of essays entitled "Studies in History, Legend, and Literature."—Ed.

"Herold's Stimme zu Goethe's Faust, von C. F. G——l," Leipzig, 1831.

"Zur Beurtheilung Goethe's, mit Beziehung auf verwandte Literatur und Kunst, von Dr. Schubarth," 1820; a work in two volumes, of which a large part is occupied with "Faust."

"Goethe aus persönlichem Umgange dargestellt, von Falk;" the last 110 pages of which consist of a Commentary on "Faust."

"Vorlesungen über Goethe's Faust, von Dr. Rauch," 1830.

M. von Arnim's Preface to the German translation of Marlowe's "Faust."

In Schlegel's "Lectures on Dramatic Literature," Lect. 15, there are a few remarks. "Faust" also forms the subject of some letters in the "Briefwechsel" between Schiller and Goethe, vol. iii. pp. 129-186.[1]

It only remains to mention the artists who have taken the old tradition or the modern drama of "Faust" for their subject-matter. Of the former class, I know but two worth mentioning: one is Rembrandt, who has left a head of Faust, and a sketch of him in his study, sitting just as Goethe has described him, in the midst of books and instruments, with a magic circle ready drawn and a skeleton half-hidden by a curtain in the room. The other is Van Sichem, a Dutch artist, born about 1580. He has left two sketches: a scene between Faust and Mephistopheles, and a scene between Wagner and an attendant spirit, Auerhain by name. These are minutely described by Dr. Stieglitz, and I have seen a copy of the sketch by Rembrandt. The pictures in Auerbach's cellar are described, *ante*, p. 186.[2]

The illustrators of "Faust" mentioned by Dr. Stieglitz (and I know of no others) are: Retzsch, with his English imitator Moses, and a French imitator who modestly conceals his name; Nauwerk, Nehrlich,[3] Näke, Ramberg, Lacroix (for Stapfer's translation),[4] and Cornelius, whose designs were engraved by Ruschweyh in Rome. Of these, the most celebrated are Retzsch and Cornelius. It is quite unnecessary to speak of Retzsch, whose fame is now universally diffused. Cornelius was formerly at the head of the school of paint-

[1] A list of more recent commentators, &c., will be found at the beginning of this volume.—Ed.

[2] In the present edition, p. 147, *n.* 78.—Ed.

[3] Cp. G. Nehrlich's "Zeichnungen nach Goethe's Faust, mit erläuternden Worten von H. Düntzer." Stapfer's translation of "Faust" has been illustrated by F. V. E. Delacroix.—Ed.

[4] See Goethe's "Post. Works," vol. vi. p. 169.

ing at Düsseldorf, and is now (1834) President of the Academy of Design at Munich. He enjoys the reputation of being the first historical painter in Germany, and his illustrations of "Faust" have great merit; but being in the largest folio, and three or four pounds in price, they are comparatively little known.[1]

[1] Besides the above-stated illustrations of "Faust," there should be mentioned those by Kaulbach, Kreling, Liezen-Mayer, Seibertz, etc. The "Faust" illustrations of Cornelius are now issued in smaller size at a moderate price, and have in recent years been rendered more popular by photography.—ED.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACES.

I.

TO THE EDITION PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

THE outline of Faust's story is already familiar enough, and I have given all that I think necessary in the way of illustration or commentary in the notes. In this place, therefore, I have principally to explain the motives which led to the following hazardous and, some may think, presumptuous undertaking.

It was first suggested to me by a remark made by Mr. Charles Lamb to an honoured friend of mine:[1] that he had derived more pleasure from the meagre Latin versions of the Greek tragedians, than from any other versions of them he was acquainted with. The following remarks by Goethe himself confirmed me in it:—

"We Germans had the advantage that several significant works of foreign nations were first translated in an easy and clear manner. Shakespeare translated into prose, first by Wieland, then by Eschenburg, being a reading generally intelligible and adapted to every

[1] [The Rev. H. F. Cary, translator of Dante and Pindar.]—"I have read of a man who being, by his ignorance of Greek, compelled to gratify his curiosity with the Latin printed on the opposite page, declared that, from the rude simplicity of the lines, literally rendered, he formed nobler ideas of the Homeric majesty than from the laboured elegance of polished versions."—JOHNSON'S *Life of Pope*.

reader, was enabled to spread rapidly, and produce a great effect. I honour both rhythm and rhyme, by which poetry first becomes poetry; but the properly deep and radically operative,—the truly developing and quickening, is that which remains of the poet, when he is translated into prose. The inward substance then remains in its purity and fulness: which, when it is absent, a dazzling exterior often deludes us with the semblance of, and, when it is present, conceals."[1]

This will be admitted to be very high authority in favour of prose translations of poetry; and no one who knows "Faust" will deny, that it is the poem of all others of which a prose translation is most imperatively required,—for the simple reason, that it teems with thought, and has long exercised a widely-spread influence by qualities independent of metre and rhyme. I am not aware that I can illustrate my meaning better than by the following extract from a German Review.[2] It forms part of a critical notice of a work by M. Rosenkranz, and (with all its exaggeration and enthusiasm) may be taken as a fair sample of the light in which "Faust" is considered in Germany:—

"The various attempts to continue the infinite matter of 'Faust' where Goethe drops it, although in themselves fruitless and unsuccessful, at least show in what manifold ways this great poem may be conceived, and how it presents a different side to every individuality. As the sunbeam breaks itself differently in every eye, and the starred heaven and nature are different for every soul-mirror, so it is with this immeasurable and exhaustless poem. We have illustrators and continuers

[1] "Aus meinem Leben: Dichtung und Wahrheit," Th. iii. b. 11. Hardly a single sentence of the English version, published under the title of "Memoirs of Goethe," is to be depended upon. The translation of Shakespeare mentioned by Goethe was originally undertaken by Wieland, who, according to Grüber, was paid at the rate of two *Thalers* (six shillings) per sheet. He completed twenty-two of the plays; which were afterwards republished by Eschenburg with the rest translated by himself.

[2] "Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung," Leipzig.

of 'Faust,' who, captivated by the practical wisdom which pervades it, considered the whole poem as one great collection of maxims of life; we have met with others who saw nothing else in it but a pantheistical solution of the enigma of existence; others again, more alive to the genius of poetry, admired only the poetical clothing of the ideas, which otherwise seemed to them to have little significance; and others again saw nothing peculiar but the felicitous exposition of a philosophical theory, and the specification of certain errors of practical life. All these are right; for from all these points of view 'Faust' is great and significant; but whilst it appears to follow these several directions as radiations from a focus, at the same time it contains (but for the most part concealed) its peculiar, truly great, and principal direction; and this is the reconcilement of the great contradiction of the world, the establishment of peace between the Real and the Ideal. No one who loses sight of this, the great foundation of 'Faust,' will find himself in a condition—we do not say to explain or continue, but even to read and comprehend the poem. This principal basis underlies all its particular tendencies—the religious, the philosophical, the scientific, the practical; and for this very reason is it, that the theologian, the scholar, the soldier, the man of the world, and the student of philosophy, to whatever school he may belong, are all sure of finding something to interest them in this all-embracing production."

Surely a work of which this, or anything like it, can be said, deserves to be translated as literally as the genius of our language will admit; with an almost exclusive reference to the strict meaning of the words, and a comparative disregard of the beauties which are commonly thought peculiar to poetry, should they prove irreconcilable with the sense. I am not saying that they will prove so, for the noblest conceptions and most beautiful descriptions in "Faust" would be noble and beautiful in any language capable of containing them, be it as unmusical and harsh as it would,—

"As sunshine broken on a rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still."

Still less am I saying that such a translation would be the best, or should be the only one. But I venture to think that it may possess some interest and utility now; when, at the distance of nearly half a century from the first appearance of the work, nothing at all approximating to an accurate version of it exists. With one or two exceptions, all attempts by foreigners (foreigners as regards Germany, I mean), to translate even solitary scenes or detached passages from "Faust," are crowded with the most extraordinary mistakes, not of words merely, but of spirit and tone; and the author's fame has suffered accordingly. For no warnings on the part of those who know and would fain manifest the truth, can entirely obviate the deteriorating influence of such versions on the mind. "I dare say," the reader replies, "that what you tell me about this translation may be right, but the author's meaning can hardly be so obscured or perverted as to prevent my forming some notion of his powers."

Now I print this translation with the view of proving to a certain number of my literary friends, and through them perhaps to the public at large, that they have hitherto had nothing from which they can form a just estimate of "Faust;" and with this view, and this view only, I shall prefix a few remarks on the English and French translators who have preceded me.

[Here followed remarks on Lord Francis Egerton (now Lord Ellesmere), Shelley, the author of the translation published with the English edition of Retzsch's "Outlines," the author of the translated passages in "Blackwood's Magazine," No. 39 (Dr. Anster), Madame de Staël, and MM. de Sainte-Aulaire, Stapfer, and Gerard. These remarks are omitted because their original purpose has been fulfilled.—HAYWARD.]

My main object in these criticisms is to shake, if not remove, the very disadvantageous impressions that have hitherto been prevalent of "Faust," and keep

public opinion suspended concerning Goethe till some poet of congenial spirit shall arise, capable of doing justice to this, the most splendid and interesting of his works. By my translation, also, I shall be able to show what he is not, though it will be quite impossible for me to show what he is. "Il me reste (says M. Stapfer), à protester contre ceux qui, après la lecture de cette traduction, s'imagineraient avoir acquis une idée complète de l'original. Porté sur tel ouvrage traduit que ce soit, le jugement serait erroné; il le serait surtout à l'égard de celui-ci, à cause de la perfection continue du style. Qu'on se figure tout le charme de l'Amphitryon de Molière joint à ce que les poésies de Parny offrent de plus gracieux, alors seulement on pourra se croire dispensé de le lire."

If I do not say something of the sort, it is only because I cannot decide with what English names Molière and Parny would be most aptly replaced. The merely English reader, however, will perhaps take my simple assurance, that, from the admitted beauty of Goethe's versification, no writer loses more by being submitted to the crucible of prose; though, at the same time, very few writers can afford to lose so much; as Dryden said of Shakespeare, if his embroideries were burnt down, there would still be silver at the bottom of the melting-pot. The bloom-like beauty of the songs, in particular, vanishes at the bare touch of a translator; as regards these, therefore, I may as well own at once that I am inviting my friends to a sort of Barmecide entertainment, where fancy must supply all the materials for banqueting. I have one comfort, however: the poets have hitherto tried their hands at them in vain; and I am backed by very high authority in declaring the most beautiful—*Meine Ruh' ist hin*—to be utterly untranslatable. Indeed, it is only by a lucky chance that a succession of simple heartfelt expressions or idiomatic felicities in one language, are ever capable of exact representation in another. Two passages already quoted appear well adapted to exemplify what I mean. When Margaret exclaims:—

"Sag Niemand dass du schon *bei* Gretchen warst,"

it is quite impossible to render in English the finely shaded meaning of *bei*. Here, therefore, Germany has the best of it, but when we translate—

"Schön war ich auch, und das war mein *Verderben*,"

"I was fair too, and that was my *undoing*"—we greatly improve upon the original, and add a delicacy which I defy any German to imitate.[1]

My only object in giving a sort of rhythmical arrangement to the lyrical parts, was to convey some notion of the variety of versification which forms one great charm of the poem. The idea was first suggested to me by Milton's translation of the "Ode to Pyrrha," entitled: "Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ. Rendered almost word for word without rime, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will admit."[2] But I have seldom, if ever, made any sacrifice of sense for the purpose of rounding a line in the lyrics or a period in the regular prose; proceeding throughout on the rooted conviction, that, if a translation such as mine be not literal, it is valueless. By literal, however, must be understood merely that I have endeavoured to convey the precise meaning of Goethe: an object often best attainable by preserving the exact form of expression employed by him, unless, indeed, it be an exclusively national one. Even then I have not always rejected it: for one great advantage to be anticipated from such translations is the naturalization of some of those pregnant modes of expression in which the German language is so remarkably rich. Idioms,

[1] No doubt the word "undoing" conveyed to the translator's ears a *delicacy* not to be found in the German original, but here it was above all requisite to use an *expressive* term, and for this purpose no more pathetic expression could be chosen than the word *Verderben*.—ED.

[2] The above is the well-known 5th Ode of Book I., superscribed "Ad Pyrrham." Milton wrote "permit," and not "admit."—ED.

of course, belong to a wholly different category. My remarks apply only to those phrases and compounds where nothing is wanting to make an Englishman perfectly *au fait* of them, but to think out the full meaning of the words. In all such cases I translate literally, in direct defiance to those sagacious critics, who expect to catch the spirit of a work of genius as dogs lap water from the Nile, and vote a German author unreadable unless all his own and his country's peculiarities are planed away. In short, my theory is, that if the English reader, not knowing German, be made to stand in the same relation to "Faust" as the English reader, thoroughly acquainted with German, stands in towards it—*i.e.*, if the same impressions be conveyed through the same sort of medium, whether bright or dusky, coarse or fine—the very extreme point of a translator's duty has been attained.

But though pretty confident of the correctness of this theory, I am far from certain that my practice uniformly accords with it. As the translation, however, has been executed at leisure moments, was finished many months ago, and has undergone the careful revisal of friends, I think I can answer for its general accuracy; but in a work so crowded with elliptical and idiomatic, nay even provincial, modes of expression, and containing so many doubtful allusions, as "Faust," it is morally impossible to guard against individual errors, or what, at any rate, may be represented as such by those who will not give the translator credit for having weighed and rejected the constructions they may chance to prefer. In the course of my inquiries, I have not unfrequently had three or four different interpretations suggested to me by as many accomplished German scholars, each ready to do battle for his own against the world. There are also some few meanings which all reasonable people confess themselves unable to unearth,—or rather, unheaven; for it is by rising, not sinking, that Goethe leaves his readers behind, and in nearly all such instances, we respect, despite of our embarrassment, the aspirations of a

master-mind, soaring proudly up into the infinite unknown, and though failing possibly in the full extent of its aim, yet bringing back rich tokens of its flight.

"Faust" has never yet been published with notes, with the exception of a very few added to the French translations, in which none of the real difficulties are removed. I have endeavoured to supply this deficiency by bringing together all the information I could collect among an extensive circle of German acquaintance. I have also ransacked all the commentaries I could get, though nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the result. They are almost exclusively filled with trashy amplifications of the text, not unfrequently dilating into chapters what Goethe had condensed in a line. I have named the whole of them in an Appendix. That of Dr Schubart is said to be the only one which ever received any token of approbation from Goethe. A few parallel passages from English poets will also be found in the notes. They are merely such as incidentally suggested themselves; except, indeed, that I re-read the greater part of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, during the progress of the undertaking.

I fear it will be quite impossible for me to acknowledge all the assistance I have received, but there are a few kind co-operators whom I think it a duty to name, though without their knowledge and perhaps contrary to their wish.

I certainly owe most to my old master and friend Mr. Heilner, whose consummate critical knowledge of both languages enabled him to afford the most effective aid in disentangling the perplexities of the work; and to my friend Mr. Hills, one of the best German scholars I know, in whose richly-stored mind and fine taste I found a perfect treasure-house of all that is most beautiful in the most beautiful creations of genius, and an almost infallible criterion of propriety. But it is also with pride and pleasure that I offer my best acknowledgments for very valuable aid to—Mrs. John Austin, the elegant translator of "The German Prince's Tour:" Dr. Bernays, Professor of the German Language and

Literature at King's College, and one of those who have reflected most honour on that Institution by their works: my clever and warm-hearted friend, Mr. Heller, Attaché to the Prussian Embassy: Mr. A. Troppaneger, a German gentleman of learning and taste now residing in London: Dr. Jacob Grimm, the first philologist of this or perhaps of any age, and an eminently successful cultivator of the most interesting department of German literature besides: and last not least, A. W. von Schlegel, whose enduring claims to general admiration are at once too various to be easily enumerated and too well known to need enumerating. There is yet another highly distinguished friend, whose name I should have been enabled to add, had not his regretted absence in a foreign country deprived me of it. When I reflect how much I owed to him on a former occasion of the kind, I cannot contemplate the omission without a pang.[1]

In conclusion I have only to say, that, as I followed no one implicitly, my friends are not answerable for my mistakes; and that I shall be much obliged to anyone who will suggest any amendment in the translation or any addition to the notes, as at some future time I may reprint or publish the work.

[1] I alluded to Mr. G. C. Lewis, translator of Boekh's "Domestic Policy of the Athenians" and (with Mr. H. Tuffnell) Müller's "History of the Dorians." He looked over my translation from Savigny for me.*

TEMPLE, *January 5th*, 1833.

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* The correct titles of the above works are: (1) Boeckh's "Public Economy of Athens," translated by G. C. Lewis (subsequently "Sir George Cornewall Lewis"), 1830; (2) K. O. Müller's "History and Antiquities of the Doric Race," translated by H. Tufnell and G. C. Lewis, 1830.—ED.

II.

ADVERTISEMENT

PREFIXED TO

THE FIRST PUBLISHED EDITION.

I COMMENCED this translation without the slightest idea of publishing it, and even when, by aid of preface and notes, I thought I had produced a book which might contribute something towards the promotion of German literature in this country, I still felt unwilling to cast it from me beyond the power of alteration or recall. I therefore circulated the whole of the first impression amongst my acquaintance, and made up my mind to be guided by the general tenor of the opinions I might receive from them. I also wished the accuracy of my version to be verified by as many examinations as possible, and I hoped to get some additional matter for the notes. "The complete explanation of an author (says Dr. Johnson) not systematic and consequential, but desultory and vagrant, abounding in casual allusions and light hints, is not to be expected from any single scholiast. What can be known will be collected by chance from the recesses of obscure and obsolete papers (or from rare and curious books), perused commonly with some other view. Of this knowledge every man has some, and none has much; but when an author has engaged the public attention, those who can add anything to his illustration, communicate their discoveries, and time produces what had eluded diligence."

The result of the experiment has been so far satis-

factory, that I am now emboldened to lay the work before the public, with some not unimportant alterations and additions suggested by subsequent inquiry or by friends.

TEMPLE, *February 25th*, 1833

III.

PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION OF THE TRANSLATION.

IN this Edition much of the matter has been rearranged, the Notes are augmented by about a third, and an Appendix of some length has been annexed. The translation itself was found to require only a few verbal corrections; yet even as regards the translation, I lay the work before the public with much more confidence than formerly, both on account of the trying ordeal it has passed through, and the many advantages I have enjoyed in revising it.

It is singular (and to the student of German literature at once cheering and delightful) to see the interest which Germans of the cultivated class take in the fame of their great authors, and most particularly of Goethe. They seem willing to undergo every sort of labour to convey to foreigners a just impression of his excellence; and many German gentlemen have voluntarily undertaken the irksome task of verifying my translation word for word by the original. The amateurs of German literature in this country, also, partake of the same spirit of enthusiasm, and I have received many valuable suggestions in consequence. My German friends will find that I have retained a few expressions objected to by them, but they must do me the justice to remember that they are as likely to err from not knowing the full force of an English idiom, as I am

from not knowing the full force of a German one. Another fertile source of improvement has been afforded me by the numerous critical notices of my work.

Besides these advantages, I have recently (1833) paid another visit to Germany, during which I had the pleasure of talking over the puzzling parts of the poem with many of the most eminent living writers and artists, and some of Goethe's intimate friends and connections. Among those, for instance, whom I have to thank for the kindest and most flattering reception, are Tieck, Von Chamisso,[1] Franz Horn, the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, Dr. Hitzig,[2] Retzsch, and Madame de Goethe. M. Varnhagen von Ense, and Dr. Eckermann of Weimar (names associated by more than one relation with Goethe's), whom I unfortunately missed seeing, have each favoured me with suggestions or notes. I think, therefore, I may now venture to say, that the notes to this edition contain the sum of all that can be asserted with confidence as to the allusions and passages which have been made the subject of controversy.

I have no desire to prolong the discussion as to the comparative merit of prose and metrical translations; but, to prevent renewed misconstruction, I take this opportunity of briefly restating my views.

Here (it may be said) is a poem, which, in addition to the exquisite charm of its versification, is supposed to abound in philosophical notions and practical maxims of life, and to have a great moral object in view. It is written in a language comparatively unfettered by rule, presenting great facilities for the composition of words, and, by reason of its ductile qualities, naturally, as it were, and idiomatically adapting itself to every variety of versification. The author is a man whose genius inclined (as his proud position authorized) him to employ the licence thus enjoyed by the writers of his country to the full, and in the compass of this

[1] The real author of "Peter Schlemihl," most unaccountably attributed by the English translator to De la Motte Fouqué.

[2] President of the Literary Society of Berlin.

single production he has managed to introduce almost every conceivable description of metre and rhythm. The translator of such a work into English, a language strictly subjected to that "literary legislation,"[1] from which it is the present (perhaps idle) boast of Germany to be free, is obviously in this dilemma: he must sacrifice either metre or meaning; and in a poem which it is not uncommon to hear referred to in evidence of the moral, metaphysical, or theological views of the author, —which, as already intimated, has exercised a great part of its widely-spread influence by qualities that have no more necessary connection with verse than prose, it is surely best to sacrifice metre.

The dilemma was fairly stated in the "Edinburgh Review":—"When people are once aware how very rare a thing a successful translation must ever be, from the nature of the case, they will be more disposed to admit the prudence of lessening the obstacles as much as possible. There will be no lack of difficulties to surmount (of that the French school may rest assured), after removing out of the way every restraint that can be spared. If the very measure of the original can be preserved, the delight with which our ear and imagination recognize its return, add incomparably to the triumph and the effect. Many persons, however, are prepared to dispense with this condition, who, nevertheless, shrink from extending their indulgence to a dispensation from metre altogether. But it is really the same question which a writer and his critics have to determine in both cases. If the difficulty of the particular metre, or of metre generally, can be mastered without sacrificing more on their account than they are worth, they ought undoubtedly to be preserved. What, however, in any given case, is a nation to do, until a genius shall arise who can reconcile contradictions which are too strong for ordinary hands? In

[1] Mühlenfel's "Lecture." [Hayward alludes here to the "Introductory Lecture" on "German Literature," delivered by Prof. L. von Mühlenfels (not "Mühlenfel") in 1828, at the then University of London.—ED.]

the meanwhile, is it not the wisest course to make the most favourable bargain that the nature of the dilemma offers? Unless the public is absurd enough to abjure the literature of all languages which are not universally understood, there can be no member of the public who is not dependent, in one case or another, upon translations. The necessity of this refuge for the destitute being once admitted, it follows that they are entitled to the best that can be got. What is the best? Surely that in which the least of the original is lost—least lost in those qualities which are the most important. The native air and real meaning of a work are more essential qualities than the charm of its numbers, or the embellishments and the passion of its poetic style. The first is the metal and the weight; the second is the plating and the fashion."—No. 115, pp. 112, 113.[1]

A writer in the "Examiner" speaks still more decidedly, and claims for prose translators a distinction which we should hardly have ventured to claim for ourselves:—

"Everyone knows the magnificent translation left by Shelley of the 'Prologue in Heaven' and the 'May-Day Night-Scene;' fragments which, of themselves, have won many a young mind to the arduous study of the German language. By the industry of the present translator we learn, that many passages we have been in the habit of admiring in those translations are not only perversions but direct contradictions of the corresponding passages in Goethe, and that Shelley wanted a few months' study of German to make him equal to a translation of 'Faust.' We do not think the translator need have troubled himself with any dissertation of this sort, in order to justify the design of a prose translation of 'Faust.' 'My main object,' he says, 'in these criticisms is to shake, if not remove, the very disadvantageous impressions that have hitherto been prevalent of "Faust," and keep public

[1] This article has been translated into French and republished in the "Révue Britannique."

opinion suspended concerning Goethe, till some poet of congenial spirit shall arise capable of doing justice to this the most splendid and interesting of his works.' Why not go further than this, and contend that a mind strongly imbued with poetical feeling, and rightly covetous of an acquaintance with the poet, will not rest satisfied with anything short of as exact a rendering of his words as the different phraseology of the two languages will admit? In such a translation, be it never so well executed, we know that much is lost; but nothing that *is* lost can be enjoyed without studying the language. No poetical translation can give the rhythm and rhyme of the original; it can only substitute the rhythm and rhyme of the translator; *and for the sake of this substitute we must renounce some portion of the original sense, and nearly all the expressions; whereas, by a prose translation, we can arrive perfectly at the thoughts, and very nearly at the words of the original.* When these (as in 'Faust') have sprung from the brain of an inspired master, have been brooded over, matured, and elaborated during a great portion of a life, and finally issue forth, bearing upon them the stamp of a creative authority, to what are we to sacrifice any part or particle which can be made to survive in a literal transcript or paraphrase of prose? To the pleasure of being simultaneously tickled by the metres of a native poetaster, which, if capable of giving any enjoyment at all, will find themselves better wedded to his own original thoughts, and which, were they the happiest and most musical in the world, can never ring out natural and concording music to aspirations born in another time, clime, and place, nor harmonize, like the original metres, with that tone of mind to which they should form a kind of orchestral accompaniment in its creative mood. *The sacred and mysterious union of thought with verse, twin born and immortally wedded from the moment of their common birth, can never be understood by those who desire verse translations of good poetry.*

"Nevertheless, the translator of poetry must be a poet, although he translates in prose. Such only can

have sufficient feeling to taste the original to the core, combined with a sufficient mastery of language to give burning word for burning word, idiom for idiom, and the form of expression which comes most home in English for that which comes most home in German. Such a task, in fact, is one requiring a great proportion of fire, as well as delicacy and judgment, and by no means what Dr. Johnson thought it—a task to be executed by anyone who can read and understand the original."—March 24, 1833.

Another influential journal followed nearly the same line of argument:—

"To the combination—unhappily too rare—of genius and energy, few things are impossible; and we further venture to assert that, of the two undertakings, such a prose translation as the present is far more difficult than a metrical version could be, always supposing the possession of an eminent power of language, and a pure poetical taste, to be equal in the one attempt and the other."—*The Athenæum* for April 27th, 1833.

Some critics have compared a prose translation to a skeleton. The fairer comparison would be to an engraving from a picture; where we lose, indeed, the charm of colouring, but the design, invention, composition, expression, nay the very light and shade of the original, may be preserved.

It may not be deemed wholly inapplicable to remark, that unrhymed verse had to encounter, on its introduction in most countries, a much larger share of prejudiced opposition than prose translations of poetry seem destined to encounter among us. Milton found it necessary to enter on an elaborate and, it must be owned, rather dogmatical defence; and so strong was the feeling against Klopstock, that Goethe's father refused to admit the "Messiah" into his house on account of its not being in rhyme, and it was read by his wife and children by stealth.[1]

[1] "Dichtung und Wahrheit," b. 3. The "Messiah" is in hexameter verse, distinguished from the Greek and Latin hexameters by the frequent substitution of trochees for spondees.

Two weighty authorities bearing on the subject have appeared very recently:—

"Verse (says the student in Mr. Bulwer's 'Pilgrims of the Rhine') cannot contain the refining subtle thoughts which a great prose writer embodies; the rhyme eternally cripples it; it properly deals with the common problems of human nature which are now hackneyed, and not with the nice and philosophizing corollaries which may be drawn from them. Thus, though it would seem at first a paradox, commonplace is more the element of poetry than of prose. And, sensible of this, even Schiller wrote the deepest of modern tragedies, his 'Fiesco,' in prose."—p. 317.

This is not quoted as precisely in point, and it is only fair to add that Mr. Coleridge (indeed what else could be expected from the translator of "Wallenstein"?) was for verse:—

"I have read a good deal of Mr. Hayward's version, and I think it done in a very manly style; but I do not admit the argument for prose translations. I would in general rather see verse attempted in so capable a language as ours. The French cannot help themselves, of course, with such a language as theirs."—*Table Talk*, vol. ii., p. 118.

Mr. Coleridge is here confounding general capability with capability for the purposes of translation, in which the English language is confessedly far inferior to the German, though, considering the causes of this inferiority, many may be induced to regard it more as a merit than a defect. Still the fact is undoubted, that the pliancy and elasticity of the instrument with which they work, enable the Germans to transfer the best works of other nations almost verbatim to their literature,—witness their translations of Shakespeare, in which the very puns are inimitably hit off; whilst our best translations are good only on a principle of compensation: the authors omit a great many of the beauties of their original, and, by way of set-off, insert a great many of their own. In Mr. Coleridge's "Wallenstein" for example:—

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty;
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished,
They live no longer in the faith of reason."

These seven lines are a beautiful amplification of two:—

"Die alten Fabelwesen sind nicht mehr,
Das reizende Geschlecht ist ausgewandert."

Literally:—

"The old fable-existences are no more,
The fascinating race has emigrated."

With regard to the dispute about free and literal translation, however, Mrs. Austin, by one happy reference, has satisfactorily determined the principle, and left nothing but the application in each individual case to dispute about:—

"It appears to me that Goethe alone (so far as I have seen) has solved the problem. In his usual manner he turned the subject on all sides, and saw that there are two aims of translation, perfectly distinct, nay, opposed; and that the merit of a work of this kind is to be judged of entirely with reference to its aim.

"'There are two maxims of translation,' says he; 'the one requires that the author of a foreign nation be brought to us in such a manner that we may regard him as our own; the other, on the contrary, demands of us that we transport ourselves over to him, and adopt his situation, his mode of speaking, his peculiarities. The advantages of both are sufficiently known to all instructed persons from masterly examples.'

"Here, then, 'the battle between free and literal translation,' as the accomplished writer of an article in the last 'Edinburgh Review' calls it, is set at rest for ever, by simply showing that there is nothing to fight.

about; that each is good with relation to its end—the one when matter alone is to be transferred, the other when matter and form."—*Characteristics of Goethe, &c.*, vol. i., pp. 32 to 34.

Few will deny that both matter and form are important in Goethe's "Faust;" in such a case we want to know, not what may be said for the author, or how his thoughts and style may be improved upon, but what he himself has said, and how he has said it. This brings me to another notion of mine, which has been rather hastily condemned. At page lxxxix of my original Preface I had said: "Acting on his theory, he (M. Sainte-Aulaire) has given a clear and spirited, but vague and loose, paraphrase of the poem, instead of a translation of it; invariably shunning the difficulties which various meanings present, by boldly deciding upon one, instead of trying to shadow out all of them —which I regard as one of the highest triumphs a translator can achieve—and avoiding the charge of incorrectness by making it almost impossible to say whether the best construction has suggested itself or not." On this the able critic in the "Edinburgh Review" remarks: "Mr. Hayward says, that one of the highest triumphs of a translator, in a passage capable of various meanings, is to shadow out them all. In reply to this, our first remark is, that his own practice, according to his own account of it, is inconsistent with his rule. In the course of his inquiries he says, that 'he has not unfrequently had three or four different interpretations suggested to him by as many accomplished German scholars, each ready to do battle for his own against the world.' What then? Does he say that he has attempted to shadow out them all? So far from it, he insists—we dare say with justice—that readers who may miss their favourite interpretation in his version of any passage, are bound to give him the credit of having wilfully 'rejected it.'"—No. 115, p. 133.

The writer contrasts, as inconsistent, passages referring to different descriptions of difficulties. The follow-

ing is an example of my theory. At the beginning of the prison scene (l. 4054) occurs this puzzling line:

"Fort! dein Zagen zögert den Tod heran."

Two interpretations, neither quite satisfactory, are suggested to me: it may mean either that death is advancing whilst Faust remains irresolute, or that death is accelerated by his irresolution. Having, therefore, first ascertained that the German word *zögern* corresponds with the English word *linger*, and that, in strictness, neither could be used as an active verb, I translated the passage literally: "On! thy irresolution lingers death hitherwards;" and thus shadowed out the same meanings, and gave the same scope to commentary, as the original.[1] Of course, this is only practicable where exactly corresponding expressions can be had; for instance, in the passage to which the note at p. 391 relates, we have no corresponding expression for *Das Werdende*, and must therefore be content with a paraphrase; but, in the latter part of the same passage, I see no reason for Shelley's changing *enduring* (the plain translation of *dauernden*) into *sweet and melancholy*, nor for M. Sainte-Aulaire's rendering the two last lines of the speech by—*et soumettez à l'épreuve de la sagesse les fantômes que de vagues désirs vous présentent*, thereby gaining nothing in point of perspicuity, when he had corresponding French expressions at his command. Not unfrequently the literal meaning of a word (as in ein *dunkler* Ehrenman), or the grammatical construction of a passage (as in *Doch hast Du Speise*, &c.), is disputed; and as it is impossible to construe two ways at once, in such instances rejection is unavoidable.

[1] The verb *zögern* may be used in poetry as an "active" or transitive verb. The meaning of the above literally untranslatable line is therefore simply, "Thy delay will cause her death;" which translation has been adopted in the present edition, more especially as it has been found that Hayward's otherwise ingenious rendering, "lingers . . . hitherwards," by which he intended to shadow out the meaning of *zögert . . . heran*, was not generally understood.—ED.

This may suffice to show the practicability of my theory in the only cases I meant it to embrace. It may be useful to show by an instance how much mischief may result from the neglect of it. The alchymical description, as explained by Mr. Griffiths (p. 397, *n.* 38) has been generally regarded as a valuable illustration of the literary peculiarities of Goethe. Now all preceding translators, considering it as rubbish, had skipped, or paraphrased, or mistranslated it; so that the French or English reader, however well acquainted with alchymical terms, could make nothing of it. I was as much in the dark as my predecessors; but I thought that there might be something in it, though I could see nothing; I therefore translated the passage word for word, and then sent it to Mr. Griffiths. His very interesting explanation was the consequence. This may be called an extreme case, but it shows the folly of excluding or altering plain words because we ourselves are unable at the moment to interpret them; and as a fact within my own immediate experience, I may add, that expressions seemingly indifferent in their proper places, so frequently supply the key to subsequent allusions, that a translator always incurs the risk of breaking some link in the chain of association by a change. For instance, in my first edition I followed Shelley in translating *vereinzelt sich,—masses itself,* under an idle notion that the context required it; and everybody thought me right, until Mr. Heraud (author of "The Descent into Hell," &c., &c.) proved to me that the most obvious signification (*scatters itself*) was the best, and that I had disconnected the following line and marred the continuity of the whole description by the change.

"I was wont boldly to affirm," says Mr. Coleridge, "that it would be scarcely more difficult to push a stone out from the pyramids with the bare hand, than to alter a word, or the position of a word, in Shakespeare or Milton (in their most important works at least), without making the author say something else, or something worse, than he does say." This observation is strictly applicable to the First Part of "Faust."

Again, the most beautiful expressions in poetry (such expressions as Dante is celebrated for) are often in direct defiance of rule and authority, and afford ample scope for cavilling. Is the translator to dilute or filter them, for fear of startling the reader by novelty or involving him in momentary doubt? I am sorry to say that Mr. Coleridge has given some sanction to those who might be inclined to answer this question affirmatively. After making Wallenstein exclaim:—

> "This anguish will be wearied down, I know;
> What pang is permanent with man?"

he adds in a note: "A very inadequate translation of the original":—

> "Verschmerzen werd' ich diesen Schlag, das weiss ich,
> Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch?"

Literally:—

> "I shall *grieve down* this blow, of that I'm conscious;
> What does not man grieve down?"

I trust my very high and constantly expressed admiration of Mr. Coleridge will be held some apology for the presumption of the remark—but I really see no reason for excluding the literal translation from the text.[1] One of our most distinguished men of letters, who knew the German poets only through translations, once complained to me that he seldom found them painting, or conveying a fine image, by a word; as in the line—

> "How sweet the moonlight *sleeps* upon that bank."

How should he, unless that mode of translation which I have thus ventured on vindicating, be pursued?

In Appendix, No. 1, I have added an analysis of the second and concluding part of "Faust," just full enough to give a general notion of the plot, if plot it can be called, where plot is none. I have been recommended

[1] Since this was written, the literal translation has been adopted. See the last edition of Coleridge's Works.

to translate the whole, but it struck me that the scenes were too disconnected to excite much interest, and that the poetry had not substance enough to support a version into prose. As I have said already in another place,[1] the Second Part presents few of those fine trains of philosophic thinking, or those exquisite touches of natural feeling, which form the great attraction of the First. The principal charm will be found to consist in the idiomatic ease of the language, the spirit with which the lighter measures are struck off, and the unrivalled beauty of the descriptive passages; which last are to be found in equal number in both parts, but are the only passages of the continuation which would bear transplanting without a ruinous diminution of effect. Besides, my own opinion is, that the First Part will henceforth be read, as formerly, by and for itself; nor would I advise those who wish to enjoy it thoroughly and retain the most favourable impression of it, to look at the Second Part at all. "Goethe's 'Faust' should have remained a fragment. The heart-thrilling last scene of the First Part, Margaret's heavenly salvation, which works so powerfully upon the mind, should have remained the last; as indeed, for sublimity and impressiveness, it perhaps stands alone in the whole circle of literature. It had a fine effect,—how Faust, in the manner of the spirits that flitted round him, disappeared,—how mists veiled him from our sight, given over to inexorable Destiny, on whom, hidden from us, the duty of condemning or acquitting him devolved. The spell is now broken."[2]

In Appendix, No. 2, will be found an account of the story of "Faust," and the various productions in art and literature that have grown out of it.

[1] "The Foreign Quarterly Review," No. 23, Art. 4.
[2] Stieglitz, "Sage vom Doctor Faust."

TEMPLE, *January*, 1834.

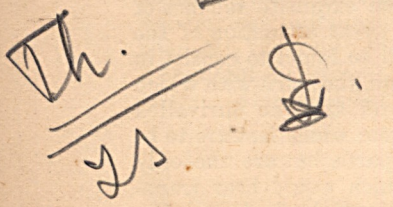
P. 4. Zwar sind sie an das Beste nicht gewöhnt
Allein sie haben schrecklich viel gelesen!

LB.

Th.

LS





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