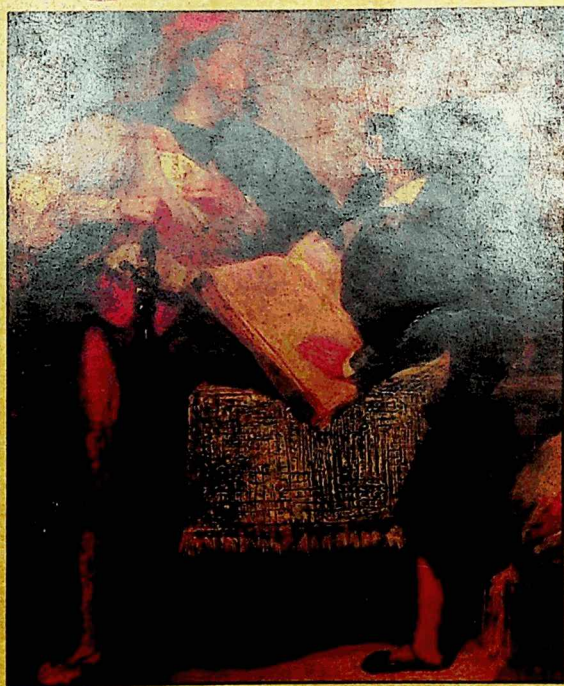


Goethe's Faust



Translated and with an
Introduction by
Walter Kaufmann

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THE ORIGINAL GERMAN
AND A NEW TRANSLATION
AND INTRODUCTION BY
WALTER KALTMANN
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PART ONE AND SECTIONS FROM PART TWO

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INTRODUCTION

Goethe is generally recognized as the greatest German of all time, and *Faust* as his most important single work. Everybody has some idea of both, but few of those who don't read German really know either the poet or his play. Some associate Faust with Marlowe's tragedy or Rembrandt's etching, others with Berlioz' cantata or Thomas Mann's novel; more people with Gounod's opera. Few realize that Gounod's *Faust* is based on the First Part of Goethe's drama, and ignores the Second; fewer still that it does not give an adequate idea even of the First Part. Charles Lamb criticized Goethe, saying: "What has Margaret to do with Faust?" But there is much more to Goethe's Part One, though not to Gounod's opera, than the Gretchen tragedy. (Goethe sometimes calls her Margaret, sometimes more affectionately Gretchen.) Uncertainty about the *end* of Goethe's Faust is even more widespread, and even those who know that he is saved are frequently unsure about the details.

In 1949, when Goethe's two-hundredth birthday was widely celebrated, Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary faithfully reflected the fortunes of Faust in the English-speaking world: "Faust" rated a special entry and was defined as "The title and hero of a drama by Goethe." But the lexicographers' respect for Goethe exceeded their knowledge of his play, leading them to say of Faust's end: "After a sensual life he is carried off by the Devil, but in the final act he is regenerated and his soul is saved"—as if the last act but one were set in hell.

Perhaps the last quality which most people associate with *Faust* is its overflowing humor, which runs the whole

ingen (1773) and his novel on *Werther* (1774) were instant successes. Werther's suicide actually inspired many lovelorn young men and women, in France as well as Germany: their corpses were fished from the water with copies of the novel in their pockets.

Well before he was thirty, Goethe had proved himself a master of the drama, of the novel, and of lyric poetry as well. He needed only to repeat himself to enjoy perpetual acclaim. What distinguishes Goethe is less this early attainment of success, though his versatility is certainly unusual, than his deliberate refusal to repeat himself. No sooner had he achieved mastery in one style than he attempted another.

Late in 1775 he went to Weimar, where he joined the state cabinet and took his administrative duties very seriously. A German cartoon shows one army officer saying to another: "There's one thing about that Goethe I can't understand: how can a minister of state find time to write that many poems?" In the most complete German edition, Goethe's works, letters, and diaries fill 143 volumes. Few lives are so fully documented. Of course, by no means everything he wrote is first-rate, but—or perhaps it is because—he worked constantly and never sought the easy way out, least of all by following a formula. No other writer of equal rank had such varied interests, or scattered his contributions over such a range of fields. He made an anatomical discovery, proposed an important hypothesis in botany, worked out a theory of colors, directed a theatre for twenty-six years—the man whose works were performed most often was Mozart—and he took a lively, fruitful interest in everything that came his way. Like Nietzsche, he might well have said: *Nur wer sich wandelt, bleibt mit mir verwandt*—only those who continue to change remain my kin.

By 1790, Goethe had consummated German classicism, writing plays quite unlike the Shakespearean *Goetz*. Both his *Iphigenie* (1787) and his *Tasso* (1790) have

tempts to understand an individual had not been so strongly based on the idea of development.

He continued to write scientific essays, poetry, and criticism; carried on a vast and highly interesting correspondence—his letters to his friend Zelter, a composer, are of special interest; finished a sequel to *Wilhelm Meister*; said profound things in conversations, recorded, as the poet must have realized, by his young secretary, Eckermann (others, too, wrote down their conversations with him, and eventually, long after his death, all such records were collected and published in German in five volumes); and, not least, kept working on *Faust* until a few months before he died on March 22, 1832, at the age of eighty-two. He had the satisfaction of finishing the Second Part, tied it up for posthumous publication, and refused either to open the batch of papers or to reveal how the play ended.

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Faust. Reacting against the traditional German idolatry of Goethe's *Faust*, which began practically as soon as the *Fragment* was published in 1790, Nietzsche, in *The Wanderer and His Shadow* (1880), ridiculed "The *Faust* idea. A little seamstress is seduced and made unhappy; a great scholar in all four branches of learning is the evildoer. Surely that could not have happened without supernatural interference? No, of course not! Without the aid of the incarnate devil the great scholar could never have accomplished this. Should this really be the greatest German 'tragic idea,' as is said among the Germans? But for Goethe even this idea was still too terrible. His mild heart could not help putting the little seamstress, 'the good soul who forgot herself but once,' close to the saints after her involuntary death; indeed, by a trick played on the devil at the decisive moment, he even brought the great scholar to heaven at just the right time—the good man'

outstanding, suffering humanity: Gretchen, Philemon and Baucis, Gretchen's mother.

The death of Philemon and Baucis in the fifth act of Part Two involves no tragic conflict in Faust's mind: he has given different instructions; their death is a hideous surprise to him; but again he takes it in his stride. It is another episode, no more. In retrospect we realize, if it was not clear to us all along, that Gretchen's tragedy, too, was a mere episode. The drama is epic, the effect cumulative.

In all these respects *Faust* is distinctly un-Greek, non-Aristotelian, modern. It reminds us of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, which was modeled on it, of the epic theatre of Bertold Brecht—in the nineteen-fifties Brecht staged Goethe's *Urfaust* in East Berlin—and even of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*.

In another aphorism of *The Wanderer and His Shadow* (#109), Nietzsche rather pointedly calls "the conversations with Eckermann the best German book there is." He preferred the mature Goethe—who was untimely, unpopular, and widely resented because he was so unromantic, civilized, and humane—to *Faust*, the all-too-popular creation that was threatening to eclipse him.*

Still: are the conversations with Eckermann a greater book than *Faust*? Happily, one need not choose; but the case for *Faust* must certainly depend upon a very different conception of the drama from the one Nietzsche derided. As a nineteenth-century philosophic poem and the vehicle of "the Faust idea," the play is nearly as inadequate as it would be if considered as an attempt at a Shakespearean tragedy. But Goethe himself knew that.

Even as he realized that he was constitutionally incapable of writing anything "truly tragic"—and actually

* For his final tribute to Goethe, near the end of *Twilight of the Idols*, see *The Portable Nietzsche*, pp. 553–55; for some other pertinent quotations, see my *Nietzsche*, Meridian Books, especially pp. 131ff.

stated the moral: "The Germans are really strange people. With their profound thoughts and ideas, which they seek everywhere and project into everything, they make life harder for themselves than they should. Oh, that at long last you had the courage for once to *yield yourselves to your impressions*, to let yourselves be delighted, let yourselves be moved, let yourselves be elevated, yes, to let yourselves be taught and inspired and encouraged for something great; only do not always think that everything is vain if it is not some abstract thought or ideal"

This cutting remark about "the Germans" applies to hosts of non-German literary critics and historians and to the majority of students trained by them. Almost everybody tries to be profound; where the Germans in the nineteenth century sought ideas, the twentieth-century American seeks recurring images and symbols.

Goethe, however, was not heartless. He laughed at the scholars, but he took pity on them. In a conversation he remarked: "For thirty years almost, they have plagued themselves with the broomsticks of the Blocksberg and the monkeys' conversation in the witch's kitchen, which occur in *Faust*, and the interpreting and allegorizing of this dramatic-humorous nonsense has never gone too well. Indeed, one should indulge in such jokes more often while one is young . . ." And on June 1, 1831, less than a year before he died, Goethe wrote Zelter that the play was all but finished, and added: "It is no trifle to put forth in one's eighty-second year what one conceived in one's twentieth, and to clothe such an internal, living skeleton with ligaments, flesh, and skin, and on top of that to wrap a few mantle folds around the finished product that it may altogether remain an evident riddle, delight men on and on, and give them something to work on."

Few writers have given the scholars so much to work

* Quoted in Otto Pniower's *Goethe's Faust: Zeugnisse und Excurse zu seiner Entstehungsgeschichte* (1899), #973.

a complete refusal to consider the historic background of his drama.

The historic Faust was born, it seems, in Knittlingen, Württemberg, about 1480. (Luther was born in 1483.) According to Melanchthon, Luther's friend, Faust studied magic at the University of Cracow, in Poland. In those days, magic was also taught at the Universities of Salamanca and Toledo. There are reports that Faust disparaged Jesus' miracles and boasted that, whatever Christ had done, he, too, could do as of a as he wished. Needless to add, Luther and Melanchthon regarded Faust with horror and contempt.

Others, more impressed by him, induced him to teach school, but it is said that he molested the boys entrusted to his care and, found out, had to flee to escape punishment. Many traditions connect him with the city of Erfurt. The story goes that at the university there he lectured on Homer, and, to entertain his students, confronted them with Homer's heroes in the flesh. A Franciscan monk, Konrad Klinge, admonished Faust to return to God and threatened him with eternal damnation; but Faust is said to have replied:

"My dear sir, I realize that you are well disposed toward me, and I know myself what you have been telling me. But I have gone further than you think and have pledged myself to the devil with my own blood, to be his in eternity, body and soul. How, then, can I return? Or how could I be helped?"

Klinge replied: "That can be done if you seriously implore God's grace and mercy, truly repent and atone, renounce magic and association with devils, and neither vex nor seduce anyone: then we shall hold mass for you in our monastery that you may be rid of the devil."

"Mass, mass, mass!" retorted Faust. "My agreement ties me down irrevocably. I have deliberately despised God, have committed perjury and faithlessness against him, have believed and trusted in the devil more than in

Christopher Marlowe was the first great poet to take up the theme. In his *Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* the orthodox, pious moral of the German *Historia of Dr. Johann Faust* is retained, but the magnificent poetry of Faust's best lines, including his magnificent last monologue, gives him a tragic dignity.

Ah, Faustus,

*Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul
O lente, lente, currite noctis equi
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul—half a drop: ah, my Christ!
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone; and see where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
Nol nol
Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring clouds,
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.*

(The clock strikes.)

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon!

"saved" is not what truly moves us: these dicta are glosses on the tragedy that we behold throughout the last scene. In Marlowe's drama, on the other hand, the question of Faust's eternal destiny is central, and Marlowe's orthodox handling of it, far from ensuring tragedy, is incompatible with real tragedy. In my *Critique of Religion and Philosophy* (section 77), I have argued that there cannot be a Christian tragedy; and Marlowe's attempt is a case in point. Mozart was profoundly perceptive when he called his (and da Ponte's) parallel effort, *Don Giovanni*, a *dramma giocoso*. There, too, comic and serious scenes alternate; there, too, the hero is in the end dragged down to hell; and a final chorus assures us that "this is the end of one who lived ill." There is a sense of tragic waste, to be sure, in Marlowe as in Mozart, but that is insufficient to make the end "truly tragic." It is therefore no accident that Marlowe's play, as it was performed on the stages of Europe, was transformed into a comedy. His ending permitted that; Goethe's Dungeon scene, hardly.

Still, "The Second Part of the Tragedy" remained to be written: eventually, Faust had to die, and the question of his posthumous fate must be faced by Goethe, too. At this point, the historic background helps us to appreciate the deliberate unorthodoxy of the end of Goethe's drama. What at first glance may seem Christian and traditional is actually the antithesis of the traditional and Christian treatment of the theme. Goethe's Faust is saved.

Goethe may not have read Marlowe's *Faustus* until relatively late in life. He certainly read a translation in 1818 and in a conversation of 1829 paid lavish tribute to the play. But soon after Marlowe was killed in a fight, at twenty-nine, in 1593, English players, traveling on the continent, introduced the story on the German stage, where it soon became as popular as the Faust books. The tragedy became a comedy, and the comedy gave puppet plays. It was in the form of one of these puppet

with a minimum of trouble. Merely to name the best known among them: *Doctor Faustus* contains a lot of scenes which only a Shakespearean genius was capable of conceiving. And how much in love was Germany, and partly still is, with its *Doctor Faustus!* One of my friends has preserved an old draft of this tragedy and he has given me a scene . . . Here it is! . . . What do you think of this scene? You wish for a German play full of such scenes? I do, too."

The scene had been written by Lessing himself.

Lessing died in 1781 without having finished his *Faustus*; but his praise of Shakespeare, which in 1759 was revolutionary and a testimony to Lessing's genius, left a lasting mark on German literature and helped to inaugurate its greatest period. In his collected works, we find a letter about his lost drafts for the play from a Captain von Blankenburg, dated May 14, 1784. Of the ending, the letter says: "Enough, the hosts of hell believe that they have accomplished their work; in the fifth act they sound songs of triumph, when an apparition from the higher world interrupts them most unexpectedly and yet in the most natural and reassuring manner: 'Do not triumph!' the angel shouts at them; 'you have not vanquished humanity and science; the deity did not give man the noblest of drives to make him eternally unhappy; what you have seen and now believe to possess was nothing but a phantom.'"

Another note, signed by I. I. Engel, informs us that in the first scene of Lessing's *Faustus* the devils' boasts are countered "with the solemn but gently spoken words that sound from above: 'You shall not win!' . . . The angel buries Faustus in a deep sleep and puts a phantom in his place. With this the devils have their sport until, at the moment when they want to come into final possession of it, it disappears. Everything that happens to this phantom is a dream vision for the real Faustus who is asleep: he awakens after the devils have withdrawn in shame

The question remains: historical scholarship undermines naïve expectations about originality, and Goethe himself derided the quest for philosophical ideas; what, then, makes Goethe's *Faust* world literature?

5

Goethe's characters and economy. Shakespeare, too, took many of his themes from history and from previous writers, and his greatness is emphatically not a function of abstract ideas. No doubt, in disparaging ideas, Goethe meant to associate himself with Shakespeare, although he considered the bard "a being of a higher order to whom I look up" (Eckermann, March 30, 1824). Goethe is indeed infinitely closer to Shakespeare than to Dante, not only in his impatience with philosophy and in his bold irregularities but also in his deliberate concern to entertain and to be interesting and rewarding at *every* level, including that of the untutored reader who wants little more than a sustained diversion. Much of Part Two, of course, is rather heavy going and has never attained popularity even in Germany, where it is considered the domain of scholars and commentators. These portions have been omitted in the present volume, but the first scene and the last act of Part Two, which are offered here, can be enjoyed without any commentaries, like Part One.

The marvel of *Faust* is, first of all, that in a relatively small space it reflects the poet's whole career from his twenties to his eighties—the whole range of his impressions, moods, concerns, styles, genius. Most of his other works reflect a single stage of his development, one or at most two styles, and thus give no idea of his versatility and his sustained growth. *Faust* is the whole *opus* in microcosm.

Next, the immense power of Goethe's characters should be noted. *Faust* leaps out of the book. He was quickly



own only in the twentieth century, after Heine and Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky and Nietzsche, Freud and Shaw, Gide and Joyce, Mann and Sartre—who would hardly be offended at being called Mephisto's progeny—had changed our sensibilities.

Of course, Goethe's Mephistopheles is not without ancestors, and the most important of these may be found in the Bible. It is a commonplace that Goethe's Prologue in Heaven is modeled on the first two chapters of the Book of Job, but it has not been widely noted how much his Mephisto owes to the few lines spoken by Satan. After God's praise of Job, "that there is none like him on the earth, a blameless and upright man who fears God and turns away from evil, Satan answered the Lord: Does Job fear God for nothing?" And after God has taken away all that Job had and reproved Satan, saying that "still he holds fast his integrity," Satan retorts: "Skin for skin! All that a man has he will give for his life; but put forth your hand now and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse you to your face." This is Mephistopheles *in ovo*: a cynicism of nihilistic proportions. But what poet before Goethe realized this possibility? And it was Goethe, too, who fused this nihilism with his own inimitable sense of humor, now broad and earthy, now acidly penetrating.

Some critics still lament the fact that some of Heine's tenderest poems are punctured in the last line by a ruthless cynicism. They do not deny that this is specifically modern, but it is an aspect of modernity that they oppose. It was partly for this reason that the early twentieth-century poet Stefan George, and his very influential "Circle," considered Heine an arch-villain. (They had other reasons, too; for example, Heine's immensely witty but nasty polemic against the poet Platen, though written in 1829, was in many ways applicable to Stefan George—not only as a man but also as a poet.) George's followers, ranging all the way from the perceptive Friedrich Gundolf to some brutal Nazi hacks, lacked the deeply hu-

ing: "In and for itself, Mephistopheles, as a supernatural being, can embody only the idea of evil, of negation. Already his humor is in itself an unjustified addition; still more so, everything else that characterizes him as an individual character." In due time, of course, the commentator tries to make his peace with Goethe, but, like most commentators, he finds humor hard to pardon.

The other characters in *Faust* are of much smaller scope—and meant to be—even Gretchen. She needs no praise; she reminds us of Hegel's remark, "Phidias has no manner." The characterization is not subtle, it is perfect.

Goethe's virtuosity is at its height in the creation of some of the minor figures. Lieschen has only a single, very short scene; so does Valentine. Drafts for both scenes were included in the *Urfaust*; so was the characterization of Wagner, earlier in the play, and the delightful dialogue between Mephisto and the student. Here was a talent—a genius—Goethe possessed from the start. And in the figure of Wagner, he took care of half of his commentators before they were born. Even Shakespeare rarely, if ever, created such compelling portraits with so few strokes. What a contrast to the great lengths of Part Two in which a single notion is again and again spun out for pages—for example, Mephistopheles' invention of paper money and, also in the first act, the manner in which the women find fault with Helen's apparition, while praising Paris to the skies, and the men do just the opposite. Goethe, like Shakespeare and most great artists, was not always at his best. But in almost all of Part One and in the last act of the Second Part as well, his economy is as impressive as his wonderful array of characters.

Another feature of the play that approximates perfection is the craftsmanship of the construction. We seem to be confronted with an "epic theatre" over a hundred years before Bert Brecht. Even Part One appears loose

posed that the intended text was infinitely coarser than it is in fact. But these are trifles.

Those who know Joyce's *Ulysses* will realize how much of an avant-gardist Goethe was when he published the *Walpurgis Night* in 1808; and those who recall that Shaw's "*Don Juan in Hell*" is really a dream sequence or intermezzo in his *Man and Superman* may be surprised to note that Shaw, too, followed Goethe. In this perspective, one should ask not only whether such dramatic innovations do not heighten the appeal of *Faust* but also whether both scenes are not functional.

The *Walpurgis Night* unquestionably belongs in its place, and it is psychologically profound. Far from interrupting the action and merely providing the poet with an opportunity to blow off steam, this scene, too, is a splendid example of Goethe's craftsmanship. Faust has fled after killing Valentine; Gretchen is alone. The play is not called "*Margaret*" but *Faust*; so Gretchen's agony is sketched in briefly with a few superb strokes: At the Well, City Wall, and Night have all but brought it to a climax—after Faust leaves her, the short Cathedral scene suffices. It is too early for the Dungeon scene: time must be allowed for the birth of Gretchen's child and her imprisonment, though there is no need to record her sufferings epically; the Dungeon scene can get that across, all at once, with overpowering effect. But where is Faust while Gretchen's misery passes endurance? At the *Walpurgis Night*, seeking forgetfulness, not quite succeeding. As the Lord told Mephistopheles, Faust, "in his darkling aspiration, remembers the right road"; he remembers it, but he does not choose it. Even insofar as Faust is a representative character and not only an individual in a play, the contrast between Gretchen's agony and Faust's *Walpurgis Night* bears the stamp of genius.

The *Walpurgis Night's Dream* is more problematic. It would not belong here if Goethe had meant to write a play about Gretchen. Clearly, he didn't; and the "Dream"

and the reference here is, of course, to Goethe himself. The *Xenien*, like the *Intermezzo*, can be enjoyed without erudition: instead of inquiring who it was that the poet had in mind, it is much more fruitful to ask whom in our own time the verse might fit. Two examples may show what is meant. The first was written by Schiller:

*Do you desire to please the pious as well as the worldlings?
Give us a picture of lust—and the devil beside it.*

The second was one of Goethe's *Xenien*:

*When you blasphemed the gods of the Greeks, Apollo hurled
you
From Mount Parnassus; but you are assured of heaven.*

After the *Xenien* have had their say, *Hennings* appears.

August Adolf von Hennings had published a journal, entitled *Genius of the Age*, and had attacked Schiller in it. In 1800, he changed the title to *Genius of the 19th Century*, but two years later it folded. Goethe's "*Ci-devant* Genius of the Age" is explained by a commentator: "because it had folded in 1802"; but it may also refer to the change of the title: "*Formerly*, Genius of the Age." *Musaget* was the title Hennings had given to a collection of his own poetry in two volumes (1798-99). Goethe evidently thought that Hennings had not been kissed by the muses and might as well have invoked witches.

That Goethe associated the *Crane* with Johann Kaspar Lavater (1741-1801) and the *Idealist* probably with Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1762-1814), matters even less. If what he derided made sense only when applied to some of his contemporaries, then the *Intermezzo* might indeed be out of place here. But *Orthodox* is certainly not merely Count Friedrich Leopold von Stolberg, who had attacked Schiller's poem on "The Gods of Greece." All these characters are somehow timeless.

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the original German, but for the vast majority of educated readers. That Goethe was a hundred years ahead of his time, and his *Faust*, alienated from his own world and from classical antiquity, too, can be understood only in terms of both and is thus related to Joyce's Stephen—that commends the Second Part to modern readers. But though it is a work of genius, most of it, except the portions offered here, is inferior to Part One in one respect: Goethe never gave it the ruthless pruning he had given to Part One.

You may say that in that way it was after all the product of failing powers; or you may say that in that respect, too, Goethe was ahead of his time: alienated from his public, writing a drama not only without any wish to see it staged but too much out of tune with his age to care for the least response. He deliberately spurned publication during his life and refused to divulge or discuss the end. Though at times he forced himself to work and commandeered the muses, so he might complete his project, he also indulged himself and did not strive for that superlative economy which some of his best poetry shares with large parts of the Old Testament.

For the translator, who must dwell carefully on every line, Part Two contains enormous lengths, and what lies between the first scene and the last act is not altogether tempting. To let Goethe speak English is one thing; to transpose into English his attempt to imitate Greek poetry in German is another. Those who wish to study Part Two but have no German should find the Victorian archaisms of existing English versions one of the lesser obstacles. It is my hope that those who would like to *enjoy* Goethe's *Faust*—as opposed to those who want to be able to say that they have read it, all of it—may find the present version readable from beginning to end, and as faithful as any.

under the Emperor's land is his. Mephistopheles is told to produce money; but meanwhile, everybody is looking forward to a carnival and masked ball. Everybody leaves, except Mephisto, who speaks the often quoted words:

*The way desert and fortune blend,
The fools will never comprehend.*

2. *Large room, decked out for a masked ball* (lines 5065-5986): This scene is as long as Part One from Faust's opening monologue to Mephistopheles' first speech, or from "The Neighbor's House" to the "Wal-purgis Night"; but it is not distinguished either by many striking lines or by any magnificent characterizations, and it contributes little to the action. Faust and Mephistopheles perform some magic and produce much gold.

3. *Pleasure garden* (lines 5987-6172): The invention of paper money is completed, with notes announcing that they are worth a thousand crowns, backed up by the security of the buried gold.

4. *Gloomy gallery* (lines 6173-6306): Faust informs Mephisto that the Emperor wants to see Helen and Paris, without delay. Mephisto explains that the ancient pagans are not his business because they dwell in a hell of their own; "but there is a way." Faust presses him, and he declares: "It is the *Mothers*." Faust retorts, alarmed: "Mothers!" And again: "The Mothers! Mothers!—It sounds so strange!" Mephisto gives Faust a key, which grows in Faust's hand, and tells him that the key will guide him to the Mothers, where he will find a tripod. He must touch the tripod with the key, the tripod will then follow him on the way back; and once he has that, he will be able to conjure up Helen and Paris.

5. *Brightly illuminated halls* (lines 6307-6376): A blonde, a brunet, a lady, and a page boy crowd around Mephistopheles to receive his advice, in turn. In the first three cases, he relies on magic; but to the boy he says:

You do not seem to know how rude you are.

In German, this line is often quoted, as is the retort:

When you're polite in German, you are lying.

At that point, Mephisto, whose chair has casters, rolls forward to the front of the stage and addresses the audience:

*Up here, I fear, I'm quite unpopular;
Will you grant me asylum, if he becomes too trying?*

The Baccalaureus continues to denounce the old and suggests that a man past thirty is as good as dead, and "it would be best to kill you in good time." His final speech is a parody of philosophical Idealism ("The world was not till I created it"), and commentators have argued whether Goethe was thinking of Fichte or of Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Representation*. When the latter appeared in 1819, Schopenhauer was just over thirty, and in any case the half-baked philosophy of the Baccalaureus bears little similarity to the considerable subtlety of both philosophers. After the Baccalaureus leaves, Mephisto says:

*Depart, "original" enthusiast!
How would this insight peeve you: whatsoever
A human being thinks, if dumb or clever,
Was thought before him in the past.
In a few years the young man will have changed;
There is no danger, he may turn out fine:
Although the must behaves as if deranged,
Eventually we get a wine.*

(To the younger spectators in the orchestra,
who do not applaud:)

*My words appear to leave you cold;
You children need no reprimand:
You see, the devil is quite old—
Grow old and you will understand.*

2. Laboratory, in the medieval style, with elaborate

*Dingy brown stone, musty and horrid,
With pointed arches, cramped and florid
If he awakes, surrounded by such rot,
He's sure to die right on the spot.*

Faust has to be taken to surroundings similar to those which he saw in his dream, and Homunculus suddenly recalls that even now the classical Walpurgis Night is going on, "the best thing that could happen." Mephisto hesitates because he has a low opinion of the Greeks, but Homunculus lures him with a reference to Thessalian witches. They decide to leave Wagner behind, though he is afraid that he will never see Homunculus again. The scene ends as Mephisto says, *ad spectatores*:

*In the end, we are dependent
Upon creatures we have made.*

3. *Classical Walpurgis Night* (lines 7005-8487): Like the masked ball in Act One, and the Walpurgis Night in Part One, this scene cannot be summarized. First we see "Pharsalian Fields," and Faust's first words are: "Where is she?" Soon he leaves and the scene shifts to the Upper Peneios, where Mephisto, soon joined again by Faust, encounters sphinxes and sirens. Then we are taken to the Lower Peneios where Faust engages in a long dialogue with Chiron. Back at the Upper Peneios, we eventually encounter Thales and Anaxagoras, two pre-Socratic philosophers, arguing whether water or fire has played the decisive role in shaping the earth. Other classical characters appear; still more, after the scene shifts to the "Rocky Coves of the Aegean." The act ends as Homunculus is shattered on the shell of Galatea.

ACT THREE

1. *Before the palace of Menelaus at Sparta* (lines 8488-9126): Helen appears, and speaks:

*Should I view it from a distance?
No, I share their grief and pain.*



He feels as if he had suddenly grown wings and throws himself into the air; his garments bear him aloft for a moment, then "a beautiful youth falls at his parents' feet; the corpse seems to resemble a familiar form, but immediately the body vanishes, the aureole rises skyward like a comet, and clothes, cloak, and lyre remain on the ground." Euphorion's voice is heard once more "from the depth":

*In the gloomy realm, mother,
Do not leave me alone!*

The chorus sings a dirge, and then Helen turns to Faust:

*An ancient word, alas, applies also to me:
That beauty and good fortune are not long united.
Torn into pieces is life's bond as well as love's;
Lamenting both in agony, I say farewell,
And one more time I throw myself into your arms.
Persephonia, accept thou the boy and me!*

"She embraces Faust, her body vanishes, dress and veil alone remain in his arms." Phorkyas advises Faust that the dress has magic powers and, if he will only cling to it, may lift him above everything common. "Helen's clothes dissolve into clouds, surround Faust, lift him up and drift away with him." The act ends with choral odes. "The curtain falls. Phorkyas, in the proscenium, raises herself to gigantic height, steps down, takes off mask and veil, and shows herself as Mephistopheles in order to offer some commentary on the play in an epilogue, if that should prove necessary."

ACT FOUR

1. *High mountains* (lines 10,039-10,344): A cloud approaches, parts, and Faust emerges. After a fine soliloquy,

understood at times. The Archbishop-Arch-Chancellor speaks:

The chancellor has left, the bishop remains here,
Sent by the warning spirit to gain the emperor's
ear.

The Father's heart is worried because you are
so weak.

EMPEROR:

What anxious thoughts move you in this gay
hour? Speak!

ARCHBISHOP:

What bitter pain I feel, as I find in this hour
Your holy head allied with Satan's evil power!
Although your crown seems safe, it certainly is
shocking.

Both God, our Lord, and our dear father Pope
you're mocking.

And when the latter hears it, he will be sorrowful
And smash your sinful realm with his most holy
bull.

He has not yet forgotten how at the jubilee,
When you were crowned, you set the sinful
wizard free.

Harming Christianity, it was from your high
place

That his accursed head was first redeemed by
grace.

Therefore, beat now your breast; of your sinful
delight

Give to the sanctuary a tiny little mite.

That wide strip of the mountains, where your
tent was erected,

Where evil spirits joined by whom you were pro-
tected,

Where to the Prince of Lies you listened
willingly,

achievements which may well surpass all kindred English efforts, they do not attain the quality of the originals. But they set a standard: while a translator cannot compete with the original poet—except occasionally in short poems—he can and should try to be faithful to the poet's meaning and form. Meter should be preserved as far as possible, and one has no right to add or subtract lines.

In English, lacking Voss and Schlegel, these standards have never been commonly accepted, and there is always talk—and not only talk—of re-creating poems altogether by adding something of one's own to make up for what is lost. Second-rate material may benefit from such generosity, but not major poems—not even when the translator himself is a good poet. Schiller's German version of *Macbeth* does not compare with Schlegel's efforts, precisely because Schiller, though a greater poet than Schlegel, was much freer and interpolated speeches and removed the Porter scene. His version, intended for a performance on the Weimar stage, antedated Schlegel's work which made the German conscience far more sensitive in matters of this sort. Some English translators of *Faust* have seen fit to add a great deal of their own. Anster's version, for example, has gone through over thirty editions, though he thought nothing of occasionally more than doubling the length of a speech.

If anybody can produce a collection of passages better than Goethe's, let him offer these creations as his own—with apologies to Goethe, if necessary. Most attempts at improvements, however, would never deserve a reading in their own right.

Shelley did not take such liberties when he translated the "Prologue in Heaven" from *Faust*; when he had something of his own to say, he did it over his own name. But his version is by no means as superior as we should have to expect if the usual talk about the translator as poet were true. Rilke did a great deal of translating, much of it superb, but never took the liberties which most trans-

ever, is only a half-truth; and an illustration from the King James Bible may show how its magnificent rhetoric, "modern" in its time, contrasts with the original.

After selling Joseph into slavery, his brothers dipped his coat of many colors into a goat's blood and showed it to their father, saying: "This we have found; look whether it is your son's coat or not." The King James Version proceeds: "And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." The Hebrew reads more nearly like this—and was clearly not "appointed to be read in churches," but to express the old man's outcry: "He knew it and said: my son's coat! an evil beast devoured him! torn—torn is Joseph!"

The King James Bible minimizes the enormous difference between Isaiah's Hebrew and the highly colloquial Greek of much of the New Testament: everything comes to sound almost equally ornate and majestic; the distinction between prose and poetry is made to disappear; and the whole book creates the peculiar "holy tone" of the pulpits.

A complete change of style in a translation always changes much more, too. Imagine Genesis in doggerel, or read the Psalms in one or another verse translation, or give up the wealth of different rhyme schemes and meters in *Faust*: every time, the character of the original becomes transformed.

Goethe's disregard for conventions, his originality, and the irregularity of forms in *Faust* do not present the translator with indulgences. Goethe neither made things easy for himself nor depreciated form. On the contrary. When he published *Faust: A Fragment* in 1790, he held back the most powerful scene of the whole play, the Dungeon scene; and he refused to publish that until he had succeeded in transposing it into rhymes to modulate its effect.

In some respects, the translator's problem in the case of

translation should not say things that are not in the original, and that things said in the original are to be found in the translation.

In the end, some of Goethe's own remarks about translating may be quoted. To Eckermann he said, December 30, 1823: "If you render the incisive monosyllabic words of the English with polysyllabic or composite German words, all force and effect is lost immediately." On June 13, 1825, he remarked to Friedrich von Müller: "When translating foreign folk songs, incredibly much depends on maintaining the word order of the original." And in a conversation with Friedrich Förster, in May 1829, Goethe made fun of various translations of his *Faust*. He laughed at an English version of Gretchen's ballad about the king of Thule that read in part:

*He called for his confessor,
Left all to his successor . . .*

He considered the rhyme an insufficient excuse for the confessor: "the King of Thule reigned before the flood; there were no confessors at that time." And he ridiculed Madame de Staël's version of "*Misshör mich nicht, du holdes Angesicht!*" as "*Ne m'interprète pas mal, charmante créature!*"

11

Goethe versus Faust. Goethe's world view cannot be analyzed in a brief introduction, but a very few remarks may serve as a basis for reflection. Goethe should not be confounded with Faust, whose characteristic impatience he outgrew early. The poet generally liked to project himself into both of the male leads in his plays, and he cannot be identified with either of them. Unlike Faust, Goethe despised neither reason nor the present, and Mephisto's short monologue after the pact scene, before the Student appears, is worth recalling:

own way of life. The poet knew that intense appreciation of the moment need not by any means entail the "bed of sloth" that Faust scorns. In many ways, Goethe was very different from Faust, but he let his creature be saved even so—not least from a spirit of world-embracing tolerance, the same spirit in which the Lord says of Mephisto: "I never hated those who were like you." In Goethe's world view, evil, too, is redeemed in the total design of the cosmos.

12

Faust and philosophy. Being a philosopher, I have leaned over backward in this introduction to suggest that *Faust* can be enjoyed and discussed without recourse to philosophy. I have emphasized Goethe's disparagement of ideas and suggested that the play is impressive and rewarding if it is read, first of all, for its magnificent character studies. Still, *Faust* represents one of the most ambitious efforts ever made in literature to impose order of a sort on the whole world of man's thought and experience, "from heaven through the world to hell." This is surely the main reason why the play has often been compared with the great epics of Homer and Dante. The significance of man's quest, efforts, and existence is part of the subject matter of the drama.

When Goethe disclaimed any central idea, he was surely ingenuous: his drama is not a device to get across a message. But the fact that it is not an allegory and that there is no theology or philosophy behind it, waiting for a commentator, is not necessarily a defect.

In his conviction that no philosophic system can do justice to the world, that man's experience is irreducible to any set of concepts, and that literature might well reflect the ambiguity of life, which always invites many differing interpretations, each of them inadequate if it is taken by itself and leaves out of account the sheer ab-

sis, might teach us the same thing: inexhaustibility consists in large part in the possibility of ever-new interpretations. And Goethe, too, received decisive impressions from Old Testament narratives.

What makes the comparison with Kafka somewhat more appropriate than that with the Bible is Goethe's whimsical humor and his taste for the absurd—even the grotesque. Although *Faust* has no message, the drama leads us to wonder whether there is any moral world order at all, and to what extent moral judgments make sense. Goethe's opposition to the resentful bourgeois morality that would like to monopolize the word "morality"—and that comes close to having a monopoly on the term "immoral"—is quite as deep as Nietzsche's, though characteristically less vehement: Lieschen, in Part One, helps to make that clear; so does Goethe's remark, in a conversation: "I, pagan? Well, after all, I let Gretchen be executed and Otilie [in the *Elective Affinities*] starve to death; don't people find that Christian enough? What do they want that would be more Christian?" Gretchen's execution is part of life as it is; her redemption and Faust's are projections of a way of looking at the world—an outlook which is, in Nietzsche's famous phrase, "beyond good and evil."

No absolute moral distinctions seem to remain. Goethe scholars may think of connecting this attitude with Goethe's "biologism"; others will be sure to disagree. But an Introduction is clearly not the place for trying to give final answers to questions that have perplexed great minds for well over a century—indeed for thousands of years. Suffice it here to call attention to these issues and to point out that the relevance of *Faust* to such concerns has much to do with its rank in world literature.

To suppose that *Faust* is of interest primarily to philosophers would be as wrong as the assumption that it is only a character play with a lot of wit and some fine poetry, distinguished by superlative craftsmanship and

GOETHE'S FAUST:

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BEFORE THE CITY GATE. (First we encounter "people of all kinds," then Faust and Wagner. The colloquial beginning contrasts with Faust's famous speeches later in this scene: "Released from the ice . . ."; "See how, touched by the sunset's parting power . . ."; and "Two souls, alas, are dwelling in my breast . . ." But elsewhere in this scene, Faust, too, strikes a decidedly colloquial note.)	125
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of Goethe's essentially lyric bent—and his contempt for dramatic unity where it might compromise a subtle shade of feeling—that he writes *Gretchen* here and in some of the following scenes, instead of being consistent and writing *Margaret*. This Gretchen scene was already part of the *Urfaust*—the earliest extant version of the drama—but Goethe did not leave it unchanged in other respects. The scene itself is wholly lyrical—a song.) 321

MARTHA'S GARDEN. (Faust, after being "catechized" by Gretchen, persuades her to give her mother a potion and to leave her bedroom door unbolted that night. The potion, though Faust presumably does not realize this, will cause her mother's death. Mephisto appears at the end of the scene.) 325

AT THE WELL. Gretchen and Lieschen with Jugs. (Lieschen represents a masterly character sketch of resentment.) 335

CITY WALL. (Gretchen's second great song: a prayer to the *Mater Dolorosa*. Here "thou" would be justifiable in English, but the verb forms would interfere with the extemporaneous simplicity and the artless personal form of her address—woman to woman.) 339

NIGHT. Street in Front of Gretchen's Door. (Gretchen's brother, probably originally suggested to Goethe by the figure of Laertes in *Hamlet*, comes to life as a vivid character in a single scene. In a duel with Faust, he is killed by Mephisto's magic. His death, and even more his parting words to Gretchen, are a major factor in unbalancing her mind.) 343

CATHEDRAL. (The Evil Spirit says nothing that Gretchen might not say to herself, but no monologue could equal the dramatic power of the scene in its present form. When Goethe published *Faust: A Fragment* in 1790, he broke it off after this scene.) 355

WALPURGIS NIGHT. (As Gretchen's suffering reaches its climax, Mephisto keeps her fate from Faust and tries

omitted here, the action of Act V can be understood apart from that.) 423

SYNOPSIS OF OMITTED PORTIONS (*Introduction, section 8*)

FIFTH ACT (complete): Open Country. (A wanderer visits an old couple and hears how Faust is gaining land from the sea; but the old woman draws a terrifying picture of his methods.) 431

PALACE. (Faust, who is now—according to Goethe's conversations with Eckermann—a hundred years old, is still dissatisfied with what is present here and now. He covets the old couple's small estate and authorizes Mephisto's men to evict them forcibly and to move them to another place.) 437

DEEP NIGHT. (Lynceus' little poem, with which the scene begins, may have been Goethe's last. It is the antithesis of Faust's attitude. Compare, for example, Faust's outburst as he concludes his pact with Mephisto—"If ever flattering you should wile me/That in myself I find delight,/If with enjoyment you beguile me,/Then break on me, eternal night!"—with Lynceus' "In all things I see/The eternally bright,/And as they please me,/In myself I delight.") 447

MIDNIGHT. (Care, unable to prevail over Faust, blinds him—as the "man of God" in Genesis, who cannot prevail over Jacob, makes him lame.) 453

LARGE OUTER COURT OF THE PALACE. (Faust's last speech and death.) 463

ENTOMBMENT. (It is not only the title of this scene that is parodistic; and while "the flaming city" with its "crimson surf" may seem close to Dante, note the contrast between Dante's majestic gate to the Inferno and Goethe's portable "hell's jaws.") 471

MOUNTAIN GORGES. (Faust's Redemption.) 487

GOETHE'S FAUST

DEDICATION

You come back, wavering shapes, out of the past
In which you first appeared to clouded eyes.
Should I attempt this time to hold you fast?
Does this old dream still thrill a heart so wise?
You crowd? You press? Have, then, your way at
last.

As from the mist around me you arise;
My breast is stirred and feels with youthful pain
The magic breath that hovers round your train.

With you return pictures of joyous days,
Shadows that I once loved again draw near;
Like a primeval tale, half lost in haze,
First love and friendship also reappear;
Grief is renewed, laments retrace the maze
Of Life's strange labyrinthian career,
Recalling dear ones who, by fortune's treason
Robbed of fair hours, passed before my season.

They will not hear me as I sing these songs,
The parted souls to whom I sang the first;
Gone is that first response, in vain one longs

For friendly crowds that have long been dispersed.
My grief resounds to strangers, unknown throngs
Applaud it, and my anxious heart would burst.
Whoever used to praise my poem's worth,
If they still live, stray scattered through the earth.

And I am seized by long forgotten yearning
For that kingdom of spirits, still and grave;
To flowing song I see my feelings turning,
As from aeolian harps, wave upon wave;
A shudder grips me, tear on tear falls burning,
Soft grows my heart, once so severe and brave;
What I possess, seems far away to me,
And what is gone becomes reality.

PRELUDE IN THE THEATRE

Director, Dramatic Poet, Clown.

DIRECTOR:

You two, that often stood by me
In former times of trouble, say:
What are the chances for our play,
If we perform in Germany?
To please crowds is what I desire most,
For they not only live, but let live, too.
The boards are up, and one sees post by post,
And everyone expects a feast from you.
I see them sit there with wide open eyes,
Relaxed and hoping for a great surprise.
I know quite well how people are impressed,
But I have never been in such a spot:
While they are not accustomed to the best,
They certainly have read a lot.
How go about it, so it will seem new,
Significant, and pleasing to them, too?
Of course, I like to see the crowded lanes
When streams of people rush to our place
And, with tremendous and recurrent pains,
Press, eager, through the narrow gate of grace;
When it is day, not even four,

They fight and push each other, coax and vex,
And, as in famine time, for bread at baker's door,
To get a ticket almost break their necks.
This wonder works upon such different men
The poet only—friend, do it again!

POET:

Don't speak to me of crowds at whose mere sight
The spirit flees us! That you could confine
The surging rabble that draws us with might
To compromise our every great design!
Lead me to heaven's silence, whose delight
The poet only feels; let love combine
With friendship to create and nurse
With godlike hands the gift of verse!

What deep in our breast was thus inspired,
What shy lips babbled in a quiet hour,
Clumsy perhaps, and rarely as desired,
Is swallowed by a savage moment's power.
And years may pass before it has acquired
Its perfect form and opens like a flower.
Glitter is coined to meet the moment's rage;
The genuine lives on from age to age.

CLOWN:

From age to age! What silly, fruitless chat!
Posterity! If I would talk of that,
Who would amuse the folks today?
That's what they want, give them their fare!
The presence of a decent lad out there
Amounts to something, I should say.
Who knows the art of pleasant self-expression
Need not resent the popular decree;
He thrives on widespread appreciation,
And moves the mass more certainly.
So be exemplary in every fashion,
Give reign to many-throated fantasy,

To reason, thought, and sentiment, and passion—
But, mark it well, not without foolery!

DIRECTOR:

Above all, let us have a lot of action!
They want a show, that gives them satisfaction.
The more you can enact before their eyes,
The greater is your popular acclaim;
And if the crowd can gape in dumb surprise,
You gain a celebrated name.
The mass is overwhelmed only by masses,
Each likes some part of what has been presented.
He that gives much, gives something to all classes,
And everybody will go home contented.
You have a piece, give it in pieces then!
Write a ragout, you have a pen;
It's easy to invent, and easy to unroll.
What good is it, if you construct a whole?
The public takes it all apart again.

POET:

You do not feel how bad it is to please the rabble,
How artists spurn such craft and cheap applause.
The manner of the hacks that dabble
Has furnished you, I see, with laws.

DIRECTOR:

I am not hurt by your invective:
A man who wants to be effective
Must first make sure his tools are good.
You are like one who would split moldy wood:
Do not forget for whom you writ!
They come when they are bored at night,
Or gorged on roasts and relish, spice and capers,
And—this is the most wretched plight—
Some come right after having read the papers.
They come to us distracted, as to a masquerade,
Propelled by nothing but curiosity;

Their dresses and their jewels, the ladies would
 parade,
 And act without a salary.
 Why do you dream on your poetic height?
 Look at your patrons without awe!
 What gives a crowded house delight?
 One half is cold, one half is raw.
 After the play, one hopes to play at cards,
 Another for an orgy in a harlot's bed.
 With such an aim, you silly bards,
 Why plague the muses? Go ahead,
 Simply give more and more, and always something
 more,
 That never fails—and add some dark allusion:
 Try only to create confusion;
 To satisfy men is a chore.—
 What seizes you? An ecstasy or pain?

POET:

Go hence and seek yourself another slavel
 The noblest right the poet ought to waive?
 The right of man that nature granted him,
 And waste it frivelously for your gain?
 How does he move all hearts, or reign
 Over the elements like cherubim?
 Is it not, streaming forth, the concord of his art
 That carries back the world into his heart?
 When nature forces the unending thread
 Upon her spindle in indifferent tread,
 When all the living lack the least rapport,
 Each playing his disgruntled part—
 Who scans the selfsame lines as they unroll,
 Bestowing life, and quickening, rhythmic motion?
 Who calls each single voice to celebrate the whole,
 So all may blend in musical devotion?
 Who creates tempests to show passion's powers?
 The last red clouds, to grace the mind's repose?
 Who scatters all the spring's most fragrant flowers

Wherever his beloved goes?
Who twines green leaves, worthless as common
clods,
To wreaths of honor that stay always fresh?
Secures Olympus and unites the gods?
The strength of man, in poets become flesh.

CLOWN:

Then use your fair strength skillfully:
The business of poetry
Conduct as if it were a love affair!
One meets by chance, one feels one's way, stays
there,
And by and by, one is entangled;
Happiness grows, then it is mangled,
First rapture comes, then grief and care advance:
Before you know what happened, it is a long
romance.

Give us a play with such emotion!
Reach into life, it is a teeming ocean!
All live in it, not many know it well,
And where you seize it, it exerts a spell.
In motley pictures little clarity,
Much error and a spark of verity—
I tell you, it is brews like these
That never fail to edify and please.
The flower of our youth will come to read
And hear whatever you may be revealing,
And every tender mind will come to feed
Upon your work its melancholy feeling;
One thrills to this, one finds that in your art,
Each sees precisely what is in his heart.
The young are still prepared to weep or show
delight,
They still respect your verve, and laugh at
dreamlike pranks,
Those who have ceased to grow, find nothing
right;

Those who are growing still, will not spare thanks.

POET:

Then give me back, my friend, the times
 When I myself was also growing
 And when a well of rushing rhymes
 Renewed itself as it was flowing;
 The world was shrouded in a haze,
 The bud still promised wondrous powers,
 And I would break a thousand flowers
 With which all valleys were ablaze.
 Nothing I had, and yet profusion:
 The lust for truth, the pleasure in illusion.
 Give back the passions unabated,
 That deepest joy, alive with pain,
 Love's power and the strength of hatred,
 Give back my youth to me again.

CLOWN:

You may need youth, my friend, in battles or in
 raids,
 When cannons roar and soldiers press you,
 Or when adorable young maids
 Put their arms round you and caress you;
 Or when the wreath of honor glances
 Far from the goal of a long run;
 Or when, after impassioned dances,
 One drinks and toasts the rising sun.
 To raise the poet's well-known voice
 With grace in mankind's graceless choir,
 To seek the goal of one's own choice
 With blessed erring—that, good sire,
 Is the sweet duty of the old,
 And we respect you when you play your part.
 Age does not make us childish, as we're told,
 It merely finds we are still young at heart.

DIRECTOR:

We have enough analyses,
 Now I am eager to see deeds;



Prelude in the Theatre

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While you exchange your pleasantries,
Another's useful plan succeeds.
Your talk of moods kindles no flame,
The waverer always waits and loses;
If you are poets as you claim,
Then prove that you command the muses.
You know just what we need, I think:
We want a potent brew to drink.
Concoct it now without delay!
Tomorrow we still miss what is not done today;
There is no day that one should skip,
But one should seize without distrust
The possible with iron grip;
Once grasped, one will not let it slip,
But one works on because one must.

You know, the stage in Germany
Lets each do what he wants to do;
Tonight, therefore, I say to you,
Do not spare our machinery.
Employ the sun and moon, do not hold back!
Use all the stars we have in stock;
Of water, fire, walls of rock,
And beasts and birds there is no lack.
In our narrow house of boards, bestride
The whole creation, far and wide;
Move thoughtfully, but fast as well,
From heaven through the world to hell.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

The Lord, the heavenly hosts.

Later, Mephistopheles.

The three Archangels step forward.

RAPHAEL:

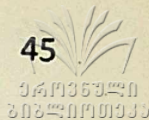
The sun intones, in ancient tourney
With brother spheres, a rival air;
And his predestinated journey,
He closes with a thundrous blare.
His sight, as none can comprehend it,
Gives strength to angels; the array
Of works, unfathomably splendid,
Is glorious as on the first day.

GABRIEL:

Unfathomably swiftly speeded,
Earth's pomp revolves in whirling flight,
As Eden's brightness is succeeded
By deep and dread-inspiring night;
In mighty torrents foams the ocean
Against the rocks with roaring song—
In ever-speeding spheric motion,
Both rock and sea are swept along.

MICHAEL:

And rival tempests roar and ravage
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And, raging, form a chain of savage,



Deeply destructive energy.
There flames a flashing devastation
To clear the thunder's crashing way;
Yet, Lord, thy herald's admiration
Is for the mildness of thy day.

THE THREE:

The sight, as none can comprehend it,
Gives strength to angels; thy array
Of works, unfathomably splendid,
Is glorious as on the first day.

MEPHISTO:

Since you, oh Lord, have once again drawn near,
And ask how we have been, and are so genial,
And since you used to like to see me here,
You see me, too, as if I were a menial.
I cannot speak as nobly as your staff,
Though by this circle here I shall be spurned:
My pathos would be sure to make you laugh,
Were laughing not a habit you've unlearned.
Of suns and worlds I know nothing to say;
I only see how men live in dismay.
The small god of the world will never change his
ways

And is as whimsical—as on the first of days.
His life might be a bit more fun,
Had you not given him that spark of heaven's sun;
He calls it reason and employs it, resolute
To be more brutish than is any brute.
He seems to me, if you don't mind, Your Grace,
Like a cicada of the long-legged race,
That always flies, and, flying, springs,
And in the grass the same old ditty sings;
If only it were grass he could repose in!
There is no trash he will not poke his nose in.

THE LORD:

Can you not speak but to abuse?

Do you come only to accuse?
Does nothing on the earth seem to you right?

MEPHISTO:

No, Lord. I find it still a rather sorry sight.
Man moves me to compassion, so wretched is his
plight.

I have no wish to cause him further woe.

THE LORD:

Do you know Faust?

MEPHISTO:

The doctor?

THE LORD:

Aye, my servant.

MEPHISTO:

Lol

He serves you most peculiarly, I think.
Not earthly are the poor fool's meat and drink.
His spirit's ferment drives him far,
And he half knows how foolish is his quest:
From heaven he demands the fairest star,
And from the earth all joys that he thinks best;
And all that's near and all that's far
Cannot soothe the upheaval in his breast.

THE LORD:

Though now he serves me but confusedly,
I shall soon lead him where the vapor clears.
The gardener knows, however small the tree,
That bloom and fruit adorn its later years.

MEPHISTO:

What will you bet? You'll lose him yet to me,
If you will graciously connive
That I may lead him carefully.

THE LORD:

As long as he may be alive,
So long you shall not be prevented.
Man errs as long as he will strive.

MEPHISTO:

Be thanked for that; I've never been contented
To waste my time upon the dead.
I far prefer full cheeks, a youthful curly-head.
When corpses come, I have just left the house—
I feel as does the cat about the mouse.

THE LORD:

Enough—I grant that you may try to clasp him,
Withdraw this spirit from his primal source
And lead him down, if you can grasp him,
Upon your own abysmal course—
And stand abashed when you have to attest:
A good man in his darkling aspiration
Remembers the right road throughout his quest.

MEPHISTO:

Enough—he will soon reach his station;
About my bet I have no hesitation,
And when I win, concede your stake
And let me triumph with a swelling breast:
Dust he shall eat, and that with zest,
As my relation does, the famous snake.

THE LORD:

Appear quite free on that day, too;
I never hated those who were like you:
Of all the spirits that negate.
The knavish jester gives me least to do.
For man's activity can easily abate,

He soon prefers uninterrupted rest;
To give him this companion hence seems best
Who roils and must as Devil help create.
But you, God's rightful sons, give voice
To all the beauty in which you rejoice;
And that which ever works and lives and grows
Enfold you with fair bonds that love has wrought,
And what in wavering apparition flows

That fortify with everlasting thought.
(*The heavens close, the Archangels disperse.*)

MEPHISTO (*alone*):

I like to see the Old Man now and then
And try to be not too uncivil.
It's charming in a noble squire when
He speaks humanely with the very Devil.



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THE FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY

NIGHT

*In a high-vaulted, narrow Gothic den, Faust, restless in his
armchair at the desk.*

FAUST:

I have, alas, studied philosophy,
Jurisprudence and medicine, too,
And, worst of all, theology
With keen endeavor, through and through—
And here I am, for all my lore,
The wretched fool I was before.
Called Master of Arts, and Doctor to boot,
For ten years almost I confute
And up and down, wherever it goes,
I drag my students by the nose—
And see that for all our science and art
We can know nothing. It burns my heart.
Of course, I am smarter than all the shysters,
The doctors, and teachers, and scribes, and
Christers;
No scruple nor doubt could make me ill,
I am not afraid of the Devil or hell—



But therefore I also lack all delight,
 Do not fancy that I know anything right,
 Do not fancy that I could teach or assert
 What would better mankind or what might
 convert.

I also have neither money nor treasures,
 Nor worldly honors or earthly pleasures;
 No dog would want to live longer this way!
 Hence I have yielded to magic to see
 Whether the spirit's mouth and might
 Would bring some mysteries to light,
 That I need not with work and woe
 Go on to say what I don't know;
 That I might see what secret force
 Hides in the world and rules its course.
 Envisage the creative blazes
 Instead of rummaging in phrases.

Full lunar light, that you might stare
 The last time now on my despair!
 How often I've been waking here
 At my old desk till you appeared,
 And over papers, notes, and books
 I caught, my gloomy friend, your looks.
 Oh, that up on a mountain height
 I could walk in your lovely light
 And float with spirits round caves and trees,
 Weave in your twilight through the leas,
 Cast dusty knowledge overboard,
 And bathe in dew until restored.

Still this old dungeon, still a mole!
 Cursed be this moldy walled-in hole
 Where heaven's lovely light must pass,
 And lose its luster, through stained glass.
 Confined with books, and every tome
 Is gnawed by worms, covered with dust,

And on the walls, up to the dome,
A smoky paper, spots of rust;
Enclosed by tubes and jars that breed
More dust, by instruments and soot,
Ancestral furniture to boot—
That is your world! A world indeed!

And need you ask why in your breast
Your cramped heart throbs so anxiously?
Life's every stirring is oppressed
By an unfathomed agony?
Instead of living nature which
God made man for with holy breath,
Must stifle you, and every niche
Holds skulls and skeletons and death.

Flee! Out into the open land!
And this book full of mystery,
Written in Nostradamus' hand—
Is it not ample company?
Stars' orbits you will know; and bold,
You learn what nature has to teach;
Your soul is freed, and you behold
The spirits' words, the spirits' speech.
Though dry reflection might expound
These holy symbols, it is dreary:
You float, oh spirits, all around;
Respond to me, if you can hear me.

*(He opens the book and sees the symbol of the
macrocosm.)*

What jubilation bursts out of this sight
Into my senses—now I feel it flowing,
Youthful, a sacred fountain of delight,
Through every nerve, my veins are glowing.
Was it a god that made these symbols be



That soothe my feverish unrest,
 Filling with joy my anxious breast,
 And with mysterious potency
 Make nature's hidden powers around me,
 manifest?

Am I a god? Light grows this page—
 In these pure lines my eye can see
 Creative nature spread in front of me.
 But now I grasp the meaning of the sage:
 "The realm of spirits is not far away;
 Your mind is closed, your heart is dead.
 Rise, student, bathe without dismay
 In heaven's dawn your mortal head."

(He contemplates the symbol.)

All weaves itself into the whole,
 Each living in the other's soul.
 How heaven's powers climb up and descend.
 Passing the golden pails from hand to hand!
 Bliss-scented, they are winging
 Through sky and earth—their singing
 Is ringing through the world.

What play! Yet but a play, however vast!
 Where, boundless nature, can I hold you fast?
 And where you breasts? Wells that sustain
 All life—the heaven and the earth are nursed.
 The wilted breast craves you in thirst—
 You well, you still—and I languish in vain?

*(In disgust, he turns some pages and beholds the
 symbol of the earth spirit.)*

How different is the power of this sign!

You, spirit of the earth, seem close to mine:
I look and feel my powers growing,
As if I'd drunk new wine I'm glowing,
I feel a sudden courage, and should dare
To plunge into the world, to bear
All earthly grief, all earthly joy—compare
With gales my strength, face shipwreck without
care.

Now there are clouds above—
The moon conceals her light—
The lamp dies down.
It steams. Red light rays dash
About my head—a chill
Blows from the vaulting dome
And seizes me.

I feel you near me, spirit I implored.
Reveal yourself!
Oh, how my heart is gored
By never felt urges,
And my whole body surges—
My heart is yours; yours, too, am I.
You must. You must. Though I should have to die.

*(He seizes the book and mysteriously pronounces
the symbol of the spirit. A reddish flame flashes,
and the SPIRIT appears in the flame.)*

SPIRIT:

Who calls me?

FAUST (*turning away*):

Vision of fright!

SPIRIT:

With all your might you drew me near
You have been sucking at my sphere,
And now—

FAUST:

I cannot bear your sight!



SPIRIT:

You have implored me to appear,
 Make known my voice, reveal my face;
 Your soul's entreaty won my grace:
 Here I am! What abject fear
 Grasps you, oh superman! Where is the soul's
 impassioned
 Call? And where the breast that even now had
 fashioned
 A world to bear and nurse within—that trembled
 thus,
 Swollen with joy that it resembled us?
 Where are you, Faust, whose voice pierced my
 domain,
 Who surged against me with his might and main?
 Could it be you who at my breath's slight shiver
 Are to the depths of life aquiver,
 A miserably writhing worm?

FAUST:

Should I, phantom of fire, fly?
 It's I, it's Faust; your peer am I!

SPIRIT:

In the floods of life and creative storm
 To and fro I wave.
 Weave eternally.
 And birth and grave,
 An eternal sea,
 A changeful strife,
 A glowing life:
 At the roaring loom of the ages I plod
 And fashion the life-giving garment of God.

FAUST:

You that traverse worlds without end,
 Sedulous spirit, I feel close to you.

SPIRIT:

Peer of the spirit that you comprehend
 Not mine! (*Vanishes.*)

The First Part of the Tragedy

FAUST (*collapsing*):

Not yours?

Whose then?

I, image of the godhead!

And not even yours!

(*A knock.*)

O death! My famulus—I know it well.

My fairest happiness destroyed!

This wealth of visions I enjoyed

The dreary creeper must dispell

(*WAGNER enters in a dressing gown and night cap, a light in his hand. FAUST turns away in disgust.*)

WAGNER:

Forgive! I hear your declamation;

Surely, you read a Grecian tragedy?

I'd profit from some work in this vocation,

These days it can be used effectively.

I have been told three times at least

That a comedian could instruct a priest.

FAUST:

Yes, when the priest is a comedian for all his

Te Deum.

As happens more often than one would own.

WAGNER:

Ah, when one is confined to one's museum

And sees the world on holidays alone,

But from a distance, only on occasion,

How can one guide it by persuasion?

FAUST:

What you don't feel, you will not grasp by art,

Unless it wells out of your soul

And with sheer pleasure takes control,



Compelling every listener's heart.
 But sit—and sit, and patch and knead,
 Cook a ragout, reheat your hashes,
 Blow at the sparks and try to breed
 A fire out of piles of ashes!
 Children and apes may think it great,
 If that should titillate your gum,
 But from heart to heart you will never create.
 If from your heart it does not come.

WAGNER:

Yet much depends on the delivery;
 I still lack much; don't you agree?

FAUST:

Oh, let him look for honest gain!
 Let him not be a noisy fool!
 All that makes sense you can explain
 Without the tricks of any school.
 If you have anything to say,
 Why juggle words for a display?
 Your glittering rhet'ric, subtly disciplined,
 Which for mankind thin paper garlands weaves,
 Is as unwholesome as the foggy wind
 That blows in autumn through the wilted leaves.

WAGNER:

Oh God, art is forever,
 And our life is brief.
 I fear that with my critical endeavor
 My head and heart may come to grief.
 How hard the scholars' means are to array
 With which one works up to the source;
 Before we have traversed but half the course,
 We wretched devils pass away.

FAUST:

Parchment—is that the sacred fount
 From which you drink to still your thirst forever?
 If your refreshment does not mount,
 From your own soul, you gain it never.

WAGNER:

Forgive! It does seem so sublime,
Entering into the spirit of the time
To see what wise men, who lived long ago,
believed,
Till we at last have all the highest aims achieved.

FAUST:

Up to the stars—achieved indeed!
My friend, the times that antecede
Our own are books safely protected
By seven seals. What spirit of the time you call,
Is but the scholars' spirit, after all,
In which times past are now reflected.
In truth, it often is pathetic,
And when one sees it, one would run away:
A garbage pail, perhaps a storage attic,
At best a pompous moralistic play
With wonderfully edifying quips,
Most suitable to come from puppets' lips.

WAGNER:

And yet the world! Man's heart and spirit! Oh,
That everybody knew part of the same!

FAUST:

The things that people claim to know!
Who dares to call the child by its true name?
The few that saw something like this and, starry-
eyed
But foolishly, with glowing hearts averred
Their feelings and their visions before the
common herd
Have at all times been burned and crucified.
I beg you, friend, it is deep in the night;
We must break off this interview.

WAGNER:

Our conversation was so erudite,
I should have liked to stay awake with you.
Yet Easter comes tomorrow; then permit



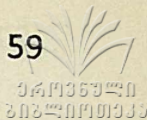
That I may question you a bit.
 Most zealously I've studied matters great and
 small;
 Though I know much, I should like to know all.
 (Exit.)

FAUST (*alone*):

Hope never seems to leave those who affirm,
 The shallow minds that stick to must and mold—
 They dig with greedy hands for gold
 And yet are happy if they find a worm.
 Dare such a human voice be sounded
 Where I was even now surrounded
 By spirits' might? And yet I thank you just this
 once,
 You, of all creatures the most wretched dunce.
 You tore me from despair that had surpassed
 My mind and threatened to destroy my sense.
 Alas, the apparition was so vast
 That I felt dwarfed in impotence.

I, image of the godhead, that began
 To dream eternal truth was within reach,
 Exulting on the heavens' brilliant beach
 As if I had stripped off the mortal man;
 I, more than cherub, whose unbounded might
 Seemed even then to flow through nature's veins,
 Shared the creative joys of God's domains—
 Presumptuous hope for which I pay in pains:
 One word of thunder swept me from my height.

I may no longer claim to be your peer:
 I had the power to attract you here,
 But to retain you lacked the might.
 In that moment of bliss, alack,
 In which I felt so small, so great,
 You, cruel one, have pushed me back
 Into uncertain human fate.



Who teaches me? What should I shun?
Should I give in to that obsession?
Not our sufferings only, the deeds that we have
done
Inhibit our life's progression.

Whatever noblest things the mind received,
More and more foreign matter spoils the theme;
And when the good of this world is achieved,
What's better seems an idle dream.
That gave us our life, the noblest urges
Are petrified in the earth's vulgar surges.

Where fantasy once rose in glorious flight,
Hopeful and bold to capture the sublime,
It is content now with a narrow site,
Since joy on joy crashed on the rocks of time.
Deep in the heart there dwells relentless care
And secretly infects us with despair;
Restless, she sways and poisons peace and joy
She always finds new masks she can employ:
She may appear as house and home, as child and
wife,
As fire, water, poison, knife—
What does not strike, still makes you quail,
And what you never lose, for that you always wail.

I am not like the gods! That was a painful thrust;
I'm like the worm that burrows in the dust,
Who, as he makes of dust his meager meal,
Is crushed and buried by a wanderer's heel.
Is it not dust that stares from every rack
And narrows down this vaulting den?
This moths' world full of bric-a-brac
In which I live as in a pen?
Here I should find for what I care?



Should I read in a thousand books, maybe,
 That men have always suffered everywhere,
 Though now and then some man lived happily?--
 Why, hollow skull, do you grin like a faun?
 Save that your brain, like mine, once in dismay
 Searched for light day, but foundered in the heavy
 dawn

And, craving truth, went wretchedly astray.
 You instruments, of course, can scorn and tease
 With rollers, handles, cogs, and wheels:
 I found the gate. you were to be the keys;
 Although your webs are subtle, you cannot break
 the seals.

Mysterious in the light of day,
 Nature, in veils, will not let us perceive her,
 And what she is unwilling to betray,
 You cannot wrest from her with thumbscrews,
 wheel, or lever.

You ancient tools that rest upon the rack,
 Unused by me, but used once by my sire,
 You ancient scroll that slowly has turned black
 As my lamp on this desk gave off its smoky fire--

Far better had I squandered all of my wretched
 share

Than groan under this wretched load and thus
 address it!

What from your fathers you received as heir,
 Acquire if you would possess it.
 What is not used is but a load to bear;
 But if today creates it, we can use and bless it.

Yet why does this place over there attract my
 sight?

Why is that bottle as a magnet to my eyes?
 Why does the world seem suddenly so bright,
 As when in nightly woods one sees the moon arise?

I welcome you, incomparable potion,
Which from your place I fetch now with devotion:
In you I honor human wit and art.
You essence from all slumber-bringing flowers,
You extract of all subtly fatal powers,
Bare to your master your enticing heart!
I look upon you, soothed are all my pains,
I seize you now, and all my striving wanes,
The spirit's tidal wave now ebbs away.
Slowly I float into the open sea,
The waves beneath me now seem gay and free,
To other shores beckons another day.
A fiery chariot floats on airy pinions
Cleaving the ether—tarry and descend!
Uncharted orbits call me, new dominions
Of sheer creation, active without end.
This higher life, joys that no mortal won!
You merit this—but now a worm, despairing?
Upon the mild light of the earthly sun
Turn, bold, your back! And with undaunted daring
Tear open the eternal portals
Past which all creatures slink in silent dread.
The time has come to prove by deeds that mortals
Have as much dignity as any god,
And not to tremble at that murky cave
Where fantasy condemns itself to dwell
In agony. The passage brave
Whose narrow mouth is lit by all the flames of hell;
And take this step with cheerful resolution,
Though it involve the risk of utter dissolution.

Now you come down to me, pure crystal vase,
Emerge again out of your ancient case
Of which for many years I did not think.
You glistened at my fathers' joyous feasts
And cheered the solemn-looking guests,



When you were passed around for all to drink.
 The many pictures, glistening in the light,
 The drinker's duty rhyming to explain them,
 To scan your depths and in one draught to drain
 them,

Bring back to mind many a youthful night.
 There is no friend now to fulfill this duty,
 Nor shall I exercise my wit upon your beauty.
 Here is a juice that fast makes drunk and mute;
 With its brown flood it fills this crystal bowl,
 I brewed it and shall drink it whole
 And offer this last drink with all my soul
 Unto the morning as a festive high salute.
 (*He puts the bowl to his lips.*)

(Chime of bells and choral song.)

CHOIR OF ANGELS:

Christ is arisen.
 Hail the meek-spirited
 Whom the ill-merited,
 Creeping, inherited
 Faults held in prison.

FAUST:

What deeply humming strokes, what brilliant tone
 Draws from my lips the crystal bowl with power?
 Has the time come, deep bells, when you make
 known
 The Easter holiday's first holy hour?
 Is this already, choirs, the sweet consoling hymn
 That was first sung around his tomb by cherubim,
 Confirming the new covenant?

CHOIR OF WOMEN:

With myrrh, when bereaved,
 We had adorned him;
 We that believed
 Laid down and mourned him.

The First Part of the Tragedy

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Linen we twined
Round the adored—
Returning, we cannot find
Christ, our Lord.

CHOIR OF ANGELS:

Christ is arisen.
Blessed be the glorious
One who victorious
Over laborious
Trials has risen.

FAUST:

Why would you, heaven's tones, compel
Me gently to rise from my dust?
Resound where tenderhearted people dwell:
Although I hear the message, I lack all faith or
trust;
And faith's favorite child is miracle.
For those far spheres I should not dare to strive,
From which these tidings come to me;
And yet these chords, which I have known since
infancy:
Call me now, too, back into life.
Once heaven's love rushed at me as a kiss
In the grave silence of the Sabbath day,
The rich tones of the bells, it seemed, had much
to say,
And every prayer brought impassioned bliss.
An unbelievably sweet yearning
Drove me to roam through wood and lea,
Crying, and as my eyes were burning,
I felt a new world grow in me.
This song proclaimed the spring feast's free
delight, appealing
To the gay games of youth—they plead:
Now memory entices me with childlike feeling
Back from the last, most solem deed.
Sound on, oh hymns of heaven, sweet and mild!

My tears are flowing; earth, take back your child!

CHOIR OF DISCIPLES:

Has the o'ervaulted one
 Burst from his prison,
 The living-exalted one
 Gloriously risen,
 Is in this joyous birth
 Zest for creation near—
 Oh, on the breast of earth
 We are to suffer here.
 He left his own
 Pining in sadness;
 Alas, we bemoan,
 Master, your gladness.

CHOIR OF ANGELS:

Christ is arisen
 Out of corruption's womb.
 Leave behind prison,
 Fetters and gloom!
 Those who proceed for him,
 Lovingly bleed for him,
 Brotherly feed for him,
 Travel and plead for him,
 And to bliss lead for him,
 For you the Master is near,
 For you he is here.

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The First Part of the Tragedy

BEFORE THE CITY GATE

People of all kinds are walking out.

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SOME APPRENTICES:

Why do you go that way?

OTHERS:

We are going to Hunter's Lodge today.

THE FIRST:

But we would rather go to the mill.

AN APPRENTICE:

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

ANOTHER:

I think, the way there isn't nice.

THE OTHERS:

Where are you going?

A THIRD ONE:

Up the hill.

A FOURTH ONE:

Burgdorf would be much better. Let's go there
with the rest:

The girls there are stunning, their beer is the best,
And it's first-class, too, for a fight.

A FIFTH ONE:

You are indeed a peppy bird,
Twice spanked, you're itching for the third.
Let's not, the place is really a fright.

SERVANT GIRL:

No, no! I'll go back to the town again.

ANOTHER:

We'll find him at the poplars, I'm certain it is
true.

THE FIRST:

What's that to me? Is it not plain,
He'll walk and dance only with you?
He thinks, you are the only one.

The First Part of the Tragedy

And why should I care for your fun?

THE OTHER ONE:

He will not be alone. He said,
Today he'd bring the curly-head.

STUDENT:

Just see those wenches over there!
Come, brother, let us help the pair.
A good strong beer, a smarting pipe,
And a maid, nicely dressed—that is my type!

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER:

Look there and see those handsome blades!
I think it is a crying shame:
They could have any girl that meets with their
acclaim,
And chase after these silly maids.

SECOND STUDENT (to the first):

Don't go so fast; behind us are two more,
And they are dressed at least as neatly.
I know one girl, she lives next door,
And she bewitches me completely.
The way they walk, they seem demure,
But won't mind company, I'm sure.

THE FIRST:

No, brother, I don't like those coy addresses.
Come on, before we lose the wilder prey.
The hand that wields the broom on Saturday
Will, comes the Sunday, give the best caresses.

CITIZEN:

No, the new mayor is no good, that's what I say.
Since he's in, he's fresher by the day.
What has he done for our city?
Things just get worse; it is a pity!
We must obey, he thinks he's clever,
And we pay taxes more than ever.

BEGGAR (sings):

Good gentlemen and ladies fair,

The First Part of the Tragedy

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So red of cheek, so rich in dress,
Be pleased to look on my despair,
To see and lighten my distress.
Let me not grind here, vainly waiting!
For only those who give are gay,
And when all men are celebrating,
Then I should have my harvest day.

ANOTHER CITIZEN:

On Sun- and holidays, there is no better fun,
Than chattering of wars and warlike fray,
When off in Turkey, far away,
One people beats the other one.
We stand at the window, drink a wine that is
light,
Watch the boats glide down the river, see the
foam,
And cheerfully go back at night,
Grateful that we have peace at home.

THIRD CITIZEN:

Yes, neighbor, that is nicely said.
Let them crack skulls, and wound, and maim,
Let all the world stand on its head;
But here, at home, all should remain the same.

OLD WOMAN (to the CITIZENS' DAUGHTERS):

Ah, how dressed up! So pretty and so young!
Who would not stop to stare at you?
Don't be puffed up, I'll hold my tongue.
I know your wish, and how to get it, too.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER:

Come quickly, Agatha! I take good heed
Not to be seen with witches; it's unwise.—
Though on St. Andrew's Night she brought indeed
My future lover right before my eyes.

THE OTHER ONE:

She showed me mine, but in a crystal ball
With other soldiers, bold and tall;



I have been looking ever since,
But so far haven't found my prince.

SOLDIERS:

Castles with lofty
Towers and banners,
Maidens with haughty,
Disdainful manners
I want to capture.
Fair is the dare,
Splendid the pay.
And we let trumpets
Do our wooing,
For our pleasures
And our undoing.
Life is all storming,
Life is all splendor,
Maidens and castles
Have to surrender.
Fair is the dare,
Splendid the pay.
And then the soldiers
March on away.

FAUST and WAGNER.**FAUST:**

Released from the ice are river and creek,
Warmed by the spring's fair quickening eye;
The valley is green with hope and joy;
The hoary winter has grown so weak
He has withdrawn to the rugged mountains.
From there he sends, but only in flight,
Impotent showers of icy hail
That streak across the greening vale;
But the sun will not suffer the white;
Everywhere stirs what develops and grows,
All he would quicken with color that glows;
Flowers are lacking, blue, yellow, and red,

But he takes dressed-up people instead.
Turn around now and look down
From the heights back to the town.
Out of the hollow gloomy gate
Surges and scatters a motley horde.
All seek sunshine. They celebrate
The resurrection of the Lord.
For they themselves are resurrected
From lowly houses, musty as stables,
From trades to which they are subjected,
From the pressure of roofs and gables,
From the stifling and narrow alleys,
From the churches' reverent night
They have emerged into the light.
Look therel Look, how the crowd now sallies
Gracefully into the gardens and leas,
How on the river, all through the valley,
Frolicsome floating boats one sees,
And, overloaded beyond its fill,
This last barge now is swimming away.
From the far pathways of the hill
We can still see how their clothes are gay.
I hear the village uproar rise;
Here is the people's paradise,
And great and small shout joyously:
Here I am human, may enjoy humanity.

WAGNER:

To take a walk with you, good sir,
Is a great honor and reward,
But I myself should never so far err,
For the uncouth I always have abhorred.
This fiddling, bowling, loud delight—
I hate these noises of the throng;
They rage as if plagued by an evil sprite
And call it joy and call it song.

PEASANTS *under the linden tree.*

Dance and Song.



Daß Ihr uns heute nicht verschmäht
 Und unter dieses Volksgedräng,
 Als ein so Hochgelahrter, geht.
 985 So nehmet auch den schönsten Krug,
 Den wir mit frischen Trunk gefüllt,
 Ich bring ihn zu und wünsche laut,
 Daß er nicht nur den Durst Euch stillt:
 Die Zahl der Tropfen, die er hegt,
 990 Sei Euren Tagen zugelegt.

FAUST:

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

(Das Volk sammelt sich im Kreis umher)

ALTER BAUER:

Füwahr, es ist sehr wohl getan,
 Daß Ihr am frohen Tag erscheint;
 995 Habt Ihr es vormals doch mit uns
 An bösen Tagen gut gemeint.
 Gar mancher steht lebendig hier,
 Den Euer Vater noch zuletzt
 Der heißen Fieberwut entriß,
 1000 Als er der Seuche Ziel gesetzt.
 Auch damals Ihr, ein junger Mann,
 Ihr gingt in jedes Krankenhaus,
 Gar manche Leiche trug man fort,
 Ihr aber kamt gesund heraus,
 1005 Bestandet manche harte Proben;
 Dem Helfer half der Helfer droben.

ALLE:

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

FAUST:

Vor jenem droben steht gebückt,
 1010 Der helfen lehrt und Hilfe schickt.
(Er geht mit Wagnern weiter.)

That you don't spurn us on this day
But find into this swarming throng,
Though a great scholar, still your way.
So please accept the finest mug;
With a good drink it has been filled,
I offer it and wish aloud:
Not only may your thirst be stilled;
As many drops as it conveys
Ought to be added to your days.

FAUST:

I take the bumper and I, too,
Thank and wish health to all of you.

(The people gather around in a circle.)

OLD PEASANT:

Indeed, it is most kind of you
That you appear this happy day;
When evil days came in the past,
You always helped in every way.
And many stand here, still alive,
Whom your good father toiled to wrest
From the hot fever's burning rage
When he prevailed over the pest.
And you, a young man at that time,
Made to the sick your daily round.
While many corpses were brought out,
You always emerged safe and sound,
And took these trials in your stride:
The Helper helped the helper here.

ALL:

Health to the man so often tried!
May he yet help for many a year!

FAUST:

Bow down before Him, all of you,
Who teaches help and sends help, too.
(He walks on with WAGNER.)

**WAGNER:**

Oh, what a feeling you must have, great man,
 When crowds revere you like a mighty lord.
 Oh, blessed are all those who can
 Employ their gifts for such reward.
 The father shows you to his son,
 They ask what gives and come and run,
 The fiddle stops, the dance is done.
 You walk, they stand in rows to see,
 Into the air their caps will fly—
 A little more, and they would bend their knee
 As if the Holy Host went by.

FAUST:

Now just a few more steps uphill to the big stone,
 From our wandering we can rest up there.
 I often sat there, thoughtful and alone,
 And vexed myself with fasting and with prayer.
 In hope still rich, with faith still blessed,
 I thought entreaties, tears, and sighs
 Would force the Master of the Skies
 To put an end to the long pest.
 The crowd's applause now sounds like caustic fun.
 I only wish you could read in my heart
 How little father and son
 Deserve such fame for their poor art.
 My father was obscure, if quite genteel,
 And pondered over nature and every sacred
 sphere
 In his own cranky way, though quite sincere,
 With ardent, though with wayward, zeal.
 And with proficient devotees,
 In his black kitchen he would fuse
 After unending recipes,
 Locked in, the most contrary brews...
 They made red lions, a bold wooer came,
 In tepid baths was mated to a lilly;

And then the pair was vexed with a wide-open
flame
From one bride chamber to another, willy-nilly.
And when the queen appeared, all pried,
Within the glass after a spell,
The medicine was there, and though the patients
died,
Nobody questioned: who got well?
And thus we raged fanatically
In these same mountains, in this valley,
With hellish juice worse than the pest.
Though thousands died from poison that I myself
would give,
Yes, though they perished, I must live
To hear the shameless killers blessed.

WAGNER:

I cannot see why you are grieved.
What more can honest people do
Than be conscientious and pursue
With diligence the art that they received?
If you respect your father as a youth,
You'll learn from him what you desire;
If as a man you add your share of truth
To ancient lore, your son can go still higher.

FAUST:

Oh, happy who still hopes to rise
Out of this sea of errors and false views!
What one does *not* know, one could utilize,
And what one knows one cannot use.
But let the beauty offered by this hour
Not be destroyed by our spleen!
See how, touched by the sunset's parting power,
The huts are glowing in the green.
The sun moves on, the day has had its round;
He hastens on, new life greets his salute.
Oh, that no wings lift me above the ground
To strive and strive in his pursuit!

In the eternal evening light
 The quiet world would lie below
 With every valley tranquil, on fire every height,
 The silver stream to golden rivers flow.
 Nor could the mountain with its savage guise
 And all its gorges check my godlike ways;
 Already ocean with its glistening bays
 Spreads out before astonished eyes.
 At last the god sinks down, I seem forsaken;
 But I feel new unrest awaken
 And hurry hence to drink his deathless light,
 The day before me, and behind me night,
 The billows under me, and over me the sky.
 A lovely dream, while he makes his escape.
 The spirit's wings will not change our shape:
 Our body grows no wings and cannot fly.
 Yet it is innate in our race
 That our feelings surge in us and long
 When over us, lost in the azure space
 The lark trills out her glorious song;
 When over crags where fir trees quake
 In icy winds, the eagle soars,
 And over plains and over lakes
 The crane returns to homeward shores.

WAGNER:

I, too, have spells of eccentricity,
 But such unrest has never come to me.
 One soon grows sick of forest, field, and brook,
 And I shall never envy birds their wings.
 Far greater are the joys the spirit brings—
 From page to page, from book to book.
 Thus winter nights grow fair and warm the soul;
 Yes, blissful life suffuses every limb,
 And when one opens up an ancient parchment
 scroll,
 The very heavens will descend on him.

FAUST:

You are aware of only one unrest;
Oh, never learn to know the other!
Two souls, alas, are dwelling in my breast,
And one is striving to forsake its brother.
Unto the world in grossly loving zest,
With clinging tendrils, one adheres;
The other rises forcibly in quest
Of rarefied ancestral spheres.
If there be spirits in the air
That hold their sway between the earth and sky,
Descend out of the golden vapors there
And sweep me into iridescent life.
Oh, came a magic cloak into my hands
To carry me to distant lands,
I should not trade it for the choicest gown,
Nor for the cloak and garments of the crown.

WAGNER:

Do not invoke the well-known throng that flow
Through mists above and spread out in the haze,
Concocting danger in a thousand ways
For man wherever he may go.
From the far north the spirits' deadly fangs
Bear down on you with arrow-pointed tongues;
And from the east they come with withering pangs
And nourish themselves from your lungs.
The midday sends out of the desert those
Who pile heat upon heat upon your crown,
While evening brings the throng that spells
repose—
And then lets you, and fields and meadows, drown.
They gladly listen, but are skilled in harm,
Gladly obey, because they like deceit;
As if from heaven sent, they please and charm,
Whispering like angels when they cheat.
But let us go! The air has cooled, the world



Turned gray, mists are unfurled.
 When evening comes one values home,
 Why do you stand amazed? What holds your
 eyes?

What in the twilight merits such surprise?

FAUST:

See that black dog through grain and stubble
 roam?

WAGNER:

I noticed him way back, but cared not in the least.

FAUST:

Look well! For what would *you* take this strange
 beast?

WAGNER:

Why, for a poodle fretting doggedly
 As it pursues the tracks left by its master.

FAUST:

It spirals all around us, as you see,
 And it approaches, fast and faster.
 And if I do not err, a fiery eddy
 Whirls after it and marks the trail.

WAGNER:

I see the poodle, as I said already;
 As for the rest, your eyesight seems to fail.

FAUST:

It seems to me that he winds magic snares
 Around our feet, a bond of future dangers.

WAGNER:

He jumps around, unsure, and our presence scares
 The dog who seeks his master, and finds instead
 two strangers.

FAUST:

The spiral narrows, he is near!

WAGNER:

You see, a dog and not a ghost is here.
 He growls, lies on his belly, thus he waits,

He wags his tail: all canine traits.

FAUST:

Come here and walk along with us!

WAGNER:

He's poodlishly ridiculous.

You stand and rest, and he waits, too;

You speak to him, and he would climb on you;

Lose something, he will bring it back again,

Jump in the lake to get your cane.

FAUST:

You seem quite right, I find, for all his skill,

No trace of any spirit: all is drill.

WAGNER:

By dogs that are expertly trained

The wisest man is entertained.

He quite deserves your favor: it is prudent

To cultivate the students' noble student.

(They pass through the City Gate.)

STUDY

FAUST (*entering with the poodle*):

The fields and meadows I have fled
As night enshrouds them and the lakes;

With apprehensive, holy dread

The better soul in us awakes.

Wild passions have succumbed to sleep,

All vehement exertions bow;

The love of man stirs in us deep,

The love of God is stirring now.

The First Part of the Tragedy

Be quiet, poodle! Stop running around!
 Why do you snuffle at the sill like that?
 Lie down behind the stove—not on the ground:
 Take my best cushion for a mat.
 As you amused us on our way
 With running and jumping and did your best,
 Let me look after you and say:
 Be quiet, please, and be my guest.

When in our narrow den
 The friendly lamp glows on the shelf,
 Then light pervades our breast again
 And fills the heart that knows itself.
 Reason again begins to speak,
 Hope blooms again with ancient force,
 One longs for life and one would seek
 Its rivers and, alas, its source.

Stop snarling poodle! For the sacred strain
 To which my soul is now submitting
 Beastly sounds are hardly fitting.
 We are accustomed to see *men* disdain
 What they don't grasp;
 When it gives trouble, they profane
 Even the beautiful and the good.
 Do dogs, too, snarl at what's not understood?

Even now, however, though I tried my best,
 Contentment flows no longer through my
 breast.
 Why does the river rest so soon, and dry up,
 and
 Leave us to languish in the sand?
 How well I know frustration!
 This want, however, we can overwhelm:
 We turn to the supernatural realm,
 We long for the light of revelation

Which is nowhere more magnificent
Than in our New Testament.
I would for once like to determine—
Because I am sincerely perplexed—
How the sacred original text
Could be translated into my beloved
German.

(He opens a tome and begins.)

It says: "In the beginning was the *Word*."
Already I am stopped. It seems absurd.
The *Word* does not deserve the highest prize,
I must translate it otherwise
If I am well inspired and not blind.
It says: In the beginning was the *Mind*.
Ponder that first line, wait and see,
Lest you should write too hastily.
Is mind the all-creating source?
It ought to say: In the beginning there was *Force*.
Yet something warns me as I grasp the pen,
That my translation must be changed again.
The spirit helps me. Now it is exact.
I write: In the beginning was the *Act*.

If I am to share my room with you,
Poodle, stop moaning sol
And stop your bellow,
For such a noisy, whiny fellow
I do not like to have around.
One of us, black hound,
Will have to give ground.
With reluctance I change my mind:
The door is open, you are not confined.
But what must I see!
Can that happen naturally?
Is it a shadow? Am I open-eyed?
How grows my poodle long and wide!
He reaches up like rising fog—



This is no longer the shape of a dog!
 Oh, what a specter I brought homel
 A hippopotamus of foam,
 With fiery eyes; how his teeth shinel
 You are as good as mine:
 For such a semi-hellish brow
 The Key of Solomon will do.

SPIRITS (*in the corridor*):

One has been caught inside.
 Do not follow him! Abidel
 As a fox in a snare,
 Hell's old lynx is caught in there.
 But give heed!
 Float up high, float down low,
 To and fro,
 And he tries, and he is freed.
 Can you avail him?
 Then do not fail him!
 For you must not forget,
 We are in his debt.

FAUST:

Countering the beast, I might well
 First use the fourfold spell:

Salamander shall broil,
 Undene shall grieve,
 Sylphe shall leave,
 Kobold shall toil.

Whoever ignores
 The elements' cores,
 Their energy
 And quality,
 Cannot command
 In the spirits' land.

The First Part of the Tragedy

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Disappear flashing,
Salamander!
Flow together, splashing,
Undenel
Glow in meteoric beauty,
Sylphel
Do your domestic duty,
Incubus! Incubus!
Step forward and finish thus.

None of the four
Is this beast's core.
It lies quite calmly there and beams;
I have not hurt it yet, it seems.
Now listen well
To a stronger spell.

If you should be
Hell's progeny,
Then see this symbol
Before which tremble
The cohorts of Hell!

Already it bristles and starts to swell.

Spirit of shame,
Can you read the name
Of the Uncreated,
Defying expression,
With whom the heavens are sated,
Who was pierced in transgression?

Behind the stove it swells
As an elephant under my spells;
It fills the whole room and quakes,
It would turn into mist and fleet.
Stop now before the ceiling breaks!
Lie down at your master's feet!

The First Part of the Tragedy

You see, I do not threaten in vain:
 With holy flames I cause you pain.
 Do not require
 The threefold glowing fire!
 Do not require
 My art in its full measure!



MEPHISTO (*steps forward from behind the stove, dressed as a traveling scholar, while the mist clears away*):

Why all the noise? Good sir, what is your pleasure?

FAUST:

Then this was our poodle's core!
 Simply a traveling scholar? The *casus* makes me laugh.

MEPHISTO:

Profound respects to you and to your lore:
 You made me sweat with all your chaff.

FAUST:

What is your name?

MEPHISTO:

This question seems minute
 For one who thinks the word so beggarly,
 Who holds what seems in disrepute,
 And craves only reality.

FAUST:

Your real being no less than your fame
 Is often shown, sirs, by your name,
 Which is not hard to analyze
 When one calls you the Liar, Destroyer, God of
 Flies.
 Enough, who are you then?

MEPHISTO:

Part of that force which would
 Do evil evermore, and yet creates the good.

FAUST:

What is it that this puzzle indicates?

MEPHISTO:

I am the spirit that negates.
And rightly so, for all that comes to be
Deserves to perish wretchedly;
'Twere better nothing would begin.
Thus everything that your terms, sin,
Destruction, evil represent—
That is my proper element.

FAUST:

You call yourself a part, yet whole make your
debut?

MEPHISTO:

The modest truth I speak to you.
While man, this tiny world of fools, is droll
Enough to think himself a whole,
I am part of the part that once was everything,
Part of the darkness which gave birth to light,
That haughty light which envies mother night
Her ancient rank and place and would be king—
Yet it does not succeed: however it contend,
It sticks to bodies in the end.
It streams from bodies, it lends bodies beauty,
A body won't let it progress;
So it will not take long, I guess,
And with the bodies it will perish, too.

FAUST:

I understand your noble duty:
Too weak for great destruction, you
Attempt it on a minor scale.

MEPHISTO:

And I admit it is of slight avail.
What stands opposed to our Nought,
The some, your wretched world—for aught
That I have so far undertaken,



It stands unruffled and unshaken:
 With billows, fires, storms, commotion,
 Calm, after all, remain both land and ocean.
 And that accursed lot, the brood of beasts and
 men,

One cannot hurt them anyhow.
 How many have I buried now!
 Yet always fresh new blood will circulate again.
 Thus it goes on—I could rage in despair!
 From water, earth, and even air,
 A thousand seeds have ever grown
 In warmth and cold and drought and mire!
 If I had not reserved myself the fire,
 I should have nothing of my own.

FAUST:

And thus, I see, you would resist
 The ever-live creative power
 By clenching your cold devil's fist
 Resentfully—in vain you glower.
 Try something new and unrelated,
 Oh you peculiar son of chaos!

MEPHISTO:

Perchance your reasoning might sway us—
 The next few times we may debate it.
 But for the present, may I go?

FAUST:

I cannot see why you inquire.
 Now that we met, you ought to know
 That you may call as you desire.
 Here is the window, here the door,
 A chimney there, if that's preferred.

MEPHISTO:

I cannot leave you that way, I deplore:
 By a small obstacle I am deterred:
 The witch's foot on your threshold, see—

FAUST:

The pentagram distresses you?

Then, son of hell, explain to me:
How could you enter here without ado?
And how was such a spirit cheated?

MEPHISTO:

Behold it well: It is not quite completed;
One angle—that which points outside—
Is open just a little bit.

FAUST:

That was indeed a lucky hit.
I caught you and you must abide.
How wonderful, and yet how queer!

MEPHISTO:

The poodle never noticed, when he first jumped
in here,
But now it is a different case;
The Devil cannot leave this place.

FAUST:

The window's there. Are you in awe?

MEPHISTO:

The devils and the demons have a law:
Where they slipped in, they always must
withdraw.
The first time we are free, the second time
constrained.

FAUST:

For hell, too, laws have been ordained?
Superb! Then one could surely make a pact,
And one of you might enter my employ.

MEPHISTO:

What we would promise you, you would enjoy,
And none of it we would subtract.
But that we should not hurry so,
And we shall talk about it soon;
For now I ask the single boon
That you permit me now to go.

FAUST:

For just a moment stay with me



And let me have some happy news.

MEPHISTO:

Not now. I'll come back presently,
Then you may ask me what you choose.

FAUST:

You were not caught by my device
When you were snared like this tonight.
Who holds the Devil, hold him tight!
He can't expect to catch him twice.

MEPHISTO:

If you prefer it, I shall stay
With you, and I shall not depart,
Upon condition that I may
Amuse you with some samples of my art.

FAUST:

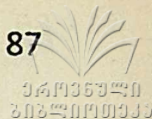
Go right ahead, you are quite free—
Provided it is nice to see.

MEPHISTO:

Right in this hour you will obtain
More for your senses than you gain
In a whole year's monotony.
What tender spirits now will sing,
The lovely pictures that they bring
Are not mere magic for the eye:
They will delight your sense of smell,
Be pleasing to your taste as well,
Excite your touch, and give you joy.
No preparation needs my art,
We are together, let us start.

SPIRITS:

Vanish, you darkling
Arches above him.
Friendlier beaming,
Sky should be gleaming
Down upon us.
Ah, that the darkling



Clouds had departed!
Stars now are sparkling,
More tenderhearted
Suns shine on us.
Spirits aerial,
Fair and ethereal,
Wavering and bending,
Sail by like swallows.
Yearning unending
Sees them and follows.
Garments are flowing,
Ribbons are blowing,
Covering the glowing
Land and the bower
Where, in the hedges,
Thinking and dreaming,
Lovers make pledges.
Bower on bower.
Tendrils are streaming;
Heavy grapes shower
Their sweet excesses
Into the presses;
In streams are flowing
Wines that are glowing,
Foam, effervescent,
Through iridescent
Gems; they are storming
Down from the mountains;
Lakes they are forming,
Beautiful fountains
Where hills are ending,
Birds are descending,
Drink and fly onward,
Fly ever sunward,
Fly from the highlands
Toward the ocean
Where brilliant islands

The First Part of the Tragedy

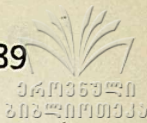
Sway in soft motion.
 Jubilant choirs
 Soothe all desires,
 And are entrancing
 Those who are dancing
 Like whirling satyrs,
 But the throng scatters.
 Some now are scaling
 Over the mountains,
 Others are sailing
 Toward the fountains,
 Others are soaring,
 All life adoring,
 All crave the far-off
 Love-spending star of
 Rapturous bliss.

MEPHISTO:

He sleeps. I thank you, airy, tender throng.
 You made him slumber with your song.
 A splendid concert. I appreciate this.
 You are not yet the man to hold the Devil fast.
 Go, dazzle him with dream shapes, sweet and
 vast,

Plunge him into an ocean of untruth.
 But now, to break the threshold's spell at last,
 I have to get a rat's sharp tooth.
 I need no conjuring today,
 One's rustling over there and will come right
 away.

The lord of rats, the lord of mice,
 Of flies and frogs, bedbugs and lice,
 Bids you to dare now to appear
 To gnaw upon this threshold here,
 Where he is dabbing it with oil.
 Ah, there you come. Begin your toil.
 The point that stopped me like a magic hedge
 Is way up front, right on the edge.



Just one more bite, and that will do.
Now, Faustus, sleep and dream, till I come back
to you.

FAUST (*awakening*):

Betrayed again? Fooled by a scheme?
Should spirits' wealth so suddenly decay
That I behold the Devil in a dream,
And that a poodle jumps away?

STUDY

Faust. Mephistopheles.

FAUST:

A knock? Come in! Who comes to plague me now?

MEPHISTO:

It's I.

FAUST:

Come in!

MEPHISTO:

You have to say it thrice.

FAUST:

Come in, then.

MEPHISTO:

Now you're nice.

We should get along well, I vow.

To chase your spleen away, allow

That I appear a noble squire:

Look at my red and gold attire,

A little cloak of silk brocade,

The rooster's feather in my hat,

And the long, nicely pointed blade—



And now it is my counsel that
 You, too, should be like this arrayed;
 Then you would feel released and free,
 And you would find what life can be.

FAUST:

I shall not cease to feel in all attires,
 The pains of our narrow earthly day.
 I am too old to be content to play,
 Too young to be without desire.
 What wonders could the world reveal?
 You must renounce! You ought to yield!
 That is the never-ending drone
 Which we must, our life long, hear,
 Which, hoarsely, all our hours intone
 And grind into our weary ears.
 Frightened I waken to the dismal dawn,
 Wish I had tears to drown the sun
 And check the day that soon will scorn
 My every wish—fulfill not one.
 If I but think of any pleasure,
 Bright critic day is sure to chide it,
 And if my heart creates itself a treasure,
 A thousand mocking masks deride it.
 When night descends at last, I shall recline
 But anxiously upon my bed;
 Though all is still, no rest is mine
 As dreams enmesh my mind in dread.
 The god that dwells within my heart
 Can stir my depths, I cannot hide—
 Rules all my powers with relentless art,
 But cannot move the world outside;
 And thus existence is for me a weight,
 Death is desirable, and life I hate.

MEPHISTO:

And yet when death approaches, the welcome is
 not great.

FAUST:

Oh, blessed whom, as victory advances,
He lends the blood-drenched laurel's grace,
Who, after wildly whirling dances,
Receives him in a girl's embracel
Oh, that before the lofty spirit's power
I might have fallen to the ground, unsouled!

MEPHISTO:

And yet someone, in that same nightly hour
Refused to drain a certain bowl.

FAUST:

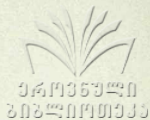
You seem to eavesdrop quite proficiently.

MEPHISTO:

Omniscient I am not, but there is much I see.

FAUST:

As in that terrifying reeling
I heard the sweet familiar chimes
That duped the traces of my childhood feeling
With echoes of more joyous times,
I now curse all that would enamor
The human soul with lures and lies,
Enticing it with flattering glamour
To live on in this cave of sighs.
Cursed above all our high esteem,
The spirit's smug self-confidence,
Cursed be illusion, fraud, and dream
That flatter our guileless sense!
Cursed be the pleasing make-believe
Of fame and long posthumous life!
Cursed be possessions that deceive,
As slave and plough, and child and wife!
Cursed, too, be Mammon when with treasures
He spurs us on to daring feats,
Or lures us into slothful pleasures
With sumptuous cushions and smooth sheets!
A curse on wine that mocks our thirst!
A curse on love's last consummations!



A curse on hope! Faith, too, be cursed!
 And cursed above all else be patience!
CHOIR OF SPIRITS (*invisible*):

Alas!
 You have shattered
 The beautiful world
 With brazen fist;
 It falls, it is scattered—
 By a demigod destroyed.
 We are trailing
 The ruins into the void
 And wailing
 Over beauty undone
 And ended.
 Earth's mighty son,
 More splendid
 Rebuild it, you that are strong,
 Build it again within!
 And begin
 A new life, a new way,
 Lucid and gay,
 And play
 New songs.

MEPHISTO:

These are the small
 Ones of my thralls.
 Hear how precociously they plead
 For pleasure and deed!
 To worldly strife
 From your lonely life
 Which dries up sap and sense,
 They would lure you hence.

Stop playing with your melancholy
 That, like a vulture, ravages your breast;
 The worst of company still cures this folly,
 For you are human with the rest.

Yet that is surely not to say
That you should join the herd you hate.
I'm not one of the great,
But if you want to make your way
Through the world with me united,
I should surely be delighted
To be yours, as of now,
Your companion, if you allow;
And if you like the way I behave,
I shall be your servant, or your slave.

FAUST:

And in return, what do you hope to take?

MEPHISTO:

There's so much time—so why insist?

FAUST:

No, no! The Devil is an egoist
And would not just for heaven's sake
Turn into a philanthropist.
Make your conditions very clear;
Where such a servant lives, danger is near.

MEPHISTO:

Here you shall be the master, I be bond,
And at your nod I'll work incessantly;
But when we meet again *beyond*,
Then you shall do the same for me.

FAUST:

Of the *beyond* I have no thought;
When you reduce this world to nought,
The other one may have its turn.
My joys come from this earth, and there,
That sun has burnt on my despair:
Once I have left those, I don't care:
What happens is of no concern.
I do not even wish to hear
Whether *beyond* they hate and love,
And whether in that other sphere
One realm's below and one above.



MEPHISTO:

So minded, dare it cheerfully.
Commit yourself and you shall see
My arts with joy. I'll give you more
Than any man has seen before.

FAUST:

What would you, wretched Devil, offer?
Was ever a man's spirit in its noble striving
Grasped by your like, devilish scoffer?
But have you food that is not satisfying,
Red gold that rolls off without rest,
Quicksilver-like, over your skin—
A game in which no man can win—
A girl who, lying at my breast,
Ogles already to entice my neighbor,
And honor—that perhaps seems best—
Though like a comet it will turn to vapor?
Show me fruit that, before we pluck them, rot,
And trees whose foliage every day makes new!

MEPHISTO:

Such a commission scares me not,
With such things I can wait on you.
But, worthy friend, the time comes when we
would
Recline in peace and feast on something good.

FAUST:

If ever I recline, calmed, on a bed of sloth,
You may destroy me then and there.
If ever flattering you should wile me
That in myself I find delight,
If with enjoyment you beguile me,
Then break on me, eternal night!
This bet I offer.

MEPHISTO:

I accept it.

FAUST:

Right.

If to the moment I should say:
Abide, you are so fair—
Put me in fetters on that day,
I *wish* to perish then, I swear.
Then let the death bell ever toll,
Your service done, you shall be free,
The clock may stop, the hand may fall,
As time comes to an end for me.

MEPHISTO:

Consider it, for we shall not forget it.

FAUST:

That is a right you need not waive.
I did not boast, and I shall not regret it.
As I grow stagnant I shall be a slave,
Whether or not to anyone indebted.

MEPHISTO:

At the doctor's banquet tonight I shall do
My duties as a servant without fail.
But for life's sake, or death's—just one detail:
Could you give me a line or two?

FAUST:

You pedant need it black on white?
Are man and a man's word indeed new to your
sight?
Is not my spoken word sufficient warrant
When it commits my life eternally?
Does not the world rush on in every torrent,
And a mere promise should hold me?
Yet this illusion our heart inherits,
And who would want to shirk his debt?
Blessed who counts loyalty among his merits.
No sacrifice will he regret.
And yet a parchment, signed and sealed, is an
abhorrent
Specter that haunts us, and it makes us fret.

The First Part of the Tragedy

The word dies when we seize the pen,
 And wax and leather lord it then.
 What, evil spirit, do you ask?
 Paper or parchment, stone or brass?
 Should I use chisel, style, or quill?
 It is completely up to you.

MEPHISTO:

Why get so hot and overdo
 Your rhetoric? Why must you shrill?
 Use any sheet, it is the same;
 And with a drop of blood you sign your name.

FAUST:

If you are sure you like this game,
 Let it be done to humor you.

MEPHISTO:

Blood is a very special juice.

FAUST:

You need not fear that someday I retract.
 That all my striving I unloose
 Is the whole purpose of the pact.
 Oh, I was puffed up all too boldly,
 At your rank only is my place.
 The lofty spirit spurned me coldly,
 And nature hides from me her face.
 Torn is the subtle thread of thought,
 I loathe the knowledge I once sought.
 In sensuality's abysmal land
 Let our passions drink their fill
 In magic veils, not pierced by skill,
 Let every wonder be at hand!
 Plunge into time's whirl that dazes my sense,
 Into the torrent of events!
 And let enjoyment, distress,
 Annoyance and success
 Succeed each other as best they can;
 For restless activity proves a man.

MEPHISTO:

You are not bound by goal or measure.
If you would nibble everything
Or snatch up something on the wing,
You're welcome to what gives you pleasure.
But help yourself and don't be coy!

FAUST:

Do you not hear, I have no thought of joy!
The reeling whirl I seek, the most painful excess,
Enamored hate and quickening distress.
Cured from the craving to know all, my mind
Shall not henceforth be closed to any pain,
And what is portioned out to all mankind,
I shall enjoy deep in my self, contain
Within my spirit summit and abyss,
Pile on my breast their agony and bliss,
And thus let my own self grow into theirs,
unfettered,
Till as they are, at last I, too, am shattered.

MEPHISTO:

Believe me who for many a thousand year
Has chewed this cud and never rested,
That from the cradle to the bier
The ancient leaven cannot be digested.
Trust one like me, this whole array
Is for a God—there's no contender:
He dwells in his eternal splendor,
To darkness we had to surrender,
And you need night as well as day.

FAUST:

And yet it is my will.

MEPHISTO:

It does sound bold.
But I'm afraid, though you are clever,
Time is too brief, though art's forever.
Perhaps you're willing to be told.

The First Part of the Tragedy

Why don't you find yourself a poet,
 And let the gentleman ransack his dreams:
 And when he finds a noble trait, let him bestow it
 Upon your worthy head in reams and reams:
 The lion's daring,
 The swiftness of the hind,
 The northerner's forbearing
 And the Italian's fiery mind,
 Let him resolve the mystery
 How craft can be combined with magnanimity,
 Or how a passion-crazed young man
 Might fall in love after a plan.
 If there were such a man, I'd like to meet him,
 As Mr. Microcosm I would greet him.

FAUST:

Alas, what am I, if I can
 Not reach for mankind's crown which merely
 mocks
 Our senses' craving like a star?

MEPHISTO:

You're in the end—just what you are!
 Put wigs on with a million locks
 And put your foot on ell-high socks,
 You still remain just what you are.

FAUST:

I feel, I gathered up and piled up high
 In vain the treasures of the human mind:
 When I sit down at last, I cannot find
 New strength within—it is all dry.
 My stature has not grown a whit,
 No closer to the Infinite.

MEPHISTO:

Well, my good sir, to put it crudely,
 You see matters just as they lie;
 We have to look at them more shrewdly,
 Or all life's pleasures pass us by.
 Your hands and feet—indeed that's trite—

And head and seat are yours alone;
Yet all in which I find delight,
Should they be less my own?
Suppose I buy myself six steeds:
I buy their strength; while I recline
I dash along at whirlwind speeds,
For their two dozen legs are mine.
Come on! Let your reflections rest
And plunge into the world with zest!
I say, the man that speculates
Is like a beast that in the sand,
Led by an evil spirit, round and round gyrates,
And all about lies gorgeous pasture land.

FAUST:

How shall we set about it?

MEPHISTO:

Simply leave.

What torture room is this? What site of grief?
Is this the noble life of prudence—
You bore yourself and bore your students?
Oh, let your neighbor, Mr. Paunch, live so!
Why work hard threshing straw, when it annoys?
The best that you could ever know
You may not tell the little boys.
Right now I hear one in the aisle.

FAUST:

I simply cannot face the lad.

MEPHISTO:

The poor chap waited quite a while,
I do not want him to leave sad.
Give me your cap and gown. Not bad! (*He dresses
himself up.*)
This mask ought to look exquisite!
Now you can leave things to my wit.
Some fifteen minutes should be all I need;
Meanwhile get ready for our trip, and speed!
(FAUST exit.)



MEPHISTO (*in FAUST's long robe*):

Have but contempt for reason and for science,
 Man's noblest force spurn with defiance,
 Subscribe to magic and illusion,
 The Lord of Lies aids your confusion,
 And, pact or no, I hold you tight.—
 The spirit which he has received from fate
 Sweeps ever onward with unbridled might,
 Its hasty striving is so great
 It leaps over the earth's delights.
 Through life I'll drag him at a rate,
 Through shallow triviality,
 That he shall writhe and suffocate;
 And his insatiability,
 With greedy lips, shall see the choicest plate
 And ask in vain for all that he would cherish—
 And were he not the Devil's mate
 And had not signed, he still must perish.

(*A STUDENT enters.*)

STUDENT:

I have arrived quite recently
 And come, full of humility,
 To meet that giant intellect
 Whom all refer to with respect.

MEPHISTO:

This is a charming pleasantry.
 A man as others are, you see.—
 Have you already called elsewhere?

STUDENT:

I pray you, take me in your care.
 I am, believe me, quite sincere,
 Have some odd cash and lots of cheer;
 My mother scarcely let me go,
 But there is much I hope to know.

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MEPHISTO:

This is just the place for you to stay.

STUDENT:

To be frank, I should like to run away.
I cannot say I like these walls,
These gloomy rooms and somber halls.
It seems so narrow, and I see
No patch of green, no single tree;
And in the auditorium
My hearing, sight, and thought grow numb.

MEPHISTO:

That is a question of mere habit.
The child, offered the mother's breast,
Will not in the beginning grab it;
But soon it clings to it with zest.
And thus at wisdom's copious breasts
You'll drink each day with greater zest.

STUDENT:

I'll hang around her neck, enraptured;
But tell me first: how is she captured?

MEPHISTO:

Before we get into my views—
What Department do you choose?

STUDENT:

I should like to be erudite,
And from the earth to heaven's height
Know every law and every action:
Nature and science is what I need.

MEPHISTO:

That is the way; you just proceed
And scrupulously shun distraction.

STUDENT:

Body and soul, I am a devotee;
Though, naturally, everybody prays
For some free time and liberty
On pleasant summer holidays.

**MEPHISTO:**

Use well your time, so swiftly it runs on!
Be orderly, and time is won!
My friend, I shall be pedagogic,
And say you ought to start with Logic.
For thus your mind is trained and braced,
In Spanish boots it will be laced,
That on the road of thought maybe
It henceforth creep more thoughtfully,
And does not crisscross here and there,
Will-o'-the-wisping through the air.
Days will be spent to let you know
That what you once did at one blow,
Like eating and drinking so easy and free,
Can only be done with One, Two, Three.
Yet the web of thought has no such creases
And is more like a weaver's masterpieces:
One step, a thousand threads arise,
Hither and thither shoots each shuttle,
The threads flow on, unseen and subtle,
Each blow effects a thousand ties.
The philosopher comes with analysis
And proves it had to be like this:
The first was so, the second so,
And hence the third and fourth was so,
And were not the first and the second here,
Then the third and fourth could never appear.
That is what all the students believe,
But they have never learned to weave.
Who would study and describe the living, starts
By driving the spirit out of the parts:
In the palm of his hand he holds all the sections,
Lacks nothing, except the spirit's connections.
Encheirisis naturae the chemists baptize it,
Mock themselves and don't realize it.

STUDENT:

I did not quite get everything.

MEPHISTO:

That will improve with studying:
You will reduce things by and by
And also learn to classify.

STUDENT:

I feel so dazed by all you said
As if a mill went around in my head.

MEPHISTO:

Then, without further circumvention,
Give metaphysics your attention.
There seek profoundly to attain
What does not fit the human brain;
Whether you do or do not understand,
An impressive word is always at hand.
But now during your first half-year,
Keep above all our order here.
Five hours a day, you understand,
And when the bell peals, be on hand.
Before you come, you must prepare,
Read every paragraph with care,
Lest you, forbid, should overlook
That all he says is in the book.
But write down everything, engrossed
As if you took dictation from the Holy Ghost.

STUDENT:

Don't say that twice—I understood:
I see how useful it's to write,
For what we possess black on white
We can take home and keep for good.

MEPHISTO:

But choose a field of concentration!

STUDENT:

I have no hankering for jurisprudence.

**MEPHISTO:**

For that I cannot blame the students,
 I know this science is a blight.
 The laws and statutes of a nation
 Are an inherited disease,
 From generation unto generation
 And place to place they drag on by degrees.
 Wisdom becomes nonsense; kindness, oppression:
 To be a grandson is a curse.
 The right that is innate in us
 Is not discussed by the profession.

STUDENT:

My scorn is heightened by your speech.
 Happy the man that you would teach!
 I almost think theology would pay.

MEPHISTO:

I should not wish to lead you astray.
 When it comes to this discipline,
 The way is hard to find, wrong roads abound,
 And lots of hidden poison lies around
 Which one can scarcely tell from medicine.
 Here, too, it would be best you heard
 One only and staked all upon your master's word.
 Yes, stick to words at any rate;
 There never was a surer gate
 Into the temple, Certainty.

STUDENT:

Yet some idea there must be.

MEPHISTO:

All right. But do not plague yourself too anxiously;
 For just where no ideas are
 The proper word is never far.
 With words a dispute can be won,
 With words a system can be spun,

In words one can believe unshaken,
And from a word no tittle can be taken.

STUDENT:

Forgive, I hold you up with many questions,
But there is one more thing I'd like to see.
Regarding medicine, maybe,
You have some powerful suggestions?
Three years go by so very fast,
And, God, the field is all too vast.
If but a little hint is shown,
One can attempt to find one's way.

MEPHISTO (*aside*):

I'm sick of this pedantic tone.
The Devil now again I'll play.

(*loud*):

The spirit of medicine is easy to know:
Through the macro-and microcosm you breeze,
And in the end you let it go
As God may please.
In vain you roam about to study science,
For each learns only what he can;
Who places on the moment his reliance,
He is the proper man.
You are quite handsome, have good sense,
And no doubt, you have courage, too,
And if you have self-confidence,
Then others will confide in you.
And give the women special care;
Their everlasting sighs and groans
In thousand tones
Are cured at *one* point everywhere.
And if you seem halfway discreet,
They will be lying at your feet.
First your degree inspires trust,
As if your art had scarcely any peers;
Right at the start, remove her clothes and touch
her bust,

Things for which others wait for years and years.
 Learn well the little pulse to squeeze,
 And with a knowing, fiery glance you seize
 Her freely round her slender waist
 To see how tightly she is laced.

STUDENT:

That looks much better, sir. For one sees how and where.

MEPHISTO:

Gray, my dear friend, is every theory,
 And green alone life's golden tree.

STUDENT:

All this seems like a dream, I swear.
 Could I impose on you sometime again
 And drink more words of wisdom then?

MEPHISTO:

What I can give you, you shall get.

STUDENT:

Alas, I cannot go quite yet:
 My album I must give to you;
 Please, sir, show me this favor, too.

MEPHISTO:

All right. (*He writes and returns it.*)

STUDENT (*reads*):

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.
 (*Closes the book reverently and takes his leave.*)

MEPHISTO:

Follow the ancient text and my relation, the snake;
 Your very likeness to God will yet make you
 quiver and quake.

(*FAUST enters.*)

FAUST:

Where are we heading now?

MEPHISTO:

Wherever you may please.

We'll see the small world, then the larger one.
You will reap profit and have fun
As you sweep through this course with ease.

FAUST:

With my long beard I hardly may
Live in this free and easy way.
The whole endeavor seems so futile;
I always felt the world was strange and brutal.
With others, I feel small and harassed,
And I shall always be embarrassed.

MEPHISTO:

Good friend, you will become less sensitive:
Self-confidence will teach you how to live.

FAUST:

How shall we get away from here?
Where are your carriage, groom and steed?

MEPHISTO:

I rather travel through the air:
We spread this cloak—that's all we need.
But on this somewhat daring flight,
Be sure to keep your luggage light.
A little fiery air, which I plan to prepare,
Will raise us swiftly off the earth;
Without ballast we'll go up fast—
Congratulations, friend, on your rebirth!

AUERBACH'S KELLER in LEIPZIG

Jolly fellows' drinking bout.

FROSCH:

Will no one drink and no one laugh?
I'll teach you not to look so wry.



Today you look like sodden chaff
And usually blaze to the sky.

BRANDER:

It's all your fault; you make me sick:
No joke, and not a single dirty trick.

FROSCH (*pours a glass of wine over BRANDER's head*):
There you have both.

BRANDER:

You filthy pig!

FROSCH:

You said I shouldn't be a prig.

SIEBEL:

Let those who fight, stop or get out!
With all your lungs sing chorus, swill, and shout!
Come! Holla-hol

ALTMAYER:

Now this is where I quit.
Get me some cotton or my ears will split.

SIEBEL:

When the vault echoes and the place
Is quaking, then you can enjoy a bass.

FROSCH:

Quite right! Throw out who fusses because he is
lamponed!
Al tara lara dal

ALTMAYER:

Al tara lara dal

FROSCH:

The throats seem to be tuned.

(*Sings*):

Dear Holy Roman Empire,
What holds you still together?

BRANDER:

A nasty song! It reeks of politics!
A wretched song! Thank God in daily prayer,

That the old Empire isn't your affair!
At least I think it is much to be grateful for
That I'm not Emperor nor Chancellor.
And yet we, too, need someone to respect—
I say, a Pope let us elect.
You know the part that elevates
And thereby proves the man who rates.

FROSCH (*sings*):

Oh, Dame Nightingale, arise!
Bring my sweet love ten thousand sighs!

SIEBEL:

No sighs for your sweet love! I will not have
such mush.

FROSCH:

A sigh and kiss for her! You cannot make me blush.

(*Sings*):

Ope the latch in silent night!
Ope the latch, your love invite!
Shut the latch, there is the dawn!

SIEBEL:

Go, sing and sing and sing, pay compliments and
fawn!

The time will come when I shall laugh:
She led me by the nose, and you are the next calf.
Her lover should be some mischievous gnomel
He'd meet her at a crossroads and make light,
And an old billy goat that's racing home
From Blocksberg could still bleat to her "Good
night!"

A decent lad of real flesh and blood
Is far too good to be her stud.
I'll stand no sighs, you silly ass,
But throw rocks through her window glass.

BRANDER (*pounding on the table*):

Look here! Look here! Listen to me!

The First Part of the Tragedy

My friends, confess I know what's right;
 There are lovers here, and you'll agree
 That it's only civility
 That I should try to honor them tonight.
 Watch out! This song's the latest fashion.
 And join in the refrain with passion!

(sings):

A cellar once contained a rat
 That couldn't have been uncouth,
 Lived on grease and butter and grew fat—
 Just like old Doctor Luther.
 The cook put poison in his food,
 Then he felt cramped and just as stewed,
 As if love gnawed his vitals.

CHORUS (*jubilant*):

As if love gnawed his vitals.

BRANDER:

He dashed around, he dashed outdoors,
 Sought puddles and swilled rain,
 He clawed and scratched up walls and floors,
 But his frenzy was in vain;
 He jumped up in a frightful huff,
 But soon the poor beast had enough,
 As if love gnawed his vitals.

CHORUS:

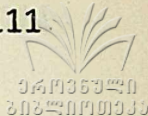
As if love gnawed his vitals.

BRANDER:

At last he rushed in open day
 Into the kitchen, crazed with fear,
 Dropped near the stove and writhed and
 lay,
 And puffed out his career.
 The poisoner only laughed: I hope
 He's at the end now of his rope,
 As if love gnawed his vitals.

CHORUS:

As if love gnawed his vitals.



SIEBEL:

How pleased these stupid chaps are! That's,
I think, indeed a proper art
To put out poison for poor rats.

BRANDER:

I see, you'd like to take their part.

ALTMAYER:

Potbelly with his shiny top!
His ill luck makes him mild and tame.
He sees the bloated rat go flop—
And sees himself: they look the same.
FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES enter.

MEPHISTO:

Above all else, it seems to me,
You need some jolly company
To see life can be fun—to say the least:
The people here make every day a feast.
With little wit and boisterous noise,
They dance and circle in their narrow trails
Like kittens playing with their tails.
When hangovers don't vex these boys,
And while their credit's holding out,
They have no cares and drink and shout.

BRANDER:

Those two are travelers, I swear.
I tell it right off by the way they stare.
They have been here at most an hour.

FROSCH:

No doubt about it. Leipzig is a flower,
It is a little Paris and educates its people.

SIEBEL:

What may they be? Who knows the truth?

FROSCH:

Leave it to me! A drink that interposes—
And I'll pull like a baby tooth
The worms they hide, out of these fellows' noses.

The First Part of the Tragedy

They seem to be of noble ancestry,
For they look proud and act disdainfully.

BRANDER:

They are mere quacks and born in squalor.

ALTMAYER:

Maybe.

FROSCH:

Watch out! We shall commence.

MEPHISTO (to FAUST):

The Devil people never sense,
Though he may hold them by the collar.

FAUST:

Good evening, gentlemen.

SIEBEL:

Thank you, to you the same.
(*softly, looking at MEPHISTOPHELES from the side*):
Look at his foot. Why is it lame?

MEPHISTO:

We'll join you, if you grant the liberty.
The drinks they have are poor, their wine not
very mellow,
So we'll enjoy your company.

ALTMAYER:

You seem a most fastidious fellow.

FROSCH:

Did you leave Rippach rather late and walk?
And did you first have dinner with Master Jackass
there?

MEPHISTO:

Tonight we had no time to spare.
Last time, however, we had quite a talk.
He had a lot to say of his relations
And asked us to send each his warmest salutations.

(*He bows to FROSCH.*)

ALTMAYER (softly):

You got it! He's all right.

SIEBEL:

A pretty reparteel

FROSCH:

I'll get him yet. Just wait and see.

MEPHISTO:

Just now we heard, if I'm not wrong,
Some voices singing without fault.
Indeed this seems a place for song;
No doubt, it echoes from the vault.

FROSCH:

Are you perchance a virtuoso?

MEPHISTO:

Oh no, the will is great, the power only so-so.

ALTMAYER:

Give us a song!

MEPHISTO:

As many as you please.

SIEBEL:

But let us have a brand-new strain!

MEPHISTO:

We have just recently returned from Spain,
The beauteous land of wine and melodies.

(sings):

A king lived long ago
Who had a giant flea—

FROSCH:

Hear, hear! A flea! That's what I call a jest.
A flea's a mighty pretty guest.

MEPHISTO (sings):

A king lived long ago
Who had a giant flea,
He loved him just as though
He were his son and heir.
He sent his tailor a note
And offered the tailor riches
If he would measure a coat

The First Part of the Tragedy

And also take measure for breeches.

BRANDER:

Be sure to tell the tailor, if he twinkles,
That he must take fastidious measure;
He'll lose his head, not just the treasure,
If in the breeches there are wrinkles.

MEPHISTO:

He was in silk arrayed,
In velvet he was dressed,
Had ribbons and brocade,
A cross upon his chest,
A fancy star, great fame—
A minister, in short;
And all his kin became
Lords at the royal court.
The other lords grew lean
And suffered with their wives,
The royal maid and the queen
Were all but eaten alive,
But weren't allowed to swat them
And could not even scratch,
While we can swat and blot them
And kill the ones we catch.

CHORUS (*jubilant*):

While we can swat and blot them
And kill the ones we catch.

FROSCH:

Bravo! Bravo! That was a treat!

SIEBEL:

That is the end all fleas should meet.

BRANDER:

Point your fingers and catch 'em fine!

ALTMAYER:

Long live our freedom! And long live wine!

MEPHISTO:

When freedom is the toast, my own voice I
should add,

Were your forsaken wines only not quite so bad.

SIEBEL:

You better mind your language, lad.

MEPHISTO:

I only fear the landlord might protest,
Else I should give each honored guest
From our cellar a good glass.

SIEBEL:

Let's go! The landlord is an ass.

FROSCH:

If you provide good drinks, you shall be eulogized;
But let your samples be good-sized.
When I'm to judge, I'm telling him,
I want my snout full to the brim.

ALTMAYER (*softly*):

They're from the Rhineland, I presume.

MEPHISTO:

Bring me a gimlet.

BRANDER:

What could that be for?
You couldn't have the casks in the next room?

ALTMAYER:

The landlord keeps his tools right there behind
the door.

MEPHISTO (*takes the gimlet*):

(*To FROSCH*):

What would you like? Something that's cool?

FROSCH:

What do you mean? You got a lot of booze?

MEPHISTO:

I let each have what he may choose.

ALTMAYER (*to FROSCH*):

Oh! You lick your chops and start to drool.

FROSCH:

If it is up to me, I'll have a Rhenish brand:



There's nothing that competes with our
fatherland.

MEPHISTO (*boring a hole near the edge of the
table where FROSCH sits*):

Now let us have some wax to make a cork that
sticks.

ALTMAYER:

Oh, is it merely parlor tricks?

MEPHISTO (*to BRANDER*):

And you?

BRANDER:

I want a good champagne—
Heady; I do not like it plain.

MEPHISTO (*bores; meanwhile someone else has
made the wax stoppers and plugged the holes.*)

BRANDER:

Not all that's foreign can be banned,
For what is far is often fine.

A Frenchman is a thing no German man can
stand,

And yet we like to drink their wine.

SIEBEL (*as MEPHISTOPHELES approaches his place*):

I must confess, I think the dry tastes bad,
The sweet alone is exquisite.

MEPHISTO (*boring*):

Tokay will flow for you, my lad.

ALTMAYER:

I think, you might as well admit,

Good gentlemen, that these are simply jests.

MEPHISTO:

Tut, tut! With such distinguished guests

That would be quite a lot to dare.

So don't be modest, and declare

What kind of wine you would prefer.

ALTMAYER:

I like them all, so I don't care.

(After all the holes have been bored and plugged:)

MEPHISTO (*with strange gestures*):

The grape the vine adorns,
The billy goat sports horns;
The wine is juicy, vines are wood,
The wooden table gives wine as good.
Profound insight! Now you perceive
A miracle; only believe!

Now pull the stoppers and have fun!

ALL (*as they pull out the stoppers and the wine each asked for flows into his glass*):

A gorgeous well for every one!

MEPHISTO:

Be very careful lest it overrun!
(*They drink several times.*)

ALL (*sing*):

We feel gigantically well,
Just like five hundred sows.

MEPHISTO:

Look there how well men are when they are free.

FAUST:

I should like to get out of here.

MEPHISTO:

First watch how their bestiality
Will in full splendor soon appear.

SIEBEL (*drinks carelessly and spills his wine on the floor where it turns into a flame*):

Help! Fire! Help! Hell blew a vent!

MEPHISTO (*conjuring the flame*):

Be quiet, friendly element!
(*to the fellow*):

For this time it was only a drop of purgatory.

SIEBEL:

You'll pay for it, and you can save your story!
What do you think we are, my friend?



FROSCH:

Don't dare do that a second time, you hear!

ALTMAYER:

Just let him leave in silence; that is what I say,
gents!

SIEBEL:

You have the brazen impudence
To do your hocus-pocus here?

MEPHISTO:

Be still, old barrell

SIEBEL:

Broomstick, you!
Will you insult us? Mind your prosel!

BRANDER:

Just wait and see, there will be blows.

ALTMAYER (*pulls a stopper out of the table and
fire leaps at him*):

I burn! I burn!

SIEBEL:

It's magic, as I said.
He is an outlaw. Strike him dead!
(*They draw their knives and advance on*

MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MEPHISTO (*with solemn gestures*):

False images prepare
Mirages in the air.
Be here and there!
(*They stand amazed and stare at each other.*)

ALTMAYER:

Where am I? What a gorgeous land!

FROSCH:

And vineyards! Am I mad?

SIEBEL:

And grapes right by my hand!

BRANDER:

See in the leaves that purple shape?
I never saw that big a grapel!

(Grabs SIEBEL's nose. They all do it to each other and raise their knives.)

MEPHISTO (as above):

Fall from their eyes, illusion's band!
Remember how the Devil joked.

(He disappears with FAUST, the revelers separate.)

SIEBEL:

What's that?

ALTMAYER:

Hah?

FROSCH:

Your nose I stroked?

BRANDER (to SIEBEL):

And yours is in my hand!

ALTMAYER:

The shock is more than I can bear.
I think I'll faint. Get me a chair!

FROSCH:

What was all this? Who understands?

SIEBEL:

Where is the scoundrel? I'm so sore,
If I could only get my hands—

ALTMAYER:

I saw him whiz right through the cellar door,
Riding a flying barrel. Zounds,
The fright weighs on me like a thousand pounds.
(Turning toward the table.)

Do you suppose the wine still flows?

SIEBEL:

That was a fraud! You're asinine!

FROSCH:

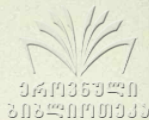
I surely thought that I drank wine.

BRANDER:

But what about the grapes, I say.

ALTMAYER:

Who says there are no miracles today!



On a low stove, a large caldron stands over the fire. In the steam that rises from it, one can see several shapes. A long-tailed female monkey sits near the caldron, skims it, and sees to it that it does not overflow. The male monkey with the little ones sits next to her and warms himself. Walls and ceiling are decorated with the queerest implements of witchcraft.

Faust and Mephistopheles enter.

FAUST:

How I detest this crazy sorcery!
 I should get well, you promise me,
 In this mad frenzy of a mess?
 Do I need the advice of hag fakirs?
 And should this quackish sordidness
 Reduce my age by thirty years?
 I'm lost if that's all you could find.
 My hope is drowned in sudden qualm.
 Has neither nature nor some noble mind
 Invented or contrived a wholesome balm?

MEPHISTO:

My friend, that was nice oratory!
 Indeed, to make you young there is one way
 that's apter;
 But, I regret, that is another story
 And forms quite an amazing chapter.

FAUST:

I want to know it.

MEPHISTO:

All right, you need no sorcery
 And no physician and no dough.
 Just go into the fields and see
 What fun it is to dig and hoe;

The First Part of the Tragedy

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Live simply and keep all your thoughts
On a few simple objects glued;
Restrict yourself and eat the plainest food;
Live with the beasts, a beast: it is no thievery
To dress the fields you work, with your own dung.
That is the surest remedy:
At eighty, you would still be young.

FAUST:

I am not used to that and can't, I am afraid,
Start now to work with hoe and spade.
For me a narrow life like that's too small.

MEPHISTO:

We need the witch then after all.

FAUST:

Why just the hag with all her grimel
Could you not brew it—with *your* head!

MEPHISTO:

A splendid way to waste my time!
A thousand bridges I could build instead.
Science is not enough, nor art;
In this work patience plays a part.
A quiet spirit plods and plods at length;
Nothing but time can give the brew its strength.
With all the things that go into it,
It's sickening just to *see* them do it.
The Devil taught them, true enough,
But he himself can't make the stuff.

(He sees the ANIMALS.)

Just see how delicate they look!
This is the maid, and that the cook.

(To the ANIMALS):

It seems the lady isn't home?

ANIMALS:

She went to roam
Away from home,

The First Part of the Tragedy

Right through the chimney in the dome.

MEPHISTO:

And how long will she walk the street?

ANIMALS:

As long as we warm our feet.

MEPHISTO (to FAUST):

How do you like this dainty pair?

FAUST:

They are inane beyond comparison.

MEPHISTO:

A conversation like this one

Is just the sort of thing for which I care.

(To the ANIMALS):

Now tell me, you accursed group,

Why do you stir that steaming mess?

ANIMALS:

We cook a watery beggars' soup.

MEPHISTO:

You should do a brisk business.

**MALE MONKEY (approaches MEPHISTOPHELES
and fawns):**

Oh please throw the dice

And lose, and be nice

And let me get wealthy!

We are in the ditch,

And if I were rich,

Then I might be healthy.

MEPHISTO:

How happy every monkey thinks he'd be,

If he could play the lottery.

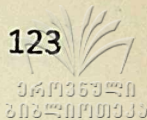
*(Meanwhile the monkey youngsters have been
playing with a large ball, and now they roll
it forward.)*

MALE MONKEY:

The world and ba'll

Both rise and fal'l

And roll and w allow;



It sounds like glass,
It bursts, alas,
The inside's hollow.
Here it is light,
There still more bright,
Life's mine to swallow!
Dear son, I say,
Please keep away!
You'll die first.
It's made of clay
It will burst.

MEPHISTO:

The sieve there, chief—?

MALE MONKEY (*gets it down*):

If you were a thief,
I'd be wise to you.

(He runs to the female monkey and lets her see through it.)

Look through, be brief!
You know the thief,
But may not say *who*?

MEPHISTO (*approaching the fire*):

And here this pot?

BOTH BIG MONKEYS:

The half-witted sot!
Does not know the pot,
Does not know the kettle!

MEPHISTO:

You impolite beast!

MALE MONKEY:

Take this brush at least
And sit down and settle!

(He makes MEPHISTOPHELES sit down.)

FAUST (*who has been standing before a mirror all this time, now stepping close to it, now back*):

What blissful image is revealed

To me behind this magic glass!
 Lend me your swiftest pinions, love, that I
 might pass
 From here to her transfigured field!
 When I don't stay right on this spot, but, pining,
 Dare to step forward and go near
 Mists cloud her shape and let it disappear.
 The fairest image of a woman!
 Indeed, could woman be so fair?
 Or is this body which I see reclining
 Heaven's quintessence from another sphere?
 Is so much beauty found on earth?

MEPHISTO:

Well, if a god works hard for six whole days, my
 friend,
 And then says bravo in the end,
 It ought to have a little worth.
 For now, stare to your heart's content!
 I could track down for you just such a sweet—
 What bliss it would be to get her consent,
 To marry her and be replete.

(FAUST gazes into the mirror all the time.

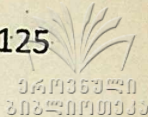
*MEPHISTOPHELES, stretching in the armchair
 and playing with the brush, goes on speaking):*

I sit here like the king upon his throne:
 The scepter I hold here, I lack the crown alone.

*ANIMALS (who have so far moved around in quaint
 confusion, bring a crown to MEPHISTOPHELES,
 clamoring loudly):*

Oh, please be so good,
 With sweat and with blood
 This crown here to lime!

*(They handle the crown clumsily and break it
 into two pieces with which they jump around.)*



It's done, let it be!
We chatter and see,
We listen and rhyme—

FAUST (*at the mirror*):

Alas, I think I'll lose my wits.

MEPHISTO (*pointing toward the ANIMALS*):

I fear that my head, too, begins to reel.

ANIMALS:

And if we score hits
And everything fits,
It's thoughts that we feel.

FAUST (*as above*):

My heart and soul are catching fire.

Please let us go away from here!

MEPHISTO (*in the same position as above*):

The one thing one has to admire

Is that their poetry is quite sincere.

(The caldron which the female monkey has neglected begins to run over, and a huge flame blazes up through the chimney. The WITCH scoots down through the flame with a dreadful clamor.)

WITCH:

Owl! Owl! Owl! Owl!

You damned old beast! You cursed old sow!

You leave the kettle and singe the frau.

You cursed old beast!

(Sees FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.)

What goes on here?

Why are you here?

Who are you two?

Who sneaked inside?

Come, fiery tidel

Their bones be fried!

The First Part of the Tragedy

*(She plunges the skimming spoon into the caldron
and spatters flames at FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES,
and the ANIMALS. The ANIMALS whine.)*

MEPHISTO *(reversing the brush he holds in his hand,
and striking into the glasses and pots):*

In twol In twol
There lies the brew.
There lies the glass.
A joke, my lass,
The beat, you ass,
For melodies from you.

(As the WITCH retreats in wrath and horror):

You know me now? You skeleton! You shrew!
You know your master and your lord?
What holds me? I could strike at you
And shatter you and your foul monkey horde.
Does not the scarlet coat reveal His Grace?
Do you not know the rooster's feather, ma'am?
Did I perchance conceal my face?
Or must I tell you who I am?

WITCH:

Forgive the uncouth greeting, though
You have no cloven feet, you know.
And your two ravens, where are they?

MEPHISTO:

For just this once you may get by,
For it has been some time, I don't deny,
Since I have come your way,
And culture which licks out at every stew
Extends now to the Devil, too:
Gone is the Nordic phantom that former ages saw;
You see no horns, no tail or claw.
And as regards the foot with which I can't
dispense,
That does not look the least bit suave;

Like other young men nowadays, I hence
Prefer to pad my calves.

WITCH (*dancing*):

I'll lose my wits, I'll lose my brain
Since Squire Satan has come back again.

MEPHISTO:

That name is out, hag! Is that plain?

WITCH:

But why? It never gave you pain!

MEPHISTO:

It's dated, called a fable; men are clever,
But they are just as badly off as ever:
The Evil One is gone, the evil ones remain.
You call me baron, hag, and you look out:
I am a cavalier with cavalierly charms,
And my nobility don't dare to doubt!
Look here and you will see my coat of arms!
(*He makes an indecent gesture.*)

WITCH (*laughs immoderately*):

Ha! Ha! That is your manner, sir!
You are a jester as you always were.

MEPHISTO (*to FAUST*):

My friend, mark this, but don't repeat it:
This is the way a witch likes to be treated.

WITCH:

Now tell me why you came in here.

MEPHISTO:

A good glass of the famous juice, my dear!
But I must have the oldest kind:
Its strength increases with each year.

WITCH:

I got a bottle on this shelf
From which I like to nip myself;
By now it doesn't even stink.
I'll give you some, it has the power.

(Softly):

But if, quite unprepared, this man should have a
drink,

He could, as you know well, not live another hour.

MEPHISTO:

He is a friend of mine, and he will take it well.

The best you have is not too good for him.

Now draw your circle, say your spell,

And fill a bumper to the brim.

WITCH (*draws a circle with curious gestures and puts quaint objects into it, while the glasses begin to tinkle, the caldrons begin to resound and they make music. In the end, she gets a big book and puts the monkeys into the circle, and they serve her as a desk and have to hold a torch for her. She motions FAUST to step up.*)

FAUST (to MEPHISTO):

No, tell me why these crazy antics?

The mad ado, the gestures that are frantic,

The most insipid cheat—this stuff

I've known and hated long enough.

MEPHISTO:

Relax! It's fun—a little play;

Don't be so serious, so sedate!

Such hocus-pocus is a doctor's way,

Of making sure the juice will operate.

(*He makes FAUST step into the circle.*)

WITCH (*begins to recite from the book with great emphasis*):

This you must know!

From one make ten,

And two let go,

Take three again,

Then you'll be rich.

The four you fix.

From five and six,

Thus says the witch,

Make seven and eight,
That does the trick;
And nine is one,
And ten is none.
That is the witch's arithmetic.

FAUST:

It seems to me the old hag runs a fever.

MEPHISTO:

You'll hear much more before we leave her.
I know, it sounds like that for many pages.
I lost much time on this accursed affliction,
Because a perfect contradiction
Intrigues not only fools but also sages.
This art is old and new, forsooth:
It was the custom in all ages
To spread illusion and not truth
With Three in One and One in Three.
They teach it twittering like birds;
With fools there is no intervening.
Men usually believe, if only they hear words,
That there must also be some sort of meaning.

WITCH (*continues*):

The lofty prize
Of science lies
Concealed today as ever.
Who has no thought,
To him it's brought
To own without endeavor.

FAUST:

What nonsense does she put before us?
My head aches from her stupidity.
It seems as if I heard a chorus
Of many thousand fools, no less.

MEPHISTO:

Excellent sybil, that is quite enough!



Now pour the drink—just put the stuff
 Into this bowl here. Fill it, sybil, pour;
 My friend is safe from any injuries:
 He has a number of degrees
 And has had many drinks before.

WITCH (*pours the drink into a bowl with many
 ceremonies; as FAUST puts it to his lips,
 a small flame spurts up.*)

MEPHISTO:

What is the matter? Hold it level!
 Drink fast and it will warm you up.
 You are familiar with the Devil,
 And shudder at a fiery cup?
 (*The WITCH breaks the circle. FAUST steps out.*)

MEPHISTO:

Come on! Let's go! You must not rest.

WITCH:

And may this gulp give great delight!

MEPHISTO (*to the WITCH*):

If there is anything that you request,
 Just let me know the next Walpurgis Night.

WITCH:

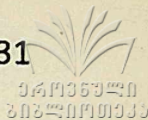
Here is a song; just sing it now and then,
 And you will feel a queer effect indeed.

MEPHISTO (*to FAUST*):

Come quickly now before you tire,
 And let me lead while you perspire
 So that the force can work out through your skin.
 I'll teach you later on to value noble leisure,
 And soon you will perceive the most delightful
 pleasure,
 As Cupid starts to stir and dance like jumping jinn.

FAUST:

One last look at the mirror where I stood!
 So beauteous was that woman's form!



MEPHISTO:

No! No! The paragon of womanhood
You shall soon see alive and warm.

(Softly):

You'll soon find, with this potion's aid,
Helen of Troy in every maid.

STREET

Faust. Margaret passing by.

FAUST:

Fair lady, may I be so free
To offer my arm and company?

MARGARET:

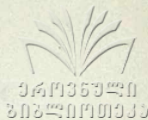
I'm neither a lady nor am I fair,
And can go home without your care.
(She frees herself and exits.)

FAUST:

By heaven, this young girl is fair!
Her like I don't know anywhere.
She is so virtuous and pure,
But somewhat pert and not demure.
The glow of her cheeks and her lips so red
I shall not forget until I am dead.
Her downcast eyes, shy and yet smart,
Are stamped forever on my heart;
Her curtness and her brevity
Was sheer enchanting ecstasy!
(MEPHISTOPHELES enters.)

FAUST:

Get me that girl, and don't ask why?



MEPHISTO:

Which one?

FAUST:

She only just went by.

MEPHISTO:

That one! She saw her priest just now,
And he pronounced her free of sin.
I stood right there and listened in.
She's so completely blemishless
That there was nothing to confess.
Over her I don't have any power.

FAUST:

She is well past her fourteenth year.

MEPHISTO:

Look at the gay Lothario herel
He would like to have every flower,
And thinks each prize or pretty trick
Just waits around for him to pick;
But sometimes that just doesn't go.

FAUST:

My Very Reverend Holy Joe,
Leave me in peace with law and right!
I tell you, if you don't comply,
And this sweet young blood doesn't lie
Between my arms this very night,
At midnight we'll have parted ways.

MEPHISTO:

Think of the limits of my might.
I need at least some fourteen days
To find a handy evening.

FAUST:

If I had peace for seven hours,
I should not need the Devil's powers
To seduce such a little thing.

MEPHISTO:

You speak just like a Frenchman. Wait,
I beg you, and don't be annoyed:



What have you got when it's enjoyed?
The fun is not nearly so great
As when you bit by bit imbibe it,
And first resort to playful folly
To knead and to prepare your dolly,
The way some Gallic tales describe it.

FAUST:

I've appetite without all that.

MEPHISTO:

Now without jokes or tit-for-tat:
I tell you, with this fair young child
We simply can't be fast or wild.
We'd waste our time storming and running;
We have to have recourse to cunning.

FAUST:

Get something from the angel's nest!
Or lead me to her place of rest!
Get me a kerchief from her breast,
A garter from my darling's knee.

MEPHISTO:

Just so you see, it touches me
And I would soothe your agony,
Let us not linger here and thus delay:
I'll take you to her room today.

FAUST:

And shall I see her? Have her?

MEPHISTO:

No.

To one of her neighbors she has to go.
But meanwhile you may at your leisure
Relish the hopes of future pleasure,
Till you are sated with her atmosphere.

FAUST:

Can we go now?

MEPHISTO:

It's early yet, I fear.

**FAUST:**

Get me a present for the dear! (*Exit.*)

MEPHISTO:

A present right away? Good! He will be a hit.
 There's many a nice place I know
 With treasures buried long ago;
 I better look around a bit. (*Exit.*)

EVENING

A small neat room.

MARGARET (*braiding and binding her hair*):

I should give much if I could say
 Who was that gentleman today.
 He looked quite gallant, certainly,
 And is of noble family;
 That much even his forehead told—
 How else could he have been so bold? (*Exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES. FAUST.

MEPHISTO:

Come in, but very quietly!

FAUST (*after a short silence*):

I beg you, leave and let me be!

MEPHISTO (*sniffing around*):

She's neater than a lot of girls I see. (*Exit.*)

FAUST (*looking up and around*):

Sweet light of dusk, guest from above
 That fills this shrine, be welcome you!
 Seize now my heart, sweet agony of love
 That languishes and feeds on hope's clear dew!



What sense of calm embraces me,
Of order and complete content!
What bounty in this poverty!
And in this prison, ah, what ravishment!
*(He throws himself into the leather armchair by
the bed.)*

Welcome me now, as former ages rested
Within your open arms in grief and joy!
How often was this fathers' throne contested
By eager children, prized by girl and boy!
And here, perhaps, her full cheeks flushed with
bliss,

My darling, grateful for a Christmas toy,
Pressed on her grandsire's withered hand a kiss.
I feel your spirit, lovely maid,
Of ordered bounty breathing here
Which, motherly, comes daily to your aid
To teach you how a rug is best on tables laid
And how the sand should on the floor appear.
Oh godlike hand, to you it's given
To make a cottage, a kingdom of heaven.
And here! *(He lifts a bed curtain.)*

What raptured shudder makes me stir?
How I should love to be immured
Where in light dreams nature matured
The angel that's innate in her.
Here lay the child, developed slowly,
Her tender breast with warm life fraught,
And here, through weaving pure and holy,
The image of the gods was wrought.

And you! Alas, what brought you here?
I feel so deeply moved, so queer!
What do you seek? Why is your heart so sore?
Poor Faust! I do not know you any more.



Do magic smells surround me here?
 Immediate pleasure was my bent,
 But now—in dreams of love I'm all but spent.
 Are we mere puppets of the atmosphere?

If she returned this instant from her call,
 How for your mean transgression you would pay!
 The haughty lad would be so small,
 Lie at her feet and melt away.

MEPHISTO (*entering*):

Let's go! I see her in the lanel

FAUST:

Away! I'll never come again.

MEPHISTO:

Here is a fairly decent case,
 I picked it up some other place.
 Just leave it in the chest up there.
 She'll go out of her mind, I swear;
 For I put things in it, good sir,
 To win a better one than her.
 But child is child and play is play.

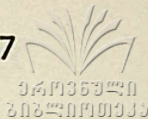
FAUST:

I don't know—should I?

MEPHISTO:

Why delay?

You do not hope to save your jewel?
 Or I'll give your lust this advice:
 Don't waste fair daytime like this twice,
 Nor my exertions: it is cruel.
 It is not simple greed, I hope!
 I scratch my head, I fret and mope—
 (*He puts the case into the chest and locks it again.*)
 Away! Let's go!—
 It's just to make the child fulfil
 Your heart's desire and your will;



And you stand and frown
As if you had to lecture in cap and gown—
As if in gray there stood in front of you
Physics and Metaphysics, too.
Away! (*Exeunt.*)

MARGARET (*with a lamp*):

It seems so close, so sultry now,
(*She opens the window.*)
And yet outside it's not so warm.
I feel so strange, I don't know how—
I wish my mother would come home.
A shudder grips my body, I feel chilly—
How fearful I am and how silly!
(*She begins to sing as she undresses.*)

In Thule there was a king,
Faithful unto the grave,
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.

Nothing he held more dear,
At every meal he used it;
His eyes would fill with tears
As often as he mused it.

And when he came to dying,
The towns in his realm he told,
Naught to his heir denying,
Except the goblet of gold.

He dined at evenfall
With all his chivalry
In the ancestral hall
In the castle by the sea.

The old man rose at last
And drank life's sunset glow,

The First Part of the Tragedy

And the sacred goblet he cast
Into the flood below.

He saw it plunging, drinking,
And sinking into the sea;
His eyes were also sinking,
And nevermore drank he.

(She opens the chest to put away her clothes and sees the case.)

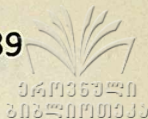
How did this lovely case get in my chest?
I locked it after I got dressed.
It certainly seems strange. And what might be in
there?

It might be a security
Left for a loan in Mother's care.
There is a ribbon with a key;
I think I'll open it and see.
What is that? God in heaven! There—
I never saw such fine array!
These jewels! Why a lord's lady could wear
These on the highest holiday.
How would this necklace look on me?
Who owns all this? It is so fine.

(She adorns herself and steps before the mirror.)

If those earrings were only mine!
One looks quite different right away.
What good is beauty, even youth?
All that may be quite good and fair,
But does it get you anywhere?
Their praise is half pity, you can be sure.
For gold contend,
On gold depend
All things. Woe to us poor!





PROMENADE

Faust walking up and down, lost in thought.

Mephistopheles enters.

MEPHISTO:

By the pangs of despised love! By the elements of
hell!

I wish I knew something worse to curse by it as
well!

FAUST:

What ails you? Steady now, keep level!

I never saw a face like yours today.

MEPHISTO:

I'd wish the Devil took me straightaway,
If I myself were not a devil.

FAUST:

Has something in your head gone bad?

It sure becomes you raving like one mad.

MEPHISTO:

Just think, the jewels got for Margaret—

A dirty priest took the whole set.

The mother gets to see the stuff

And starts to shudder, sure enough:

She has a nose to smell things out—

In prayerbooks she keeps her snout—

A whiff of anything makes plain

Whether it's holy or profane.

She sniffed the jewelry like a rat

And knew no blessings came with that.

My child, she cried, ill-gotten wealth

Will soil your soul and spoil your health.

We'll give it to the Mother of the Lord

And later get a heavenly reward.

Poor Margaret went into a pout;



She thought: a gift horsel and, no doubt,
 Who brought it here so carefully
 Could not be godless, certainly.
 The mother called a priest at once,
 He saw the gems and was no dunce;
 He drooled and then said: Without question,
 Your instinct is quite genuine,
 Who overcomes himself will win.
 The Church has a superb digestion,
 Whole countries she has gobbled up,
 But never is too full to sup;
 The Church alone has the good health
 For stomaching ill-gotten wealth.

FAUST:

Why, everybody does: a Jew
 And any king can do it, too.

MEPHISTO:

So he picked up a clasp, necklace, and rings,
 Like toadstools or some worthless things,
 And did not thank them more nor less
 Than as if it were nuts or some such mess,
 And he promised them plenty after they died—
 And they were duly edified.

FAUST:

And Gretchen?

MEPHISTO:

She, of course, feels blue,
 She sits and doesn't know what to do,
 Thinks day and night of every gem—
 Still more of him who furnished them.

FAUST:

My darling's grief distresses me.
 Go, get her some new jewelry.
 The first one was a trifling loss.

MEPHISTO:

Oh sure, its child's play for you, boss.



FAUST:

Just fix it all to suit my will;
Try on the neighbor, too, your skill.
Don't, Devil, act like sluggish pastel
Get some new jewels and make hastel

MEPHISTO:

Yes, gracious lord, it is a pleasure.

(**FAUST exits.**)

MEPHISTO:

A fool in love just doesn't care
And, just to sweeten darling's leisure,
He'd make sun, moon, and stars into thin air.
(*Exit.*)

THE NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE

MARTHA (*alone*):

May God forgive my husband! He
Was certainly not good to me.
He went into the world to roam
And left me on the straw at home.
God knows that I have never crossed him,
And loved him dearly; yet I lost him.

(*She cries.*)

Perhaps—the thought kills me—he died!—
If it were only certified!

(**MARGARET enters.**)

MARGARET:

Dame Martha!

MARTHA:

Gretchen, what could it be?

**MARGARET:**

My legs feel faint, though not with pain:
 I found another case, again
 Right in my press, of ebony,
 With things more precious all around
 Than was the first case that I found.

MARTHA:

You must not show them to your mother,
 She'd tell the priest as with the other.

MARGARET:

Oh look at it! Oh see! Please do!

MARTHA (adorns her):

You lucky, lucky creature, you!

MARGARET:

Unfortunately, it's not meet
 To wear them in the church or street.

MARTHA:

Just come here often to see me,
 Put on the jewels secretly,
 Walk up and down an hour before the mirror here,
 And we shall have a good time, dear.
 Then chances come, perhaps a holiday,
 When we can bit by bit, gem after gem display,
 A necklace first, then a pearl in your ear;
 Your mother—we can fool her, or she may never
 hear.

MARGARET:

Who bought the cases and has not appeared?
 It certainly seems very weird. (A knock.)
 Oh God, my mother—is it her?

MARTHA (peeping through the curtain):

It is a stranger—come in, sir!

(MEPHISTO enters.)**MEPHISTO:**

I'll come right in and be so free,

If the ladies will grant me the liberty.
(*Steps back respectfully as he sees MARGARET.*)
To Martha Schwerdtlein I wished to speak.

MARTHA:

It's I. What does your honor seek?

MEPHISTO (*softly to her*):

I know you now, that satisfies me.
You have very elegant company;
Forgive my intrusion; I shall come back soon—
If you don't mind, this afternoon.

MARTHA (*loud*):

Oh goodness gracious! Did you hear?
He thinks you are a lady, dear!

MARGARET:

I'm nothing but a poor young maid;
You are much too kind, I am afraid;
The gems and jewels are not my own.

MEPHISTO:

It is not the jewelry alone!
Your noble eyes—indeed, it is your whole way!
How glad I am that I may stay!

MARTHA:

What is your errand? Please, good sir—

MEPHISTO:

I wish I had better news for her!
And don't get cross with your poor guest:
Your husband is dead and sends his best.

MARTHA:

Is dead? The faithful heart! Oh dear!
My husband is dead! I shall faint right here.

MARGARET:

Oh my dear woman! Don't despair!

MEPHISTO:

Let me relate the sad affair.

MARGARET:

I should sooner never be a bride;
The grief would kill me if he died.



MEPHISTO:

Joy needs woe, woe requires joy.

MARTHA:

Tell me of the end of my sweet boy.

MEPHISTO:

In Padua, in Italy,
He is buried in St. Anthony
In ground that has been duly blessed
For such cool, everlasting rest.

MARTHA:

Surely, there is something more you bring.

MEPHISTO:

One solemn and sincere request:
For his poor soul they should three hundred
masses sing.
That's all, my purse is empty, though not of course
my breast.

MARTHA:

What? Not a gem? No work of art?
I am sure, deep in his bag the poorest wanderer
Keeps some remembrance that gives pleasure,
And sooner starves than yields this treasure.

MEPHISTO:

Madam, don't doubt it breaks my heart.
And you may rest assured, he was no squanderer.
He knew his errors well, and he repented,
Though his ill fortune was the thing he most
lamented.

MARGARET:

That men are so unfortunate and poor!
I'll say some Requiems, and for his soul I'll pray.

MEPHISTO:

You would deserve a marriage right away,
For you are charming, I am sure.

MARGARET:

Oh no! I must wait to be wed.



MEPHISTO:

If not a husband, have a lover instead.
It is one of heaven's greatest charms
To hold such a sweetheart in one's arms.

MARGARET:

That is not the custom around here.

MEPHISTO:

Custom or not, it's done, my dear.

MARTHA:

Please tell me more!

MEPHISTO:

I stood besides the bed he died on;
It was superior to manure,
Of rotted straw, and yet he died a Christian, pure,
And found that there was more on his unsettled
score.

"I'm hateful," he cried; "wicked was my life,
As I forsook my trade and also left my wife.
To think of it now makes me die.
If only she forgave me even so!"

MARTHA (*weeping*):

The darling! I forgave him long ago.

MEPHISTO:

"And yet, God knows, she was far worse than I."

MARTHA:

He lied—alas, lied at the brink of death!

MEPHISTO:

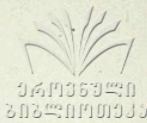
Surely, he made up things with dying breath,
If ever I saw death before.

"To pass the time, I could not look around," he
said:

"First she got children, then they needed bread—
When I say bread, I mean much more—
And she never gave peace for me to eat my share."

MARTHA:

Did he forget my love, my faithfulness and care,



And how I slaved both day and night?

MEPHISTO:

Oh no, he thought of that with all his might;
 He said: "When we left Malta for another trip,
 I prayed for wife and children fervently,
 So heaven showed good grace to me,
 And our boat soon caught a Turkish ship
 That had the mighty sultan's gold on it.
 Then fortitude got its reward,
 And I myself was given, as was fit,
 My share of the great sultan's hoard."

MARTHA:

Oh how? Oh where? Might it be buried now?

MEPHISTO:

The winds have scattered it, and who knows how?
 A pretty girl in Naples, sweet and slim,
 Cared for him when he was without a friend
 And did so many deeds of love for him
 That he could feel it till his blessed end.

MARTHA:

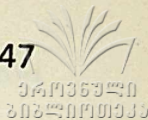
The rogue! He robbed children and wife!
 No misery, no lack of bread
 Could keep him from his shameful life!

MEPHISTO:

You see! For that he now is dead.
 If I were in your place, I'd pause
 To mourn him for a year, as meet,
 And meanwhile I would try to find another sweet.

MARTHA:

Oh God, the way my first one was
 I'll hardly find another to be mine!
 How could there be a little fool that's fonder?
 Only he liked so very much to wander,
 And foreign women, and foreign wine,
 And that damned shooting of the dice.



MEPHISTO:

Well, well! It could have been quite nice,
Had he been willing to ignore
As many faults in you, or more.
On such terms, I myself would woo
And willingly change rings with you.

MARTHA:

The gentleman is pleased to jest.

MEPHISTO (*aside*):

I better get away from here:
She'd keep the Devil to his word, I fear.

(*to GRETCHEN*):

And how is your heart? Still at rest?

MARGARET:

What do you mean, good sir?

MEPHISTO (*aside*):

You good, innocent child!

(*loud*):

Good-by, fair ladies!

MARGARET:

Good-by.

MARTHA:

Oh, not so fast and wild!

I'd like to have it certified

That my sweetheart was buried, and when and
where he died.

I always hate to see things done obliquely
And want to read his death in our weekly.

MEPHISTO:

Yes, lady, what is testified by two
Is everywhere known to be true;
And I happen to have a splendid mate
Whom I'll take along to the magistrate.
I'll bring him here.

MARTHA:

Indeed, please do!

**MEPHISTO:**

And will this maiden be here, too?
A gallant lad! Has traveled much with me
And shows young ladies all courtesy.

MARGARET:

I would have to blush before him, poor thing.

MEPHISTO:

Not even before a king!

MARTHA:

Behind the house, in my garden, then,
Tonight we shall expect the gentlemen.

STREET

Faust. Mephistopheles.

FAUST:

How is it? Well? Can it be soon?

MEPHISTO:

Oh bravo! Now you are on fire?
Soon Gretchen will still your desire.
At Martha's you may see her later this afternoon:
That woman seems expressly made
To ply the pimps' and gypsies' trade.

FAUST:

Oh good!

MEPHISTO:

But something's wanted from us, too.

FAUST:

One good turn makes another due.

MEPHISTO:

We merely have to go and testify



That the remains of her dear husband lie
In Padua where Anthony once sat.

FAUST:

Now we shall have to go there. Now that was
smart of you!

MEPHISTO:

Sancta simplicitas! Who ever thought of that?
Just testify, and hang whether it's true!

FAUST:

If you know nothing better, this plan has fallen
through.

MEPHISTO:

Oh, holy man! You are no less!
Is this the first time in your life that you
Have testified what is not true?
Of God and all the world, and every single part,
Of man and all that stirs inside his head and
heart
You gave your definitions with power and finesse,
With brazen cheek and haughty breath.
And if you stop to think, I guess,
You knew as much of that, you must confess,
As you know now of Mr. Schwerdtlein's death.

FAUST:

You are and you remain a sophist and a liar.

MEPHISTO:

Yes, if one's knowledge were not just a little
higher.

Tomorrow, won't you, pure as air,
Deceive poor Gretchen and declare
Your soul's profoundest love, and swear?

FAUST:

With all my heart.

MEPHISTO:

Good and fair!
Then faithfulness and love eternal



And the super-almighty urge supernal—
Will that come from your heart as well?

FAUST:

Leave off! It will.—When, lost in feeling,
For this urge, for this surge
I seek a name, find none, and, reeling
All through the world with all my senses gasping,
At all the noblest words I'm grasping
And call this blaze in which I flame,
Infinite, eternal eternally—
Is that a game or devilish jugglery?

MEPHISTO:

I am still right.

FAUST:

Listen to me,
I beg of you, and don't wear out my lung:
Whoever would be right and only has a tongue,
Always will be.
Come on! I'm sick of prating, spare your voice,
For you are right because I have no choice.

GARDEN

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

MARGARET:

I feel it well, good sir, you're only kind to me:
You condescend—and you abash.
It is the traveler's courtesy
To put up graciously with trash.
I know too well, my poor talk never can
Give pleasure to a traveled gentleman.



FAUST:

One glance from you, one word gives far more
pleasure
Than all the wisdom of this world.
(*He kisses her hand.*)

MARGARET:

Don't incommode yourself! How could you kiss
it? You?
It is so ugly, is so rough.
But all the things that I have had to do!
For Mother I can't do enough. (*They pass.*)

MARTHA:

And you, sir, travel all the time, you say?

MEPHISTO:

Alas, our trade and duty keeps us going!
Though when one leaves the tears may well be
flowing,
One never is allowed to stay.

MARTHA:

While it may do in younger years
To sweep around the world, feel free and suave,
There is the time when old age nears,
And then to creep alone, a bachelor, to one's
grave,
That's something everybody fears.

MEPHISTO:

With dread I see it far away.

MARTHA:

Then, my dear sir, consider while you may.
(*They pass.*)

MARGARET:

Yes, out of sight is out of mind.
You are polite, you can't deny,
And often you have friends and find
That they are cleverer than I.

**FAUST:**

Oh dearest, trust me, what's called clever on this
earth

Is often vain and rash rather than clever.

MARGARET:

What?

FAUST:

Oh, that the innocent and simple never
Appreciate themselves and their own worth!
That meekness and humility, supreme
Among the gifts of loving, lavish nature—

MARGARET:

If you should think of me one moment only,
I shall have time enough to think of you and
dream.

FAUST:

Are you so often lonely?

MARGARET:

Yes; while our household is quite small,
You see, I have to do it all.
We have no maid, so I must cook, and sweep, and
knit,
And sew, and run early and late;
And mother is in all of it
So accurate!
Not that it's necessary; our need is not so great.
We could afford much more than many another:
My father left a tidy sum to mother,
A house and garden near the city gate.
But now my days are rather plain:
A soldier is my brother,
My little sister dead.
Sore was, while she was living, the troubled life
I led;
But I would gladly go through all of it again:
She was so dear to me.



FAUST:

An angel, if like you.

MARGARET:

I brought her up, and she adored me, too.
She was born only after father's death;
Mother seemed near her dying breath,
As stricken as she then would lie,
Though she got well again quite slowly, by and
by.

She was so sickly and so slight,
She could not nurse the little mite;
So I would tend her all alone,
With milk and water; she became my own.
Upon my arms and in my lap
She first grew friendly, tumbled, and grew up.

FAUST:

You must have felt the purest happiness.

MARGARET:

But also many hours of distress.
The baby's cradle stood at night
Beside my bed, and if she stirred I'd wake,
I slept so light.
Now I would have to feed her, now I'd take
Her into my bed, now I'd rise
And dandling pace the room to calm the baby's
cries.

And I would wash before the sun would rise,
Fret in the market and over the kitchen flame,
Tomorrow as today, always the same.
One's spirits, sir, are not always the best,
But one can relish meals and relish rest.
(*They pass.*)

MARTHA:

Poor woman has indeed a wretched fate:
A bachelor is not easy to convert.

MEPHISTO:

For one like you the job is not too great;



You might convince me if you are alert.

MARTHA:

Be frank, dear sir, so far you have not found?
Has not your heart in some way yet been bound?

MEPHISTO:

A hearth one owns and a good wife, we're told,
Are worth as much as pearls and gold.

MARTHA:

I mean, have you not ever had a passion?

MEPHISTO:

I always was received in the most friendly fashion.

MARTHA:

Would say: weren't you ever in earnest in your
breast?

MEPHISTO:

With women one should never presume to speak
in jest.

MARTHA:

Oh, you don't understand.

MEPHISTO:

I'm sorry I'm so blind!
But I do understand—that you are very kind.
(*They pass.*)

FAUST:

Oh little angel, you did recognize
Me as I came into the garden?

MARGARET:

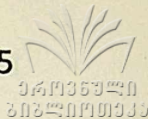
Did you not notice? I cast down my eyes.

FAUST:

My liberty you're then prepared to pardon?
What insolence presumed to say
As you left church the other day?

MARGARET:

I was upset, I did not know such daring;
And no one could have spoken ill of me.
I thought that something in my bearing



Must have seemed shameless and unmaidenly.
He seemed to have the sudden feeling
That this wench could be had without much
dealing.

Let me confess, I didn't know that there
Were other feelings stirring in me, and they grew;
But I was angry with myself, I swear,
That I could not get angrier with you.

FAUST:

Sweet darling!

MARGARET:

Let me do this!
*(She plucks a daisy and pulls out the petals
one by one.)*

FAUST:

A nosegay? Or what shall it be?

MARGARET:

No, it is just a game.

FAUST:

What?

MARGARET:

Go, you will laugh at me.
(She pulls out petals and murmurs.)

FAUST:

What do you murmur?

MARGARET *(half aloud)*:

He loves me—loves me not.

FAUST:

You gentle countenance of heaven!

MARGARET *(continues)*:

Loves me—not—loves me—not—

(tearing out the last leaf, in utter joy)

He loves me.

FAUST:

Yes, my child. Let this sweet flower's word



Be as a god's word to you. He loves you.
Do you know what this means? He loves you.
(*He takes both her hands.*)

MARGARET:

My skin creeps.

FAUST:

Oh, shudder not! But let this glance,
And let this clasp of hands tell you
What is unspeakable:
To yield oneself entirely and feel
A rapture which must be eternal.
Eternal! For its end would be despair.
No, no end! No end!

(*MARGARET clasps his hands, frees herself, and runs
away. He stands for a moment, lost in thought;
then he follows her.*)

MARTHA (entering):

The night draws near.

MEPHISTO:

Yes, and we want to go.

MARTHA:

I should ask you to tarry even so,
But this place simply is too bad:
It is as if nobody had
Work or labor
Except to spy all day long on his neighbor,
And one gets talked about, whatever life one leads.
And our couple?

MEPHISTO:

Up that path I heard them whirr—
Frolicking butterflies.

MARTHA:

He is taking to her.

MEPHISTO:

And she to him. That's how the world proceeds.



A GARDEN BOWER

Margaret leaps into it, hides behind the door, puts the tip of one finger to her lips, and peeks through the crack.

MARGARET:

He comes.

FAUST (*entering*):

Oh rogue, you're teasing me.

Now I see. (*He kisses her.*)

MARGARET (*seizing him and returning the kiss*):

Dearest man! I love you from my heart.

(MEPHISTOPHELES *knocks.*)

FAUST (*stamping his foot*):

Who's there?

MEPHISTO:

A friend.

FAUST:

A beast!

MEPHISTO:

The time has come to part.

MARTHA (*entering*):

Yes, it is late, good sir.

FAUST:

May I not take you home?

MARGARET:

My mother would—Farewell!

FAUST:

Must I leave then?

Farewell.

MARTHA:

Adieu.

MARGARET:

Come soon again!

(FAUST and MEPHISTO *exeunt.*)



MARGARET:

Dear God, the things he thought and said!
How much goes on in a man's head!
Abashed, I merely acquiesce
And cannot answer, except Yes!
I am a poor, dumb child and cannot see
What such a man could find in me. (*Exit.*)

WOOD AND CAVE

FAUST (*alone*):

Exalted spirit, all you gave me, all
That I have asked. And it was not in vain
That amid flames you turned your face toward me.
You gave me royal nature as my own dominion,
Strength to experience her, enjoy her. Not
The cold amazement of a visit only
You granted me, but let me penetrate
Into her heart as into a close friend's.
You lead the hosts of all that is alive
Before my eyes, teach me to know my brothers
In quiet bushes and in air and water.
And when the storm roars in the wood and creaks,
The giant fir tree, falling, hits and smashes
The neighbor branches and the neighbor trunks,
And from its hollow thud the mountain thunders,
Then you lead me to this safe cave and show
Me to myself, and all the most profound
And secret wonders of my breast are opened.
And when before my eyes the pure moon rises
And passes soothingly, there float to me
From rocky cliffs and out of dewy bushes



The silver shapes of a forgotten age,
And soften meditation's somber joy.
Alas, that man is granted nothing perfect
I now experience. With this happiness
Which brings me close and closer to the gods,
You gave me the companion whom I can
Forego no more, though with cold impudence
He makes me small in my own eyes and changes
Your gifts to nothing with a few words' breath.
He kindles in my breast a savage fire
And keeps me thirsting after that fair image.
Thus I reel from desire to enjoyment,
And in enjoyment languish for desire.

MEPHISTO (*enters*):

Have you not led this life quite long enough?
How can it keep amusing you?
It may be well for once to try such stuff
But then one turns to something new.

FAUST:

I wish that you had more to do
And would not come to pester me.

MEPHISTO:

All right. I gladly say adieu—
You should not say that seriously.
A chap like you, unpleasant, mad, and cross,
Would hardly be a serious loss.
All day long one can work and slave away.
And what he likes and what might cause dismay,
It simply isn't possible to say.

FAUST:

That is indeed the proper tone!
He wants my thanks for being such a pest.

MEPHISTO:

If I had left you wretch alone,
Would you then live with greater zest?
Was it not I that helped you to disown,
And partly cured, your feverish unrest?



Yes, but for me, the earthly zone
 Would long be minus one poor guest.
 And now, why must you sit like an old owl
 In caves and rocky clefts, and scowl?
 From soggy moss and dripping stones you lap
 your food
 Just like a toad, and sit and brood.
 A fair, sweet way to pass the time!
 Still steeped in your doctoral slime!

FAUST:

How this sojourn in the wilderness
 Renews my vital force, you cannot guess.
 And if you apprehended this,
 You would be Devil enough, to envy me my bliss.

MEPHISTO:

A supernatural delight!
 To lie on mountains in the dew and night,
 Embracing earth and sky in raptured reeling,
 To swell into a god—in one's own feeling—
 To probe earth's marrow with vague divination,
 Sense in your breast the whole work of creation,
 With haughty strength enjoy, I know not what,
 Then overflow into all things with love so hot,
 Gone is all earthly inhibition,
 And then the noble intuition—(*with a gesture*)
 Of—need I say of what emission?

FAUST:

Shame!

MEPHISTO:

That does not meet with your acclaim;
 You have the right to cry indignant: shame!
 One may not tell chaste ears what, beyond doubt,
 The chastest heart could never do without.
 And, once for all, I don't grudge you the pleasure
 Of little self-deceptions at your leisure;
 But it can't last indefinitely.



Already you are spent again,
And soon you will be rent again,
By madness and anxiety.
Enough of that. Your darling is distraught,
Sits inside, glum and in despair,
She can't put you out of her mind and thought
And loves you more than she can bear.
At first your raging love was past control,
As brooks that overflow when filled with melted
snow;

You poured it out into her soul,
But now your little brook is low.
Instead of posing in the wood,
It seems to me it might be good
If for her love our noble lord
Gave the poor monkey some reward.
Time seems to her intolerably long;
She stands at her window and sees the clouds in
the sky
Drift over the city wall and go by.
Were I a little bird! thus goes her song
For days and half the night long.
Once she may be cheerful, most of the time sad,
Once she has spent her tears,
Then she is calm, it appears,
And always loves you like mad.

FAUST:

Serpent! Snakel

MEPHISTO (*aside*):

If only I catch the rake!

FAUST:

Damnab!e fiend! Get yourself hence,
And do not name the beautiful maid!
Let not the lust for her sweet limbs invade
And ravish once again my frenzied sense!

MEPHISTO:

What do you mean? She thinks you've run away;

And it is half-true, I must say.

FAUST:

I am near her, however far I be,
She'll never be forgotten and ignored;
Indeed, I am consumed with jealousy
That her lips touch the body of the Lord.

MEPHISTO:

I'm jealous of my friend when she exposes
The pair of twins that feed among the roses.

FAUST:

Begone, pander!

MEPHISTO:

Finel Your wrath amuses me.
The God who fashioned man and maid
Was quick to recognize the noblest trade,
And procured opportunity.
Go on! It is a woeful pain!
You're to embrace your love again,
Not sink into the tomb.

FAUST:

What are the joys of heaven in her arms?
Let me embrace her, feel her charms—
Do I not always sense her doom?
Am I not fugitive? without a home?
Inhuman; without aim or rest,
As, like the cataract, from rock to rock I foam,
Raging with passion, toward the abyss?
And nearby, she— with childlike blunt desires
Inside her cottage on the Alpine leas,
And everything that she requires
Was in her own small world at ease.
And I, whom the gods hate and mock,
Was not satisfied
That I seized the rock
And smashed the mountainside.



Her—her peace I had to undermine.
You, hell, desired this sacrifice upon your shrine.
Help, Devil, shorten this time of dread.
What must be done, come let it be.
Let then her fate come shattering on my head,
And let her perish now with me.

MEPHISTO:

How now it boils again and how you shout.
Go in and comfort her, you dunce.
Where such a little head sees no way out,
He thinks the end must come at once.
Long live who holds out undeterred!
At other times you have the Devil's airs.
In all the world there's nothing more absurd
Than is a Devil who despairs.

'GRETCHEN'S ROOM

GRETCHEN (*at the spinning wheel, alone*):

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore;
I find it never
And nevermore.

Where him I not have
There is my grave.
This world is all
Turned into gall.

And my poor head
Is quite insane,
And my poor mind
Is rent with pain.

The First Part of the Tragedy

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore;
I find it never
And nevermore.

For him only I look
From my window seat,
For him only I go
Out into the street.

His lofty gait,
His noble guise,
The smile of his mouth,
The force of his eyes,

And his words' flow—
Enchanting bliss—
The touch of his hand,
And, oh, his kiss.

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore;
I find it never
And nevermore.

My bosom surges
For him alone,
Oh that I could clasp him
And hold him so,

And kiss him
To my heart's content,
Till in his kisses
I were spent.

MARTHA'S GARDEN

Margaret. Faust.

MARGARET:

Promise me, Heinrich.

FAUST:

Whatever I can.

MARGARET:

How is it with your religion, please admit—
Your certainly are a very good man,
But I believe you don't think much of it.

FAUST:

Leave that, my child. I love you, do not fear
And would give all for those whom I hold dear,
Would not rob anyone of church or creed.

MARGARET:

That is not enough, it is faith we need.

FAUST:

Do we?

MARGARET:

Oh that I had some influence!
You don't respect the holy sacraments.

FAUST:

I do respect them.

MARGARET:

But without desire.
The mass and confession you do not require.
Do you believe in God?

FAUST:

My darling who may say
I believe in God?
Ask priests and sages, their reply
Looks like sneers that mock and prod
The one who asked the question.

MARGARET:

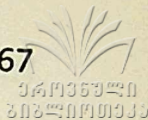
Then you deny him there?

FAUST:

Do not mistake me, you who are so fair.
 Him—who may name?
 And who proclaim:
 I believe in him?
 Who may feel,
 Who dare reveal
 In words: I believe him not?
 The All-Embracing,
 The All-Sustaining,
 Does he not embrace and sustain
 You, me, himself?
 Does not the heaven vault above?
 Is the earth not firmly based down here?
 And do not, friendly,
 Eternal stars rise?
 Do we not look into each other's eyes,
 And all in you is surging
 To your head and heart,
 And weaves in timeless mystery,
 Unseeable, yet seen, around you?
 Then let it fill your heart entirely,
 And when your rapture in this feeling is complete,
 Call it then as you will,
 Call it bliss! heart! love! God!
 I do not have a name
 For this. Feeling is all;
 Names are but sound and smoke
 Befogging heaven's blazes.

MARGARET:

Those are very fair and noble phrases;
 The priest says something, too, like what you
 spoke—
 Only his words are not quite so—



FAUST:

Wherever you go,
All hearts under the heavenly day
Say it, each in its own way;
Why not I in mine?

MARGARET:

When one listens to you, one might incline
To let it pass—but I can't agree,
For you have no Christianity.

FAUST:

Dear child!

MARGARET:

It has long been a grief to me
To see you in such company.

FAUST:

Why?

MARGARET:

The man that goes around with you
Seems hateful to me through and through:
In all my life there's not a thing
That gave my heart as sharp a sting
As his repulsive eyes.

FAUST:

Sweet doll, don't fear him anyway.

MARGARET:

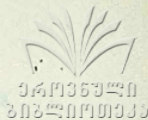
His presence makes me feel quite ill.
I bear all other men good will;
But just as to see you I languish,
This man fills me with secret anguish;
He seems a knave one should not trust.
May God forgive me if I am unjust.

FAUST:

There must be queer birds, too, you know.

MARGARET:

But why live with them even so?
Whenever he comes in,
He always wears a mocking grin



And looks half threatening;
 One sees, he has no sympathy for anything;
 It is written on his very face
 That he thinks love is a disgrace.
 In your arm I feel good and free,
 Warm and abandoned as can be;
 Alas, my heart and feelings are choked when he
 comes, too.

FAUST:

Oh, you foreboding angel, you.

MARGARET:

It makes my heart so sore
 That, when he only comes our way,
 I feel I do not love you any more;
 And where he is, I cannot pray.
 It eats into my heart. Oh you,
 Dear Heinrich, must feel that way, too.

FAUST:

That is just your antipathy.

MARGARET:

I must go.

FAUST:

Will there never be
 At your sweet bosom one hour of rest
 When soul touches on soul and breast on breast?

MARGARET:

Had I my own room when I sleep,
 I should not bolt the door tonight;
 But Mother's slumber is not deep,
 And if she found us thus—oh fright,
 Right then and there I should drop dead.

FAUST:

My angel, if that's what you dread,
 Here is a bottle. Merely shake
 Three drops into her cup,
 And she won't easily wake up.

MARGARET:

What should I not do for your sake?
It will not harm her if one tries it?

FAUST:

Dear, if it would, would I advise it?

MARGARET:

When I but look at you, I thrill,
I don't know why, my dear, to do your will;
I have already done so much for you
That hardly anything seems left to do. (*Exit*)
(*MEPHISTOPHELES enters*)

MEPHISTO:

The monkey! Is she gone?

FAUST:

You spied?

MEPHISTO:

Are you surprised?
I listened and I understood
Our learned doctor just was catechized.
I hope that it may do you good.
The girls are quite concerned to be apprised
If one is pious and obeys tradition.
If yes, they trust they can rely on his submission.

FAUST:

You monster will not see nor own
That this sweet soul, in loyalty,
Full of her own creed
Which alone,
She trusts, can bring salvation, lives in agony
To think her lover lost, however she may plead.

MEPHISTO:

You supersensual, sensual wooer,
A maiden leads you by the nose.

FAUST:

You freak of filth and fire! Evildoer!

**MEPHISTO:**

And what a knowledge of physiognomy she
shows.

She feels, she knows not what, whenever I'm
about;

She finds a hidden meaning in my eyes:

I am a demon, beyond doubt,

Perhaps the Devil, that is her surmise.

Well, tonight—?

FAUST:

What's that to you?

MEPHISTO:

I have my pleasure in it, too.

AT THE WELL

Gretchen and Lieschen with Jugs.

LIESCHEN:

Of Barbara you haven't heard?

GRETCHEN:

I rarely see people—no, not a word.

LIESCHEN:

Well, Sibyl just told me in front of the school:

That girl has at last been made a fool.

That comes from having airs.

GRETCHEN:

How so?

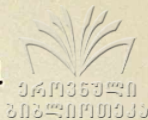
LIESCHEN:

It stinks!

She is feeding two when she eats and drinks.

GRETCHEN:

Oh!



LIESCHEN:

At last she has got what was coming to her.
She stuck to that fellow like a burr.
That was some prancing,
In the village, and dancing,
She was always the first in line;
And he flirted with her over pastries and wine;
And she thought that she looked divine—
But had no honor, no thought of her name,
And took his presents without any shame.
The way they slobbered and carried on;
But now the little flower is gone.

GRETCHEN:

Poor thing!

LIESCHEN:

That you don't say!
When girls like us would be spinning away,
And mother kept us at home every night,
She was with her lover in sweet delight
On the bench by the door, in dark alleys they
were,
And the time was never too long for her.
Now let her crouch and let her bend down
And do penance in a sinners' gown!

GRETCHEN:

He will surely take her to be his wife.

LIESCHEN:

He would be a fool! A handsome boy
Will elsewhere find more air and joy.
He's already gone.


GRETCHEN:

That is not fair!

LIESCHEN:

And if she gets him, let her beware:
Her veil the boys will throw to the floor,
And we shall strew chaff in front of her door.

(Exit)



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GRETCHEN (*going home*):

How I once used to scold along
 When some poor woman had done wrong.
 How for another person's shame
 I found not words enough of blame.
 How black it seemed—I made it blacker still,
 And yet not black enough to suit my will.
 I blessed myself, would boast and grin—
 And now myself am caught in sin.
 Yet—everything that brought me here,
 God, was so good, oh, was so dear.

CITY WALL

*In a niche in the wall, an image of the Mater
 Dolorosa. Ewers with flowers in front of it.*

GRETCHEN (*puts fresh flowers into the ewers*):

Incline,
 Mother of pain,
 Your face in grace to my despair.

A sword in your heart,
 With pain rent apart,
 Up to your son's dread death you stare.

On the Father your eyes,
 You send up sighs
 For your and your son's despair.



Who knows
My woes—
Despair in every bone!

How my heart is full of anguish,
How I tremble, how I languish,
Know but you, and you alone.

Wherever I may go,
What woe, what woe, what woe
Is in my bosom aching!
Scarcely alone am I,
I cry, I cry, I cry;
My heart in me is breaking.

The pots in front of my window
I watered with tears as the dew,
When early in the morning
I broke these flowers for you.

When bright into my room
The sun his first rays shed,
I sat in utter gloom
Already on my bed.

Help! Rescue me from shame and death!
Incline,
Mother of pain,
Your face in grace to my despair.

NIGHT.

STREET IN FRONT OF GRETCHEN'S DOOR.

VALENTINE (*soldier, GRETCHEN's brother*):

When I would sit at a drinking bout
 Where all had much to brag about,
 And many fellows raised their voice
 To praise the maidens of their choice,
 Glass after glass was drained with toasting,
 I listened smugly to their boasting,
 My elbow propped up on the table,
 And sneered at fable after fable.
 I'd stroke my beard and smile and say,
 Holding my bumper in my hand:
 Each may be nice in her own way,
 But is there one in the whole land
 Like sister Gretchen to outdo her,
 One that could hold a candle to her?
 Hear, hear! Clink! Clink! it went around;
 And some would cry: It's true, yes sir,
 There is no other girl like her!
 The braggarts sat without a sound.
 And *now*—I could tear out my hair
 And dash my brain out in despair!
 His nose turned up, a scamp can face me,
 With taunts and sneers he can disgrace me;
 And I should sit, like one in debt,
 Each chance remark should make me sweat!
 I'd like to grab them all and maul them,
 But liars I could never call them.

What's coming there? What sneaks in view?
 If I mistake not, there are two.
 If it is he, I'll spare him not,
 He shall not living leave this spot.

(*FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES enter.*)



FAUST:

How from the window of that sacristy
The light of the eternal lamp is glimmering,
And weak and weaker sideward shimmering,
As night engulfs it like the sea.
My heart feels like this nightly street.

MEPHISTO:

And I feel like a cat in heat,
That creeps around a fire escape
Pressing against the wall its shape.
I feel quite virtuous, I confess,
A little thievish lust, a little rammishness.
Thus I feel spooking through each vein
The wonderful Walpurgis Night.
In two days it will come again,
And waking then is pure delight.

FAUST:

And will the treasure that gleams over there
Rise in the meantime up into the air?

MEPHISTO:

Quite soon you may enjoy the pleasure
Of taking from the pot the treasure.
The other day I took a squint
And saw fine lion dollars in't.

FAUST:

Not any jewelry, not a ring
To adorn my beloved girl?

MEPHISTO:

I did see something like a string,
Or something like it, made of pearl.

FAUST:

Oh, that is fine, for it's unpleasant
To visit her without a present.

MEPHISTO:

It should not cause you such distress
When you have gratis such success.

Now that the sky gleams with its starry throng,
 Prepare to hear a work of art:
 I shall sing her a moral song
 To take no chance we fool her heart.
 (*Sings to the cither.*)^o

It's scarcely day,
 Oh, Katie, say,
 Why do you stay
 Before your lover's door?
 Leave now, leave now!
 For in you'll go
 A maid, I know,
 Come out a maid no more.

You ought to shun
 That kind of fun;
 Once it is done,
 Good night, you poor, poor thing.
 For your own sake
 You should not make
 Love to a rake
 Unless you have the ring.

VALENTINE (*comes forward*):

Whom would you lure? God's element!
 Rat-catching piper! Oh, perdition!
 The Devil take your instrument!
 The Devil then take the musician!

MEPHISTO:

The cither is all smashed. It is beyond repair.

VALENTINE:

Now let's try splitting skulls. Beware!

MEPHISTO (*to FAUST*):

Don't withdraw, doctor! Quick, don't tarry!
 Stick close to me, I'll lead the way.

^o Cf. Introduction, end of section 4.

The First Part of the Tragedy

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Unsheathe your toothpick, don't delay;
Thrust out at him, and I shall parry.

VALENTINE:

Then parry that!

MEPHISTO:

Of course.

VALENTINE:

And that.

MEPHISTO:

All right.

VALENTINE:

I think the Devil must be in this fight.
What could that be? My hand is getting lame.

MEPHISTO (*to FAUST*):

Thrust homel

VALENTINE (*falls*):

Oh God!

MEPHISTO:

The rogue is tame.

Now hurry hence, for we must disappear:
A murderous clamor rises instantly,
And while the police does not trouble me,
The blood ban is a thing I fear.

MARTHA (*at a window*):

Come out! Come out!

GRETCHEN (*at a window*):

Quick! Bring a light.

MARTHA (*as above*):

They swear and scuffle, yell and fight.

PEOPLE:

There is one dead already, see.

MARTHA (*coming out*):

The murderers—where did they run?

GRETCHEN (*coming out*):

Who lies there?

PEOPLE:

Your own mother's son.

**GRETCHEN:**

Almighty God! What misery!

VALENTINE:

I'm dying. That is quickly said,
 And still more quickly done.
 Why do you women wail in dread?
 Come here, listen to me. (*All gather around him.*)

My Gretchen, you are still quite green,
 Not nearly smart enough or keen,
 You do not do things right.
 In confidence, I should say more:
 Since after all you are a whore,
 Be one with all your might.

GRETCHEN:

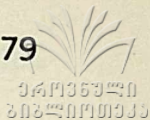
My brother! God! What frightful shame!

VALENTINE:

Leave the Lord God out of this game.
 What has been done, alas, is done,
 And as it must, it now will run.
 You started secretly with one,
 Soon more will come to join the fun,
 And once a dozen lays you down,
 You might as well invite the town.

When shame is born and first appears,
 It is an underhand delight,
 And one drags the veil of night
 Over her head and ears;
 One is tempted to put her away.
 But as she grows, she gets more bold,
 Walks naked even in the day,
 Though hardly fairer to behold.
 The more repulsive grows her sight,
 The more she seeks day's brilliant light.

The time I even now discern



When honest citizens will turn,
Harlot, away from you and freeze
As from a corpse that breeds disease.
Your heart will flinch, your heart will falter
When they will look you in the face.
You'll wear no gold, you'll wear no lace,
Nor in the church come near the altar.
You will no longer show your skill
At dances, donning bow and frill,
But in dark corners on the side
With beggars and cripples you'll seek to hide;
And even if God should at last forgive,
Be cursed as long as you may live!

MARTHA:

Ask God to show your own soul grace.
Don't make it with blasphemies still more base.

VALENTINE:

That I could lay my hands on you,
You shriveled, pimping bugaboo,
Then, I hope, I might truly win
Forgiveness for my every sin.

GRETCHEN:

My brother! This is agony!

VALENTINE:

I tell you, do not bawl at me.
When you threw honor overboard,
You pierced my heart more than the sword.
Now I shall cross death's sleeping span
To God, a soldier and an honest man. (*Dies.*)

CATHEDRAL



Service, Organ, and Singing.

Gretchen among many people. Evil Spirit behind Gretchen.

EVIL SPIRIT:

How different you felt, Gretchen,
 When in innocence
 You came before this altar;
 And from the well-worn little book
 You prattled prayers,
 Half childish games,
 Half God in your heart!
 Gretchen!
 Where are your thoughts?
 And in your heart
 What misdeed?
 Do you pray for your mother's soul that went
 Because of you from sleep to lasting, lasting pain?
 Upon your threshold, whose blood?
 And underneath your heart,
 Does it not stir and swell,
 Frightened and frightening you
 With its foreboding presence?

GRETCHEN:

Oh! Oh!
 That I were rid of all the thoughts
 Which waver in me to and fro
 Against me!

CHOIR:

Dies irae, dies illa
 Solvet saeculum in favilla.
 (*Sound of the organ.*)

EVIL SPIRIT:

Wrath grips you.



The great trumpet sounds.
The graves are quaking.
And your heart,
Resurrected
From ashen calm
To flaming tortures,
Flares up.

GRETCHEN:

Would I were far!
I feel as if the organ had
Taken my breath,
As if the song
Dissolved my heart!

CHOIR:

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

GRETCHEN:

I feel so close.
The stony pillars
Imprison me.
The vault above
Presses on me.—Air!

EVIL SPIRIT:

Hide yourself. Sin and shame
Do not stay hidden.
Air? Light?
Woe unto you!

CHOIR:

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

EVIL SPIRIT:

The transfigured turn
Their countenance from you.
To hold out their hands to you
Makes the pure shudder.



Woel

CHOIR:

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

GRETCHEN:

Neighbor! Your smelling salts!
(*She faints.*)

WALPURGIS NIGHT*

*Harz mountains. Region of Schierke and Elend.
Faust and Mephistopheles.*

MEPHISTO:

How would you like a broomstick now to fly?
I wish I had a billy goat that's tough.
For on this road we still have to climb high.

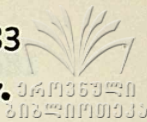
FAUST:

As long as I feel fresh, and while my legs are spry,
This knotted staff seems good enough.
Why should we shun each stumbling block?
To creep first through the valleys' lovely maze,
And then to scale this wall of rock
From which the torrent foams in silver haze—
There is the zest that spices our ways.
Around the birches weaves the spring,
Even the fir tree feels its spell:
Should it not stir in our limbs as well?

MEPHISTO:

Of all that I don't feel a thing,
In me the winter is still brisk,

* For some explanatory remarks, see section 6 of the Introduction.



I wish my path were graced with frost and snow.
How wretchedly the moon's imperfect disk
Arises now with its red, tardy glow,
And is so dim that one could bump one's head
At every step against a rock or tree!
Let's use a will-o'-the-wisp instead!
I see one there that burns quite merrily.
Hello there! Would you come and join us, friend?
Why blaze away to no good end?
Please be so kind and show us up the hill!

WILL-O'-THE-WISP:

I hope my deep respect will help me force
My generally flighty will;
For zigzag is the rule in our course.

MEPHISTO:

Hear! Hear! It's man you like to imitate!
Now, in the Devil's name, go straight—
Or I shall blow your flickering life span out.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP:

You are the master of the house, no doubt,
And I shall try to serve you nicely.
But don't forget, the mountain is magic-mad
today,
And if Will-o'-the-wisp must guide you on your
way,
You must not take things too precisely.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and WILL-O'-THE-WISP

(*in alternating song*):

In the sphere of dream and spell
We have entered now indeed.
Have some pride and guide us well
That we get ahead with speed
In the vast deserted spaces!

See the trees behind the trees,
See how swiftly they change places,
And the cliffs that bow with ease,

The First Part of the Tragedy

Craggy noses, long and short,
How they snore and how they snort!

Through the stones and through the leas
Tumble brooks of every sort.
Is it splash or melodies?
Is it love that wails and prays,
Voices of those heavenly days?
What we hope and what we love!
Echoes and dim memories
Of forgotten times come back.

Oo-hool Shoo-hool Thus they squawk,
Screech owl, plover, and the hawk;
Did they all stay up above?
Are those salamanders crawling?
Bellies bloated, long legs sprawling!
And the roots, as serpents, coil
From the rocks through sandy soil,
With their eerie bonds would scare us,
Block our path and then ensnare us;
Hungry as a starving leech,
Their strong polyp's tendrils reach
For the wanderer. And in swarms
Mice of myriad hues and forms
Storm through moss and heath and lea.
And a host of fireflies
Throng about and improvise
The most maddening company.

Tell me: do we now stand still,
Or do we go up the hill?
Everything now seems to mill,
Rocks and trees and faces blend,
Will-o'-the-wisps grow and extend
And inflate themselves at will.





MEPHISTO:

Grip my coat and hold on tight!
Here is such a central height
Where one sees, and it amazes,
In the mountain, Mammon's blazes.

FAUST:

How queer glimmers a dawnlike sheen
Faintly beneath this precipice,
And plays into the dark ravine
Of the near bottomless abyss.
Here mists arise, there vapors spread,
And here it gleams deep in the mountain,
Then creeps along, a tender thread,
And gushes up, a glistening fountain.

Here it is winding in a tangle,
With myriad veins the gorges blaze,
And here in this congested angle
A single stream shines through the haze.
There sparks are flying at our right,
As plentiful as golden sand.
But look! In its entire height
The rock becomes a firebrand.

MEPHISTO:

Sir Mammon never spares the light
To hold the feast in proper fashion.
How lucky that you saw this sight!
I hear the guests approach in wanton passion.

FAUST:

The tempests lash the air and rave,
And with gigantic blows they hit my shoulders.

MEPHISTO:

You have to clutch the ribs of those big hoary
boulders,
Or they will hurtle you to that abysmal grave.
A fog blinds the night with its hood.
Do you hear the crashes in the wood?



Frightened, the owls are scattered.
 Hear how the pillars
 Of ever green castles are shattered.
 Quaking and breaking of branches!
 The trunks' overpowering groaning!
 The roots' creaking and moaning!
 In a frightfully tangled fall
 They crash over each other, one and all,
 And through the ruin-covered abysses
 The frenzied air howls and hisses.
 Do you hear voices up high?
 In the distance and nearby?
 The whole mountain is afire
 With a furious magic choir.

WITCHES' CHORUS:

The witches ride to Blocksberg's top,
 The stubble is yellow, and green the crop.
 They gather on the mountainside,
 Sir Urian comes to preside.
 We are riding over crag and brink,
 The witches fart, the billy goats stink.

VOICE:

Old Baubo comes alone right now,
 She is riding on a mother sow.

CHORUS:

Give honor to whom honor's duel
 Dame Baubo, lead our retinuel
 A real swine and mother, too,
 The witches' crew will follow you.

VOICE:

Which way did you come?

VOICE:

By the Ilsenstone.
 I peeped at the owl who was roosting alone.
 Did she ever makes eyes!

VOICE:

Oh, go to hell!



Why ride so pell-mell?

VOICE:

See how she has flayed me!

The wounds she made me!

WITCHES' CHORUS:

The way is wide, the way is long;

Just see the frantic pushing through!

The broomstick pokes, the pitchfork thrusts

The infant chokes, the mother bursts.

WIZARDS' HALF CHORUS:

Slow as the snail's is our pace,

The women are ahead and race;

When it goes to the Devil's place,

By a thousand steps they win the race.

OTHER HALF:

If that is so, we do not mind it:

With a thousand steps the women find it;

But though they rush, we do not care:

With one big jump the men get there.

VOICE (*above*):

Come on, come on from Rocky Lake!

VOICES (*from below*):

We'd like to join you and partake.

We wash, but though we are quite clean,

We're barren as we've always been.

BOTH CHORUSES:

The wind is hushed, the star takes flight,

The dreary moon conceals her light.

As it whirls by, the wizards' choir

Scatters a myriad sparks of fire.

VOICE (*from below*):

Halt, please! Halt, ho!

VOICE (*from above*):

Who calls out of the cleft below?

VOICE (*below*):

Take me along! Take me along!

I've been climbing for three hundred years,

The First Part of the Tragedy

And yet the peak I cannot find.
But I would like to join my kind.

BOTH CHORUSES:

The stick and broom can make you float,
So can pitchfork and billy goat;
Who cannot rise today to soar,
That man is doomed for evermore.

HALF-WITCH (*below*):

I move and move and try and try;
How did the others get so high?
At home I'm restless through and through,
And now shall miss my chance here, too.

WITCHES' CHORUS:

The salve gives courage to the witch,
For sails we use a rag and switch,
A tub's a ship, if you know how;
If you would ever fly, fly now!

BOTH CHORUSES:

We near the peak, we fly around,
Now sweep down low over the ground,
And cover up the heath's vast regions
With witches' swarms and wizards' legions.
(*They alight.*)

MEPHISTO:

They throng and push, they rush and clatter.
They hiss and whirl, they pull and chatter.
It glistens, sparks, and stinks and flares;
Those are indeed the witches' airs!
Stay close to me, or we'll be solitaires!
Where are you?

FAUST (*far away*):

Here.

MEPHISTO:

So far? Almost a loss!
Then I must show them who is boss.
Back! Squire Nick is coming! Back, sweet rabble!
Slump!



Here, Doctor, take a hold! And now in one big
jump

Let's leave behind this noisy crowd;

Even for me it's much too loud.

On that side is a light with quite a special flare,

Let's penetrate the bushes' shroud;

Come, come! Now let us slink in there!

FAUST:

Spirit of Contradiction! Go on! I'll follow him.

I must say, it's exceptionally bright

To wander to the Blocksberg in the Walpurgis

Night,

To isolate ourselves to follow out some whim.

MEPHISTO:

You see that multicolored flare?

A cheerful club is meeting there:

In small groups one is not alone.

FAUST:

I'd rather be up there: around that stone

The fires blaze, they have begun;

The crowds throng to the Evil One

Where many riddles must be solved.

MEPHISTO:

But many new ones are evolved.

Leave the great world, let it run riot,

And let us stay where it is quiet.

It's something that has long been done,

To fashion little worlds within the bigger one.

I see young witches there, completely nude,

And old ones who are veiled as shrewdly.

Just for my sake, don't treat them rudely;

It's little effort and great fun!

There are some instruments that grind and grit.

Damnable noise! One must get used to it.

Come on! Come on! Please do not fret!

I'll lead the way and take you to this place,



And you will be quite grateful yet!
 What do you say? There isn't enough space?
 Just look! You barely see the other end.
 A hundred fires in a row, my friend!
 They dance, they chat, they cook, they drink, they
 court;

Now you just tell me where there's better sport!

FAUST:

When you will introduce us at this revel,
 Will you appear a sorcerer or devil?

MEPHISTO:

I generally travel, without showing my station,
 But on a gala day one shows one's decoration.
 I have no garter I could show,
 But here the cloven foot is honored, as you know.
 Do you perceive that snail? It comes, though it
 seems stiff;

For with its eager, groping face
 It knows me with a single whiff.

Though I'd conceal myself, they'd know me in
 this place.

Come on! From flame to flame we'll make our tour,
 I am the go-between, and you the wooer.

(To some who sit around dying embers):

Old gentlemen, why tarry outside? Enter!
 I'd praise you if I found you in the center,
 Engulfed by youthful waves and foam;
 You are alone enough when you are home.

GENERAL:

Who ever thought nations were true,
 Though you have served them with your hands
 and tongue;

For people will, as women do,
 Reserve their greatest favors for the young.

STATESMAN:

Now they are far from what is sage;



The old ones should be kept in awe;
For, truly, when our word was law,
Then was indeed the golden age.

PARVENU:

We, too, had surely ample wits,
And often did things that we shouldn't;
But now things are reversed and go to bits,
Just when we changed our mind and wished they
wouldn't.

AUTHOR:

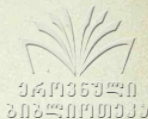
Today, who even looks at any book
That makes some sense and is mature?
And our younger generation—look,
You never saw one that was so cocksure.

MEPHISTO (*who suddenly appears very old*):

I think the Judgment Day must soon draw nigh,
For this is the last time I can attend this shrine;
And as my little cask runs dry,
The world is certain to decline.

HUCKSTER-WITCH:

Please, gentlemen, don't pass like that!
Don't miss this opportunity!
Look at my goods attentively:
There is a lot to marvel at.
And my shop has a special charm—
You will not find its peer on earth:
All that I sell has once done harm
To man and world and what has worth.
There is no dagger here which has not gored;
No golden cup from which, to end a youthful life,
A fatal poison was not poured;
No gems that did not help to win another's wife;
No sword but broke the peace with sly attack,
By stabbing, for example, a rival in the back.

**MEPHISTO:**

Dear cousin, that's no good in times like these!
 What's done is done; what's done is trite.
 You better switch to novelties,
 For novelties alone excite.

FAUST:

I must not lose my head, I swear;
 For this is what I call a fair.

MEPHISTO:

This eddy whirls to get above,
 And you are shoved, though you may think you
 shove.

FAUST:

And who is that?

MEPHISTO:

That little madam?
 That's Lilith.

FAUST:

Lilith?

MEPHISTO:

The first wife of Adam.
 Watch out and shun her captivating tresses:
 She likes to use her never-equalled hair
 To lure a youth into her luscious lair,
 And he won't lightly leave her lewd caresses.

FAUST:

There two sit, one is young, one old;
 They certainly have jumped and trolled!

MEPHISTO:

They did not come here for a rest.
 There is another dance. Come, let us do our best.

FAUST (*dancing with the young one*):

A pretty dream once came to me
 In which I saw an apple tree;
 Two pretty apples gleamed on it,
 They lured me, and I climbed a bit.



THE FAIR ONE:

You find the little apples nice
Since first they grew in Paradise.
And I am happy telling you
That they grow in my garden, too.

MEPHISTO (*with the old one*):

A wanton dream once came to me
In which I saw a cloven tree.
It had the most tremendous hole;
Though it was big, it pleased my soul.

THE OLD ONE:

I greet you with profound delight,
My gentle, cloven-footed knight!
Provide the proper grafting-twig,
If you don't mind the hole so big.

PROKTOPHANTASMIST:

Damnably folk! How dare you make such fuss!
Have we not often proved to you
That tales of walking ghosts cannot be true?
And now you dance just like the rest of us!

THE FAIR ONE (*dancing*):

What does he want at our fair?

FAUST (*dancing*):

Oh, he! You find him everywhere.
What others dance, he must assess;
No step has really occurred, unless
His chatter has been duly said.
And what annoys him most, is when we get ahead.
If you would turn in circles, in endless repetition,
As he does all the time in his old mill,
Perhaps he would not take it ill,
Especially if you would first get his permission.

PROKTOPHANTASMIST:

You still are there! Oh no! That's without
precedent.

Please go! Have we not brought enlightenment?
By our rules these devils are not daunted;

The First Part of the Tragedy

We are so smart, but Tegel is still haunted.
To sweep illusion out, my energies were spent,
But things never get clean; that's without
precedent.

THE FAIR ONE:

Why don't you stop annoying us and quit!

PROKTOPHANTASMIST:

I tell you spirits to your face,
The spirit's despotism's a disgrace:
My spirit can't make rules for it.
(The dancing goes on.)

Today there's nothing I can do;
But traveling is always fun,
And I still hope, before my final step is done,
I'll ban the devils, and the poets, too.

MEPHISTO:

He'll sit down in a puddle and unbend:
That is how his condition is improved;
For when the leeches prosper on his fat rear end,
The spirits and his spirit are removed.
(To FAUST, who has left the dance):
Why did you let that pretty woman go
Who sang so nicely while you danced?

FAUST:

She sang, and suddenly there pranced
Out of her mouth a little mouse, all red.

MEPHISTO:

That is a trifle and no cause for dread!
Who cares? At least it was not gray.
Why bother on this glorious lovers' day?

FAUST:

Then I saw—

MEPHISTO:

What?

FAUST:

Mephisto, do you see



That pale, beautiful child, alone there on the
heather?

She moves slowly but steadily,
She seems to walk with her feet chained together.
I must confess that she, forbid,
Looks much as my good Gretchen did.

MEPHISTO:

That does nobody good; leave it alone!
It is a magic image, a lifeless apparition.
Encounters are fraught with perdition;
Its icy stare turns human blood to stone
In truth, it almost petrifies;
You know the story of Medusa's eyes.

FAUST:

Those are the eyes of one that's dead I see,
No loving hand closed them to rest.
That is the breast that Gretchen offered me,
And that is the sweet body I possessed.

MEPHISTO:

That is just sorcery; you're easily deceived!
All think she is their sweetheart and are grieved.

FAUST:

What rapture! Oh, what agony!
I cannot leave her, cannot flee.
How strange, a narrow ruby band should deck,
The sole adornment, her sweet neck,
No wider than a knife's thin blade.

MEPHISTO:

I see it, too; it is quite so.
Her head under her arm she can parade,
Since Perseus lopped it off, you know.—
Illusion holds you captive still.
Come, let us climb that little hill,
The Prater's not so full of glee;
And if they're not bewitching me,
There is a theatre I see.
What will it be?

SERVIBILIS:

They'll resume instantly.
We'll have the seventh play, a brand-new hit;
We do not think, so many are exacting.
An amateur has written it,
And amateurs do all the acting.
Forgive, good sirs, if now I leave you;
It amateurs me to draw up the curtain.

MEPHISTO:

When it's on Blocksberg I perceive you,
I'm glad; for that's where you belong for certain.

WALPURGIS NIGHT'S DREAM
OR
THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF OBERON
*AND TITANIA**

I n t e r m e z z o

STAGE MANAGER:

This time we can keep quite still,
Mieding's progeny;
Misty vale and hoary hill,
That's our scenery.

HERALD:

To make a golden wedding day
Takes fifty years to the letter;
But when their quarrels pass away,
That gold I like much better.

OBERON:

If you spirits can be seen,

* For some explanatory remarks, see section 6 of the Introduction.

The First Part of the Tragedy

Show yourselves tonight;
 Fairy king and fairy queen
 Now will reunite.

PUCK:

Puck is coming, turns about,
 And drags his feet to dance;
 Hundreds come behind and shout
 And join with him and prance.

ARIEL:

Ariel stirs up a song,
 A heavenly pure air;
 Many gargoyles come along,
 And many who are fair.

OBERON:

You would get along, dear couple?
 Learn from us the art;
 If you want to keep love supple,
 You only have to part.

TITANIA:

He is sulky, sullen she,
 Grab them, upon my soul;
 Take her to the Southern Sea,
 And him up to the pole.

ORCHESTRA TUTTI (*fortissimo*):

Snout of Fly, Mosquito Nose,
 With family additions,
 Frog O'Leaves and Crick't O'Grass,
 Those are the musicians.

SOLO:

Now the bagpipe's joining in,
 A soap bubble it blows;
 Hear the snicker-snacking din
 Come through his blunted nose.

SPIRIT IN PROCESS OF FORMATION:

Spider feet, belly of toad,
 And little wings, he'll grow 'em;
 There is no animal like that,

The First Part of the Tragedy

But it's a little poem.

A LITTLE COUPLE:

Mighty leaps and nimble feet,
Through honey scent up high;
While you bounce enough, my sweet,
Still you cannot fly.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELER:

Is that not mummery right there?
Can that be what I see?
Oberon who is so fair
Amid this company!

ORTHODOX:

No claws or tail or satyr's fleecel
And yet you cannot cavil:
Just like the gods of ancient Greece,
He, too, must be a devil.

NORDIC ARTIST:

What I do in the local clime,
Are sketches of this tourney;
But I prepare, while it is time,
For my Italian journey.

PURIST:

Bad luck brought me to these regions:
They could not be much louder;
And in the bawdy witches' legions
Two only have used powder.

YOUNG WITCH:

White powder, just like dresses, serves
Old hags who are out of luck;
I want to show my luscious curves,
Ride naked on my buck.

MATRON:

Our manners, dear, are far too neat
To argue and to scold;
I only hope that young and sweet,
Just as you are, you mold.

CONDUCTOR:

Snout of Fly, Mosquito Nose,
Leave off the naked sweet;
Frog O'Leaves and Crick't O'Grass
Get back into the beat!

WEATHERCOCK (*to one side*):

The most exquisite company!
Each girl should be a bride;
The bachelors, grooms; for one can see
How well they are allied.

WEATHERCOCK (*to the other side*):

The earth should open up and gape
To swallow this young revel,
Or I will make a swift escape
To hell to see the Devil.

XENIEN:

We appear as insects here,
Each with a little stinger,
That we may fittingly revere
Satan, our sire and singer.

HENNINGS:

Look at their thronging legions play,
Naïve, with little art;
The next thing they will dare to say
Is that they're good at heart.

MUSAGET:

To dwell among the witches' folk
Seems quite a lot of fun;
They are the ones I should invoke,
Not Muses, as I've done.

CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE:

Choose your friends well and you will zoom,
Join in and do not pass us!
Blocksberg has almost as much room
As Germany's Parnassus.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELER:

Say, who is that haughty man

The First Part of the Tragedy

Who walks as if he sits?
 He sniffs and snuffles as best he can:
 "He smells out Jesuits."

**CRANE:**

I like to fish where it is clear,
 Also in muddy brew;
 That's why the pious man is here
 To mix with devils, too.

CHILD OF THE WORLD:

The pious need no fancy prop,
 All vehicles seem sound:
 Even up here on Blocksberg's top
 Conventicles abound.

DANCERS:

It seems, another choir succeeds,
 I hear the drums resuming.
 "That dull sound comes out of the reeds,
 It is the bitterns' booming."

BALLET MASTER:

How each picks up his legs and toddles,
 And comes by hook or crook!
 The stooped one jumps, the plump one
 waddles;
 They don't know how they look!

FIDDLER:

They hate each other, wretched rabble,
 And each would kill the choir;
 They're harmonized by bagpipe babble,
 As beasts by Orpheus' lyre.

DOGMATIST:

I am undaunted and resist
 Both skeptic and critique;
 The Devil simply must exist,
 Else *what* would he be? Speak!

IDEALIST:

Imagination is in me
 Today far too despotic;



If I am everything I see,
Then I must be idiotic.

REALIST:

The spirits' element is vexing,
I wish it weren't there;
I never saw what's so perplexing,
It drives me to despair.

SUPERNATURALIST:

I am delighted by this whirl,
And glad that they persist;
For from the devils I infer,
Good spirits, too, exist.

SKEPTIC:

They follow little flames about,
And think they're near the treasure;
Devil alliterates with doubt
So I am here with pleasure.

CONDUCTOR:

Snout of Fly, Mosquito Nose,
Damnable amateurs!
Frog O'Leaves and Crick't O'Grass
You are musicians, sirs!

ADEPTS:

Sansouci, that is the name
Of our whole caboodle;
Walking meets with ill acclaim,
So we move on our noodle.

NE'ER-DO-WELLS:

We used to be good hangers-on
And sponged good wine and meat;
We danced till our shoes were gone,
And now walk on bare feet.

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS:

We come out of the swamps where we
Were born without a penny;
But now we join the revelry,
As elegant as any.

**SHOOTING STAR:**

I shot down from starry height
 With brilliant, fiery charm;
 But I lie in the grass tonight:
 Who'll proffer me his arm?

MASSIVE MOB:

All around, give way! Give way!
 Trample down the grass!
 Spirits come, and sometimes they
 Form a heavy mass.

PUCK:

Please don't walk like elephants,
 And do not be so rough;
 Let no one be as plump as Puck,
 For he is plump enough.

ARIEL:

If nature gave with lavish grace,
 Or Spirit, wings and will,
 Follow in my airy trace
 Up to the roses' hill!

ORCHESTRA (*Pianissimo*):

Floating clouds and wreaths of fog
 Dawn has quickly banished;
 Breeze in leaves, wind in the bog,
 And everything has vanished.

DISMAL DAY.

Field.

Faust. Mephistopheles.

FAUST:

In misery! Despairing! Long lost wretchedly on
 the earth, and now imprisoned! As a felon locked

up in a dungeon with horrible torments, the fair ill-fated creature! It's come to that! To that!—Treacherous, despicable Spirit—and that you have kept from me!—Keep standing there, stand! Roll your devilish eyes wrathfully in your face! Stand and defy me with your intolerable presence! Imprisoned! In irreparable misery! Handed over to evil spirits and judging, unfeeling mankind! And meanwhile you soothe me with insipid diversions; hide her growing grief from me, and let her perish helplessly!

MEPHISTO:

She's not the first one.

FAUST:

Dog! Abominable monster!—Change him, oh infinite spirit! Change back this worm into his dog-shape, as he used to amuse himself in the night when he trotted along before me, rolled in front of the feet of the harmless wanderer and, when he stumbled, clung to his shoulders. Change him again to his favorite form that he may crawl on his belly in the sand before me and I may trample on him with my feet, the caitiff!—Not the first one!—Grief! Grief! past what a human soul can grasp, that more than one creature has sunk into the depth of this misery, that the first one did not enough for the guilt of all the others, writhing in the agony of death before the eyes of the ever-forgiving one! The misery of this one woman surges through my heart and marrow, and you grin imperturbed over the fate of thousands!

MEPHISTO:

Now we're once again at our wit's end where your human minds snap. Why do you seek fellowship with us if you can't go through with it? You would fly, but get dizzy? Did we impose on you, or you



on us?

FAUST:

Don't bare your greedy teeth at me like that! It sickens me!—Great, magnificent spirit that deigned to appear to me, that know my heart and soul—why forge me to this monster who gorges himself on harm, and on corruption—feasts.

MEPHISTO:

Have you finished?

FAUST:

Save her! or woe unto you! The most hideous curse upon you for millenniums!

MEPHISTO:

I cannot loosen the avenger's bonds, nor open his bolts.—Save her!—Who was it that plunged her into ruin? I or you? (*FAUST looks around furiously.*) Are you reaching for thunder? Well that it was not given to you wretched mortals! Shattering those who answer innocently, is the tyrant's way of easing his embarrassment.

FAUST:

Take me there! She shall be freed!

MEPHISTO:

And the dangers you risk? Know that blood-guilt from your hand still lies on the town. Over the slain man's site avenging spirits hover, waiting for the returning murderer.

FAUST:

That, too, from you? A world's murder and death upon you, monster! Guide me to her, I say, and free her!

MEPHISTO:

I shall guide you; hear what I can do. Do I have



all the power in the heaven and on the earth? I shall make the jailer's senses foggy, and you may get the keys and lead her out with human hands. I shall stand guard, magic horses shall be prepared, and I shall carry you away. That I can do.

FAUST:

Up and away!

NIGHT, OPEN FIELD.

Faust and Mephistopheles, storming along on black horses.

FAUST:

What are they weaving around the Ravenstone?

MEPHISTO:

I do not know what they do and brew.

FAUST:

Floating to, floating fro, bowing and bending.

MEPHISTO:

A witches' guild.

FAUST:

They strew and dedicate.

MEPHISTO:

Go by! Go by!

DUNGEON.



FAUST (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp before a small iron gate*):

A long un wonted shudder grips,
 Mankind's entire grief grips me.
 She's here, behind this wall that drips,
 And all her crime was a fond fantasy.
 You hesitate to go in?
 You dread to see her again?
 On! Your wavering waves on death's decree.
 (*He seizes the lock.*)

(*Song from within*):

My mother, the whore,
 Who has murdered me—
 My father, the rogue,
 Who has eaten me—
 My little sister alone
 Picked up every bone,
 In a cool place she put them away;
 Into a fair bird I now have grown;
 Fly away, fly away!

FAUST (*unlocking*):

She does not dream how her lover at the door
 Hears the clanking chains and the rustling straw.
 (*Enters.*)

MARGARET (*hiding on her pallet*):

Oh! Oh! They come. Death's bitterness!

FAUST (*softly*):

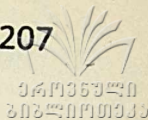
Still! Still! I come to set you free.

MARGARET (*groveling toward his feet*):

If you are human, pity my distress.

FAUST:

You'll awaken the guards. Speak quietly.
 (*He seizes the chains to unlock them.*)



MARGARET (*on her knees*):

Who, hangman, could give
You over me this might?
You come for me in the middle of the night.
Have pity on me, let me live!
Is it not time when the morning chimes have
rung?

(*She gets up.*)

I am still so young, so very young.
And must already die.
I was beautiful, too, and that was why.
Near was the friend, now he is away.
Torn lies the wreath, the flowers decay.
Do not grip me so brutally. What shall I do?
Spare me. What have I done to you?
Let me not in vain implore.
After all, I have never seen you before.

FAUST:

After such grief, can I live any more?

MARGARET:

Now I am entirely in your might.
Only let me nurse the baby again.
I fondled it all through the night;
They took it from me to give me pain,
And now they say I put it away.
And I shall never again be gay.
They sing songs about me. The people are wicked.
An ancient fairy tale ends that way,
Who made them pick it?

FAUST (*casts himself down*):

One loving you lies at your feet
To end your bondage. Listen, sweet!

MARGARET (*casts herself down beside him*):

Ah, let us kneel, send to the saints our prayers!
See, underneath these stairs,
Underneath the sill



There seethes hell.
 The Devil
 Makes a thundering noise
 With his angry revel.

FAUST (*loud*):

Gretchen! Gretchen!

MARGARET (*attentively*):

That was my lover's voice!

(*She jumps up. The chains drop off.*)

Where is he? I heard him call. I am free.

No one shall hinder me.

To his neck I shall fly,

On his bosom lie.

He called Gretchen. He stood on the sill.

Amid the wailing and howling of hell,

Through the angry and devilish jeers

The sweet and loving tone touched my ears.

FAUST:

It is I.

MARGARET:

It is you. Oh, do say it again.

(*She seizes him.*)

It is he. It is he. Where, then, is all my pain?

Where the fear of the dungeon? the chain?

It is you. Come to save me.

I am saved!

Now I see the road again, too,

Where, for the first time, I laid eyes on you—

And the garden and the gate

Where I and Martha stand and wait.

FAUST (*striving away*):

Come on! Come on!

MARGARET:

O Stay!

Because I am so happy where you are staying.

(*Caresses him.*)



FAUST:

Do not delay.
If you keep on delaying,
We shall have to pay dearly therefor.

MARGARET:

What? You cannot kiss any more?
My friend, you were not gone longer than this—
And forgot how to kiss?
Why, at your neck, do I feel such dread,
When once from your eyes and from what you
said

A whole heaven surged down to fill me,
And you would kiss me as if you wanted to kill
me?

Kiss me!

Else I'll kiss you. (*She embraces him.*)

Oh, grief! Your lips are cold,
Are mute.

Where

Is your loving air?

Who took it from me?

(*She turns away from him.*)

FAUST:

Come, follow me, dearest, and be bold!
I shall caress you a thousandfold;
Only follow me! That is all I plead.

MARGARET (*turning toward him*):

And is it you? Is it you indeed?

FAUST:

It is I. Come along!

MARGARET:

You take off the chain,

And take me into your lap again.

How is it that you do not shrink from me?—

Do you know at all, my friend, whom you make
free?

**FAUST:**

Come! Come! Soon dawns the light of day.

MARGARET:

I've put my mother away,
I've drowned my child, don't you see?
Was it not given to you and to me?
You, too—it is you! Could it merely seem?
Give me your hand! It is no dream.
Your dear hand!—But alas, it is wet.
Wipe it off! There is yet
Blood on this one.
Oh God! What have you done!
Sheathe your sword;
I am begging you.

FAUST:

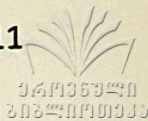
Let the past be forever past—oh Lord,
You will kill me, too.

MARGARET:

Oh no, you must outlive us!
I'll describe the graves you should give us.
Care for them and sorrow
Tomorrow:
Give the best place to my mother,
And next to her lay my brother;
Me, a little aside,
Only don't make the space too wide!
And the little one at my right breast.
Nobody else will lie by my side.—
Oh, to lie with you and to hide
In your arms, what happiness!
Now it is more than I can do;
I feel, I must force myself on you,
And you, it seems, push back my caress;
And yet it is you, and look so pure, so devout.

FAUST:

If you feel, it is I, come out!



MARGARET:

Out where?

FAUST:

Into the open.

MARGARET:

If the grave is there,
If death awaits us, then come!
From here to the bed of eternal rest,
And not a step beyond—no!
You are leaving now? Oh, Heinrich, that I could
go!

FAUST:

You can! If only you would! Open stands the door.

MARGARET:

I may not go; for me there is no hope any more.
What good to flee? They lie in wait for me.
To have to go begging is misery,
And to have a bad conscience, too.
It is misery to stray far and forsaken,
And, anyhow, I would be taken.

FAUST:

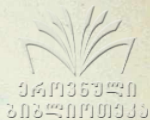
I still stay with you.

MARGARET:

Quick! Quick! I pray.
Save your poor child.
On! Follow the way
Along the brook,
Over the bridge,
Into the wood,
To the left where the planks stick
Out of the pond.
Seize it—oh, quick!
It wants to rise,
It is still struggling.
Save! Save!

FAUST:

Can you not see,



. It takes *one* step, and you are free.

MARGARET:

If only we were past the hill!
 My mother sits there on a stone,
 My scalp is creeping with dread!
 My mother sits there on a stone
 And wags and wags her head;
 She becks not, she nods not, her head is heavy and
 sore,
 She has slept so long, she awakes no more.
 She slept that we might embrace.
 Those were the days of grace.

FAUST:

In vain is my pleading, in vain what I say;
 What can I do but bear you away?

MARGARET:

Leave me! No, I shall suffer no force!
 Do not grip me so murderously!
 After all, I did everything else you asked.

FAUST:

The day dawns. Dearest! Dearest!

MARGARET:

Day. Yes, day is coming. The last day breaks;
 It was to be my wedding day.
 Tell no one that you have already been with
 Gretchen.

My veill! Oh pain!
 It just happened that way.
 We shall meet again,
 But not dance that day.
 The crowd is pushing, no word is spoken.
 The alleys below
 And the streets overflow.
 The bell is tolling, the wand is broken.
 How they tie and grab me, now one delivers
 Me to the block and gives the sign,
 And for every neck quivers

The blade that quivers for mine.
Mute lies the world as a grave.

FAUST:

That I had never been born!

MEPHISTO (*appears outside*):

Up! Or you are lost.
Prating and waiting and pointless wavering,
My horses are quavering,
Over the sky creeps the dawn.

MARGARET:

What did the darkness spawn?
Hel! Hel! Send him away!
What does he want in this holy place?
He wants me!

FAUST:

You shall live.

MARGARET:

Judgment of God! I give
Myself to you.

MEPHISTO (*to FAUST*):

Come! Come! I shall abandon you with her.

MARGARET:

Thine I am, father. Save me!
You angels, hosts of heaven, stir,
Encamp about me, be my guard.
Heinrich! I quail at thee.

MEPHISTO:

She is judged.

VOICE (*from above*):

Is saved.

MEPHISTO (*to FAUST*):

Hither to me!

(*Disappears with FAUST.*)

VOICE (*from within, fading away*):

Heinrich! Heinrich!

THE SECOND PART OF THE TRAGEDY

FIRST ACT CHARMING LANDSCAPE

*Faust, reclining on a lawn with flowers, weary,
restless, seeking twilight sleep.*

A circle of spirits, moving in the air: charming little figures.

ARIEL (*chant, accompanied by Aeolian harps*):

When the vernal blossom showers
Sink down to embrace the earth,
When green fields, alive with flowers,
Fill all human hearts with mirth,
Then great spirits, looking lowly,
Rush to help those whom they can;
Whether wicked, whether holy,
They would heal the wretched man.

You who surround his head in airy beauty,
Prepare to do the elfins' noblest duty:
Relieve the bitter conflict in his heart,
Remove the burning arrows of remorse,
And cleanse his mind of memories that smart.
Four watches mark the nightly course,
Without delay fill them with friendly art.
First let his head recline on a cool pillow,
Then bathe him in the dew of Lethe's spray;
The limbs, stiffened by cramps, grow lithe as
willow,



When rest has made him strong to meet the day.

Perform the elfins' fairest rite:

Restore him to the holy light!

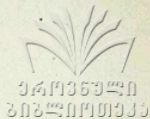
CHORUS (*singly, by two or more, alternately and together*):

When the green-encircled meadow
Bears a cool, ethereal crown,
When sweet scents and misty shadows
Show that twilight settles down—
Sing of peace and, thus inspired,
Rock his heart as cradles sway;
For his eyes that are so tired
Close the portals of the day!

Night succeeds the twilight's glimmer,
Star is linked to holy star,
Brilliant light and faintest shimmer
Glisten near and gleam afar,
Glisten, in the lake reflected,
Gleam above in the clear night;
And his deep sleep is perfected
In the full moon's splendid light.

What occurred is dead and ended,
Pain and joy have passed away;
You are healed—oh, apprehend it,
Trust the newborn light of day!
Greening valleys, swelling mountains
Full of bushes, offer shadow;
Silver-waved from unseen fountains,
Wheat fields ripple in the meadow.

To have wish on wish fulfilled,
See the splendor of the day!
Lightly only you are held:
Sleep is shell, cast it away!
Do not waver even when
Many falter and stand back:

The Second Part of the Tragedy

All things can be done by men
Who are quick to see and act.

(A tremendous tumult announces the approach
of the sun.)

ARIEL:

Listen! how the Horae near.
Thundering for the spirit's ear,
We can feel the day appear.
Rocky portals open chattering,
Phoebus' wheels are rolling, clattering,
Tumult rends the atmosphere.
Light approaches, trumps are sounded,
Eyes are blinded, ears astounded,
The Unheard one cannot hear.
Slip into a flower bell,
Deeper, deeper, there to dwell,
In the rocks beneath a leaf;
If it strikes you, you are deaf.

FAUST:

Enlivened once again, life's pulses waken
To greet the kindly dawn's ethereal vision;
You, earth, outlasted this night, too, unshaken,
And at my feet you breathe, renewed Elysian,
Surrounding me with pleasure-scented flowers,
And deep within you prompt a stern decision:
To strive for highest life with all my powers.—
Touched by the dawn's soft sheen, the world is
glowing,
A thousand voices fill the forest's bowers;
All through the valley misty streaks are flowing,
But light descends, the deeps, too, are unsealed,
And I see twigs and branches growing
From the ravine where they could sleep
concealed.
Color on color rises from the ground
Where dewy leaves and blossoms stand revealed,
And I behold a paradise around.

Look up! Where the snow-covered mountains
tower,

The giant peaks, graced early, crimson-crowned,
Announce already the most sacred hour
That soon will reach us in the low terrain.
And now a burst of light, a radiant shower
Falls on the Alpine leas like golden rain,
Speeds down, and the long pathway lies behind it.
Then he steps forth!—My eyes are pierced with
pain,
And I must turn away, my vision blinded.

Thus it is always when a keen desire
Has neared its highest hope and strains to find it:
Fulfillment's portals gape—but sudden fire
Breaks oceanlike out of eternal gorges,
Engulfing us—and we stand petrified.
We dreamed we would ignite life's torches,
But floods of flame embrace us without measure;
We do not know if love or hatred scorch us
And alternate with monstrous pain and pleasure,
So that we look again upon the green
And hide in morning's youthful mist and leisure.

Let then the sun stay in my back, unseen!
The waterfall I now behold with growing
Delight as it roars down to the ravine.
From fall to fall a thousand streams are flowing,
A thousand more are plunging, effervescent,
And high up in the air the spray is glowing.
Out of this thunder rises, iridescent,
Enduring through all change the motley bow,
Now painted clearly, and now evanescent,
Spreading a fragrant, cooling spray below.
The rainbow mirrors human love and strife;
Consider it and you will better know:
In many-hued reflection we have life.

FIFTH ACT*

OPEN COUNTRY

WANDERER:

Yes, this is the linden trees'
 Peaceful dark that I behold;
 Gratefully, the wanderer sees
 Them again, now strong and old.
 There's the cottage that once gave
 Shelter to me, years before,
 When the raging, storm-whipped wave
 Thrust me on the dune-lined shore.
 Are my helpful hosts still there?
 How I'd like to see again
 And to bless the valiant pair
 Who were aged even then.
 They were pious, good, and kind.
 Should I knock? call?—Welcome me,
 If today, as once, you find
 Joy in hospitality.

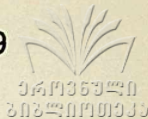
BAUCIS (*a little grandam, very old*):

Soft, dear stranger! Not so bold!
 Let my husband rest, dear neighbor!
 Sleeping long, permits the old
 A brief day of rapid labor.

WANDERER:

Is it you indeed, the wife
 Who once saved me with her spouse?
 That I thank you for my life,
 You still live here in this house?
 Are you Baucis whose kind care

* For a synopsis of the preceding portions of Part Two, which are omitted here, see Section 8 of the Introduction.



Filled the half-dead mouth with food?
(The husband enters.)

You, Philemon, whose quick dare
Saved my treasure from the flood?
Is it your hearth's rapid flame?
Is it your bell's silver tone?
And my dread adventure came
To an end through you alone?

Let me walk up and survey
Once again the boundless ocean!
Let me kneel and let me pray!
For my breast bursts with emotion.
(He walks forward on the dune.)

PHILEMON *(to BAUCIS)*:

Hurry on, and set the table
In the garden, by the trees!
Let him stand amazed, unable
to believe the things he sees!
(Standing next to the wanderer.)

Where the wildly foaming breakers
Tortured you with cruel spite,
You see gardens now and acres
Of a paradisiac sight.
Older now, I could not play
My part, helping as before;
As my powers ebbed away,
Ebb'd the breakers and the shore.
Clever masters' daring slaves
Toiled till dams and trenches spread,
Pruned the power of the waves
To be masters in their stead.
See the thriving meadows meet
Pastures, gardens, wood, and town.—
But now come and let us eat,



For the sun will soon go down.—
 Far away, the sails seek rest,
 To their port the boats repair;
 For, like birds, they know their nest,
 And the harbor now is there.
 You can see the ocean gleaming
 Only in the azure distance;
 Right and left, the land is teeming,
 Offering men a new existence.

The Three at a Table in the Little Garden.

BAUCIS:

You stay silent and, my dear,
 Eat no bite? You sit and balk?

PHILEMON:

Of the wonder he would hear;
 Tell him, for you like to talk!

BAUCIS:

Yes, we saw a wonder there!
 Even now it troubles me,
 For it was a strange affair,
 As uncanny as can be.

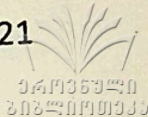
PHILEMON:

Could the Emperor have sinned, too,
 When he gave him our strand?
 For it was his herald who
 First proclaimed it in the land.

Near our dunes they were first seen,
 Tents and huts of every size;
 And, soon after, in the green
 We could see a palace rise.

BAUCIS:

Daily they would vainly storm,
 Pick and shovel, stroke for stroke;
 Where the flames would nightly swarm,



Was a dam when we awoke.
Human sacrifices bled,
Tortured yells would pierce the night,
And where blazes seaward sped
A canal would greet the light.
He is godless, covets our
Cottage and our wooded fringe;
As the neighbor swells with power,
We should crouch, and we should cringe.

PHILEMON:

But he offered—you are harsh!—
Fair estate in his new land!

BAUCIS:

Do not trust the swampy marsh,
On your height maintain your stand!

PHILEMON:

Now, to see the sun's last ray,
To the chapel let us plod,
Ring the bell, and kneel and pray,
Trusting in the ancient God!

PALACE

*Spacious ornamental garden and large straight canal.
Faust, extremely old, walking and thinking.*

LYNCEUS THE TOWER WARDEN (*through a speaking trumpet*):

The sun goes down, and the last barges
Glide toward the haven, full of cheer.
A big boat nears; soon it discharges
Its load of brilliant treasures here.
The motley flags are flying gaily,



The rigid masts reach up, sublime;
 Through you the seamen succeed daily,
 And fortune hails you in your prime.
(The chapel bell rings on the dune.)

FAUST (*starting*):

Damned ringing! It is all too sly,
 Wounds me like a perfidious shot.
 My realm is endless for the eye;
 Behind my back I hear it mock,
 Reminding me with jealous sounds
 That my possessions bear a smirch:
 The cottage and the linden grounds
 Are not mine, nor that moldy church.
 And if I'd rest there from the heat,
 Their shadows would fill me with fear,
 Thorns in my eyes, thorns in my feet;
 Oh, would that I were far from here!

TOWER WARDEN (*as above*):

How, swept on by the evening breeze,
 The gay and motley cargo sails!
 How the boat glides toward us with ease
 And carries crates and chests and bales!
*(A magnificent boat with a rich and motley load
 of products of foreign countries.)*

MEPHISTOPHELES. THE THREE MIGHTY FELLOWS.

CHORUS:

Now here we land,
 Now come off board.
 Hail our patron,
 Our lord!
(They debark, the goods are brought ashore.)

MEPHISTO:

We proved ourselves and came back here,
 Content with our patron's cheer.
 With just two ships we went away,
 With twenty we come back today.



We did great things—you see how great
By simply looking at our freight.
The ocean's freedom frees the mind,
So who would try to be refined!
What matters is a sudden grip,
You catch a fish, you catch a ship;
And once you are the lord of three,
You hook the fourth one easily;
The fifth is in a sorry plight;
One has the power, hence the right,
One cares for What, not How—you see.
If I know how the sea is charted,
Then commerce, war, and piracy
Are three in one and can't be parted.

THE THREE MIGHTY FELLOWS:

He does not greet,
He does not thank!
As if the gifts
We brought him stank!
He makes a most
Disgusted face;
He deems the royal
Wealth disgrace.

MEPHISTO:

Do not expect more;
Leave and go!
For your share
You took long ago.

THE THREE MIGHTY MEN:

Then we were bored,
So that was fair;
We all demand
An equal share.

MEPHISTO:

First you arrange,
Hall upon hall,
The precious things here,



One and all.
 And when he sees
 Sights without price,
 Makes his appraisal
 More precise,
 Then he will change
 And give at least
 For our fleet
 Feast upon feast.

At dawn, our motley birds will glide
 Into the port, and I'll provide.

(The cargo is carried away.)

MEPHISTO (to **FAUST**):

With somber brow, with gloomy eye,
 You spurn good fortune without joy.
 Your noble wisdom now bears fruit,
 As shore and sea end their dispute;
 And from the shore, for their swift trips,
 The friendly sea accepts the ships:
 Confess that here, here from this place,
 The whole world is in your embrace.
 At this spot we began: here stood
 The first mean shanty, made of wood;
 A ditch was scratched into the shore
 Where one now sees the splashing oar.
 Your noble mind and your men's toil
 Have won the prize of sea and soil.
 From here, too—

FAUST:

Damn the accurséd *herel*
 That is the thorn, the mocking sneer!
 Need I tell *you*, so rich in lore,
 It stings my heart? Could you not guess it?
 I cannot bear it any more—
 And am ashamed as I confess it.
 The old folks there ought to resign
 Their linden trees, so dark and tall;

The few trees there that are not mine
Reduce the world I own to gall.
There I would build, better to see,
A scaffolding from tree to tree,
And thus a vision might be won
Of all the things that I have done;
A single glance could then impart
The masterpiece of human art;
Securing with good sense and grace
The peoples' spacious dwelling place.
For this is the most cruel rack,
To feel in riches what we lack.
The bell, the lindens' sweet perfume
Enfold me as a church or tomb.
My otherwise almighty will
Breaks down before that sandy hill.
What could relieve me or assuage!
The little bell rings, and I rage.

MEPHISTO:

Too bad that such a great distress
Should turn your life to bitterness.
Of course, for every noble ear
Bells are a thing one hates to hear.
And those damnable dingdong sighs,
Befogging cheerful evening skies,
Fill every happening with their gloom,
From the first bath down to the tomb,
As if, between the ding and dong,
Life were a dream or faded song.

FAUST:

Resistance and such stubbornness
Thwart the most glorious success,
Till in the end, to one's disgust,
One would as soon no more be just.

MEPHISTO:

Why hesitate or temporize?



Are you not used to colonize?

FAUST:

Go then, get them out of the way!—
You know the small but fair estate
I offered them at any rate.

MEPHISTO:

First carried off and landed then,
Before you look, they stand again.
And after violence and wiles,
A pleasant sojourn reconciles.
(*He whistles shrilly. THE THREE enter.*)

MEPHISTO:

Do what he wants once more at least!
Tomorrow you shall have a feast.

THE THREE:

The ancient gent was very curt;
A boisterous feast is our desert.

MEPHISTO (*ad spectatores*):

Here, too, occurs what long occurred:
Of Naboth's vineyard you have heard.
(*I Kings 21*)

DEEP NIGHT

LYNCEUS THE TOWER WARDEN (*singing on the watch
tower of the castle*):

To see I was born,
To look is my call,
To the tower sworn,
I delight in all.
I glance out far



And see what is near,
The moon and the stars,
The wood and the deer.
In all things I see
The eternally bright,
And as they please me,
In myself I delight.
You blessed eyes,
What you saw everywhere,
It be as it may,
It was, oh, so fair! (*Pause.*)

But not for my joy alone
I am placed at such a height;
What a hideous threat has grown
Under me out of the night!
Flashing, I see spark on spark
In the lindens' double dark;
Strong and stronger grows their glow,
As the drafty breezes blow.
Now the cottage is aflame,
Though its mossy walls seemed wet;
Help is lacking—if it came,
Maybe, they could save it yet!
Oh, the good old people there,
Always careful with their fire,
Will be lost in smoke and flare!
Dread event! The flames leap higher;
Now the scarlet core stands lonely
In the black moss-covered shell.
If the good old folks could only
Save themselves out of this hell!
Now a tongue of fire lashes
At the foliage, lightning flashes;
Branches blazing in the night
Flare and fall like shooting stars.
Eyes, must you behold this sight!

The Second Part of the Tragedy

Must you see so very far!
 Now the falling branches crash
 Through the chapel, it falls down,
 As the flames, like serpents, dash
 To embrace the lindens' crown.
 To their roots the hollow trees
 Have turned crimson.
 (*Long pause. Song.*)

What for many centuries
 Pleased all eyes—now is gone.
FAUST (*on the balcony, facing the dunes*):
 From up there, what a whining squeal?
 It is too late to speak or plead.
 My warden wails; at heart I feel
 Annoyed at this impatient deed.
 The lindens are part of the past,
 Charred trunks are of no benefit;
 Yet a good lookout is built fast
 To gaze into the infinite.
 The new estate I also see
 Where the old couple has been sent:
 Glad of my generosity
 They'll spend their last years there content.

MEPHISTO AND THE THREE (*below*):
 Here we come, racing like a horse.
 Forgive, but we had to use force.
 We banged and knocked and raised a din,
 But they just would not let us in;
 We shook a bit and banged some more,
 And there it lay, that rotten door.
 We shouted and we made a threat,
 But did not get a hearing yet.
 It was as often with this pair, too:
 They did not hear, they did not care to:
 But we did not make much ado,



And quickly cleared them out for you.
The couple did not suffer much,
Fright stopped their hearts with scarce a touch.
A stranger who had been concealed
Fought and was left upon the field.
And as we fought, he stood his ground,
And coals were lying all around,
The straw flared up. It burns, you see,
A pretty pyre for those three.

FAUST:

Did you not hear me that I bade
Not robbery but simply trade?
The ill-considered, savage blow
I curse herewith; share it, and go!

CHORUS:

The ancient word still makes good sense:
Succumb at once to violence!
If you are bold and don't give in,
Then risk your house and home and—skin.
(*Exeunt.*)

FAUST (*on the balcony*):

The stars conceal their light and glow,
The fire flickers and ebbs low;
A little breeze blows toward the bog,
And brings me clouds of smoke and fog.
Commanded fast, too fast obeyed!—
What hovers toward me like a shade?

MIDNIGHT

Four gray women enter.

FIRST:

I am called Want.

**SECOND:**

I am called Guilt.

THIRD:

I am called Care.

FOURTH:

I am called Need.

THREE OF THEM:

The door has been locked, we cannot get in;
A rich man lives in there, we would not go in.

WANT:

I am turned a shadow.

GUILT:

I am out of place.

NEED:

From me he would turn his pampered face.

CARE:

My sisters, you cannot and may not go there.

But in through the key hole, there sneaks in Care.

*(CARE disappears.)***WANT:**

My sisters in gray, you must vanish from here.

GUILT:

I join you; where you are, there I am near.

NEED:

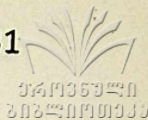
Need follows; where you are, one feels my breath.

THE THREE:

The clouds are drifting and hide every star.
Behind there, behind there, from far, from far,
Comes our brother; there comes, there comes—
Death.

FAUST (in the palace):

Four I saw coming, three only go hence;
I heard them speak, but grasped not the sense.
They spoke of Need and of her breath.
A gloomy rhyme word followed—Death.



It sounded hollow, ghostlike, as a threat.
I have not fought my way to freedom yet.
Could I but banish witchcraft from my road,
Unlearn all magic spells—oh, if I stood
Before you, Nature, human without guile,
The toil of being man might be worthwhile.

Once I was that, before I searched the night,
Damning myself and life with words of spite:
But now the air is so full of these ghosts
That no one knows how to escape their hosts.
And if one day smiles, rational and bright,
We are yet caught in dreamy webs at night;
We come home happy from the green young lea,
A bird will croak; croak what? Calamity.
Enmeshed by superstition, we're forlorn:
For things will happen, and forebode, and warn.
Frightened, we stand alone; our blood runs thin.
The portal creaks, but no one has come in.

(Deeply agitated):

Is someone there?

CARE:

The question calls for Yes.

FAUST:

And you, who might you be?

CARE:

I found access.

FAUST:

Leave me!

CARE:

This is where I should be.

FAUST *(first irate, then calmer, to himself):*

Beware and speak no word of sorcery.

CARE:

Though no ear perceived a sound,
Yet the heart would hear and pound;
In all forms, at every hour,



I wield the most cruel power.
 On the road and on the sea,
 Ever-anxious company,
 Always found and always nursed,
 Never sought, and always cursed.
 Is Care a force you never faced?

FAUST:

Through all the world I only raced:
 Whatever I might crave, I laid my hand on,
 What would not do, I would abandon,
 And what escaped, I would let go.
 I only would desire and attain,
 And wish for more, and thus with might and main
 I stormed through life; first powerful and great,
 But now with calmer wisdom, and sedate.
 The earthly sphere I know sufficiently,
 But into the beyond we cannot see;
 A fool, that squints and tries to pierce those
 shrouds,
 And would invent his like above the clouds!
 Let him survey this life, be resolute,
 For to the able this world is not mute.
 Why fly into eternities?
 What man perceives, that he can seize.
 Thus he may wander through his earthly day;
 Heedless of ghosts, let him pursue his way,
 In his progression agony and joy,
 At every moment still dissatisfied.

CARE:

He whom I have conquered could
 Own the world and not feel good:
 Gloom surrounds him without end,
 Sun shall not rise nor descend;
 Though his senses all abide,
 Darkneses now dwell inside,
 And though he owned every treasure,
 None should give him any pleasure;



Luck and ill luck turn to anguish,
In his plenty he must languish;
Be it rapture or dismay,
He will wait another day,
Worry lest the future vanish,
And so he can never finish.

FAUST:

Be still! You cannot thus catch *me!*
I will not have such stupid rant.
Leave *me!* This wretched litany
Could fool even the wisest with its chant.

CARE:

Should he go, or should he come?
All decision has grown numb;
In the midst of well-paved places
He reels, groping, in half paces.
As he sinks and is more thwarted,
Everything grows more distorted;
Burdening himself and others,
Breathing deeply, he yet smothers;
Not quite smothered, not quite dead,
Not resigned, but full of dread.
Ceaselessly he alternates—
Yields, resenting; must, but hates;
Liberated, then enmeshed,
Barely sleeping, unrefreshed,
He is pinned down in his cell
And prepared to go to hell.

FAUST:

Oh, wretched specters, thus you persecute
The human race with thousand miseries;
Days that might be indifferent, you transmute
Into a monstrous mesh of tangled agonies.
Demons, I know, are hard to drive away,
One cannot break the spirits' iron ties;
And yet your power, *Care*, creeping and great,
I shall refuse to recognize.

**CARE:**

Experience it deep in your mind,
 As with a curse I now descend!
 The human being is, his life long, blind;
 Thus, Faustus, you shall meet your end.

(She breathes on him. Exit.)

FAUST (blinded):

Deep night now seems to fall more deeply still,
 Yet inside me there shines a brilliant light;
 What I have thought, I hasten to fulfill:
 The master's word alone has real might.
 Up from your straw, my servants! Every man!
 Let happy eyes behold my daring plan.
 Take up your tools, stir shovel now and spade!
 What has been staked out must at once be made.
 Precise design, swift exercise
 Will always win the fairest prize;
 To make the grandest dream come true,
 One mind for thousand hands will do.

LARGE OUTER COURT OF THE PALACE.

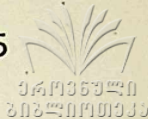
Torches.

MEPHISTO (in front, as overseer):

Come here, come here! Come on, come on!
 You shaking Lemures,
 From tendons, tissues, and from bone,
 Patched-up congeries.

LEMURES (in chorus):

We come at once, are at your hand,
 And we half heard it thus:



There is to be a spacious land,
And it will be for us.

The pointed stakes, they are all here,
We brought the chain to plot;
But why you asked us to appear,
That we have clear forgot.

MEPHISTO:

This is no time for artistry;
Use your own measure, that suits me.
The longest lie down, stretch out on the ground,
And all the rest can lift the grass around;
As it was our fathers' fare,
Dig out a somewhat oblong square!
From palace to a narrow crate,
That is how stupidly things terminate.

LEMURES (*digging, with mocking gestures*):

In youth, when I would live and love,
Methought that this was sweet;
Where they were gay, sang merrily,
There I would stir my feet.
Now age has come with stealthy steps
And struck me with his crutch;
I stumbled over the grave's door;
Why did it yawn so much!

FAUST (*stepping out of the palace, gropes along the doorposts*):

How the spades' lusty clanking gives me mirth!
It is the throng that slaves for me,
And brings back to itself the earth,
Setting the waves a boundary,
Putting a bond around the ocean.

MEPHISTO (*aside*):

For *us* alone is your commotion,
Your dams and dikes and all your care:
It is for Neptune you prepare,
The Water Devil, a repast.



You cannot do what you desire:
 With *us* the elements conspire,
 And ruin reaps your crop at last.

FAUST:

Overseer!

MEPHISTO:

Here!

FAUST:

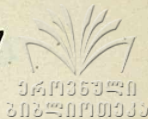
Feel free to use finesse;
 Get throngs and throngs of laborers here,
 Spur on with pleasure or severe,
 Use ample pay, allure, or press!
 And every day inform me how the throng
 Has pushed the groove we undertook along.

MEPHISTO (*aside*):

One talks, if my ears still behave,
 Not of a groove, but of a grave.

FAUST:

A swamp still skirts the mountain chain
 And poisons all the land retrieved;
 This marshland I hope yet to drain,
 And thus surpass what we achieved.
 For many millions I shall open regions
 To dwell, not safe, in free and active legions.
 Green are the meadows, fertile; and in mirth
 Both men and herds live on this newest earth,
 Settled along the edges of a hill
 That has been raised by bold men's zealous will.
 A veritable paradise inside,
 Then let the dams be licked by raging tide;
 And as it nibbles to rush in with force,
 A common will fills gaps and checks its course.



This is the highest wisdom that I own,
The best that mankind ever knew:
Freedom and life are earned by those alone
Who conquer them each day anew.
Surrounded by such danger, each one thrives,
Childhood, manhood, and age lead active lives.
At such a throng I would fain stare,
With free men on free ground their freedom share.
Then, to the moment I might say:
Abide, you are so fair!
The traces of my earthly day
No aeons can impair.
As I presage a happiness so high,
I now enjoy the highest moment.

(*FAUST sinks back, the LEMURES catch him and lay him on the ground.*)

MEPHISTO:

Fiel

No pleasure sated him, no great bestowment,
He reeled from form to form, it did not last;
The final, wretched, empty moment,
The poor man wishes to hold fast.
He sturdily resisted all my toil;
Time conquers, old he lies here on the soil.
The clock has stopped—

CHORUS:

Has stopped! Like midnight, all life is
diminished.

The hand has fallen.

MEPHISTO:

Fallen, it is finished.

CHORUS:

It is all over.

MEPHISTO:

Over! What a stupid name.



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Why over?
 Over and pure nothing, it is all the same.
 Why have eternally creation,
 When all is subject to annihilation?
 Now it is over. What meaning can one see?
 It is as if it had not come to be,
 And yet it circulates as if it were.
 I should prefer—Eternal Emptiness.

ENTOMBMENT.

LEMUR (solo):

Who has so badly built the house
 With shovel and with spade?

LEMURES (Chorus):

For you, glum guest in a shroud of hemp,
 Too well it has been made.

LEMUR (solo):

Who decked the hall in such poor style?
 No table and no chair?

LEMURES (Chorus):

It was borrowed for a little while;
 There are lenders everywhere.

MEPHISTO:

There lies the body; if the soul would fly away,
 I shall confront it with the blood-signed scroll.
 Alas, they have so many means today
 To rob the Devil of a soul.
 Our ancient manner is too crude,
 The new way does not work too well;



I used to work in solitude,
Now I must get some help from hell.

In every way, our lot is poor:
Time-honored custom, ancient laws—
Of nothing one can now be sure.
With the last breath it used to quit the house,
I lay in wait and, like a speedy mouse,
Snap! I would hold it in relentless claws.
Now it will linger in the dismal place,
Loathe to forsake the corpse, would rather
smother—

Until the elements which hate each other
Force it at last to quit it in disgrace.
And if I fret and sweat and tear my hair,
The painful question is: When? How? and
Where?

Old death has lost his speed, he is worn out:
And even Whether? gives one cause for doubt;
Often I craved the stiffened members when
It was a sham, they stirred and moved again.

*(With fantastic, fugelmanlike gestures of
conjuration:)*

Come on, increase your speed, don't pause,
Lords of straight horns, lords of the curve,
With ancient devils' grit and nerve,
Be sure you bring along hell's mighty jaws.
Hell, to be sure, has many jaws and swallows
With due regard for rank and worldly station;
The times have changed and, I suppose, it follows
That we, too, can show less consideration.

(The gruesome jaws of hell open up on the left.)
Incisors gape, and from the vaulting throat
The frenzied fire torrents flow,

The Second Part of the Tragedy

As in the depths, seething in steam, I note
 The flaming city in eternal glow.
 The crimson surf leaps up and breaks against the
 teeth,

The damned seek to escape with failing force,
 But the hyena mashes them; beneath,
 Crazed with sheer terror, they renew their course.
 Much more could be discovered in the nooks,
 So much that's worst in the smallest space!
 But try to frighten sinners with this place,
 They shrug it off like dreams or story books.
(To the fat devils with short, straight horns:)
 Now, paunchy rascals with the fiery cheeks,
 The hellish sulphur made you red and fat;
 Your short block-necks have never turned; you
 freaks

Can watch for phosphor glow where once he sat:
 That is the little soul, Psyche with wings;
 You pluck them out, a nasty worm is left;
 I place my stamp on her, and then one flings
 Her through the fiery storm into the cleft.
 You watch the lower parts with care,
 You bloats, and do your duty well!
 If she was pleased to dwell down there
 Is rather more than we can tell.
 And of the navel she is fond:
 Be on your guard, that's where she might abscond!
(To the lean devils with long, curved horns:)

You harlequins, gigantic flugelmen,
 Clutch at the air, keep trying without pausel
 Stretch out your arms and use your pointed claws,
 And catch the fluttering fugitive again!
 In that decaying house she cannot stop,
 And genius always strives straight for the top.



Glory from the upper right.

HEAVENLY HOST:

Follow, oh holy
Heaven's kin, slowly
In leisurely flight:
Sinners forgive,
Make the dust live;
Bring to all being
As it is seeing
Our host fleeing
A trace of delight!

MEPHISTO:

Discords I hear; a most revolting strumming
Comes from above with the unwelcome dawn;
It is the boyish-girlish bungle-humming
On which the sanctimonious like to fawn.
You know how in the most accursed hours
We planned destruction for the human race;
The vilest product of our powers
In their devotions has a place.
The dunderheads put on their charms!
But many have been stolen in that wise,
When they were fighting us with our arms:
They, too, are devils—in disguise.
If you lose now, live in eternal shame;
Surround the grave, my hosts, defend my claim!

CHORUS OF ANGELS (*strewing roses*):

Roses, bright glowing,
Balsam bestowing,
Fluttering and striving,
Secret reviving!
Winged stems golden,
Buds are unfolding;
Hasten to bloom!

Spring, do not tarry,
Color the gloom!

Paradise carry
Into his tomb!

MEPHISTO (*to the SATANS*):

Why blink and shrink? Are these the devils'
habits?

Come, stand your ground, and let them strew!
Back to your places, frightened rabbits!
They seem to think, such flower ballyhoo
Will snow in fiery devils such as you.

It melts before you even grab it:

Just puff at them, puff-heads!—Enough, enough!
Your breath has blighted all that floating stuff.
Whoa! Not so hard! Shut up your snouts and
noses!

You blow too hard at those small roses.
Restraint is something you will never learn!
They do not wilt, they char, they burn!
Venomous flames approach. They are not large,
Stand close together and repel their charge!
Their courage fails, their stamina expire:
The devils scent a strange and flattering fire.

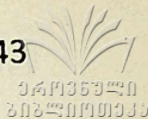
CHORUS OF ANGELS:

Bliss-scented flowers,
With fiery powers,
Heavenly love they spread,
Joy from above they spread,
All hearts they sway.
Words of verity
In ether's clarity
Bring hosts of charity
Infinite day.

MEPHISTO:

Damnation! That you are so scurvy!
The Satans have turned topsy-turvy:
The fat ones somersault to hell,
And plunge in, arses uppermost.
Enjoy the hot baths you deserve so well!





But I shall remain at my post.
(*Fighting the floating roses.*)

Will-o'-the-wisps, away! I loathe your sheen;
Once caught, you turn to filthy gelatine.
You flutter? Will you pack! And quick!
Like pitch and sulphur to my neck they stick.

ANGELS:

What is not part of your sphere
You may not share;
What fills you with fear
You cannot bear.
If the attack succeeds,
We must do valiant deeds.
Love alone leads
Loving ones there.

MEPHISTO:

My heart and liver burn, my head is rent—
A more than devilish element!
Far keener than the flames of hell!
That is why your laments excel,
Unhappy lovers who, despised, still twist
Their necks to see the loved antagonist.

I too? What draws my head that way? What for?
I'm pledged against them to eternal war!
I used to hate this sight, nothing seemed worse.
Has something alien pierced me through and
through?

They are such charming boys, I rather like the
view.

What keeps my tongue tied that I cannot curse?
If I am fooled by such sweet bait,
Who will be called a fool in days to come?
The little villains that I hate
Seem lovely, sweet, and frolicsome!



You darling children, let me know:
 Do you not also bear Lucifer's name?
 You are so handsome, I could kiss you—oh!
 I could not be more glad you came.
 I feel so natural, such quietude,
 As if we'd met a thousand times before;
 So stealthily and catlike lewd;
 With every glance I like your beauty more.
 Come nearer, please; grant me at least a wink!

ANGELS:

We are approaching, but why do you shrink?
 We do draw near; remain there, if you can!
 (*The ANGELS spread out and occupy the whole
 space.*)

MEPHISTO (*who is crowded into the proscenium*):

You scold us as damned apparitions,
 Though you are witches and magicians;
 For you seduce both maid and man.
 A curse on this adventure! Shamel
 Is this indeed love's element?
 The entire body is aflame,
 I scarcely feel how my poor neck is rent.—
 You hover there, come down: I feel a passion;
 Please move your lovely limbs in a more worldly
 fashion!

There's merit in your serious style;
 But just for once I'd like to see you smile!
 That would put me in an eternal trance.
 I mean the way that human lovers glance;
 Just move your lips, that's all—not in disgust!
 You, tall one, are the fairest boy I've ever seen;
 But what is unbecoming is your popish mien:
 Do look at me with just a little lust!
 You might be nude and still of decent mind,
 The flowing shroud is much too moralizing;

They turn around—I see them from behind!
The little rogues are all-too-appetizing!

CHORUS OF ANGELS:

Turn toward clarity,
Flames of love, speed!
Those damned by deed
Are healed by verity—
Joyous retrieval
From earthly evil—
They find impunity
In cosmic unity.

MEPHISTO (*recovering self-possession*):

How do I feel! Like Job, with boil on boil,
I see myself, I shudder and recoil;
And yet I triumph, too, when I look deep within
And place my trust in my own self and kin;
Saved are the Devil's noble parts—for sin;
The love spook went no deeper than my skin;
Burnt out are the accursed flames and done,
And, as is meet and proper, I curse you, every one!

CHORUS OF ANGELS:

Blazes that give
Those they're caressing
Infinite blessing
While they yet live!
Gather up there,
Rise and adore!
Pure is the air,
Breathe, spirit, soar!

(*They rise, bearing off FAUST's immortal part.*)

MEPHISTO (*looking around*):

But how was that? Where did they fly?
Not yet of age, you took me by surprise,
And with your booty you fled to the sky.



That's why you sought this grave with greedy eyes!

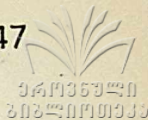
A peerless treasure, stolen shamefully:
 The noble soul that pledged itself to me
 They snatched from me, and now they moralize.
 To whom could I complain how I am grieved?
 Who will enforce the rights that I possess?
 Now, in your old days, you have been deceived;
 You have deserved it, you are in distress.
 At my own bungling I now feel disgust;
 A great investment wasted, every shred!
 Absurd feelings of love, a vulgar lust
 Has turned the tough old Devil's head.
 If this affair was childish all-in-all
 For one so seasoned to attend,
 That foolishness was certainly not small
 That overwhelmed him in the end.

*MOUNTAIN GORGES
 FOREST, ROCK, AND DESERT*

*Holy Anchorites scattered up the mountainsides,
 encamped between clefts.*

CHORUS AND ECHO:

Forests are coming near,
 Towering rocks appear,
 Clinging, the roots adhere,
 Tree trunks are crowded here.
 Wave splashes after wave,
 Shelter is found in the cave.
 Lions are prowling dumb—
 Friendly wherever we come,
 Honor the sacred place,
 Treasure of love and grace.



PATER ECSTATICUS (*floating to and fro*):

Blaze of eternal bliss,
Love's glowing precipice,
Seething pangs in the breast,
God's overflowing zest.
Arrows, pierce through me,
Lances, subdue me,
Bludgeons, batter me,
Lightning, shatter me!
Let what is valueless
Fall and evanesce,
My star will shine the more,
Love's everlasting core!

PATER PROFUNDUS (*deep region*):

As the abysses at my feet
Rest on a more abysmal dome,
As myriad gleaming brooks must meet
For the dread fall of flooding foam,
As with an urge to reach above,
The tree thrusts through the air impassioned,
So, too, it is almighty love
By which all things are nursed and fashioned.

Around me sounds a savage roaring,
That shakes the forest and abyss,
And yet the thundering floods are pouring
With love into the precipice,
To bring the valley life and cheer;
And lightning, flashing down in blazes,
Renews the ailing atmosphere
That was consumed by poison hazes:

They are love's heralds and proclaim
What is creative everywhere.
That they would make my insides flame
Where now my spirit dwells in care,
In fetters that dull senses wrought,

The Second Part of the Tragedy


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Confused and cold, in bitter smart.
O God! relieve all anguished thought,
Illumine Thou my needy heart!

PATER SERAPHICUS (*middle region*):

See the cloud the dawn reveals
Through the spruces' wavering hair?
Can I guess what it conceals?
Infant spirits approach there.

CHORUS OF BLESSED BOYS:

Tell us, father, what we're seeing,
Tell us, please, what we have done,
Who we are, so blessed: Being
Is so kind to every one.

PATER SERAPHICUS:

Born at midnight on the earth,
Half unsealed spirit and brain,
For their parents lost at birth,
For the angels sweetest gain.
That a loving one is present
You can feel; come to my place!
Of earth's ways, rude and unpleasant,
Happily, you have no trace.
Enter deep into my eyes,
Organs for the earthly sphere,
They are yours to utilize:
Look upon this landscape here!
(*He receives them into himself.*)

These are trees, and these are rocks,
Thundering torrents, glistening spray
Plunge over tremendous blocks,
Shortening their craggy way.

BLESSED BOYS (*from within*):

What we see is full of might,
But too somber to conceive;
We are shaken with sheer fright.
Noble, good one, let us leave!



PATER SERAPHICUS:

Rise now to a higher spere,
Growing swiftly all along,
As God's presence, pure and clear,
Makes you and all spirits strong.
For in the celestial field
That becomes the spirits' food:
Timeless loving is revealed,
That unfolds beatitude.

CHORUS OF BLESSED BOYS (*circling around the highest peaks*):

Hand in hand clinging,
Joyously reeling,
Stirring and singing
Of holy feeling,
Divinely inspired,
You may be bold;
Whom you admired
You will be behold.

ANGELS (*floating through the higher atmosphere, carrying FAUST's immortal part*):

Saved is the spirit kingdom's flower
From evil and the grave:
"Who ever strives with all his power,
We are allowed to save."
And if, besides, supernal love
Responded to his plight,
The blessed host comes from above
To greet him in delight.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS:

Loving-holy women gave,
Penitent, the rose to me
That helped win the victory,
Helped the lofty work conclude
And this precious soul to save.
Evil ones fled as we strewed,
Devils yielded as we hit them.

The Second Part of the Tragedy

Hell's torments no longer bit them,
 Love's pangs sealed their swift disaster;
 Even the old Satans' Master
 Felt the pain; he, too, retreated.
 Jubilate! it is completed.

THE MORE PERFECTED ANGELS:

To carry earth's remains
 Still has distressed us:
 All earthly things have stains,
 Even asbestos.
 When every element
 Has served the force
 Of a strong spirit's bent,
 No angel can divorce
 Two thus together grown
 In close communion;
 Eternal love alone
 Can part their union.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS:

Misty round rocky height
 I now discover,
 Stirring in nearby flight
 Spirits that hover.
 The clouds part and grow clear,
 I see a host appear
 Of blessed boys;
 Freed from the stress of earth,
 Their circle comes near,
 Full of the joys
 Of the new spring and birth
 Of our upper sphere.
 Let him begin with these
 And ascend by degrees
 With the blessed boys.

THE BLESSED BOYS:

Gladly receiving
 This spirit's chrysalis,



We are achieving
Pledge of angelic bliss.
Strip off the lowly,
Earthly cocoon!
Life that is holy
Makes him great soon.

DOCTOR MARIANUS (*in the highest, cleanest cell*):

Here the vision is free,
The spirit exalted.
Women float over me
Where heaven is vaulted.
The glorious one they surround,
Star wreaths attend her,
The heaven's queen is crowned,
I know her splendor. (*Enraptured:*)
Mistress of the firmament!
Let me in the bower
Of the heaven's outspread tent
See thy secret power!
Sanction what so tenderly
Moves men who adore thee,
And with holy loving joy
Carries them before thee.

Courage invincible we feel
If thy glory wills it—
Swiftly tempered is our zeal
If thy glory stills it.
Virgin, beautifully pure,
Venerable mother,
Our chosen queen thou art,
Peer of gods, no other!

Clouds form a garland
Around her splendor
Penitent women,

The Second Part of the Tragedy

People so tender,
Her knees embrace,
Drinking the ether,
Asking her grace.

Thou art undefilable,
But thou art not chiding
When easily beguivable
Women come confiding.

Overwhelmed in weakness' hour,
It is hard to save them;
Who could burst of his own power
Lust's chains that enslave them?
Easily the foot may slip
On the swampy soil:
One is fooled by eye and lip,
Flatteries smooth as oil.
(*Mater gloriosa floats into view.*)

CHORUS OF PENITENT WOMEN:

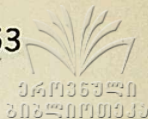
Thee we are adoring,
As thou art soaring,
Hear our imploring,
Thou that art divine,
Thou, most benign.

MAGNA PECCATRIX (*Luke 7, 36*):

By the love that washed the feet
Of thy son, as man appearing,
Using tears for balsam sweet,
While the Pharisee was jeering;
By the jar of alabaster
That was spent improvidently,
By the looks that dried the Master's
Venerable limbs so gently—

MULIER SAMARITANA (*John 4*):

By the well that benefited
Abram's herds on ancient trips,



By the pail that was permitted
Once to cool the Savior's lips;
By the spring that is still streaming
Hence in pure and bounteous glow,
Overflowing, ever gleaming,
Watering worlds with endless flow—

MARIA AEGYPTICA (*Acta Sanctorum*):

By the church where the immortal
Body of the Master rested,
By the arm that at the portal
Stopped me when I was detested;
By my forty years' repentance
In the lonely desert land,
By the blissful final sentence
That I wrote into the sand—

THE THREE:

Though a woman greatly sins,
Yet she may come near to thee,
And what her repentance wins
Is hers in eternity:
Grant this good soul, too, thy blessing,
That but once herself forgot,
Ignorant she was transgressing;
Pardon her and spurn her not!

UNA POENITENTIUM (*formerly called GRETCHEN.*

Nestling):

Incline, incline,
That art divine,
Thou that dost shine,
Thy face in grace to my sweet ecstasy!
He whom I loved in pain
Now returns free from stain,
Comes back to me.

BLESSED BOYS (*approaching in circling motion*):

Already his limbs breathe might
And he outgrows us;
Tend him, he will requite



All that he owes us.
 Early we have returned,
 Life scarcely reached us;
 This one, however, learned,
 And he will teach us.

ONE PENITENT (*formerly called GRETCHEN*):

Amid the noble spirits' mirth,
 The newcomer is so engrossed,
 He scarcely knows of his rebirth
 Before he joins the holy host.
 Behold, all earthly ties have peeled,
 The old shroud has dropped off at length,
 While ether's garment has revealed
 The radiance of his youthful strength!
 Grant that I teach him; he appears
 Still blinded by the new day's glare.

MATER GLORIOSA:

Come, raise yourself to higher spheres!
 When he feels you, he follows there.

DOCTOR MARIANUS (*prostrate, adoring*):

Penitents, behold elated
 The redeeming face;
 Grateful, be regenerated
 For a life of grace.
 That all good minds would grow keen
 To serve thee alone;
 Holy virgin, mother, queen,
 Goddess on thy throne!

CHORUS MYSTICUS:

What is destructible
 Is but a parable;
 What fails ineluctably,
 The undeclarable,
 Here it was seen,
 Here it was action;
 The Eternal-Feminine
 Lures to perfection.

ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR

Walter Kaufmann (1921–1980) was born in Freiburg, Germany, came to the United States in 1939, and was graduated from Williams College in 1941. During World War II he served first with the U.S. Army Air Force and then returned to Europe with Military Intelligence. In 1947 he received his Ph.D. degree from Harvard and became an instructor at Princeton University, where he was Professor of Philosophy.

He was also visiting professor at Cornell, Columbia, the New School, and the Universities of Michigan and Washington; and, on Fulbright grants, at Heidelberg and Jerusalem. In 1961 he was awarded an international Leo Baeck Prize. He published a dozen books, including *Cain and Other Poems*, *Twenty German Poets*, *The Faith of a Heretic*, *From Shakespeare to Existentialism*, and *Critique of Religion and Philosophy*.



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“This is the best translation of *Faust* that I have read. Printed on the right page, parallel with the German text on the left, it passes a simple test. One can turn from the German to the English without too much of a jolt. I could even, over stretches, read passages of the translation that I know very well in the original without discovering anything that seemed lacking in the German.

“Why is Walter Kaufmann so successful? First, his version has a rhythmic drive which is very close to Goethe’s; second, he transmits a very important quality about the language of *Faust*: that it is packed with material of every kind—information, ideas, wit. These are all communicated with immense energy and a warmth of imagination, which... never succumbs to pedantry or showing off...”
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—*Virginia Quarterly Review*

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