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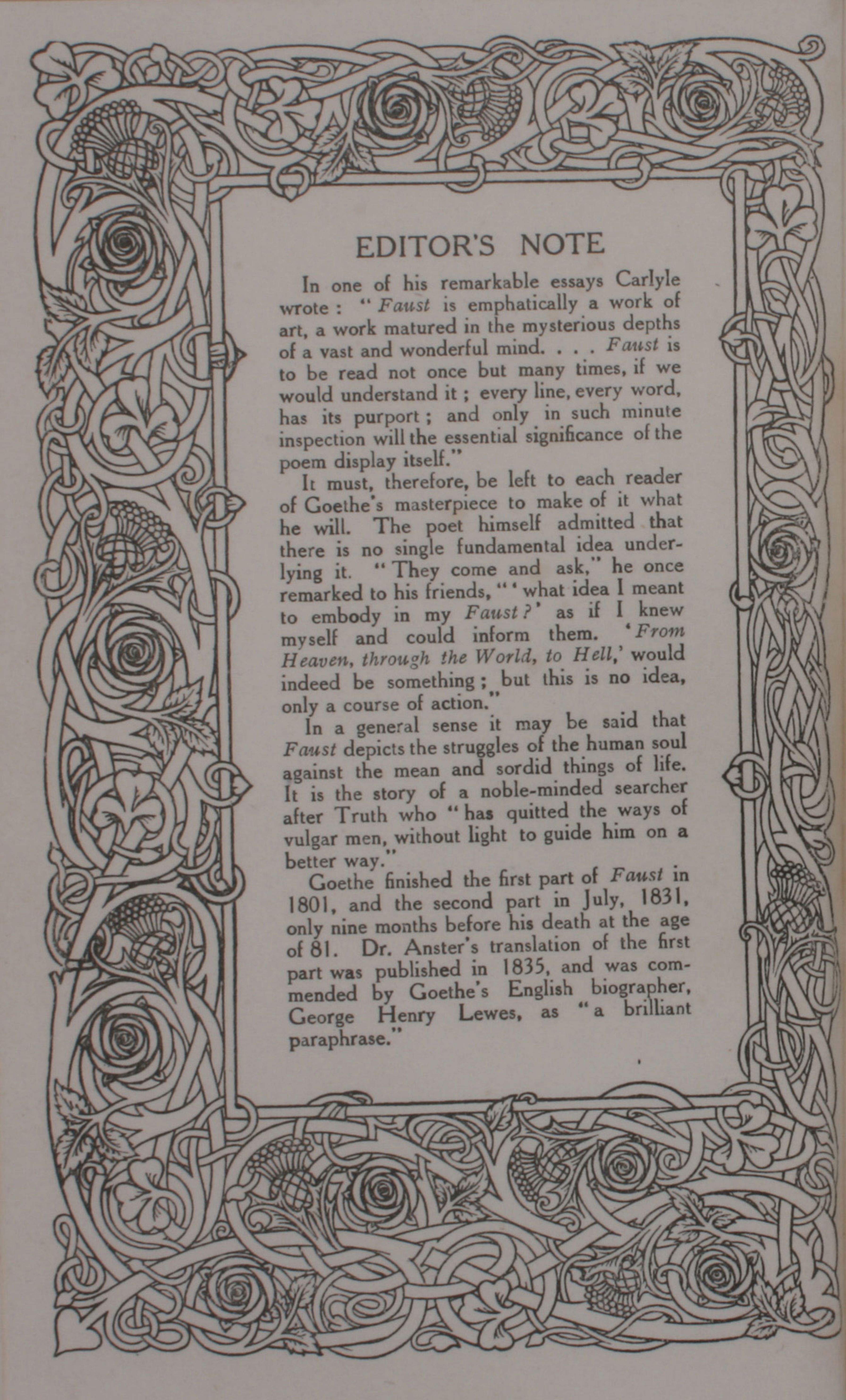
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GOETHE'S FAUST

DR. ANSTER'S TRANSLATION

The page is framed by an intricate, repeating decorative border. The border consists of a complex interlaced pattern of lines, forming a series of interlocking knots and loops. Interspersed within this pattern are stylized floral motifs, including roses and thistles, as well as leafy sprigs. The overall style is reminiscent of the Arts and Crafts movement or early modernist decorative arts.

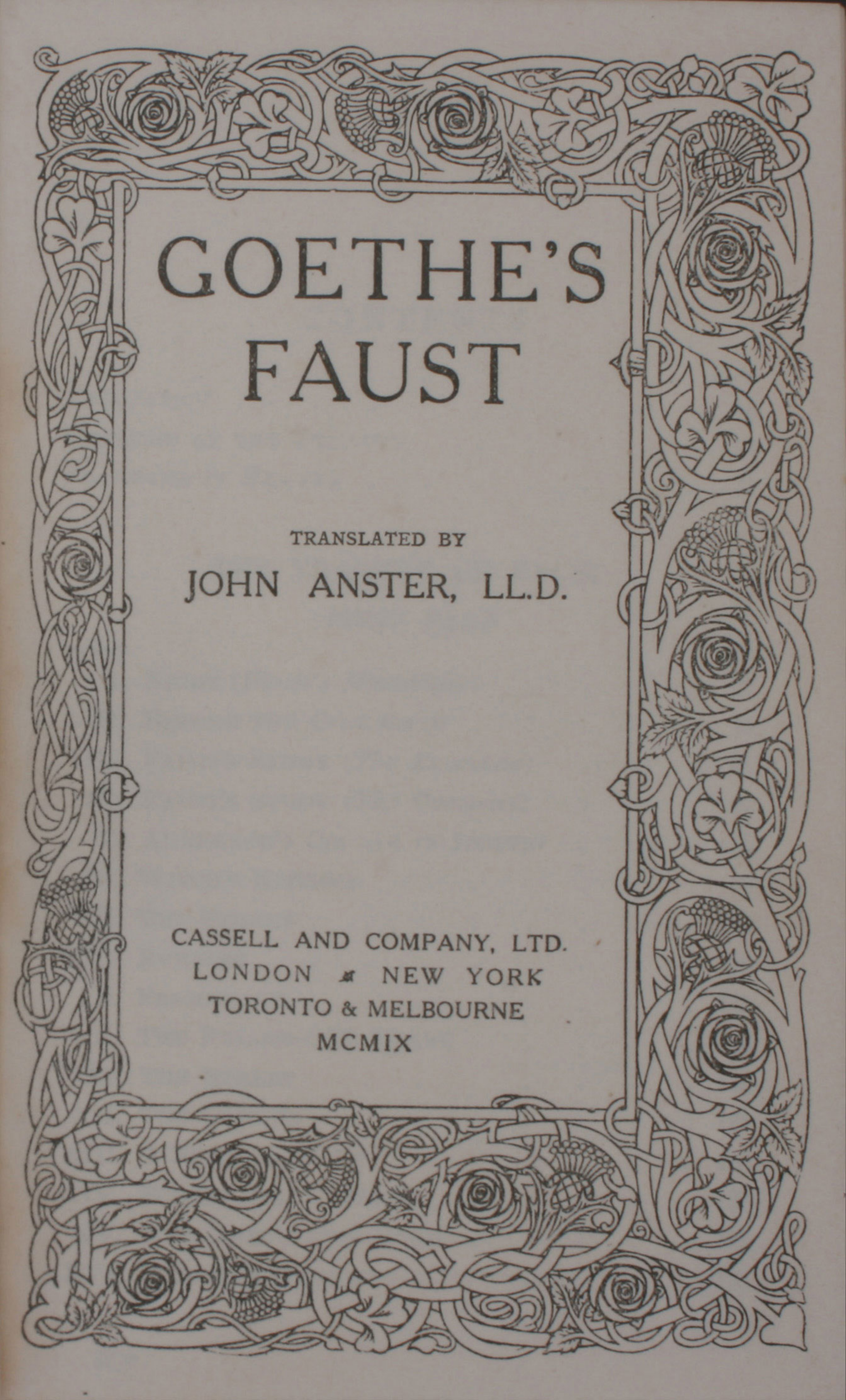
EDITOR'S NOTE

In one of his remarkable essays Carlyle wrote: "*Faust* is emphatically a work of art, a work matured in the mysterious depths of a vast and wonderful mind. . . . *Faust* is to be read not once but many times, if we would understand it; every line, every word, has its purport; and only in such minute inspection will the essential significance of the poem display itself."

It must, therefore, be left to each reader of Goethe's masterpiece to make of it what he will. The poet himself admitted that there is no single fundamental idea underlying it. "They come and ask," he once remarked to his friends, "'what idea I meant to embody in my *Faust*?' as if I knew myself and could inform them. '*From Heaven, through the World, to Hell*,' would indeed be something; but this is no idea, only a course of action."

In a general sense it may be said that *Faust* depicts the struggles of the human soul against the mean and sordid things of life. It is the story of a noble-minded searcher after Truth who "has quitted the ways of vulgar men, without light to guide him on a better way."

Goethe finished the first part of *Faust* in 1801, and the second part in July, 1831, only nine months before his death at the age of 81. Dr. Anster's translation of the first part was published in 1835, and was commended by Goethe's English biographer, George Henry Lewes, as "a brilliant paraphrase."



GOETHE'S
FAUST

TRANSLATED BY
JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

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DEDICATION

AGAIN, in deepening beauty, ye float near,
Forms, dimly imaged in the days gone by—
Is that old fancy to the heart still dear?
To that old spell will ye again reply?
Ye throng before my view, divinely clear,
Like sunbeams conquering a cloudy sky!
Then have me at your will! My bosom burns,
Magic is breathing—youth and joy returns!

Pictures you bring with you of happy years,
Loved shades of other days are rising fast.
First-love with early Friendship reappears
Like half-remembered legends of the past.
Wounds bleed anew;—the *Plaint* pursues with tears
The wanderer through life's labyrinthine waste;
And names the Good, already past away,
Cheated, alas! of half life's little day.

But, ah! they cannot hear my closing song,
Those hearts, for whom its earlier notes were tried;
Departed is, alas! the friendly throng,
And dumb the echoes all, that first replied.
If some still live this stranger world among,
Fortune hath scattered them at distance wide;
To men unknown my griefs I now impart,
Whose very praises leave me sick at heart.

Again it comes! a long unwonted feeling—
A wish for that calm solemn spirit-land;
My wavering song lisps faint, like murmurs, stealing
O'er *Æol's* harp by varying breezes fanned.
Tears follow tears, my weaknesses revealing,
And silent shudders show a heart unmanned;
What is, in the far distance seems to be,
The Past, the Past alone is true to me.

PRELUDE AT THE THEATRE

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MR. MERRYMAN.

Manager. My two good friends, on whom I have depended,
At all times to assist me and advise ;
Aid your old friend once more—to-night he tries
(And greatly fears the fate that may attend it)
For German lands a novel enterprise.
To please the public I am most desirous ;
“Live and let live,” has ever been their maxim,
Gladly they pay the trifle that we tax 'em,
And gratitude should with new zeal inspire us.
Our temporary theatre's erected,
Planks laid, posts raised, and something is expected.
Already have the audience ta'en their station,
With eye-brows lifted up in expectation ;
Thoughtful and tranquil all—with hopes excited,
Disposed to be amused—amazed—delighted !
I know the people's taste—their whims—caprices,
Could always get up popular new pieces ;
But never have I been before so harassed
As now—so thoroughly perplexed, embarrassed !
Every one reads so much of every thing :
The books they read are not the best, 'tis true :
But then they are for ever reading—reading !
This being so, how can we hope to bring
Any thing out, that shall be good and new ?
What chance of now as formerly succeeding ?

How I delight to see the people striving
To force their way into our crowded booth,
Pouring along, and fighting, nail and tooth,
Digging with elbows, through the passage driving,
As if it were St. Peter's gate, and leading
To something more desirable than Eden ;

Long before four, while daylight's strong as ever,
 All hurrying to the box of the receiver,
 Breaking their necks for tickets—thrusting—jamming,
 As at a baker's door in time of famine!

On men so various in their disposition,
 So different in manners—rank—condition;
 How is a miracle like this effected?
 The poet—he alone is the magician.
 On thee, my friend, we call—from thee expect it.

Poet. Oh, tell me not of the tumultuous crowd,
 My powers desert me in the noisy throng;
 Hide, hide from me the multitude, whose loud
 And dizzy whirl would hurry me along
 Against my will; and lead me to some lone
 And silent vale—some scene in fairy-land,
 There only will the poet's heart expand,
 Surrendered to the impulses of song,
 Lost in delicious visions of its own,
 Where Love and Friendship o'er the heart at rest
 Watch through the flowing hours, and we are blest!

Thoughts by the soul conceived in silent joy,
 Sounds often muttered by the timid voice,
 Tried by the nice ear, delicate of choice,
 Till we at last are pleased, or self-deceived,
 The whole a rabble's madness may destroy;
 And this, when, after toil of many years,
 Touched and retouched, the perfect piece appears
 To challenge praise, or win unconscious tears,
 As the vain heart too easily believed;
 Some sparkling, showy thing, got up in haste,
 Brilliant and light, will catch the passing taste.
 The truly great, the genuine, the sublime
 Wins its slow way in silence; and the bard,
 Unnoticed long, receives from after-time
 The imperishable wreath, his best, his sole reward!

Mr. Merry. Enough of this cold cant of future ages,
 And men hereafter doting on your pages;
 To prattle thus of other times is pleasant,
 And all the while neglect our own, the Present.
 Why, what if I too—Mister Merryman—
 In my vocation acted on your plan?

If on the unborn we squander our exertion,
 Who will supply the living with diversion?
 And, clamour as you, authors, may about it,
 They want amusement—will not go without it;
 Just look at me, a fine young dashing fellow—
 My very face works wonders, let me tell you;—
 Now my way, for your guidance I may mention—
 Please but yourself, and feel no apprehension.
 The crowd will share the feelings of the poet,
 The praise he seeks they liberally bestow it:
 The more that come, the better for the writer.
 Each flash of wit is farther felt—seems brighter,
 And every little point appreciated,
 By some one in the circle over-rated,
 All is above its value estimated:
 Take courage then,—come—now for a *chef-d'œuvre*—
 To make a name—to live, and live for ever—
 Call Fancy up, with her attendant troop,
 Reason and Judgment, Passion, Melancholy,
 Wit, Feeling, and among the choral group
 Do not forget the little darling, Folly!

Manager. But above all, give them enough of action;
 He who gives most, will give most satisfaction;
 They come to see a *show*—no work whatever,
 Unless it be a show, can win their favour;
 Then, as they wish it, let them gape and stare;—
 Crowd scene on scene—enough and still to spare.
 A show is what they want; they love and pay for it;
 Spite of its serious parts, sit through a play for it;
 And he who gives one is a certain favourite;
 Would you please many, you must give good measure;
 Then each finds something in't to yield him pleasure;
 The more you give the greater sure your chance is
 To please, by varying scenes, such various fancies.
 The interest of a piece, no doubt, increases
 Divided thus, and broken into pieces.
 We want a dish to hit the common taste;
 Then hash it up and serve it out in haste!
 And, for my part, methinks it little matters:
 Though you may call your work a finished whole,
 The public soon will tear this whole to tatters,
 And but on piecemeal parts their praises dole.

Poet. You cannot think how very mean a task,

How humbling to the genuine artist's mind,
 To furnish such a drama as you ask :
 The poor pretender's bungling tricks, I find,
 Are now established as the rules of trade,—
 Receipts—by which successful plays are made !

Manager. Such an objection is of little weight
 Against my reasoning. If a person chooses
 To work effectively, no doubt he uses
 The instrument that's most appropriate.
 Your play may—for your audience—be too good ;—
 Coarse lumpish logs are they of clumsy wood—
 Blocks—with the hatchet only to be hewed !—
 One comes to drive away ennui or spleen ;
 Another, with o'erloaded paunch from table ;
 A third, than all the rest less tolerable,
 From reading a review or magazine.
 Hither all haste, anticipate delight,
 As to a Masque, desire each face illuming,
 And each, some novel character assuming,
 Place for awhile their own half out of sight.
 The ladies, too, tricked out in brilliant gear,
 Themselves ambitious actresses appear,
 And, though unpaid, are still performers here.
 What do you dream in your poetic pride ?
 Think you a full house can be satisfied
 And every auditor an ardent cheerer ?
 Pray, only look at them a little nearer ;
 One half are cold spectators, inattentive ;
 The other dead to every fine incentive ;
 One fellow's thinking of a game of cards ;
 One on a wild night of intoxication :
 Why court for such a set the kind regards
 Of the coy Muse—her highest fascination ?
 I tell thee only, give enough—enough ;
 Still more and more—no matter of what stuff ;
 You cannot go astray ; let all your views
 Be only for the moment to amuse,
 To keep them in amazement or distraction ;
 Man is incapable of satisfaction.

Why, what affects you thus—is't inspiration ?
 A reverie ?—ah ! can it be vexation ?

Poet. Go, and elsewhere some fitter servant find ;
 What ! shall the poet squander then away,

For thy poor purposes, himself, his mind.
 Profane the gift, which Nature, when she gave
 To him, to him entrusted for mankind,
 —Their birthright—thy poor bidding to obey,
 And sink into an humble trading slave?
 Whence is his power all human hearts to win,
 And why can nothing his proud march oppose,
 As through all elements the conqueror goes?
 Oh, is it not the harmony within,
 The music, that hath for its dwelling-place
 His own rich soul?—the heart that can receive
 Again into itself, again embrace
 The world it clothed with beauty and bade live?
 With unregarding hand when Nature throws
 Upon the spindle the dull length of thread,
 That on, still on, in weary sameness flows,
 When all things, that in unison agreeing,
 Should join to form the happy web of Being,
 Are tangled in inextricable strife:
 Who can awake the blank monotony
 To measured order? Who upon the dead
 Unthinking chaos breathe the charm of life,
 Restore the dissonant to harmony
 And bid the jarring individual be
 A chord, that, in the general consecration,
 Bears part with all in musical relation?
 Who to the tempest's rage can give a voice
 Like human passion? bid the serious mind
 Glow with the colouring of the sunset hours?
 Who in the dear path scatter spring's first flowers,
 When wanders forth the ladye of his choice?
 Who of the valueless green leaves can bind
 A wreath—the artist's proudest ornament—
 Or, round the conquering hero's brow entwined
 The best reward his country can present?
 Whose voice is fame? who gives us to inherit
 Olympus, and the loved Elysian field?
 The soul of man sublimed—man's soaring spirit
 Seen in the poet, gloriously revealed.

Mr. Merry. A poet yet should regulate his fancies,
 Like that of life should get up his romances;
 First a chance meeting—then the young folk tarry
 Together—toy and trifle, sigh and marry,

Are link'd for ever, scarcely half intending it,
 Once met—'tis fixed—no changing and no mending it.
 Thus a romance runs: fortune, then reverses;
 Rapture, then coldness; bridal dresses—hearses;
 The lady dying—letters from the lover,
 And, ere you think of it, the thing is over.
 Shift your scenes rapidly; write fast and gaily,
 Give, in your play, the life we witness daily;
 The life which all men live, yet few men notice,
 Yet which will please ('tis very strange, but so 'tis),
 Will please, when forced again on their attention,
 More than the wonders of remote invention;
 Glimmerings of truth—calm sentiment—smart strictures—
 Actors in bustle—clouds of moving pictures—
 The young will crowd to see a work, revealing
 Their own hearts to themselves; in solitude
 Will feast on the remembered visions—stealing
 For frenzied passion its voluptuous food:
 Unbidden smiles and tears unconscious start.
 For oh! the secrets of the poet's art,
 What are they but the dreams of the young heart?
 Oh! 'tis the young enjoy the poet's mood,
 Float with him on imagination's wing,
 Think all his thoughts, are his in everything,
 Are, while they dream not of it, all they see:
 Youth—youth is the true time for sympathy.
 This is the sort of drink to take the town;
 Flavour it to their taste, they gulp it down.
 Your true admirer is the generous spirit,
 Unformed, unspoiled, he feels all kindred merit
 As if of his own being it were part,
 And growing with the growth of his own heart;
 Feels gratitude, because he feels that truth
 Is taught him by the poet—this is Youth;
 Nothing can please your *grown* ones, they're so knowing,
 And no one thanks the poet but the growing.

Poet. Give me, oh! give me back the days
 When I—I too—was young—
 And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour
 New consciousness of power.
 Oh happy, happy time, above all praise!
 Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung,
 And found a language in unbidden lays;

Unintermitted streams from fountains ever flowing.

Then, as I wander'd free,

In every field, for me

Its thousand flowers were blowing!

A veil through which I did not see,

A thin veil o'er the world was thrown,

In every bud a mystery;

Magic in everything unknown:—

The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,

And all that age has disenchanted.

Yes! give me—give me back the days of youth,

Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance

The inextinguishable love of truth,

While life's realities were all romance—

Give me, oh! give youth's passions unconfined,

The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,

Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind;—

Give me my youth again!

Mr. Merry. Why, my dear friend, for youth thus sigh
and prattle,

'Twould be a very good thing in a battle;

Or on your arm if a fine girl were leaning,

Then, I admit, the wish would have some meaning;

In running for a bet, to clear the distance,

A young man's sinews would be some assistance;

Or if, after a dance, a man was thinking

Of reeling out the night in glorious drinking;

But you have only among chords, well known

Of the familiar harp, with graceful finger

Freely to stray at large, or fondly linger,

Courting some wandering fancies of your own;

While, with capricious windings and delays,

Loitering, or lost in an enchanted maze

Of sweet sounds, the rich melody, at will

Gliding, here rests, here indolently strays,

Is ever free, yet evermore obeys

The hidden guide, that journeys with it still.

This is, old gentleman, your occupation,

Nor think that it makes less our veneration.

"Age," says the song, "the faculties bewildering,

Renders men childish"—no! it finds them children.

Man. Come, come, no more of this absurd inventory
Of flattering phrases—courteous—complimentary.

You both lose time in words unnecessary,
Playing with language thus at fetch and carry ;
Think not of tuning now or preparation,
Strike up, my boy—no fear—no hesitation,
Till you commence no chance of inspiration.
But once assume the poet—then the fire
From heaven will come to kindle and inspire.
Strong drink is what we want to gull the people,
A hearty, brisk, and animating tippie ;
Come, come, no more delay, no more excuses,
The stuff we ask you for, at once produce us.
Lose this day loitering—'twill be the same story
To-morrow—and the next more dilatory ;
Then indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest ? seize this very minute—
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it,
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—
Begin it, and the work will be completed !
You know our German bards, like bold adventurers,
Bring out whate'er they please, and laugh at censors,
Then do not think to-day of sparing scenery—
Command enough of dresses and machinery ;
Use as you please—fire, water, thunder, levin—
The greater and the lesser lights of heaven.
Squander away the stars at your free pleasure,
And build up rocks and mountains without measure.
Of birds and beasts we've plenty here to lavish,
Come, cast away all apprehensions slavish—
Strut, on our narrow stage, with lofty stature,
As moving through the circle of wide nature.
With swiftest speed, in calm thought weighing well
Each movement—move from heaven through earth to
hell.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

THE LORD. THE HEAVENLY HOSTS. *Afterwards*

MEPHISTOPHELES

The THREE ARCHANGELS come forward

Raphael. The sun, as in the ancient days,
'Mong sister stars in rival song,
His destined path observes, obeys,
And still in thunder rolls along :
New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from his sight,
Mysterious all—yet all is good,
All fair as at the birth of light !

Gabriel. Swift, unimaginably swift,
Soft spins the earth, and glories bright
Of mid-day Eden change and shift
To shades of deep and spectral night.
The vexed sea foams—waves leap and moan,
And chide the rocks with insult hoarse,
And wave and rock are hurried on,
And suns and stars in endless course.

Michael. And winds with winds mad war maintain
From sea to land, from land to sea ;
And heave round earth, a living chain
Of interwoven agency.—
Guides of the bursting thunder-peal,
Fast lightnings flash with deadly ray,
While, Lord, with Thee Thy servants feel
Calm effluence of abiding day.

The Three. New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from thy sight ;
Mysterious all, yet all is good,
All fair as at the birth of light.

Meph. Since Thou, O Lord, dost visit us once more,
To ask how things are going on, and since

You have received me kindly heretofore,
 I venture to the levee of my prince.
 Pardon me, if I fail, after the sort
 Of bending courtiers here, to pay my court ;
 The company is far too fine for me.
 They smile with scorn such folk in heaven to see.
 High hymns and solemn words are not my forte.
 Pathos from me would look too like a joke ;
 Words, that from others had set angels weeping,
 To laughter would your very self provoke,
 If laughter were not wholly out of keeping.
 Nothing of suns or worlds have I to say,
 I only see how men fret on their day ;
 The little god of earth is still the same
 Strange thing he was, when first to life he came ;
 That life were somewhat better, if the light
 Of heaven had not been given to spoil him quite.
 Reason he calls it—see its blessed fruit,
 Than the brute beast man is a beastlier brute ;
 He seems to me, if I may venture on
 Such a comparison, to be like one
 Of those long lank-legged grasshoppers, whose song
 The self-same creak, chirps, as they bound along,
 Monotonous and restless in the grass,
 'Twere well 'twas in grass always ; but, alas,
 They thrust their snouts in every filth they pass.

The Lord. Hast thou no more than this to say,
 Thou, who complainest every day ?
 Are all things evil in thy sight ?
 Does nothing on the earth move right ?

Meph. Not anything, my lord—poor men so fervent
 And foolish are—I almost feel compassion.

The Lord. Dost thou know Faust ?

Meph. The doctor ?

The Lord. Yes ; my servant.

Meph. Truly, he serves in a peculiar fashion ;
 Child though he be of human birth,
 His food and drink are not of earth.
 Foolish—even he at times will feel
 The folly in such hopes to deal :—
 His fancies hurry him afar ;
 Of heaven he asks its highest star ;
 Self-willed and spoiled, in mad pursuit,

Of earth demands its fairest fruit ;
 And all that both can give supplied,
 Behold him still unsatisfied !

The Lord. Yes ; for he serves in a perplexing scene,
 That oft misleads him. Still his will is right ;
 Soon comes the time to lead him into light.
 Now is the first prophetic green,
 The hopes and promises of spring,
 The unformed bud and blossoming ;
 And he who reared the tree and knows the clime
 Will seek and find fair fruit in fitting time.

Meph. What will you wager you don't lose him yet,
 With all his promise ? Had I only freedom
 On my own path with easy lure to lead him,
 I've not a doubt of it I win the bet.

The Lord. As long as on the earth endures his life
 To deal with him have full and free permission ;
 Man's hour on earth is weakness, error, strife.

Meph. Cheerfully I agree to the condition ;
 I have no fancy for the dead : your youth,
 With full fresh cheeks, tastes daintier to my tooth.
 Should a corpse call, the answer at my house
 Is, "Not at home." My play is cat and mouse.

The Lord. Be it permitted : from his source divert
 And draw this Spirit captive down with thee ;
 Till baffled and in shame thou dost admit,
 "A good man, clouded though his senses be
 By error, is no willing slave to it."
 His consciousness of good, will it desert
 The good man ?—yea, even in his darkest hours
 Still doth he war with Darkness and the Powers
 Of Darkness ;—for the light he cannot see
 Still round him feels ;—and, if he be not free,
 Struggles against this strange captivity.

Meph. Aye ! feelings that have no abiding—
 Short struggles—give him to my guiding—
 I cannot have a doubt about the bet.
 Oh ! in what triumph shall I crow at winning !
 Dust he shall eat, and eat with pleasure yet,
 Like that first Snake in my poor heraldry,
 Who has been eating it from the beginning.

The Lord. Here too take your own course—you are
 quite free

In the concern,—with anything but loathing
 I look on folk like you. My work demands
 Such servants. Of the Spirits of Denial
 The pleasantest, that figures in Man's Trial,
 Is Old Iniquity in his Fool's clothing;
 The Vice is never heavy upon hands;
 Without the Knave the Mystery were nothing,
 For Man's activity soon tires,
 (A lazy being at the best)
 And sting and spur requires.
 In indolent enjoyment Man would live,
 And this companion, whom I therefore give,
 Goads, urges, drives—is devil and cannot rest;
 But ye, pure sons of God, be yours the sight
 Of Beauty, each hour brighter and more bright!
 The Life, in all around, below, above,
 That ever lives and works—the Infinite
 Enfold you in the happy bonds of love!
 And all that flows unfix'd and undefined
 In glimmering phantasy before the mind,
 Bid Thought's enduring chain for ever bind!

[*Heaven closes. The ARCHANGELS disperse*

Meph. [alone]. I'm very glad to have it in my power
 To see him now and then; he is so civil:
 I rather like our good old governor—
 Think only of his speaking to the Devil!

THE TRAGEDY OF FAUST

FIRST PART

I

NIGHT

SCENE, *A high-arched, narrow, Gothic chamber*
FAUST *at his desk—restless*

Faust. Alas ! I have explored
Philosophy, and Law, and Medicine ;
And over deep Divinity have pored,
Studying with ardent and laborious zeal ;
And here I am at last, a very fool,
With useless learning curst,
No wiser than at first !
Here am I—boast and wonder of the school :
Magister, Doctor, and I lead
These ten years past, my pupils' creed ;
Winding, by dexterous words, with ease,
Their opinions as I please.
And now to feel that nothing can be known !
This is a thought that burns into my heart.
I have been more acute than all these triflers,
Doctors and authors, priests, philosophers ;
Have sounded all the depths of every science.
Scruples, or the perplexity of doubt,
Torment me not, nor fears of hell or devil.
But I have lost all peace of mind :
Whate'er I knew, or thought I knew,
Seems now unmeaning or untrue.
The fancy too has died away,
The hope, that I might, in my day,
Instruct, and elevate mankind.
Thus robbed of learning's only pleasure,
Without dominion, rank, or treasure,
Without one joy that earth can give,
Could dog—were I a dog—so live ?
Therefore to magic, with severe

And patient toil, have I applied,
 Despairing of all other guide,
 That from some Spirit I might hear
 Deep truths, to others unrevealed,
 And mysteries from mankind sealed ;
 And never more, with shame of heart,
 Teach things, of which I know no part.
 Oh, for a glance into the earth !
 To see below its dark foundations,
 Life's embryo seeds before their birth
 And Nature's silent operations.
 Thus end at once this vexing fever
 Of words—mere words—repeated ever.

Beautiful Moon!—Ah! would that now,
 For the last time, thy lovely beams
 Shone on my troubled brow !
 Oft by this desk, at middle night,
 I have sat gazing for thy light,
 Wearied with search, through volumes endless,
 I sate 'mong papers—crowded books,
 Alone—when thou, friend of the friendless,
 Camest smiling in, with soothing looks.
 Oh, that upon some headland height
 I now were wandering in thy light !
 Floating with Spirits, like a shadow,
 Round mountain-cave, o'er twilight meadow ;
 And from the toil of thought relieved,
 No longer sickened and deceived,
 In thy soft dew could bathe, and find
 Tranquillity and health of mind.

Alas! and am I in the gloom
 Still of this cursed dungeon room ?
 Where even heaven's light, so beautiful,
 Through the stained glass comes thick and dull ;
 'Mong volumes heaped from floor to ceiling,
 Scrolls with book-worms through them stealing ;
 Dreary walls, where dusty paper
 Bears deep stains of smoky vapour ;
 Glasses, instruments, all lumber
 Of this kind the place encumber ;
 All a man of learning gathers,

All bequeathed me by my fathers,
 Crucibles from years undated,
 Chairs of structure antiquated,
 Are in strange confusion hurled !
 Here, Faustus, is thy world—a world !
 Still dost thou ask, why in thy breast
 The sick heart flutters ill at rest ?
 Why a dull sense of suffering
 Deadens life's current at the spring ?
 From living nature thou hast fled
 To dwell 'mong fragments of the dead ;
 And for the lovely scenes which Heaven
 Hath made man for, to man hath given ;
 Hast chosen to pore o'er mouldering bones
 Of brute and human skeletons !

Away—away and far away !
 This book, where secret spells are scanned,
 Traced by Nostradam's own hand,
 Will be thy strength and stay :
 The courses of the stars to thee
 No longer are a mystery ;
 The thoughts of Nature thou canst seek,
 As Spirits with their brothers speak.
 It is, it is the planet hour
 Of thy own being ; light, and power,
 And fervour to the soul are given,
 As proudly it ascends its heaven.
 To ponder here, o'er spells and signs,
 Symbolic letters, circles, lines ;
 And from their actual use refrain,
 Were time and labour lost in vain :
 Then ye, whom I feel floating near me,
 Spirits, answer, ye who hear me !

*[He opens the book, and lights upon the
 sign of the MACROCOSMUS*

Ha ! what new life divine, intense,
 Floods in a moment every sense ;
 I feel the dawn of youth again,
 Visiting each glowing vein !
 Was it a god—a god who wrote these signs ?
 The tumults of my soul are stilled,
 My withered heart with rapture filled :

In virtue of the magic lines,
 The secret powers that Nature mould.
 Their essence and their acts unfold—
 Am I a god?—Can mortal sight
 Enjoy, endure this burst of light?
 How clear these silent characters!
 All Nature present to my view,
 And each creative act of hers—
 And is the glorious vision true?
 The wise man's words at length are plain,
 Whose sense so long I sought in vain:

“The Worlde of Spirits no Clouds conceale;

Man's Eye is dim, it cannot see.

Man's Heart is dead, it cannot feele.

Thou, who wouldst knowe the Things that be,

The Heart of Earth in the Sunrise red,

Bathe, till its Stains of Earth are fled.”

[He looks over the sign attentively

Oh! how the spell before my sight
 Brings nature's hidden ways to light:
 See! all things with each other blending—
 Each to all its being lending—
 All on each in turn depending—
 Heavenly ministers descending—
 And again to heaven up-tending—
 Floating, mingling, interweaving—
 Rising, sinking, and receiving
 Each from each, while each is giving
 On to each, and each relieving
 Each, the pails of gold, the living
 Current through the air is heaving;
 Breathing blessings, see them bending,
 Balanced worlds from change defending,
 While everywhere diffused is harmony unending!

Oh! what a vision—but a vision only!
 Can heart of man embrace
 Illimitable Nature?
 Fountain of life, forth-welling;
 The same in every place;
 That dost support and cheer
 Wide heaven, and teeming earth, and every creature

That hath therein its dwelling,
 Oh! could the blighted soul but feel thee near!
 To thee still turns the withered heart,
 To thee the spirit, seared and lonely,
 Childlike, would seek the sweet restorative;
 On thy maternal bosom feed and live.
 I ask a solace thou dost not impart;
 The food I hunger for thou dost not give!

*[He turns over the leaves of the book impatiently, till his
 eye rests on the sign of the Earth-Spirit]*

How differently this sign affects my frame!
 Spirit of Earth! my nature is the same,
 Or near akin to thine!
 How fearlessly I read this sign!
 And feel even now new powers are mine:
 While my brain burns, as though with wine:
 Give me the agitated strife,
 The madness of the world of life;
 I feel within my soul the birth
 Of strength, enabling me to bear,
 And thoughts, impelling me to share
 The fortunes, good or evil, of the Earth;
 To battle with the Tempest's breath,
 Or plunge where Shipwreck grinds his teeth.

All around grows cold and cloudy,
 The moon withdraws her ray;
 The lamp's loose flame is shivering,
 It fades, it dies away.
 Ha! round my brow what sparkles ruddy
 In trembling light are quivering?
 And, to and fro,
 Stream sheets of flame, in fearful play,
 Rolled and unrolled,
 In crimson fold,
 They float and flow!
 From the vaulted space above,
 A shuddering horror seems to move
 Down,—down upon me creeps and seizes
 The life's blood, in its grasp that freezes;
 'Tis thou—I feel thee, Spirit, near,
 Thou hast heard the spell, and thou
 Art hovering around me now;

Spirit! to my sight appear,
 How my heart is torn in sunder—
 All my thoughts convulsed with wonder—
 Every faculty and feeling
 Strained to welcome thy revealing.
 Spirit, my heart, my heart is given to thee,
 Though death may be the price, I cannot choose but see!

[He grasps the book, and pronounces the sign of the Spirit mysteriously; a red flame is seen playing about, and in the flame the SPIRIT

Spirit. Who calls me?

Faust [*averting his face*]. Form of horror, hence!

Spirit. Hither from my distant sphere,
 Thou hast compelled me to appear;
 Hast sucked me down, and dragged me thence,
 With importuning violence;
 And now——

Faust. I shudder, overpowered with fear.

Spirit. Panting, praying to look on me,
 My voice to listen, my face to see,
 Thy soul's strong mandate bends me down to thee.
 Here am I—here and now, what fear
 Seizes thee?—thee—the more than Man?

Where the strong soul, that could dare
 Summon us, Spirits? Where
 The soul, that could conceive, and plan,
 Yea, and create its world; whose pride
 The bounds which limit Man defied,
 Heaved with high sense of inborn powers,
 Nor feared to mete its strength with ours.
 Where art thou, Faust? and, were the accents thine,
 That rang to me? the soul that pressed itself to mine?
 Art thou the same, whose senses thus are shattered,
 Whose very being in my breath is scattered
 Shuddering thro' all life's depths—poor writhing worm!

Faust. Creature of flame, shall I grow pale before thee?
 I am he, I called thee, I am Faust, thy equal!

Spirit. In the currents of life, in the tempests of motion,
 In the fervour of act, in the fire, in the storm,
 Hither and thither,
 Over and under,
 Wend I and wander.
 Birth and the grave

Limitless ocean,
 Where the restless wave
 Undulates ever,
 Under and over
 Their seething strife,
 Heaving and weaving
 The changes of life.

At the whirring loom of Time unawed,
 I work the living mantle of God.

Faust. Swift Spirit, that ever round the wide world
 wendest!

How near I feel to thee!

Spirit. Man, thou art as the Spirit, whom thou com-
 prehendest,

Not me. [*Vanishes*]

Faust [overpowered with confusion]. Not thee!

Whom then? I! image of the Deity!

And not even such as thee! [*A knock*]

'Sdeath! 'tis this pupil lad of mine—

He comes my airy guests to banish.

This elevating converse dread,

These visions, dazzlingly outspread

Before my senses, all will vanish

At the formal fellow's tread!

*Enter WAGNER, in dressing-gown and night-cap—a lamp in
 his hand. FAUST turns round, displeased*

Wagner. Forgive me, but I thought you were declaim-
 ing.

Been reciting some Greek tragedy, no doubt;

I wish to improve myself in this same art;

'Tis a most useful one. I've heard it said,

An actor might give lessons to a priest.

Faust. Yes! when your priest's an actor, as may
 happen.

Wagner. Oh! if a man shuts himself up for ever

In his dull study; if one sees the world

Never, unless on some chance holyday,

Looks at it from a distance, through a telescope,

How can we learn to sway the minds of men

By eloquence? to rule them, or persuade?

Faust. If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive ;
 If from the soul the language does not come,
 By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
 Of hearers, with communicated power,
 In vain you strive—in vain you study earnestly.
 Toil on for ever ; piece together fragments ;
 Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
 And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
 Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes ;
 Startle the school-boys with your metaphors ;
 And, if such food may suit your appetite,
 Win the vain wonder of applauding children !
 But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
 And mould the souls of many into one,
 By words which come not native from the heart !

Wagner. Expression, graceful utterance, is the first
 And best acquirement of the orator.
 This do I feel, and feel my want of it !

Faust. Be honest, if you would be eloquent ;
 Be not a chiming fool with cap and bells ;
 Reason and genuine feeling want no arts
 Of utterance—ask no toil of elocution :
 And when you are in earnest, do you need
 A search for words ? Oh ! these fine holyday phrases,
 In which you robe your worn-out common-places,
 These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl,
 And twist into a thousand idle shapes,
 These filigree ornaments are good for nothing,
 Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one ;
 Are unrefreshing, as the wind that whistles,
 In autumn, 'mong the dry and wrinkled leaves.

Wagner. The search of knowledge is a weary one,
 And life how short ! *Ars longa, Vita brevis !*
 How often have the heart and brain, o'er-tasked,
 Shrunk back despairing from enquiries vain !
 Oh ! with what difficulty are the means
 Acquired, that lead us to the springs of knowledge !
 And when the path is found, ere we have trod
 Half the long way—poor wretches ! we must die !

Faust. Are mouldy records, then, the holy springs,
 Whose healing waters still the thirst within ?
 Oh ! never yet hath mortal drunk
 A draught restorative,

That welled not from the depths of his own soul!

Wagner. Pardon me—but you will at least confess
That 'tis delightful to transfuse yourself
Into the spirit of the ages past;
To see how wise men thought in olden time,
And how far we outstep their march in knowledge.

Faust. Oh yes! as far as from the earth to heaven!
To us, my friend, the times that are gone by
Are a mysterious book, sealed with seven seals:
That which you call the spirit of ages past
Is but, in truth, the spirit of some few authors
In which those ages are beheld reflected,
With what distortion strange heaven only knows.
Oh! often, what a toilsome thing it is
This study of thine, at the first glance we fly it.
A mass of things confusedly heaped together;
A lumber-room of dusty documents,
Furnished with all-approved court-precedents,
And old traditional maxims! History!
Facts dramatized say rather—action—plot—
Sentiment, every thing the writer's own,
As it best fits the web-work of his story,
With here and there a solitary fact
Of consequence, by those grave chroniclers,
Pointed with many a moral apophthegm,
And wise old saws, learned at the puppet-shows.

Wagner. But then the world, man's heart and mind, are
things
Of which 'twere well that each man had some knowledge.

Faust. Why yes!—they call it *knowledge*. Who may
dare
To name things by their real names? The few
Who did know something, and were weak enough
To expose their hearts unguarded—to expose
Their views and feelings to the eyes of men,
They have been nailed to crosses—thrown to flames.
Pardon me; but 'tis very late, my friend;
Too late to hold this conversation longer.

Wagner. How willingly would I sit up for ever,
Thus to converse with you so learnedly.
To-morrow, as a boon on Easter-day,
You must permit me a few questions more:
I have been diligent in all my studies;

Given my whole heart and time to the pursuit ;
 And I know much, but would know every thing. [Exit
Faust [alone]. How hope abandons not the humblest
 mind !

Poor lad ! he clings to learning's poorest forms,
 Delves eagerly for fancied gold to find
 Worms—dust ; is happy among dust and worms !

Man's voice, and such a man's, and did it dare
 Breathe round me here, where Spirits thronged the air ?
 And yet, poor humble creature that thou art,
 How do I thank thee from my very heart !
 When my senses sank beneath
 Despair, and sought relief in death ;
 When life within me dying shivered,
 Thy presence from the trance delivered.
 Oh, while I stood before that giant stature,
 How dwarfed I felt beneath its nobler nature !

Image of God ! I thought that I had been
 Sublimed from earth, no more a child of clay,
 That, shining gloriously with Heaven's own day,
 I had beheld Truth's countenance serene.
 High above cherubs—above all that serve,
 Raised up immeasurably—every nerve
 Of Nature's life seemed animate with mine ;
 Her very veins with blood from my veins filled—
 Her spirit moving as my spirit willed ;
 Then did I in creations of my own
 (Oh, is not man in every thing divine !)
 Build worlds—or bidding them no longer be—
 Exert, enjoy a sense of deity—
 Doomed for such dreams presumptuous to atone ;
 All by one word of thunder overthrown !

Spirit, I may not mete myself with thee !
 True, I compelled thee to appear,
 But had no power to hold thee here.
 Oh ! in that rapturous moment how I felt—
 How little and how great ! and thus to be
 With savage scorn fiercely flung back upon
 The lot to mortals dealt.
 And its uncertainties ! again the prey

Of deep disquietude! with none
 To guide me on my way,
 Or shew me what to shun!
 That impulse goads me on—shall I obey?
 Alas! 'tis not our sufferings alone,
 But even our acts obstruct us and delay
 Our life's free flow.

To what man's spirit conceives
 Of purest, best, some foreign growth still cleaves,
 We seize what this world gives of good, and deem
 All Better a deception and a dream.
 High feelings, that in us to life gave birth,
 Are numbed and wither in the coil of earth.

How boldly, in the days of youthful Hope,
 Imagination spreads her wing unchecked,
 Deeming all things within her ample scope,
 To the Eternal! and how small a space
 Suffices her when Fortune flees apace,
 And all we loved in life's strange whirl is wrecked.
 Deep in the breast Care builds her nest,
 Rocks restlessly and scares away all rest.
 Some secret sorrow still the envious one
 Keeps stirring at till peace and joy are gone.
 Each day she masks her in some new disguise,
 Each day with some new trick the temper tries,
 Is House and Homestead, Child and Wife,
 Fire, Water, Poison, Dagger-knife.
 Evils that never come disquiet thee
 Evermore mourning losses not to be!

I am not like the gods. No! no! I tremble,
 Feeling impressed upon my mind the thought,
 Of the mean worm whose nature I resemble.
 'Tis dust, and lives in dust, and the chance tread
 Crushes the wretched reptile into nought.

Is this not dust in which I live?
 This prison-place, what can it give
 Of life or comfort? wheresoe'er
 The sick eye turns, it sees one tier—
 Along the blank high wall—of shelves

And gloomy volumes, which themselves
 Are dust and lumber; and the scrolls
 That crowd the hundred pigeon-holes
 And crevices of that old case—
 That darkens and confines the space
 Already but too small—'mong these
 What can life be but a disease?
 Here housed in dust, with grub and moth,
 I sicken—mind and body both.
 —Shall I find here the cure I ask,
 Resume the edifying task
 Of reading, in a thousand pages,
 That care-worn man has, in all ages,
 Sowed Vanity to reap Despair?
 That one, mayhap, has here and there
 Been less unhappy?

Hollow Skull,

I almost fancy I divine
 A meaning in thy spectral smile.
 Saith it not that thy brain, like mine,
 Still loved, and sought the Beautiful;
 Loved Truth for Truth's own sake; and sought,
 Regardless of aught else the while,
 Like mine, the light of cloudless day—
 And, in unsatisfying thought
 By twilight glimmers led astray,
 Like mine at length sank over-wrought?

Every thing fails me—every thing—
 These instruments, do they not all
 Mock me? lathe, cylinder, and ring,
 And cog and wheel—in vain I call
 On you for aid, ye keys of Science,
 I stand before the guarded door
 Of Nature; but it bids defiance
 To latch or ward: in vain I prove
 Your powers—the strong bolts will not move.
 Mysterious, in the blaze of day,
 Nature pursues her tranquil way:
 The veil she wears, if hand profane
 Should seek to raise, it seeks in vain,
 Though from her spirit thine receives,
 When hushed it listens and believes,

Secrets—revealed, else vainly sought,
Her free gift when man questions not,—
Think not with levers or with screws
To wring them out if she refuse.

Old Furniture—cumbrous and mean !
It is not, has not ever been
Of use to me—why here ? because
My father's furniture it was !
—Old Roll ; and here it still remains,
And soiled with smoke, its very stains
Might count how many a year the light
Hath, from this desk, through the dead night,
Burn'd in its sad lamp, nothing bright !
—'Twere better did I dissipate,
Long since, my little means, than be
Crushed down and cumbered with its weight :
All that thy fathers leave to thee,
At once enjoy it—thus alone
Can man make any thing his own ;
A hindrance all that we employ not—
A burden all that we enjoy not.
He knows, who rightly estimates,
That what the moment can employ,
What it requires and can enjoy,
The moment for itself creates.

What can it be, that thither draws
The eye, and holds it there, as though
The flask a very magnet were ?
And whence, oh, whence this lavish glow,
This lustre of enchanted light,
Pour'd down at once, and every where—
Birth of the moment—like the flood
Of splendour round us, when at night
Breathes moonlight over a wide wood ?

Oh phial !—happy phial !—here
Hope is,—I greet thee,—I revere
Thee as Art's best result—in Thee
Science and Mind triumphant see,—
Essence of all sweet slumber-dews !
Spirit of all most delicate

Yet deadliest powers!—be thou my friend—
 A true friend—thou wilt not refuse
 Thine own old master this!—I gaze
 On thee—the pain subsides—the weight
 That pressed me down less heavy weighs.

I grasp thee—faithful friend art thou:—
 Already do I feel the strife
 That preyed upon my powers of life
 Calmed into peace; and now—and now
 The swell, that troubled the clear spring
 Of my vext spirit, ebbs away;
 Outspread, like ocean, Life and Day
 Shine with a glow of welcoming;—
 Calm at my feet the glorious mirror lies,
 And tempts to far-off shores, with smiles from other skies!

And, lo! a car of fire to me
 Glides softly hither; from within
 Come winged impulses, to bear
 The child of earth to freer air:
 Already do I seem to win
 My happy course, from bondage free,
 On paths unknown, to climes unknown,
 Glad spheres of pure activity!
 Powers yet unfelt—worlds yet untrod—
 And life, poured every where abroad,
 And rapture worthy of a God!
 —Worm that thou art, and can it be
 Such joy is thine, is given to thee?
 Determine only,—'tis thy own;
 Say thy firm farewell to the sun,
 The kindly sun—its smiling earth—
 One moment, one,—and all is done,—
 One pang—then comes the second birth!
 —Find life where others fear to die;
 Take measure of thy strength, and burst—
 Burst wide the gate of liberty;
 —Show, by man's acts man's spirit durst
 Meet God's own eye, and wax not dim;
 Stand fearless, face to face with Him!

Shudder not now at that blank cave
 Where, in self-torturing disease,

Pale Fancy hears sad Spirits rave,
And is herself the hell she sees.
—Press through the strait, where stands Despair
Guarding it, and the fiery wave
Boils up,—and know no terror there!
Determine;—be of happy cheer
In this high hour—be thy advance
The proud step of a triumph-day;
—Be firm, and cast away all fear;—
And freely,—if such be the chance—
Flow into nothingness away!

And thou, clear crystal goblet, welcome thou!
Old friend and faithful, from thy antique case
Come forth with gay smile now,
As gently I displace
The time-stain'd velvet; years unnumbered,
Forgotten hast thou slumbered;
Once bright at many a festival,
When, in the old man's hall,
Old friends were gathered all,
And thou with mirth didst light grave features up,
On days of high festivity,
And family solemnity,
As each to each passed on the happy cup;
Its massy pride, the figures rich and old,
Of curious carving, and the merry task
Of each (thus did our pleasant customs ask)
Who drank, the quaint old symbols to unfold,
In rhymes made at the moment; then the mask
Of serious seeming, as at one long draught
Each guest the full deep goblet duly quaffed;
The old cup, the old customs, the old rhymes,
All now are with me: all, that of old times
Can speak, are speaking to my heart; the nights
Of boyhood, and their manifold delights;
Oh! never more to gay friend sitting next
Shall my hand reach thee; never more from me
Shall merry rhyme illustrate the old text,
And into meaning read each mystery;
This is a draught that, if the brain still think,
Will set it thinking in another mood;
Old cup, now fill thee with the dark brown flood;

It is my choice ; I mixed it, and will drink :
 My last draught this on earth I dedicate,
 (And with it be my heart and spirit borne !)
 A festal offering to the rising morn.

[*He places the goblet to his lips*

Bells heard, and voices in chorus

EASTER HYMN.—*Chorus of ANGELS*

Christ is from the grave arisen,
 Joy is His. For Him the weary
 Earth hath ceased its thralldom dreary,
 And the cares that prey on mortals :
 He hath burst the grave's stern portals ;
 The grave is no prison :
 The Lord hath arisen !

Faust. Oh, those deep sounds, those voices rich and
 heavenly !

How powerfully they sway the soul, and force
 The cup uplifted from the eager lips !
 Proud bells, and do your peals already ring,
 To greet the joyous dawn of Easter-morn ?
 And ye, rejoicing choristers, already
 Flows forth your solemn song of consolation ?
 That song, which once, from angel lips resounding
 Around the midnight of the grave, was heard,
 The pledge and proof of a new covenant !

HYMN *continued.*—*Chorus of WOMEN*

We laid Him for burial
 'Mong aloes and myrrh ;
 His children and friends
 Laid their dead Master here !
 All wrapt in His grave-dress,
 We left Him in fear—
 Ah ! where shall we seek Him ?
 The Lord is not here !

Chorus of ANGELS

The Lord hath arisen,
 Sorrow no longer ;

Temptation hath tried Him,
 But He was the stronger.
 Happy, happy victory!
 Love, submission, self-denial
 Marked the strengthening agony,
 Marked the purifying trial;
 The grave is no prison:
 The Lord hath arisen.

Faust. Soft sounds, that breathe of Heaven, most mild,
 most powerful,
 What seek ye here?—Why will ye come to me
 In dusty gloom immersed?—Oh! rather speak
 To hearts of soft and penetrable mould!
 I hear your message, but I have not faith—
 And Miracle is fond Faith's favourite child!
 I cannot force myself into the spheres,
 Where these good tidings of great joy are heard;
 And yet, from youth familiar with the sounds,
 Even now they call me back again to life;
 Oh! once, in boyhood's happy time, Heaven's love
 Showered down upon me, with mysterious kiss
 Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath-day!
 Feelings resistless, incommunicable,
 Yearnings for something that I knew not of,
 Deep meanings in the full tones of the bells
 Mingled—a prayer was burning ecstasy—
 Drove me, a wanderer through lone fields and woods;
 Then tears rushed hot and fast—then was the birth
 Of a new life and a new world for me;
 These bells announced the merry sports of youth,
 This music welcomed in the happy spring;
 And now am I once more a little child,
 And old Remembrance, twining round my heart,
 Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps—
 Then sing ye on—sweet songs that are of Heaven!
 Tears come, and Earth hath won her child again.

HYMN *continued.*—Chorus of DISCIPLES

He, who was buried,
 Hath burst from the grave!
 From death re-assuming

The life that He gave,
Is risen in glory,
Is mighty to save!

And onward—still onward
Arising, ascending,
To the right hand of Power
And Joy never-ending.

Enthroned in brightness,
His labours are over;
On earth His disciples
Still struggle and suffer!

His children deserted
Disconsolate languish—
Thou art gone, and to glory—
Hast left us in anguish!

Chorus of ANGELS

Christ is arisen,
The Lord hath ascended;
The dominion of death
And corruption is ended.

Your work of obedience
Haste to begin;
Break from the bondage
Of Satan and Sin.

In your lives His laws obey
Let love your governed bosoms sway—
Blessings to the poor convey,
To God with humble spirit pray,
To Man His benefits display:
Act thus, and He, your Master dear,
Though unseen, is ever near!

II

BEFORE THE CITY-GATE

Persons of all descriptions strolling out

A Party of Tradesmen. What are you going for in that direction ?

Second Party. We are going to the Hunters'-lodge.

First Party. And we
Are strolling down to the Mill.

A Tradesman. I would advise you
Rather to take a walk to the River Tavern.

A Second. The road to it is not a pleasant one.

Second Party. What are you for ?

A Third. I go with the other party.

A Fourth. Take my advice, and let us come to Burg-
dorf :

There, any way, we shall be sure of finding

The prettiest girls, and the brownest beer,

And lots of rows in the primest style.

A Fifth. What, boy,

Art at it still ? two drubbings, one would think,

Might satisfy a reasonable man.

I won't go there with you—I hate the place !

Servant Maid. No ! no !—not I—I'll go back to the
town.

Another. We'll find him surely waiting at the poplars.

The First. Great good is that to me,—he'll give his
arm

To you—and dance with you—and why should I go

For nothing in the world but your amusement ?

The Second. To-day he'll certainly not be alone,
His curly-headed friend will be with him.

Student. Look there—look there—how well those girls
step out—

Come, brother, come let's keep them company.

Stiff beer, biting tobacco, and a girl
In her smart dress, are the best things I know.

Citizen's Daughter. Only look there—what pretty fellows
these are!

'Tis quite a shame, when they might have the best
Of company, to see them running after
A pair of vulgar minxes—servant girls.

Second Student [to the first]. Stay, easy—here are two
fine girls behind us,

Showily dressed. I know one of them well—
And, I may say, am half in love with her.
Innocent things! with what a modest gait
And shy step they affect to pace; and yet,
For all their bashfulness, they'll take us with them.

First Student. Join them, yourself—not I—I hate re-
straint.

Let us not lose time with them, or the game escapes,
Give me the girl that gives a man no trouble,
That on the week-days does her week-day work,
And, the day after, work that she loves better.

Citizen. Well, I do not like this new burgomaster.
Not a day passes but he grows more insolent,
Forsooth! presuming on his dignity.
And what good is he to us after all?
The town is growing worse from day to day,
They are more strict upon us now than ever,
And raise continually the rates and taxes.

Beggar [sings].

*Masters good, and ladies bright,
Rosy-cheeked, and richly dressed,
Look upon a wretched sight,
And relieve the poor distressed:
Let me not in vain implore!
Pity me!—with chime and voice
Would I cheer you—let the poor
When all else are glad, rejoice!
I must beg, for I must live.
Help me! blessed they who give!
When all other men are gay
Is the beggar's harvest day.*

Second Citizen. Well! give me, on a saint's day, or a
Sunday,

When we have time for it, a tale of war
 And warlike doings far away in Turkey—
 How they are busy killing one another.
 'Tis pleasant to stand gazing from the window,
 Draining your glass at times, and looking on
 The painted barges calmly gliding down
 The easy river. Then the homeward walk
 In the cool evening hour; this makes the heart
 Glad, and at peace with all things and itself.
 Yes! give me peace at home, and peaceful times!

Third Citizen. Ay, so say I—break every head abroad—
 Turn all things topsy-turvy, so they leave us
 Quiet at home.

Old Woman [to the CITIZEN'S DAUGHTERS]. Ha! but
 you are nicely dressed,
 And very pretty creatures—you'll win hearts
 To-day—ay, that you will—only don't look
 So very proud—yes! that is something better—
 I know what my young pets are wishing for,
 And thinking of, and they shall have it too!

Citizen's Daughter. Come, Agatha, come on—I'd not be
 seen
 With the old witch in public; yet she showed me,
 On last St. Andrew's night, in flesh and blood,
 My future lover.

The Other. In the glass she showed
 Me mine. The figure was a soldier's, and
 With him a band of gay bold fellows. Since,
 I have been looking round, and seeking for him,
 But all in vain—'tis folly—he won't come.

Soldier. Towns with turrets, walls, and fences,
 Maidens with their haughty glances.
 These the soldier seeks with ardour,
 Say to conquer which is harder?
 Death and danger he despises,
 When he looks upon the prizes.
 Danger is the soldier's duty,
 And his prize is fame and beauty.

*Rush we, at the trumpet's measure,
 With blithe hearts to death and pleasure;
 How the soldier's blood is warming
 When we think of cities storming!*

*Fortress strong, and maiden tender,
Must alike to us surrender.
Danger is the soldier's duty,
But his prize is fame and beauty.*

Faust. River and rivulet are freed from ice
In Spring's affectionate inspiring smile—
Green are the fields with promise—far away
To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn
Strengthless—but still at intervals will send
Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white
Mocking a little while the coming bloom—
Still soils with showers of sharp and bitter sleet,
In anger impotent, the earth's green robe;
But the sun suffers not the lingering snow—
Every where life—every where vegetation
All nature animate with glowing hues—
Or, if one spot be touched not by the spirit
Of the sweet season, there, in colours rich
As trees or flowers, are sparkling human dresses!
Turn round, and from this height look back upon
The town: from its black dungeon gate forth pours,
In thousand parties, the gay multitude,
All happy, all indulging in the sunshine!
All celebrating the Lord's resurrection,
And in themselves exhibiting as 'twere
A resurrection too—so changed are they,
So raised above themselves. From chambers damp
Of poor mean houses—from consuming toil
Laborious—from the work-yard and the shop—
From the imprisonment of walls and roofs,
And the oppression of confining streets,
And from the solemn twilight of dim churches—
All are abroad—all happy in the sun.
Look, only look, with gaiety how active,
Through fields and gardens they disperse themselves!
How the wide water, far as we can see,
Is joyous with innumerable boats!
See, there, one almost sinking with its load,
Parts from the shore; yonder the hill-top paths
Are sparkling in the distance with gay dresses!
And, hark! the sounds of joy from the far village!
This is the people's very heaven on earth!

The high, the low, in pleasure all uniting—
Here may I feel that I too am a man!

Wagner. Doctor, to steal about with you, 'tis plain
Is creditable, brings its own great gain.
But otherwise, I'd never throw away
My time in such a place. I so detest
Everything vulgar—hear them! how they play
Their creaking fiddles—hark the kettle-drums;
And their damned screaming to the ear that comes
Worse, if 'twere possible, than all the rest.
They rave like very devils let loose on earth—
This they call singing!—this, they say, is mirth!

Peasants [dancing and singing]. The shepherd for the
dance is drest
In ribands, wreath, and flashy vest;
Round and round like mad they spin
To the fiddle's lively din.
All are dancing full of glee,
All beneath the linden tree.

'Tis merry and merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle-bow!

Soon he runs to join the rest;
Up to a pretty girl he prest;
With elbow raised and pointed toe,
Bent to her with his best bow—
Pressed her hand: with feigned surprise,
Up she raised her timid eyes!
" 'Tis strange that you should use me so,

So, so—heigh-ho—

'Tis rude of you to use me so."

All into the set advance,
Right they dance, and left they dance—
Gowns and ribands how they fling,
Flying with the flying ring;
They grew red, and faint, and warm,
And rested, sinking, arm in arm.

Slow, slow, heigh-ho,
Tired in elbow, foot, and toe!

“ And do not make so free,” she said ;
 “ I fear that you may never wed ;
 Men are cruel ”—and he prest
 The maiden to his beating breast.
 Hark ! again, the sounds of glee
 Swelling from the linden tree.

’Tis merry, ’tis merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
 Blithe goes the fiddle-bow !

Old Peasant. This, doctor, is so kind of you,
 A man of rank and learning too ;
 Who, but yourself, would condescend
 Thus with the poor, the poor man’s friend,
 To join our sports ? In this brown cheer
 Accept the pledge we tender here,
 A draught of life may it become
 And years on years, oh ! may you reach,
 As cheerful as these beads of foam,
 As countless, too, a year for each !

Faust. Blest be the draught restorative !
 I pledge you—happy may you live !

[*The people gather in a circle about him*

Old Peasant. Yes ! witness thou the poor man’s glee,
 And share in his festivity :
 In this hath fortune fairly dealt
 With him who, in the evil day
 Of the black sickness, with us dwelt,
 When Plague was numbering his prey—
 In strength and health how many gather
 To this day’s pastimes, whom thy father
 Rescued from death in that last stage,
 When the disease, tired out at length,
 Is followed by the fever’s rage,
 And prostrate sinks the vital strength ;
 And you, too, in that time of dread
 And death, a young man, visited
 Each house of sickness :—evermore,
 Day after day, the black hearse bore
 Corse after corse—still, day by day,
 The good man held his fearless way
 Unscathed ; for God a blessing gave,
 And saved the man who sought to save.

All. For thee, tried friend, our prayers we raise,

And, when we wish thee length of days,
'Tis for himself that each man prays.

Faust. In thanks to the great Father bend,
We are but servants to extend
Blessings, that flow from man's one Friend.

[Goes on with WAGNER

Wagner. With what a sense of pure delight,
Master, must thou enjoy the sight
Of this vast crowd, and the unchecked
Expression of their deep respect!
Oh, happy he, who thus to Heaven
Can render back the talents given!
The pious father points thee out
To his young folk—they gaze, and ask,
And gaze again—and crowd about.
The blithe musician in his task
Pauses—the dancers turn to thee,
And gather into rows to see
The man they honour passing by—
And then the gratulating shout—
And then the caps flung up on high:
They almost worship thee—almost
Would bend the knee as to the Host.

Faust. To yonder rock is but a few steps on—
After our long walk we may rest us there.

Here oft I've sate to muse; here all alone
By vigil, fast, and agonies of prayer
—In Hope then rich, in Faith unwavering,
With tears and sighs, here was I wont to pray,
—And supplicating hands, as though to wring
From Him in heaven that He the plague would stay.
To me the praise I hear is mockery.
Oh! that you could into my bosom gaze,
Read written there how little worthy we,
Father or son, of these poor people's praise.
My father, a reserved and moody man,
On Nature's holy circles still would pore,
With honest ardour, after some strange plan
That pleased his fancy, toiling evermore.
And he would shut himself in secret cell,
One or two adepts always at his side,
Quaint recipes with fire and crucible,

In this dark kitchen evermore he tried,
 Watching for the great moment's birth that might
 Antagonistic elements unite.
 There in the gentle bath a Lion Red,
 Bold wooer he—was to the Lily wed;
 And both were, while the furnace fire raged bright;
 Hurried in torture on from bed to bed.
 If in the glass was given us to behold
 The Young Queen rise in colours manifold,
 Here was the medicine—the patients died.
 None asked “Who took it and remained alive?”
 —Thus in these mountains—in these valleys wide,
 Our cure was than the plague a plague more fierce.
 To thousands have I given the poison—they
 Have withered—they are dead—and I survive
 To hear praise lavished on their murderers.

Wagner. How can this be so painful? What can men
 Do more than in their practice still obey
 The precepts of the science of their day?
 What you have from your father heard was then
 Heard in the docile spirit of belief.
 You in your day extend the limit-line
 Of science; in due time your son will take
 His place—and for himself discoveries make
 Greater than thine, perhaps—yet but for thine
 Impossible. If so then, why this grief?

Faust. Happy who still hath hope to rise above
 This sea of error; strange that we in vain
 Seek knowledge each day needs: the knowledge of
 What never can avail us we attain.
 But with such musings let us sadden not
 This sweet hour! see, where, in the sunset, gleam
 The village huts with green trees smiling round
 Each cottage in its own small garden plot.
 But the Sun sinks—day dies, and it would seem
 With day the Sun. But still doth he survive,
 Still speeds he on with life-diffusing beam—
 Oh, that no wing uplifts me from the ground,
 Nearer and nearer after him to strive!
 Then should I the reposing world behold
 Still in this everlasting evening glow.
 The hill-tops kindling all—the vales at rest—
 The silver brooklet in its silent flow

To where the yellow splendour of the West
 On the far river lies in trembling gold.
 In vain the rugged mountain rears his breast,
 With darkening cliff and cave to bar my way,
 Onward in heaven, still onward is my flight,
 And now wide ocean, with each fervid bay,
 In sudden brightness breaks upon my sight,
 Till sinking seems at last the god of day.
 Then the new instinct wakens, and I breathe
 Heaven still—still drink of his undying light.
 Before me day—behind me is the night—
 Above me heaven—and the wide wave beneath,
 A glorious dream—illusion brief and bright—
 For while I yet am dreaming he is gone.
 Alas! from its captivity of earth,
 The body hath no wing whereon to rise,
 And with the winged spirit voyage on:
 And yet will every one of human birth
 The feeling in our nature recognize,
 That for a moment with a sense of wings
 Uplifts us, bears us onward and away,
 When high above, in blue space lost, his lay
 Thrilling the skylark sings.
 When over piny headlands, savage steeps,
 Outspread the eagle sweeps.
 And over moorlands, over main,
 Homeward, homeward strives the crane.

Wagner. I, too, of reverie oft have had my moods,
 But impulse such as this they never bring.
 The eye soon has enough of fields and woods;
 I never had a wish for a bird's wing—
 Far other are the thinking man's delights,
 From book to book, from leaf to leaf they lead,
 And bright and cheerful are his winter nights.
 Life, happy life, warms every limb—Unroll,
 At such charmed hour, some precious parchment scroll,
 All heaven descends upon you as you read.

Faust. You feel but the one impulse now—oh learn
 Never to know the other! in my breast
 Alas! two souls dwell—all there is unrest;
 Each with the other strives for mastery,
 Each from the other struggles to be free.
 One to the fleshly joys the coarse earth yields,

With clumsy tendrils clings, and one would rise
 In native power and vindicate the fields,
 Its own by birthright—its ancestral skies.
 Oh! if indeed Spirits be in the air,
 Moving 'twixt heaven and earth with lordly wings,
 Come from your golden "incense-breathing" sphere,
 Waft me to new and varied life away.
 Oh! had I but a magic cloak to bear
 At will to far off lands the wanderer,
 How little would I prize the rich array
 Of princes, and the purple pomp of kings!

Wagner. Call not the well-known army. Of dusk
 air,

A living stream, the middle space they fill,
 And danger manifold for man prepare,
 For ever active in the work of ill.
 From all sides pour they on us—from the north,
 With piercing fangs, with arrow-pointed tongues,
 And from the sunrise region speed they forth,
 In the dry wind to feast upon the lungs.
 If from the desolate parched wilderness
 The midday send them out with fervid glow,
 To heap fresh fire upon the burning brain,
 A cloudy vapour from the west they flow,
 Descend in what would seem refreshing rain,
 Then in fierce torrents down on thee they press,
 And deluge garden, meadow-field, and plain.
 Ready for evil with delight they hear,
 They lurk and listen—gladly they obey
 Man's invitation—gladly they betray
 Such summoner—in mischief they rejoice,
 Ambassadors from heaven itself appear,
 And utter falsehoods with an angel's voice.
 But let's away—the air grows chill—the dew
 Is falling—and the dusk of night has come.
 Towards night we first have the true feel of home.
 What keeps you standing there?—Why that intent
 Stare—why that look of such astonishment?
 What do you see that fastens thus on you?

Faust. Do you see that black dog, where through the
 green blades

Of the soft springing corn, and the old stubble,
 He runs, just glancing by them for a moment?

Wagner. I've seen him this while past, but thought not of him

As any way strange.

Faust. Look at him carefully,
What do you take the brute to be?

Wagner. Why, nothing
But a poor fool of a poodle, puzzling out
His master's track whom I suppose he has lost.

Faust. Do you observe how in wide serpent circles
He courses round us? nearer and yet nearer
Each turn,—and if my eyes do not deceive me,
Sparkles of fire whirl where his foot hath touched.

Wagner. I can see nothing more than a black dog;
It may be some deception of your eyes.

Faust. Methinks he draws light magic threads around us,
Hereafter to entangle and ensnare!

Wagner. In doubt and fear the poodle's leaping round us,
Seeing two strangers in his master's stead.

Faust. The circle, see, how much more narrow 'tis,—
He's very near us!

Wagner. 'Tis a dog, you see,
And not a spirit; see, he snarls at strangers,
Shies, lies upon his belly, wags his tail,
As all dogs do.

Faust. We'll bring him home with us.—
Come, pretty fellow!

Wagner. He's a merry dog,—
If you stand, he stands up and waits for you,—
Speak to him, and he straight leaps up upon you,—
Leave something after you, no doubt he'll bring it,
Or plunge into the water for your stick.

Faust. You're right. I see no traces of the Spirit
In him—

Wagner. A dog, well tutored, learns the art
To win upon a good man's heart;—
Wise men grow fond of them—and see,
Our friend already follows thee—
Soon shall we see the happy creature,
Prime favourite, round the doctor skip:
With every student for his teacher,
How can we doubt his scholarship?

[They enter the city-gate

III

FAUST'S STUDY

Enter FAUST, with the Dog

Faust. The fields we roamed through with delight
Are hidden now in the deep night :
Within us felt the thrilling hour,
Awakes man's better soul to power :
Hushed the desires of the wild will,
And action's stormy breath is still—
Love stirs around us and abroad,
The love of Man, the love of God.

Rest, poodle, rest—lie down in quiet !
Why runs he up and down the floor ?
What can it be he looks so shy at,
Smelling and snuffling at the door ?
Pleasant wert thou in our mountain ramble,
Didst make us merry with trick and gambol,
Go to sleep on the cushion—a soft snug nest—
Take thy ease, in thine inn, like a welcome guest.

When in our narrow cell each night,
The lone lamp sheds its friendly light,
Then from the bosom doubt and fear
Pass off like clouds, and leave it clear—
Then reason re-assumes her reign,
And hope begins to bloom again,
And in the hush of outward strife,
We seem to hear the streams of life.
And seek, alas!—in vain essay—
Its hidden fountain far away.

Cease dog, to growl ! the beastly howl of the hound
But ill accords with the pure breathing of

Heaven—with the holy tones—all peace and love
 That to the heart unbidden way have found.
 With men 'tis common to contemn,
 Whatever is too good, too fair,
 Too high to be conceived by them,
 And is't that like those wretched carles,
 This dog, at what he understands not, snarls ?

These withering thoughts, do what I will,
 They come—the fountain of the heart is chill.
 —How oft have I experienced change like this !
 Yet is it not unblest in the event ;
 For, seeking to supply the natural dearth,
 We learn to prize things loftier than the earth,
 And the heart seeks support and light from heaven.
 And such support and light—oh, is it given
 Any where but in the New Testament ?
 Strong impulse sways me now to look to the text
 On which all rests, and honestly translate
 The holy original into mine own
 Dear native tongue.

[*He opens a volume and prepares to write*
 —'Tis written—“ In the beginning was the *Word*.”—
 Already at a stand—and how proceed ?
 Who helps me ? Is the *Word* to have such value,
 Impossible—if by the spirit guided.
 Once more—“ In the beginning was the *Thought*.”—
 Consider the first line attentively,
 Lest hurrying on the pen outrun the meaning.
 Is it the *Thought* that works in all, that creates all ?
 —It should stand rather thus—“ In the beginning
 Was the *Power*.”—yet even as I am writing this
 A something warns me we cannot rest there.
 The Spirit aids me—all is clear—and boldly
 I write, “ In the beginning was the *Act*.”

—Cease, teasing dog, this angry howl,
 These moans dissatisfied and dull,—
 Down, dog, or I must be rougher,
 Noise like this I cannot suffer,—
 One of us must leave the closet, if
 You still keep growling—that is positive ;
 To use a guest so is not pleasant,

But none could bear this whine incessant !
 But can what I see be real,
 Or is all some trick ideal ?
 'Tis surely something more than nature,—
 Form is changed, and size, and stature,
 Larger, loftier, erecter,
 This seeming dog must be a spectre ;—
 With fiery eyes, jaws grinding thus,
 Like an hippopotamus,
 —And here to bring this whelp of hell.
 Oh, at last, I know thee well,
 For such half-devilish, hellish spawn,
 Nought's like the Key of Solomon.

SPIRITS without

One is in prison :
 Listen to reason :
 Venture not on :
 Where he hath gone
 Follow him none :
 Watch we all ! watch we well !
 The old lynx of hell
 Has fallen in the snare,
 Is trapped unaware,
 Like a fox in the gin ;
 He is in : he is in :
 Stay we without,
 Sweep we about,
 Backward and forward,
 Southward and norward,
 Our colleague assisting,
 His fetters untwisting,
 Lightening their pressure
 By mystical measure ;
 At our motions and voices,
 Our brother rejoices,
 For us hath he offered,
 His safety, and suffered ;
 We are his debtors,
 Let's loosen his fetters.

Faust. To conquer him must I rehearse,
 First that deep mysterious verse,

Which each elemental spirit,
Of the orders four, who hear it,
Trembling, will confess and fear it.

Scorching Salamander, burn,
Nymph of Water, twist and turn,
Vanish, Sylph, to thy far home,
Labour vex thee, drudging Gnome.

He is but a sorry scholar,
To whom each elemental ruler,
Their acts and attributes essential,
And their influence potential,
And their sympathies auxiliar,
Are not matters quite familiar;
Little knows he, little merits
A dominion over Spirits.

Fiery Salamander, wither
In the red flame's fiery glow!
Rushing, as waves rush together,
Water-nymph, in water flow!
Gleamy Sylph of Air, glance, fleeter,
And more bright, than midnight meteor!
Slave of homely drudgery,
Lubber Incubus, flee, flee
To the task that waits for thee!
Spirit, that within the beast
Art imprisoned, be releast!
Kingly sway hath Solomon
Over subject spirits won;
—Forth!—obey the spell and seal
Elemental natures feel!

By Spirits of a different kind,
Is the brute possessed, I find;
Grinning he lies, and mocks the charm
That has no power to work him harm.
Spectre! by a stronger spell
Thy obedience I compel—

If thou be a serf of Satan,
A follower of the fallen great one,

Deserter from hell,
 I conjure and charm thee,
 By the sign and the spell,
 To which bows the black army.

See how he swells—how the hair bristles there!

Outcast creature, see the sign
 Of the Human and Divine.
 Bow before the Uncreated,
 Whom the world has seen and hated:
 Canst thou read Him? Canst thou see?
 Dread to hear me name His name
 Through all Heaven diffused is He,
 Died on earth a death of shame.

Ha! with terror undissembled,
 Methinks the brute at last has trembled;
 As behind the stove he lies,
 See him swell and see him pant;
 And his bristles how they rise
 As he rouses,—and his size
 Large as is the elephant—
 Larger yet the room he crowds,—
 He will vanish in the clouds.
 —Spare the roof in thy retreat,
 Lie down at the master's feet.
 Thou shalt feel the scorching glow
 (Mine is not an idle threat)
 Of the heat divine—shalt know
 Pangs of fiercer torment yet.
 —Still resisting?—Tarry not
 For the three-times glowing light,
 Blaze beyond endurance bright—
 Reluctantly must I at length
 Speak the spell of greatest strength.

[MEPHISTOPHELES comes forward, as the mist sinks, in the
 dress of a travelling scholar, from behind the stove
Meph. Why all this uproar? is there any thing
 In my poor power to serve you?

Faust. This then was
 The poodle's kernel—travelling scholar—psha!—
 A most strange case of the kind—I cannot but
 Laugh when I think of it.

Meph. Most learned master,
Your humble servant—you've been broiling me
After a pretty fashion—sweated me
To the very vengeance. I'm in a fine stew.

Faust. Your name?

Meph. A frivolous enquiry this from you—
From one who rates the word so low?
Who, disregarding outward show,
Would look into the essence of the being—

Faust. With you oftentimes the name
And essence is, I trow, the same,
The name and nature of the being
All one—in nothing disagreeing.

Thus, one is called the god of flies—
One the Seducer—one the Liar.
Now, good, my friend, may I enquire
Your name?

Meph. Part of the power that would
Still do evil—still does good.

Faust. What may this riddle mean?

Meph. I am the spirit that evermore denies,
And rightly so—for all that doth arise
Deserves to perish—this, distinctly seeing—
No! say I, No! to everything that tries
To bubble into being.

My proper element is what you name
Sin, Dissolution,—in a word, the Bad.

Faust. You call yourself
A part, yet stand before me whole.

Meph. I speak
The truth—the modest truth—though Man may call
—Poor fool-world Man—in his aspirings high,
Himself a Whole—the Whole—I am not—I
Am part of a part which part at the first was All,
Part of the Darkness that gave birth to Light;
Proud Light that now would from her rank displace
Maternal Night—and wars with her for space,
Yet is no gainer—for, strive as it will,
Light clings—imprisoned slave—to Bodies still.
It streams from Bodies—it makes Bodies bright—
A body intercepts it in its course;
This gives the hope that Light may too perforce
When Bodies perish be extinguished quite.

Faust. A creditable line of business this ;
Your Nothing nothing has unmade, I wis
The great projector sees his projects fail,
And would do business on a smaller scale.

Meph. And even in this way little do I gain,
Against this Nothing the coarse Somewhat will
Obtrude. The rude World contradicts me still.
The clumsy lump of filth in proud resistance
Asserting undeniable existence,
I have been pounding at it all in vain.
I have tried deluge, tempest, thunder, and
Lightnings—at rest you see it still remain
Inviolate—the self-same sea and land.
On the damned stuff,—rank spawn of man and beast,
I can make no impression—not the least.
What crowds on crowds I've buried—little good—
It but sets circulating fresh young blood.
On they go—on, replenishing, renewing,
It drives me mad to see the work that's doing.
From water, air, earth, germs of life unfold,
Thousands in dry and damp, in warm and cold—
Flame still is mine—I've kept that—Flame alone,
Else were there nothing specially my own.

Faust. Is it thou?—thou standing there?—thou to re-
sist

The healthful energy, the animation,
The force that moves and moulds, and is creation—
In vain spite clenching that cold devil's fist?
Strange son of Chaos this may well move laughter.

Meph. Well—this point we may talk about hereafter—
But now, with your permission, I would go.

Faust. That you can, whether I permit or no,
Why ask me? Now that you have found your way,
I hope to see you often here. Good day!—
This is the window—that the door—and yonder
The chimney. Why thus stare about and ponder?

Meph. I am not free: a little obstacle,
I did not see, confines me to your cell,—
The druid foot upon the threshold traced.

Faust. The pentagram?—is it not to your taste?
But, son of hell, if this indeed be so,
How came you in, I should be glad to know,—
How was it, that the charm no earlier wrought?

Meph. The lines were not as perfect as they ought ;
The outer angle's incomplete.

Faust. Well—'twas a pleasant evening's feat—
A most unlooked-for accident—
Strange prize, and yet more strangely sent.

Meph. The dog, without perceiving it,
Leaped in—the devil has somehow
Seen it—is in the house—and now
Can find no way of leaving it.

Faust. Why not the window ?

Meph. Why ?—because
It is enacted in the laws
Which binds us devils and phantoms, " that
Whatever point we enter at,
We at the same return : "—thus we
In our first choice are ever free ;—
Choose, and the right of choice is o'er,
We, who were free, are free no more.

Faust. Hell has its codes of law then—well,
I will think better now of hell.
If laws be binding and obeyed,
Then compacts with you may be made.

Meph. Made and fulfilled, too—nowhere better—
We keep our compacts to the letter ;
But points of law like this require
Some time and thought—are apt to tire,
And I am hurried—we may treat
On them at leisure when we meet
Again—but now I ask permission
To go.

Faust. One moment—I am wishing
To question further one who brings
Good news, and tells such pleasant things.

Meph. Let me go now—I come again,
You may ask any question then.

Faust. Ay, old fox, ay, come catch me there—
I laid no net—I set no snare,
And if you walked into the trap—
'Twas your own act, and my good hap ;
Luck like this can hardly last—
Catch the devil and keep him fast—
Part with a prize, on which none could have reckoned !
The first chance gone, pray who will give a second ?

Meph. If you insist on it—I stay ;
 And just to while the hours away,
 I would amuse you, as I may ;
 For I have pleasant arts and power,
 With shows to while the passing hour.

Faust. If it be pleasant, try your art—
 As audience I will play my part.

Meph. In one hour shall more intense
 Pleasure flow on every sense,
 Than the weary year could give,
 In such life as here you live—
 The songs soft spirits sing to thee,
 The images they bring to thee,
 Are no empty exhibition
 Of the skill of a magician ;
 Pictures fair and music's tone,
 Speak to eye and ear alone ;
 But odours sweet around thee sporting,
 Lingering tastes thy palate courting,
 Feelings gratified, enraptured,
 All thy senses shall be captured.
 Preparation need not we—
 Spirits, begin your melody.

Spirits [sing]. Vanish, dark arches,
 That over us bend,
 Let the blue sky in beauty
 Look in like a friend.
 Oh, that the black clouds
 Asunder were riven,
 That the small stars were brightening
 All through the wide heaven !
 And look at them smiling
 And sparkling in splendour,
 Suns, but with glory
 More placid and tender ;
 Children of heaven,
 In spiritual beauty,
 Descending, and bending
 With billowy motion,
 Downward are thronging,
 Willing devotion
 Flowing to meet them,
 Loving hearts longing,

Sighing to greet them.
O'er field and o'er flower,
On bank and in bower,
The folds of their bright robes
In breezy air streaming,
Where loving ones living
In love's thoughtful dreaming,
Their fond hearts are giving
For ever away.
Bower on bower,
Tendril and flower ;
Clustering grapes,
The vine's purple treasure,
Have fallen in the wine-vat,
And bleed in its pressure—
Foaming and steaming, the new wine is streaming,
Over agate and amethyst,
Rolls from its fountain,
Leaving behind it
Meadow and mountain,
And the hill-slopes smile greener, far down where it
breaks
Into billowy streamlets, or lingers in lakes.
And the winged throng, drinking deep of delight
From the rivers of joy, are pursuing their flight.
Onward and onward,
Wings steering sun-ward,
Where the bright islands, with magical motion,
Stir with the waves of the stirring ocean.
Where we hear 'em shout in chorus,
Or see 'em dance on lawns before us,
As over land or over waters
Chance the idle parties scatters.
Some upon the far hills gleaming,
Some along the bright lakes streaming,
Some their forms in air suspending,
Float in circles never-ending.
The one spirit of enjoyment,
Aim, and impulse, and employment ;
All would breathe in the far distance
Life, free life of full existence
With the gracious stars above them,
Smiling down to say they love them.

Meph. He sleeps,—thanks to my little favourites—
 Why ye have fairly sung away his wits,
 And so he thought the devil to catch and keep!—
 Well, well, I am a concert in your debt—
 Still cloud with dreams his unsuspecting sleep,
 Antic and wild!—still in illusion steep
 His fancy!—hover round and round him yet,
 Haply dreaming, that I am
 Prisoner of the pentagram!
 —Tooth of rat . . . gets rid of that . . .
 Gnawing, sawing, bit by bit,
 Till there be no trace of it;—
 Little need of conjuring,
 Rats to such a place to bring;
 One is rustling in the wall,
 He will hear my whispered call—

The master of the Mice and Rats,
 Flies and Frogs, and Bugs and Bats,
 Sends his summons to appear;—
 Forth! and gnaw the threshold here;—
 He hath spilt the fragrant oil,
 Till it vanish tooth must toil:—
 —Sir Rat hath heard me—see him run
 To the task that soon is done;
 Yonder angle 'tis, confines
 Your master—gnaw the meeting-lines:—
 Now the corner, near the door,
 All is done in one bite more.

The prisoner and the pentagram are gone,
 Dream, Faust, until we meet again, dream on!

Faust [awaking]. Am I again deceived?—and must I
 deem

These gorgeous images, but phantoms shaped
 In the delusion of a lying dream?
 And so there was no devil at all, 'twould seem—
 And it was but a poodle that escaped!

IV

FAUST'S STUDY

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES

Faust. A knock!—Come in—who now comes to torment me?

Meph. 'Tis I.

Faust. Come in.

Meph. You must command me thrice.

Faust. Come in, then.

Meph. That will do—I'm satisfied—

We soon shall be the best friends in the world. [*Enters*
From your mind to scatter wholly
The mists of peevish melancholy,
Hither come I now, and bear
Of a young lord the noble air,
And mask me in his character;
My dress is splendid, you behold,
Blazing with the ruddy gold,
With my stiff silken mantle's pride,
And the long sword hanging by my side,
And o'er my cap the cock's proud feather—
I'm a fine fellow altogether.
And now, my friend, without delay,
Equip yourself in like array,
That, light and free, you thus may see
Life's many pleasures what they be!

Faust. In every dress alike I can but feel
Life the same torture, earth the self-same prison;
For your light pleasures I am all too old,
Too young to have the sting of passion dead,
The world—what can it give? "Refrain, refrain!"
This is the everlasting song—the chime
Perpetually jingling in all ears,
And with hoarse accents every hour repeats it.

Each morn, with a dull sense of something dreadful,
 I wake, and from my bitter heart could weep
 To see another day, which, in its course,
 Will not fulfil one wish of mine—not one!
 The teasing crowd of small anxieties,
 That each day brings, have frittered into dust
 All joy, until the very hope of joy
 Is something, that the heart has ceased to feel;—
 And life's poor masquerade—vapid and wayward,
 And worthless as it is—breaks in upon,
 And dissipates, the world, which for itself
 The lonely man's imagination builds;
 —And, when the night is come, with heavy heart
 Must I lie down upon my bed, where rest
 Is never granted me, where wild dreams come,
 Hideous and scaring. The in-dwelling spirit,
 Whose temple is my heart, who rules its powers,
 Can stir the bosom to its lowest depths,
 But has no power to move external nature;
 And therefore is existence burdensome,
 And death desirable, and life detested.

Meph. Yet Death's a guest not altogether welcome.

Faust. Oh, happy he for whom, in victory's hour
 Of splendour, Death around his temples binds
 The laurel dyed with blood, and happy he,
 Whom, after the fast whirl of the mad dance,
 Death in his true love's arms reposing finds.
 Would that I too had, in such rapturous trance,
 My individual being lost in his
 Dissolved before that lofty Spirit's might,
 Past, soul and sense absorbed, away for ever!

Meph. And yet that night I've seen a certain man
 Forbear to taste a certain dark brown liquid!

Faust. A spy too—peering—prying—is it not so?

Meph. I know not all, but many things I know.

Faust. And if from harrowing thoughts the rich old
 chaunt

Did win me; and the old remembered words,
 And the old music, like a spell recalling
 Faded remembrances;—if in the trance
 All that remained of my boy's heart was captive
 To the charmed echo of more happy days—
 Know I not—feel I not it was illusion?

We are but what the senses make of us,
 And this and all illusion do I curse,
 All that beguiles us, man or boy—that winds
 Over the heart its nets and chains us here
 In thralldom down or voluntary trance,
 This magic jugglery, that fools the soul—
 These obscure powers that cloud and flatter it!
 Oh, cursed first of all be the high thoughts
 That man conceives of his own attributes!
 And cursed be the shadowy appearances,
 The false delusive images of things
 That slave and mock the senses! cursed be
 The hypocrite dreams that soothe us when we think
 Of men—of deathless and enduring names!
 Cursed be all that, in self-flattery,
 We call our own,—wife, child, and slave, and plough;—
 Curse upon Mammon, when with luring gold
 He stirs our souls to hardy deeds, or when
 He smoothes the couch of indolent repose;
 A curse upon the sweet grape's balmy juice,
 And the passionate joys of love, man's highest joys—
 And cursed be all hope and all belief;
 And cursed, more than all, man's tame endurance.

Song of invisible SPIRITS

Woe, woe! thou hast destroyed it!
 This beautiful world:
 Mighty his hand, who dealt
 The blow thro' Nature felt.
 Earth withers:
 A demigod cursed it—
 A shock from the Spirit that shaped and enjoyed it;
 A blight from the bosom that nursed it;
 The fragments we sweep down Night's desolate steep,
 The fading glitter we mourn and we weep!

Proud and powerful
 Son of earth,
 To second birth,
 Call again the pageant splendid—
 Oh, restore what thou hast rended—
 Be no more the wreck thou art—

Recommence with clearer sense,
 And build within thy secret heart ;
 Re-create, with better fate,
 Another world on firmer ground,
 And far and near, and all around,
 With songs of joy and triumphing,
 Heaven and the happy earth shall ring.

Meph. Listen to the witching lay !

Wise and wily ones be they ;
 Little ones of mine, and good
 Children are they—sly and shrewd :
 Childlike are their voices—age
 Never uttered words more sage ;
 Active life—the joys of sense
 Counsels all experience,—
 And my little ones do well,
 Courting thee 'mong men to dwell,
 Far from this monastic cell ;
 Where passions and young blood together
 In solitude grow dry and wither.
 Oh, listen, and let charms like these
 Thy feelings and thy fancy seize.
 Cease to indulge this misanthropic humour,
 Which like a vulture preys upon thy life ;
 The worst society will make thee feel
 That thou, too, art a man, and among men—
 Not that I mean to mix you with the rabble.
 I'm not myself one of the higher orders ;
 But if you will in company with me
 See life, I will contrive to manage matters,
 And make arrangements to convenience you,
 Cheerfully—from this moment am your comrade ;
 Or, if you like me, am your servant—nay,
 Your slave.

Faust. And what must I give in return ?

Meph. Oh, time enough to think of that here-
 after.

Faust. No, no ! the devil is selfish—very selfish—
 Does nothing for God's sake or from good nature :
 Come, out with your conditions, and speak plainly—
 There's little luck, I trow, with such a servant.

Meph. I bind myself to be thy servant *here*,
 To run and rest not at thy beck and bidding ;

And when we meet again in yonder place,
There, in like manner thou shalt be my servant.

Faust. That yonder place gives me but small concern;
When thou hast first shattered this world to atoms,
There may be others then, for aught I care.
All joys, that I can feel, from this earth flow,
And this sun shines upon my miseries!
And were I once divorced from them I care not
What may hereafter happen—of these things
I'll hear no more—I do not seek to know
If man, in future life, still hates and loves;
If in those spheres there be, as well as here,
Like differences of suffering and enjoyment,
Debasement and superiority.

Meph. With feelings such as these you well may venture,
Make only the engagement, and at once
All will be pleasure—I have rare devices,
And of my craft will show thee many marvels,
Right strange and merry scenes will conjure up:
Sights shalt thou see that man hath never seen.

Faust. Thou—what hast thou—poor devil? The mind
of man,
Man's seeking—struggling spirit—hopes—aspirings
Infinite—are they things to be conceived
By natures such as thou art? Yet hast thou,
Poor devil, in thy degree a wherewithal
To wile and win us; delicates uncloying
Are—are they not?—among those lures of thine?
Yea! hast thou the red gold that restlessly
Like quicksilver slides from the hand—a game
At which none wins, yet is it play?—a girl
That with her lavish arms around my breast,
With willing eyes ogles and woos another.
—And splendour hast thou?—rank—wilt give me these?
The starlight meteors of ambition's heav'n?
Aye! let me see this pleasant fruit of thine
That rots before we gather it—the trees
That each day bud and bloom anew.*

Meph. Fine things to fancy!—to be sure you shall
Have this or any thing you wish to ask for,—
Something less spiritual were something better;

* "The worlde that neweth every daie."—GOWER, *Confessio Amantis*.

But by and by we'll find the Doctor's taste
 Improving,—we'll have our own pleasant places,
 And our tit bits—and our snug little parties,
 And—what will keep the Doctor's spirit quiet;—
 —I promise you, you'll feel what comfort is.

Faust. Comfort and quiet!—no, no! none of these
 For me—I ask them not—I seek them not.

If ever I upon the bed of sloth
 Lie down and rest, then be the hour, in which
 I so lie down and rest, my last of life.
 Canst thou by falsehood or by flattery
 Delude me into self-complacent smiles,
 Cheat me into tranquillity? come, then,
 And welcome life's last day—be this our wager.

Meph. Done.

Faust. Done, say I; clench we at once the bargain.
 If ever time should flow so calmly on,
 Soothing my spirits into such oblivion,
 That in the pleasant trance I would arrest,
 And hail the happy moment in its course,
 Bidding it linger with me—“Oh, how fair
 Art thou, delicious moment!”—“Happy days,
 Why will ye flee?”—“Fair visions! yet a little
 Abide with me, and bless me—fly not yet,”
 Or words like these—then throw me into fetters—
 Then willingly do I consent to perish;
 Then may the death-bell peal its heavy sounds;
 Then is thy service at an end—and then
 The clock may cease to strike—the hand to move;
 For me be time then passed away for ever.

Meph. Think well upon it—we will not forget.

Faust. Remember, or forget it, as you please;
 I have resolved—and that not rashly: *here,*
 While I remain, I needs must be a slave—

What matter, therefore, whether thine, or whose?

Meph. I'll then, belike, at the Doctors' Feast to-day
 Attend, your humble friend and servitor.
 Just one thing more—as life and death's uncertain,
 I'd wish to have a line or two in writing.

Faust. And dost thou ask a writing, too, poor pedant?
 Know you not Man? Man's nature? or Man's word?
 Is it not enough that I have spoken it?
 My very life—all that I have and am,

What is it but an echo of my word,
 Pledge of the will that gives it utterance ?
 If words be nothing, what is writing more ?
 Is the world's course one sea of stormy madness,—
 Its thousand streams, in conflict everlasting,
 Raving regardlessly ? roll they not on ?
 Must they not roll ?—and can it be that I,
 In this perpetual movement, shall not move—
 Held back, the slave and prisoner of a promise ?
 Yet in this fancy all believe alike :
 If a delusion, all men are deluded—
 And is there one that would be undeceived ?
 Truth and the feeling of integrity
 Are of the heart's own essence—should they call
 For sufferings, none repents the sacrifice.
 Oh, happy he, whom Truth accompanies
 In all his walks—from outward cumbrance free—
 Pure of all soil—dwelling within the heart,
 Light to his steps and guidance : oracle
 To lead or to mislead, none doth he seek ;
 Consults no casuist, but an honest conscience ;
 Of sacrifices reckes not, and repents not.
 But a stamped parchment and a formal deed,
 With seal and signature, all shrink from this
 As something that offends and wounds our nature ;
 It robs, methinks, the words of all their life,
 The letter, and that only binds us now ;
 Such virtue, and no other can it have,
 As seal and stamp, as wax and parchment give—
 But why ?—why argue for it or against it ?—
 Is writing more than the unwritten word ?
 —What, evil one, what is it you require ?
 Brass ? marble ? parchment ? paper ?—do you wish
 Graver or chisel ? or plain pen and ink ?—
 Have which you please—any or all of them.

Meph. Why this excitement ? why this waste of oratory ?
 These frantic gestures ?—any scrap will do ;—
 Just scratch your name, there, in a drop of blood.

Faust. A silly farce—but if it gratifies you—

Meph. Blood it must be—blood has peculiar virtues.

Faust. Fear not that I will break this covenant :
 The only impulse now that sways my powers,
 My sole desire in life, is what I've promised !

I've been puffed up with fancies too aspiring,
 My rank is not more high than thine; I am
 Degraded and despised by the Great Spirit;
 Nature is sealed from me; the web of thought
 Is shattered; burst into a thousand threads;
 I loathe, and sicken at the name of knowledge.
 Now in the depths of sensuality
 To still these burning passions; to be wrapped
 In the impenetrable cloak of magic,
 With things miraculous to feast the senses!
 Let's fling ourselves into the stream of time,
 Into the tumbling waves of accident,
 Let pain and pleasure, loathing and enjoyment,
 Mingle and alternate, as it may be;
 Restlessness is man's best activity.

Meph. Nothing whatever is there to restrain you,
 If your desires be as you say, to taste
 Of every sweet—sip all things—settle nowhere—
 Catching each moment while upon the wing
 In random motion all that meets the eye,
 Rifling from every flower its bloom and fragrance,
 If any thing will do that is amusing—
 I wish you joy of this new life—come on—
 Set to at once—come—come, no bashful loitering.

Faust. Hearken. I have not said one word of bliss—
 Henceforth do I devote and yield myself,
 Heart, soul, and life, to rapturous excitement—
 Such dizzy, such intoxicating joy,
 As, when we stand upon a precipice,
 Makes reel the giddy sense and the brain whirl!
 From this day forward am I dedicate
 To the indulgence of tempestuous passion—
 Love agonising—idolising hatred—
 Cheering vexation—all that animates
 And is our nature; and the heart, serened
 And separated from the toil of knowledge,
 Cured of the fever that so long oppressed it,
 Shall cease to shut itself against the wounds
 Of pain: whate'er is portioned 'mong mankind
 In my own intimate self shall I enjoy,
 With my soul grasp all thoughts most high or deep,
 Heap on my heart all human joys and woes,
 Expand myself until mankind become

A part, as 'twere, of my identity,
And they and I at last together perish.

Meph. A pretty passion for a man to cherish!
Believe me, who have for some thousand years,
Day after day, been champing this hard food,
Bitter bad diet is the same old leaven.
Take a friend's word for it who ought to know.
Never hath man from cradle to the bier
Succeeded in digesting the tough dough;
To man the Universal is not given.
The Whole is only for a God—in light
He lives—eternal light—Us hath he driven
Into the darkness—yours is Day and Night.

Faust. This daunts not me!

Meph. Said boldly and said well!
To me there seems to be one obstacle;
Ars longa, vita brevis—the old story—
Take a few lessons more—and then determine.
Call to your aid some builder up of verses,
Let his mind wander in the fields of thought,
Imagining high attributes to heap
On you—the lion's magnanimity—
The fleetness of the stag—the fiery blood
That dances in the hearts of Italy—
The constancy and firmness of the North—
Let his invention gift you with the secret,
With lofty thoughts low cunning to combine—
To love with all a young heart's ardent impulses,
Yet following closely some cold plan of reason—
And thus to reconcile each contrariety.

A pleasant person this Herr Macrocosmus,
I think I've met him somewhere in society.

Faust. What am I then—if here too all in vain
The passions and the senses pant and strain,
If this—the crown of our humanity
Is placed on heights I never can attain?

Meph. You are just what you are—nay—never doubt it,
Heap lying curls in millions on your head;
On socks—a cubit high—plant your proud tread,
You are just what you are—that's all about it.

Faust. Alas! in vain poor I together scraped
All that man's science till this day hath shown;
And all that his imagination shaped,

I in ambition's dreams have made my own.
 A weary task it was—a sullen strife,
 And now I sit me down, helpless, alone,
 No new power comes—no strength—no spring of life.
 Not by a hair's breadth higher is my height,
 Far—far as ever from the infinite.

Meph. Aye! this is man's presumptuous view—
 Mine, less ambitious, is more true—
 Why to these moody fancies give
 The rein? while living, why not live?
 Why, what the mischief! you have got
 Your head—hands—haunch-paunch—and—what not—
 But all that I employ—enjoy—
 Is it less mine? When to my car
 My money yokes six spankers, are
 Their limbs not my limbs? Is't not I
 On the proud race-course that dash by?
 Yes, I it is that sweep along,
 Swift in their speed—in their strength strong—
 Mine all the forces I combine—
 The four-and-twenty legs are mine—
 Up! up! throw off this cloud of gloom!
 Come! come!—into the world—come! come!—
 Away with dreams—your theorist
 Is—let me tell you—like a beast
 On a dry heath, whom a bad Spirit
 In one dull circle round and round
 Keeps whirling, while on all sides near it
 The bright green pastures everywhere abound.

Faust. But how begin?

Meph. First, must we fly from hence—
 What place of martyrdom is this? what life
 Is this to lead? or can you call it life,
 Wearying yourself and pupils thus for ever?
 Better leave such work to your neighbour Paunchman,
 Why stay to plague yourself with threshing straw?
 Afraid, even in a hint, to intimate
 Your best acquirements to the boys who crowd
 Your lecture-room: even now upon the passage
 I hear the foot of one.

Faust. Impossible; I cannot see him now.

Meph. The poor lad has been waiting a long while;
 We should not let him go without some notice;

A quarter of an hour will do for him—
 Come, Doctor, help me on with your cap and gown,
 Trust to my wits—I rather like the whim—
 This masquerade dress becomes me charmingly,
 Meanwhile, you may be getting into trim
 Fit for this fashionable trip of ours. [Exit FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES *in FAUST's long gown*

Ay, thus continue to contemn
 Reason and knowledge, man's best powers,
 And every hope he can inherit!
 Still speak despisingly of them,
 Heart-hardened by an evil spirit;
 Soul and senses in confusion,
 Mocked by magical delusion;
 Still indulge derision vain.
 Mine thou art, and must remain!
 His is an eager, restless mind,
 That presses forward unconfined
 And, in the anticipation
 Of a brisk imagination,
 Ever active, still outmeasures
 The slow steps of earthly pleasures;
 Him, through the world's wild vanity,
 Its wearisome inanity,
 Will I hurry forward, thus
 Breaking his impetuous
 And fiery temper—he will sprawl,
 And start, and stand—then stick and fall—
 Meats and wines unsatisfying
 Shall before his lips be flying—
 The withered spirit seeks in vain
 Health and refreshment to obtain—
 What need of seal and signature
 In blood, such spirit to secure?

STUDENT *enters*

Student. I am but just arrived—your name
 My chief attraction; and I came
 At once,—forgive my strong desire
 To see and speak to him, whose fame
 Has spread so far—whom all admire.

Meph. Fame has been most obliging, then :
You see a man like other men—
Did you seek farther, you might meet
Abler instructors.

Student. I entreat
Your care and counsel—with a guide
Where could I better be supplied ?
I come with heart and spirits free,
And youth—and the professor's fee.
My mother scarce would let me come ;
But I love learning more than home—
Have for improvement travelled far——

Meph. And in the best place for it are.

Student. And yet, if I the truth may say,
I would I were again away :
Walls like these, and halls like these,
Will, I fear, in no wise please !
The narrow gloom of this cold room,
Where nothing green is ever seen ;
No lawn—no tree—no floweret's bloom—
'Mong benches, books, my heart is sinking,
And my wasted senses shrinking—
I mourn the hour that I came hither ;
Ear and eye, and heart will die,
Thought, and the power of thought, will wither.

Meph. This is all custom : as at first
Unwillingly the young child sips
The breast ; but soon, with eager thirst,
And pressure of delighted lips,
Clings to the mother's heart, that gives
The living food on which he lives ;
Thus thou, each day more deeply blest,
Wilt drink from Wisdom's nursing breast.

Student. Oh, to my heart shall she be strained
With love !—but how is she obtained ?

Meph. First, let me beg, that you will mention
What line of life is your intention ?

Student. Oh, I long ardently to know
Whatever man may learn below,
All that we contemplate on earth,
And all that in the heaven hath birth,
To roam through learning's wondrous maze,
And comprehend all Nature's ways.

Meph. Right ; but by prudence still be guided,
Guard most, that thought and mind be not
Much dissipated and divided.

Student. With soul and strength will I apply,
But now and then could seize with pleasure
A few short hours of idle leisure.
A little thoughtless liberty ;
A pleasant summer holyday,
When skies are bright, and fields are gay.

Meph. Make good use of your time, for fast
Time flies, and is for ever past ;
To make time for yourself begin
By order—method—discipline ;
For this I counsel my young friend
A course of logic to attend ;
Thus will your mind, well-trained, and high,
In Spanish boots stalk pompously !
With solemn look, and crippled pace,
The beaten road of thought will trace :
Nor here and there, through paths oblique,
In devious wanderings idly strike ;
For days and days you then are taught,
That, in what hitherto had gone,
Like eating, and like drinking, on,
One, Two, and Three, the guide must be
In this which seemed till now so free.
But, as the weaver's work is wrought,
Even so is formed the web of thought ;
One movement leads a thousand threads,
Unseen they move, as now above
The shuttle darts, now darts below ;
One beat combines a thousand twines,
And not unlike would seem the flow
Of mind, when Nature thinks in us.
But now in steps *Philosophus*,
To prove it could not but be thus.
“ *The first was so—the second so—
Then must the third and fourth be so—
And if the premises be hollow,
That the conclusion will not follow.*”
The language this of all the schools
The Art of Weaving taught by rules
That men profound and boys believe !

—Do they teach any one to weave?
 Here he, who seeks to learn, or gives
 Descriptions of, a thing that lives,
 Begins with “murdering, to dissect,”
 The lifeless parts he may inspect—
 The limbs are there beneath his knife,
 And all—but that which gave them life:
 Alas! the spirit hath withdrawn,
 That which informed the mass is gone—
 They scrutinize it, when it ceases
 To be itself, and count its pieces—
 Finger and feel them, and call this
 Experiment—analysis.

Is what we handle then the whole?
 Is there no animating soul?

In Nature is there nothing meant?

No law, no language of intent?

Oh! could your chemist, in whose hand

The fragments are, but understand

The terms he uses! “*Encheiresis*
Naturæ”—for the phrase expresses

With scorn, that it seems strange should be

In words thus accidentally,

How less than nothing can avail

These tricks of dabbling and detail.

Student. I cannot wholly comprehend your meaning.

Meph. No matter—next time you’ll get better on—
 When you have learned to arrange, and classify,
 And body all you hear in syllogisms.

Student. My brain is stupefied—I feel

As if, within my head, a wheel

Was whirling round with ceaseless reel.

Meph. Next—most important thing of all—
 With zeal to metaphysics fall.

There, see—or think that you see—plain,

What—does not pass within the brain.

Our faculties are too confined

To guide us here—the human mind

Fails—and we are and must be blind.

Thoughts are or are not in the head,—

Use serviceable words instead;

But first be sure the next half-year

At every lecture to appear—

Five hours each day for lecturing—
 Be there the moment the bells ring.
 Be sure beforehand to prepare,
 Have read the syllabus with care ;
 Have every paragraph well conned,
 Watch, lest the teacher go beyond
 The matter written in his book ;
 Then, as you write his dictates, look
 That you take down verbatim all
 And every sentence he lets fall,
 As if each sentence scripture were,
 That comes from the professor's chair.

Student. This, sir, you need not tell me twice—
 I feel how useful the advice ;
 What one has thus in black and white,
 He can take home with him at night.

Meph. But what profession is your choice ?

Student. Law shall not ever have my voice.

Meph. In this, I own, you show discerning :
 I know, and do not love, this learning.
 Laws every where are like the taint
 Of an inherited complaint,
 The curse of an infected race :
 Their downward progress you may trace,
 From land to land, through blighted nations.
 Afflicting distant generations—
 Reason made nonsense, good intent,
 In lapse of time warped from its true sense.
 Things for the common welfare meant,
 Becoming thus a common nuisance.
 Unhappy, that it was thy fate
 To have been born an age too late.
 The laws for thy great grandsire made
 Are laws to thee—must be obeyed—
 Must be obeyed, and why ? Because,
 Bad though they be, they are the laws ;
 But of the rights by Nature taught,
 And born with man, they take no thought.

Student. You deepen my abhorrence for
 That, which I did before abhor—
 I wish to learn Theology.

Meph. I fear to lead you wrong—and I
 Speak here with more of hesitation.

It is a dangerous vocation,
 This same Theology: its ways
 Are such a tangled serpent maze—
 Such poison every where disguised—
 And every where as medicine prized—
 That which is which, or why 'tis so,
 Few can conjecture—none can know.
 The best thing that the case affords
 Is—stick to some one doctor's words:
 Maintain his doctrines out and out,
 Admit no qualifying doubt;
 But stick to words at any rate,
 Their magic bids the temple gate
 Of Certainty fly safely ope—
 Words, words alone are your best hope.

Student. But in each word must be a thought—

Meph. There is, or we may so assume,—
 Not always found, nor always sought,
 While words—mere words, supply its room.
 Words answer well, when men enlist 'em,
 In building up a favourite system;
 With words men dogmatize, deceive;
 With words dispute, on words believe;
 And be the meaning much or little,
 The Word can lose nor jot nor tittle.

Student. Pardon—I feel my questions tease you
 Just for a moment more—one word
 On Medicine, so please you.
 With but three years for it, it were absurd
 For one like me, without a guide,
 To enter on a course so wide;
 And your experience may suggest,
 In such a field, what path is best.

Meph. [*aside*]. I'm sick of this pedantic tone,
 Too long assumed. Now for my own!

[*Aloud.*] The trade of Medicine's easiest of all:
 'Tis but to study all things—every where—
 Nature and man—the great world and the small—
 Then leave them at hap-hazard still to fare.
 It is, you see, plainly impossible
 That one man should be skilled in every science—
 Who learns the little that he can, does well:
 The secret of the art is self-reliance.

A man can learn but what he can ;
 Who hits the moment is the man.
 —You are well made—have common sense,
 And do not want for impudence.
 Be fearless—others will confide no less,
 When you are confident of your success—
 The only obstacle is indecision ;
 But, above all, win to yourself the women—
 They have their thousand weaknesses and aches,
 And the one cure for them is the Physician.
 A due consideration for the sex
 Will teach the value of decorous seeming :
 Let but appearances be unsuspecting,
 And they are every thing their doctor wishes.
 The title “ Doctor ” is essential,
 Our university credential,
 That, as in one approved and tried,
 They may undoubtingly confide.
 Then in the very earliest stage
 Of new acquaintanceship you lead them,
 Enjoying every privilege
 Of tête-à-tête familiar freedom ;
 Although the young physician’s eyes
 Exhibit half, and half disguise
 Something, like tenderness, the while
 Mingling with the habitual guile
 Of the sly acquiescent smile :
 Then may you feel the taper wrist.
 Nor will there one of them resist
 The hand professionally prest
 —Permitted boldness—on her breast,
 Or round her waist the free arm thrown,
 To feel how much too tight her zone.

Student. This seems more feasible—one sees
 Something like reason in all this—
 Winning the household through the wife.

Meph. Theory, friend, is old and grey,
 And green the golden tree of life !

Student. Is this reality ?—so like a dream
 All seems ! May I, upon some future day
 Resume my visit ?—learn the grounds and root
 Of these your doctrines ?

Meph. Come when it may suit.

Student. One favour more—deem not your guest
Intrusive—grant me this request—
Just in my album write a line.

Meph. With pleasure. [Writes, and returns the book

Student. [reads]. *Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et
malum.* [Shuts it respectfully, and exit

Meph. If the wily proverb guide thee, and my cousin
the sly snake,

A weary man thy likeness to the gods will of thee make!

FAUST enters

Faust. Where go we now?

Meph. Oh! wheresoe'er you please!—

See all that's to be seen in common life,
And then, so please you, visit the gay world,
Dancing and revelling scot-free, and careless
Who pays the piper.

Faust. What, with my long beard?
How shall I trim it into decent shape?

And I want ease of manners, and the knowledge
Of life—why, the experiment must fail!
I cannot—never could at any time—

Be what society requires: I am
Abashed in company—shall every moment
Be at a loss!

Meph. My good friend, have no fear
On this score—be but self-possessed—that is
The only art of life.

Faust. How do you mean
To travel?—where are servants, horses, carriage?

Meph. We only spread this mantle out, and it
Wafts us through air in this our daring journey.
Bring out with you no loads of heavy baggage:
A little gas, which I will soon have ready,
Will lift us high above the earth;—light laden,
We will move fast, and soon be far away!
Welcome, my friend, to the new life before you—
A pleasant change. I wish you joy of it!

AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG

Carousal of Merry Companions

Frosch. Is no one laughing?—no one drinking?
Come, come, a truce to sober thinking!
Hang these long faces—come, be sprightly!
What, you that used to blaze so brightly!
All dull and damp—smoking together
Like dunghill straw in rainy weather?

Brander. 'Tis your fault that we are not jolly—
Have you no beastliness, no folly
To treat us to to-night?

Frosch. [*throwing a glass of wine over BRANDER'S head*].
Have both.

Bran. Brute that you are! Were I not loth—

Fro. You got but what you asked me for.

Siebel. Come, come, we'll have no civil war—
We'll have no difference of opinion
In this our absolute dominion.
Whoever quarrels, kick him out—
Now raise the chorus round about—
Lift every voice, and swill, and shout—

With holla—holla—ho!

Altmayer. Help! help! I am lost—bring me cotton!
the cheers

Will split open my skull, and play hell with my ears.

Sie. When the arches ring again,
We feel the bass in full power then.

Fro. Right, right, say I, with all my heart;
If any one in evil part
Takes any thing, that here is done,
Why, kick him out, the bitch's son.

Alt.

A tara—lara—da.

Fro. All throats are tuned.

[Sings

*The Holy Romish empire now,
How does it hold together?*

Bran. A nasty song—psha!—a political song.
A most offensive song. Thank God each day,
Rising from bed, that you have nought to say
With governing this Romish empire; I
Greatly rejoice and bless my stars therefore,
I am not Emperor or Chancellor;
Still I see no sufficient reason why
We should not have a ruler;—I propose
That we elect a Pope—what qualification
Should mark a candidate for consecration,
All of ye know.

Fro. [sings].

*Greet her, Lady Nightingale,
Greet my love ten thousand times.*

Sie. Love-meetings and greetings—let us not hear of
them.

Fro. Love-greetings and meetings—who can keep clean
of them?

[Sings

*Undo the door in stilly night—
Open latch—thy love keeps watch;
For thy sake—is he awake,
Shut-to the door at morning's light.*

Sie. Yes! sing, sing on—a little while sing on!
Sing her sweet praises!—I will laugh anon.
Me she deceived, and thee she is deceiving,
Devil that she is—whom there is no believing—
Has played the same tricks with each man that sought
her—

I wish some goblin of the forest caught her
On a cross-road—or that, from the witch-dances
On Blocksberg, trotting home, an old buck-goat,
With his long-bearded chin and meg-a-geg throat,
Made up to her—'tis some such brute she fancies;
A young fellow of proper flesh and blood,
To be thus thrown away were far too good;
From me no serenading should she gain,
Other than dashing in each window-pane.

Bran. [striking on the table]. Silence there—silence—all
attend to me—

Gentlemen, I know life, and how to live ;
 And, as some of us seem in love to be,
 A song for love-sick people will I give.
 Your merry singer is the best physician
 For a poor devil in such sad condition.
 Here all of you attend—come, cease your chattering—
 And listen to a song of the first pattern—
 And all join in the chorus :—

[Sings

Once in a cellar lived a rat,
 Whose paunch each day grew smoother ;
 He dined on butter, supped on fat,
 And looked like Doctor Luther.
 The cook put poison in his way,
 And when our poor rat tasted it,
 He felt a cramping in his heart,
 As fierce as if Love wasted it.

As fierce as if Love wasted it.

And he ran round, and out he ran,
 And looking for a cure, he
 Drank at each puddle, gnawed, and scratched,
 And raved in perfect fury.
 In pain he fell—in pain he sprang,
 The cook with pleasure gazed at it ;
 Poor creature felt at heart a pang,
 As fierce as if Love wasted it.

As fierce as if Love wasted it.

And torture drove him at noon-day
 To run into the kitchen ;
 He fell down on the hearth, and lay
 Convulsing there and screeching.
 Loud laughed the cook to see him sprawl
 In death, and feel she hasted it :
 Ha ! ha ! quoth she, your heart is gone,
 As sure as if Love wasted it.

As sure as if Love wasted it.

Sie. How the heavy logs enjoy it,
 As if a rat had nothing good,
 And 'twere a virtue to destroy it.

Bran. The rats, it seems, are special favourites ;

Creatures of generous gentle blood,
And hold high place in your good graces.

Alt. Old baldpate, with the paunch there,—how his
wits

Are gone!—to him the rat's case his own case is—
With food too good for it the belly swollen,
Then the poor thing in death convulsions rolling—
No wonder it should jar and strike
Upon his nerves—it is too like.

MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST enter

Meph. [*in conversation with FAUST*]. And first I feel
anxiety,

To show you our "Society
Of merry fellows;"—free and gay,
Regular rioters are they,
And their whole life is holiday;
The requisites for happiness
Are few, are—what these men possess:
With lively spirits—self-conceit
And little,—very little wit—
'Tis the same life, the whole year round,
The self-same set together found;—
Each night, their songs—their drink—their game—
Their mirth—their very jests the same;
And as its tail diverts a kitten,
So they with their own jokes are smitten:
They ask no more than thus to sup—
Without a headache to get up—
And while the host will credit give
Are satisfied—and thus they live!

Bran. They're travellers off a journey, you may see it
In their odd manners—are not here an hour.

Fro. You're right, quite right! Leipzig, say I, for ever!
Leipzig's a little Paris in itself:
You'd know our Leipzig people any where.
Their manners are so finished.

Sie. But these strangers,
What think you, are they?

Fro. Only wait a moment—
In the twinkle of a bumper I will tell you—
I'll worm it out of them as easily

As draw an infant's tooth: let me alone
 For managing them: I guess that they belong
 To the nobility, they look so haughty,
 So distant—you would almost say—displeased.

Bran. They are mountebanks, I'll lay you any wager.

Alt. Probably.

Fro. See if I don't screw it out.

Meph. [to FAUST]. Always the same, they never scent
 the devil,

Even when he has them by the nape of the neck.

Faust. Your servant, gentlemen—

Sie. Thanks, sir, and yours—

[Looking at MEPHISTOPHELES, in a low tone.]

The fellow limps a little on one foot.

Meph. Will you permit us to sit down with you,
 And for good wine, which cannot be had here,
 Give us the pleasure of good company?

Alt. You seem a most fastidious gentleman.

Fro. You are lately come from Rippach, are you not, sirs?
 Have been at supper with old Hans to-night?

Meph. To-day we did not stop;—last time we spoke to
 him

He told us some good stories of his cousins—
 And sent his compliments to each of you.

Alt. A home-thrust that—the fellow's not to be done.

Sie. He knows the world, and how to make out life.

Fro. Wait, wait, until—I'll have him before long.

Meph. Was I deceived, for just as we came in
 We heard, or thought we heard, a merry chorus
 Of practised voices?—what a rich effect
 Music must have along this vaulted roof.

Fro. You are a virtuoso then—

Meph. Oh, no!

My skill is next to none—but I love music.

Alt. Give us a song—

Meph. A hundred, if you please.

Sie. Something original—something brand-new.

Meph. We're just returned from Spain, romantic Spain,
 The land of wine and song. [Sings

Once on a time there was a king,

A lovely queen had he—

But dearer far than queen or son,

He loved a big black flea.

Fro. A flea! is it possible I heard him right?
A flea! oh, what a guest to grace a palace!

Meph. Once on a time, there was a king,

A lovely queen had he—
But dearer far than queen or son,
He loved a big black flea!
He called the royal tailor,
Who measures him, and stitches
A coat for the young favourite,
And a little pair of breeches.

Bran. Forget not, sire, to charge the tailor strictly
That they be well and fashionably made—
And as he sets a value on his head,

That he shall leave no seam, or plait, or wrinkle!

Meph. Of silk and satin were the clothes

Our young lord looked so fine in—
He sported ribands—and a cross
Upon his breast was shining!
Soon Minister, he wore a star,
Lived splendidly and gaily,
His poor relations all got place,
And thronged the palace daily.

And Queen and Maid got bites and stings,

And were afraid to scratch 'em;

They cursed the flea and all his kin,

But did not dare to catch 'em!

But we, if we get sting or bite,

None hinders us to scratch 'em;

And if the fleas be troublesome,

We kill them when we catch 'em.

Chorus. And if the fleas be troublesome,

We kill them when we catch 'em.

Fro. Bravo! bravo! that was excellent.

Sie. We'll catch and play the devil with the fleas.

Bran. With pointed nail and finger, pressed together.

Alt. Freedom and Wine for ever! — Wine and

Freedom.

Meph. Willingly would I drink long life to Freedom;
But that your wines are execrably bad.

Sie. You must not venture to say this again!

Meph. Only I fear to vex our worthy host,
I'd give you something better from our cellars.

Sie. Out with it then. I'll take the blame on me.

Fro. Pour out a bumper if you wish to please us—
None of your sample thimblefuls for me—
When I try wine, I like a deep long draught—
That is the only way to judge of it.

Alt. [*in a low voice*]. I've strong suspicions they are
from the Rhine.

Meph. Bring me a gimlet.

Bran. What to do with it?—

You cannot have your wine-casks at the door.

Alt. Behind, there, is the landlord's chest of tools.

Meph. [*taking up the gimlet*]. Now say what wine you
wish.

Fro. What do you mean?

Have you so many?

Meph. Each may choose his favourite.

Alt. [*to FROSCH*]. Ha! you begin to lick your lips
already.

Fro. Well then, if I may choose, I'll take the Rhenish:
The best gifts we receive are from our country.

Meph. [*boring a hole in the edge of the table opposite
FROSCH'S seat*]. Now get a little wax—and make
some stoppers.

Alt. 'Tis plain that they are jugglers.

Meph. [*to BRANDER*]. Sir, your choice?

Bran. I'll have champagne—sparkling champagne for
me!

[*MEPHISTOPHELES bores again; one of the party has
in the meantime prepared the wax stoppers and
stopped the gimlet holes*]

Bran. One cannot always do without the Foreigner—
But give him to me in the shape of wine.

A true-born German hates with all his heart

A Frenchman—but their wines are excellent.

Sie. [*as MEPHISTOPHELES approaches his seat*]. I'd have
you know I hate all acid wines—

Give me a glass of genuine sweet!

Meph. Tokay

Then let it be.

Alt. No, gentlemen, this won't do!

Now look me straight in the face, old mountebank:

I see you but bamboozle us!—

Meph. Yes, yes!

A very likely story—to play tricks
On noble guests like you! now fast—make ready—
Out with the word—pray, sir, what wine shall I give you?

All. Any and all! whatever I can get.

[After all the holes are bored and stopped]

Meph. *[with strange gestures].*

Grapes are of the vine-branch born;
The buck-goat's is a branch of horn.
Wine is sap—and grapes are wood,
The wooden board yields wine as good.
All is clear to him that seeth—
Lift the veil and look beneath,
It is but a deeper glance
Under Nature's countenance—
Now behold—your prophet saith—
Miracles—if you have faith.
Every man draw up his stopper,
And drink such wine as he thinks proper.

All *[as they draw the stoppers, and the wine each has chosen runs into his glass].* Flow on, bright rill—flow on and fill

Our hearts with joy—flow on at will!

Meph. Drink—but be cautious how you spill;
There's danger if a drop but falls. *[They drink repeatedly]*
All *[sing].* That we will—that we will!

Happy as the cannibals:

Like five hundred swine we swill.

Meph. Look at them, they're the happiest of men.

Faust. Take me away—I'll not come here again.

Meph. Wait till you see them in their glory:

We'll soon have fun!

Sie. *[drinking carelessly, spills some of the wine, which turns to flame].* Help, help! fire, fire!—Hell fire!

Meph. Down, friendly Element!—be still, I say—
—This time 'twas but a drop of purgatory!

Sie. What means the fellow? Damn him—he shall pay
Dearly for this; you'd think he did not know us.

Fro. *[to MEPHISTOPHELES].* Better take care no tricks
like this to show us.

All. The sooner we get rid of him the better—
There's nothing to be had from such a debtor.

Sie. You, sir, are guilty of strange impropriety;
Playing your mountebank pranks in such society.

Meph. Silence, old wine-tub!

Sie. Broomstick! one would think
He might rest satisfied with these feats of his,
Without being impudent into the bargain.

Bran. Be silent, and thankful that we do not flog you!

Alt. [*draws a stopper out of the table; fire flies out*]. I'm
burnt—I'm burning!

Sie. Kill him—kill the scoundrel!
He's a magician!—Kill him! he's fair game!

[*They draw their knives and rush upon MEPHISTOPHELES*

Meph. [*with solemn gestures*]. Wandering voices mock
the ear!

Forms, that phantoms are, appear!

Be ye far away, and near!

Be ye there! and be ye here!

[*They stand gazing on each other in amazement*

Alt. Where am I?—in what lovely land?

Fro. What a show of vineyards near!

Sie. Clustering grapes invite the hand.

Bran. See them through the green leaves here—
Ripe and heavy—look at them;—

Oh! what grapes and such a stem!

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

Meph. [*as from above*]. Clouds of Error pass away!

See ye how the Devil can play!

Let each startled reveller

See who plays the Devil here.

[*Vanishes with FAUST. The fellows start back from
one another*

Sie. What's this?

Alt. How's this?

Fro. Is this your nose?

Bran. [*to SIEBEL*]. And yours, on which my fingers
close?

Alt. I feel the shock through every limb;
A chair!—I faint!—my eyes grow dim!

Fro. What is the matter with you all?

Sie. Where is he? what's become of him?
If I can catch him, how I shall—

Alt. Catch him, indeed! 'tis easy trying
To deal with such—I saw him flying
Out of the cellar on a cask—