

Yet written witness should there be, and formal signature.

And lo! for this the fitting man comes at the hour most fit.

[Addresses the ARCHBISHOP, who enters.

To the supporting keystone when the vaulted arch is knit,

The builder then hath framed his work for ages infinite. Thou seest these princes four; with them our solemn compact made

Foundation firm of governance for House and Court has laid;

But what the Empire as a whole concerns, and thus demands

Counsel of weight, ye princely five, I place it in your hands, Possession of far-spreading lands should still your rank evince:

Land is—it ought to be—one great distinction of a prince; Therefore of your dominions now do I enlarge the bounds, And of these traitors give to you the confiscated grounds; To you, my faithful friends, these lands in full and free domain,

I give and grant, with ample power to hold and to maintain,

By purchase to extend, or by barter to increase, All right of their old owners for evermore to cease.

And o'er the lands I give to-day, and that already yours, The fullest rights of sovereignty this grant to you secures;—You to decide, in courts of law, such pleas as may arise; From your tribunal no appeal to other judgment lies.

With tribute, taxes, tithes, and toll, safe-conduct, duty-wine,

Mintage, and salt, and royalties of mountain and of mine. I have raised you, that my gratitude may be to all men shown,

In rank next to the majesty of the imperial throne.

Arch. I, in the name of all, give deep-felt thanks to thee. Thou strengthenest us, and thus thyself wilt henceforth stronger be.

Emp. To you, five princes, higher honours yet I give. I live, and for my kingdom's sake still should I wish to live!

Yet are there feelings linked with the far past, That their own sadness on the spirit cast:

The chain of my high ancestors passed from the earth, to
whom

I pass from the brisk stir of life, brings thoughts that have
their gloom.

I, too, must part from you, my friends, and when, in His
good hour,

I shall have gone, then be it yours to name the emperor :
On the high altar raise him up, there crowned in solemn
form ;

And thus in perfect peace shall end, what heretofore was
storm.

Arch. [*as* CHANCELLOR]. With lonely gesture, and with
hearts where proud feelings have birth,
Bending before thee princes stand, the mightiest of the
earth.

As long as the true blood stirs the full veins, we still
Shall be a body ever moved by impulse of thy will.

Emp. And finally, what we to-day have done, we would
make fast

By writing, that to future times as solemn proof may last.
Princes, I give you in your lands dominion full and free,
With only this condition, that they undivided be,
And that however you increase the lands that we bestow,
They to the eldest son shall still invariably go.

Arch. [*as* CHANCELLOR]. This, to ourselves, and to the
realm, a most important measure,
To parchment I shall now confide, as Chancellor, with
pleasure :

That it be written fair and sealed, the Chancery will make
sure ;

To give effect to it, you add the holy signature.

Emp. And now this council I dismiss, that each one of
you may

Ponder collectedly upon the acts of this great day.

[*Exeunt* TEMPORAL PRINCES

The ARCHBISHOP remains and speaks in a pathetic tone

Arch. The Chancellor has gone ! the Bishop still is
here !

An earnest warning spirit has forced him to your ear ;
He sees thee, with a father's heart, a father's love and fear.

Emp. What mean you ? Speak ! Why tremble in this
hour of happy cheer ?

Arch. In a sad hour, with bitter pangs, do I behold, alas !
Thy crowned and consecrated head in league with Satanas.
Your crown has been secured to you, 'twould so seem, 'gainst
all hope,

But with no blessing from on high, no sanction from the
Pope.

Upon thy sinful land ere long in judgment he will sit,
And with his holy lightnings strike, annihilating it.
He hath not, how could he forget that strange portentous
deed

Of yours, the day that you were crowned, and the magician
freed ;

When from the diadem, to all good Christians' grief and
dread,

The first beam of its mercy glanced on that accursed head ?
Beat on thy breast in penitence ! Oh ! think of thy soul's
health,

And give some little to the Church of all that demon-
wealth.

Where, listening to the prince of lies, you sinned—oh !
chiefly there,

'Twere fitting to atone for sin, and evil done repair.

My counsel take—'tis for your sake I chiefly speak, believe
it—

That very spot, why should you not to pious uses give it ?
Oh ! sanctify the broad hill-space where thy tent stood,
and where

The evil spirits, aiding thee, in battle active were :
And give the mountain and the wood, that league on
league extends,

And the pasture-land beginning just where the woodland
ends ;

Bright lakes alive with fish, and brooks that from the moun-
tain's crown

Wind numberless along the slopes, then to the vale leap
down ;

And the broad vale, oh ! dedicate, with meadow-land and
plain.

Repentance thus expressed finds grace, and never pleads
in vain.

Emp. Thinking upon my heavy crime, such terrors on
me seize,

I leave it to yourself to fix at will the boundaries.

Arch. First, then, be the polluted land, defiled by magic art,

For ever to the service of the Highest set apart.
 Already I in spirit see the stately walls aspire,
 Already feel the morning sun's first rays light up the choir.
 The rising structure to a cross enlarges and extends ;
 Believers see with joy the nave that lengthens and ascends ;
 The faithful through rich portals stream, borne on with
 burning zeal,

And over vale, and over hill, is heard the bell's first peal ;
 From towers, that heavenward point and strive, rings the
 far-echoed sound—

There, kneeling down, the penitent a better life hath
 found.

And at the dedication day—oh ! would that it were now—
 And kneeling in that church—thy gift—such penitent wert
 thou.

Emp. Oh ! may this pious work avail to-day,
 To praise the Lord, and put my sin away !
 Already, in the thought sublime, above myself I feel.

Arch. I, as the Chancellor, arrange formality and seal.

Emp. Prepare the fitting document, purporting to secure
 This to the Church, and I'll with joy affix my signature.

Arch. [*takes leave, but immediately returns*]. And to the
 work, as it proceeds, must thou too dedicate
 Land-dues, benevolences large, and tribute, rent, and rate
 For ever. To support the staff with money you should
 aid ;

The bursar and the auditor must not be underpaid.
 That the building may go quickly on, you cannot, sure,
 withhold,

From the plunder of the enemy, an offering of gold.
 We also shall have need—the thing admits not of dis-
 guise—

Of foreign timber, lime, and slate, and of them large sup-
 plies

The carriage will cost nothing : we'll have orators address-
 ing

The crowd, to preach “ who serves the Church may reckon
 on her blessing.” [*Exit*

Emp. Grievous and heavy is the sin wherewith I've
 burthened me ;

These odious sorcerers bring me to a sad extremity.

Arch. [returns again with a deep obeisance].

Pardon me, Sire. The sea-shore of the realm to that
bad man

Has been conveyed; yet will he fall under the Church's
ban,

Unless, repentant, to the Church from all that land you
give

Tithes, contributions, rents and rates, and dues derivative.

Emp. [vexed]. The land! Call you that "land," o'er-
flowed by ocean vast?

Arch. Where patience and good title are, possession
comes at last.

For us may your all-gracious word inviolate remain!

[Exit

Emp. [alone]. What will he next, perhaps, demand?—
The realm o'er which I reign?

ACT V

I

OPEN COUNTRY

WANDERER. BAUCIS. PHILEMON

Wanderer. Yes! 'tis their dusk grove of linden,

Strong in undecaying age;

And shall I again behold them,

After years of pilgrimage?

Still the same old place—see yonder!

See the hut that sheltered me,

When upon these downs the billows

Flung me from the stormy sea!

Oh! that I once more could greet them—

My old hosts—even then they were

Old. And can I hope to meet them?

Earnest, active, kindly pair!

Oh! but they were kindly people!

Shall I knock? or with my voice

Question gently? Do my old friends

Still in doing good rejoice?

Baucis [*a very old woman*]. Softly! softly! gentle stranger,

To his rest the old man leave;
Strength for their short hours of waking
Still from sleep the old receive.

Wand. Say then, love you still, dear mother,
Still to hear my thanks again?
By thy kind act and thy husband's
Rescued. Many years since then!
Art thou *Baucis*, she, whose nurture
To my cold lips called back life?

PHILEMON enters

Thou, *Philemon*, who my treasure
Saved amid the billows' strife?
How the rapid fire you lighted
Threw its blaze o'er ocean drear!
How that night amid the tempest
Rang your small bell's silvery cheer!

Let me move a few steps onward
Let me view the boundless sea!
Let me kneel in thankful prayer
My full heart oppresses me.

[*Moves rapidly over the downs*

Philemon [*to BAUCIS*]. Hasten now to spread the table
'Mong the garden's cheerful trees;
Let him run, and, struck with wonder,
Start back, doubting all he sees.

[*Follows him*

Phil. [*to the WANDERER*]. Where the sea in savage
fury

Wave on foaming wave once rolled,
Now you see a happy garden,
Fair as Eden was of old.

Gone was my poor strength—too feeble
To have aided; weak like me,
Shrank the waves, till then unconquered,
Shrank in fear the mighty sea.

Bold hands toiled, wise heads directed,
 Dikes and dams shut out the sea;
 Ocean's old rights they invaded,
 Lords, where he had ruled, to be.

See! in green waves meadows rolling!
 Pastures, garden, woodland, town!
 But the evening bids us homeward.
 Come!—the sun is sinking down.

Sails move inward from the distance,
 For the night to port repair;
 Birds, that know their nests, I warrant,
 For a haven now is there!

Far away in the dim distance,
 First the sea's blue fringe you trace;
 Right and left, see, fields and gardens
 Crowd the thickly peopled space.

II

IN THE GARDEN

THE THREE AT THE TABLE

Bau. [to WANDERER]. Are you dumb?—and not a morsel

To your famished lips you move!

Phil. He may wish to hear of wonders,
 And to tell of such you love.

Bau. Wonders! Prodigies of Magic!
 What was done still troubles me.
 It was nothing good, I warrant—
 Nothing such as ought to be.

Phil. Would the Emperor, were it evil,
 Then, have granted him the shore?
 Heard we not the trumpet tell it
 As the herald passed our door?
 Near this very door was planted
 The first foot; then tents were seen;

Cottages ; and now a palace
Rises with its verdant screen.

Bau. All in vain men slaved by daylight—
Axe and shovel—blows on blows.
'Twas at night where the red flamelets
Swarmed, at dawn the dam arose,
There, no doubt, bled human victims ;
Shrieks of pain through night we heard ;
And, where waves of fire flowed seaward,
A canal at dawn appeared.
'Tis a godless man ! he covets
This our little cot, our wood.
Neighbour call you him ? Subjection
Comes with such man's neighbourhood.

Phil. Yet he makes us ample offer—
Homestead fair in the new land !

Bau. Trust not land that late was water ;
On the high ground keep thy stand.

Phil. Move we onward to the chapel,
The last sunbeams to behold ;
Kneel, and with the bell make music—
God our refuge, as of old. [*Exeunt*

III

PALACE

EXTENSIVE PLEASURE-GARDEN ; LARGE, STRAIGHT CANAL

FAUST, *in extreme old age, walking about, meditating*

Lynceus [the warder of the tower, through a speaking trumpet].

Sunset ! In its pleasant glimmer,
The last vessels seek the bay.
Hither, see ! a stately wherry
Up the long canal makes way.
Now the gay barque's coloured streamers,
Now the joyous masts appear.
Thee the mariner wave-wearied
Blesses, glad to rest him here.

[*The little bell sounds on the downs*

Faust [*starts*]. Damned ringing! vile mean tinklings!—
like

A treacherous arrow's stings they strike.

Before me, far and wide, extend

My fair dominions without end;

Behind me jars this envious thing's

Vile babble, evermore that rings

Its dissonance into my ear.

Are my lands mine? or can I feel

Them mine, when that distracting peal

Is everlastingly heard here?

The linden field, the cottage brown,

The old church mossed and mouldering down,

They are not mine; and should I there

Wish to enjoy myself, the air

Oppresses me, my heart grows chill

In the strange shadows on that hill:

Thorns to my eyes, thorns to my feet are they—

Torture! Oh! would that I were far away.

Lyn. [*from above*]. How joyously, in the fresh evening
gales,

Up the canal the gay barque hither sails!

How rapidly it nears us, with its store

Of huge chests, bags, and boxes crowded o'er!

[*A beautiful barque, richly laden with the produce of
foreign climes, now appears; MEPHISTOPHELES
and his "THREE" disembark*

Chor. [*to FAUST*]. We're at home: we are on land;

'Twas a prosperous sail.

Hail to thee, Master!

Patron! all hail! [*The goods are landed*

Meph. We have done not badly here,

Happy if our patron praise!

Vessels twenty now have we;

With but two we went to sea.

See! what booty, see! what gear

Our full-laden barque displays.

The free sea makes the spirit free.

Of right or wrong but little care,

Nor much of ceremony there.

'Tis ready eye and rapid grip;

'Tis seeing, snapping, fish or ship.

And thus a third ship to our two

We added, and a fourth pursue.
 Ill fares the fifth that looms in sight ;
 'Tis ours as sure as might makes right.
 The *what*, and not the *how*, for me.
 —I think I ought to know the sea.
 War, and trade, and piracy,
 One in spirit are all three !

The "Three." No thanks, nor greeting,
 Nor word, nor smile !
 As if what we brought
 Were worthless and vile.
 With a scowl of dislike,
 With disgust and displeasure,
 He has turned him away,
 As despising the treasure.

Meph. Off with you—you are paid—you've had your
 due—

—Retained it—there is nothing now for you.

The "Three." What we kept of it
 Was our perquisite.

I'd have you to know we have all done our duty,
 And our right is an equal share of the booty.

[*The cargo is removed*]

Meph. First the costly spoils together
 Place in order, row on row,
 Store on store ; and when to-morrow
 He beholds the splendid show,
 He will look at all with calmness,
 And reward you as is meet—
 With free hand his lavish bounty
 Feast on feast will give the fleet.
 The gay birds come with morning's light ;
 I'll see to it, that all goes right.

[*The cargo is stored. Exeunt THE "THREE"*]

Meph. [*to FAUST*]. With clouded looks and heavy brow,
 What Fortune sends, regardest thou.
 Think on the victories that crown
 Thy wisdom, sea and land made one.
 Welcoming, the sea receives
 The barque, that with gay flag unfurled
 The happy shore exulting leaves.
 Here, Lord of Earth, from this thy throne,

Here, from thy palace, rule the world,
 Land—sea—and all that is—thine own!
 'Twas here the works began. Here stood
 The first poor shed of rough-hewn wood.
 Here, where plashes now the oar,
 Their lines through clay the delvers tore.
 Here did thy science, and the hands
 Obeying still thy high commands,
 Join land and sea. Here——

Faust.

Cursed be

This *Here!*—'tis torture—'tis disgust:
 From your experienced eye I must
 Not seek to hide that, sting on sting,
 It wounds my heart; nor can I name
 The cause without a sense of shame.
 Surely—yes, surely—'tis a thing
 In which the old folks on the hill
 Ought to give up to mine their will.
 I wished to have the linden field:
 Obstinate fools!—they will not yield.
 The world is mine, but all its joy
 Those few trees, not my own, destroy.

There would I, for the prospect's sake,
 From bough to bough my scaffolds run,
 And vistas through the branches make
 To gaze on all that I have done.
 Thence overlook, as from a tower,
 Wide lands for man's dwelling won,
 Noblest work of human power.
 Flowing thence the master-mind
 Would to all glad impulse give,
 And its own enjoyment find
 In the joys that round it live.

'Tis too bad. What we have of weal
 We feel not. What we want we feel.
 The lindens, and the little bell,
 The tinkling, and the heavy smell,
 Bring round me mists of church and grave.
 The Will that made all bend in fear
 Breaks—breaks upon this sand-bank here.
 Rings but that little bell, I rave.

Meph. Of course!—There never was a moment yet,
That something did not come to make you fret.
Here, I must own, your anger's just.
There's not a noble ear but must
Hear this ding-dong with deep disgust.
The dismal boom with vapour-clouds
The cheerful sky of evening shrouds;
From birth-day bath to burial time
For ever sounds the dreary chime,
Till it makes Man's life almost seem
"Twixt peal and peal a ding-dong dream.

Faust. How is it that they hold out still?
—What obstinacy of self-will!
All from the sea that I have won
Is spoiled—undone all I have done.
—Torture! How is a man to deal
With such folk, who can neither feel
Their own nor others' good? One must
At last grow tired of being just

Meph. I see no difficulty in the case.
—Are you not bound to colonise the place?

Faust. Just on the bounds of my own grounds there is a
little cot
I've chosen there, for the old pair. Go! place them in
that spot.

Meph. [*humming half to himself*]. Aye! pluck them up,
and carry them off, and lay them down; and then,
Before you have time to look about, they're on their legs
again.

To be sure, such shocks and violent knocks they may
think an outrageous thing;
But field and farm are a capital charm good temper back
to bring. [*Whistles shrill*]

Enter THE "THREE"

Come! 'tis the master's bidding meet;
To-morrow he will feast the fleet.

The "Three." The old master's! He with scorn and
slight
Has treated us—the feast's our right.

Meph. [to the audience]. What long ago was done, is done here too.

The tale of Naboth's vineyard is not new.

IV

DEAD OF NIGHT

Lynceus [the Warder, on his tower singing].

At birth was I gifted
 With quick powers of seeing,
 And Nature and Fortune
 For once are agreeing.
 On the height of his watch-tower,
 The warder's employment,
 While he glances around,
 Is but change of enjoyment.
 I gaze on the distant,
 I look on the near,
 On the moon and the bright stars,
 The wood and the deer.
 All that I look on
 Is lovely to see ;
 I am happy, and all things
 Seem happy to me.
 Glad eyes look around ye,
 On earth or in air,
 Gaze where ye will,
 For still all things are fair !

[Pause

Other scenes than of delight
 Reach the warder on his height.
 Ha ! what clouds of horror breathe
 From the world of gloom beneath !
 Spark on spark upshoots in spray
 Through the lindens' double night.
 —How the strong glow rends his way,
 Swelling, panting with the breeze,
 Bristling into fiercer light !
 Ha ! the cottage in the trees,

Where the heavy moss had grown
 Over moist and mouldering stone,
 Blazes! Oh that help were near!
 —Hand to rescue, none is here!
 Alas! the kindly good old pair
 Who, some years since, watched with such care
 Night after night their beacon-fire,
 —Thus to perish! Higher, higher,
 'Mid stifling smoke-clouds flames the flame.
 In dusk-red light, through the black night,
 Stands out distinct the mossy frame.
 —Oh, that shelter could be found them
 From the wild hell raging round them!—
 Tongues of light flash up between
 The leaves, and through the branchy sprays;
 Dry flickering boughs have caught the blaze,
 And burning fierce and fast fall in.
 Misery such sight to see!
 Why hath this power of vision been
 Bestowed, alas! on me?
 The little lowly chapel roof
 Is breaking down: it is not proof
 Against the crush and weight of all
 The burning boughs that on it fall.
 Serpentine, the sharp flames seize
 The upper twigs of the old trees;
 Down, the hollow stems are purpled
 To the roots in turbid glow. *[Long pause. Song*

What the eye so loved is vanished
 With the years of long ago.

Faust [on the balcony toward the downs].

What a strange whimpering plaint from the watch-tower!
 The word is here, and the lament, too late.
 My warder wails it; would 'twere in my power
 To make undone the deed precipitate!
 Of the old lindens scarce some half-burned stem
 Remains. 'Tis well that we are rid of them.
 Aye! that's the very spot on which to place
 A terrace to look out on boundless space;
 To see among the happy dwellings there
 The new home of that stubborn strange old pair.

They soon will learn to thank me and to praise
 For all life's blessings in life's closing days—
 Feel how much I have served them, and the sight
 Of their contentment will give me delight.

MEPHISTOPHELES AND THE "THREE" [*below*]

Meph. We're here, full trot. I wish things had
 Gone better;—not that they are bad.
 We knocked, we kicked; but not a bit
 Of the old folk would open it.
 We kicked and shook it all the more;
 And down came the old rotten door.
 We called aloud with curse and threat;
 But not an answer could we get.
 They did not hear us—would not hear—
 Met our demand with a deaf ear.
 This is, you know, the common trick:
 So on we went—knock, push, and kick.
 We were your agents, and, no doubt,
 Must do the work we came about.
 We had no loitering, no debate;
 We've done your work—cleared your estate.
 The poor old couple sank outright;
 Suffered no pain—they died of fright.
 A stranger, who was for the night,
 By some chance, sleeping there, showed fight—
 Would not keep quiet, though ill-matched
 With our force. Him we soon dispatched.
 In the confusion of the fray
 The straw caught fire—some cinders lay
 Scattered about. 'Tis blazing free;
 The funeral death-pile of the three.

Faust. Distraction! Would that you had been
 Deaf to my words, or not deaf to their sense!
 Peaceful exchange I wished, not violence.
 Your act was plunder, merciless, and worse—
 Murder. I curse it. You and it I curse.

Chor. The old saying rings loud in my ear at this hour:
 "Strive, heart and hand, in the service of Power,
 Strive to the utmost, and risk in the strife
 Life, honour, and wealth, you lose honour, wealth,
 life!"

V

MIDNIGHT

FAUST *on the balcony, looking towards the burning cottage*

Faust. The fading stars their glance and glow
Hide. The fire sinks and flickers low;
And, fanning it, a breeze blows cold,
And smoke and mist toward me are rolled.
Rash word! rash deed! What can it be
Sweeps hither—spectral, shadowy?

Enter FOUR GREY WOMEN

First. I am Want.

Second. And I'm
By men called Guilt—Debt—Crime.

Third. And I am Care.

Fourth. And men call me Misery,
Distress, and Dire Necessity.

Three of Them. The door is barred and bolted hard,
And we have no way to enter in.

'Tis a rich man's home to which we have come,
And we have no wish to enter in.

First. I fade into shadow.

Second. I cease to be.

Fourth. The spoiled child of Fortune will turn from me,
Displeased at the presence of Misery.

Care. Will see not what he has no wish to see.

First. Sisters—grey sisters—away let us glide.

Second. Away and away! I am still at thy side.

Fourth. And I at thy heels follow fast as a breath
Of the wandering vapour.

Three. The clouds are thickening, the stars are sick-
ening.

From beneath—fast and fast—from afar—from afar—
From below—from below—to the place where we are—
Comes another—our brother.

See ye him? feel ye him? know ye him?—Death.

Faust. Four came—I saw them—and could only see
Three going. And the odd talk of the three,

As they went hence, what could its meaning be ?
 I caught some few strange murmurs—Care, and Crime,
 And Death—the burthen of their dreary rhyme.
 The hollow tones breathed an unearthly chill,
 And through me yet they have not ceased to thrill.
 Were my path once but from this magic free,
 Forgotten all these words of sorcery,
 Stood I alone, O Nature, before thee
 Man, and but Man, 'twere worth the trouble to be
 A man.

Such was I once, but I must grope
 And dabble in the dark—must blot out hope—
 Must curse myself, and curse the world without.
 These phantoms everywhere now float about
 Through the thick air. Go where one will, one meets
 The same perplexities—the same deceits.
 If but one day seem tolerably bright,
 Wild dreams will come disquieting the night.
 From the fresh fields we come with joyous cheer,
 And a bird croaks. What croaks he ? Danger near.
 By Superstition morn and eve beset,
 And never free from her entangling net ;
 Divorced from Nature's life, each accident
 Takes shape ; is sign, and omen, and portent ;
 And we—unmanned by terror—stand alone.
 —The door creaks—none comes in. Is any one
 There ?—

Care. The question is its own reply.

Faust. A voice ! Whom hear I speaking ?

Care. It is I.

Faust. Away with thee !

Care. I'm where I have good right
 To be.

Faust [to himself—first angry, then recovering].
 Take heed, and speak no spell to-night.

Care. Heard not by the outward ear,
 In the heart I am a Fear,
 And from me is no escape.
 Every hour I change my shape,
 Roam the highway, ride the billow,
 Hover round the anxious pillow.
 Ever found, and never sought,

Flattered, cursed. Oh! know you not
Care? Know you not Anxiety?

Faust. I've but run through the world; and all, that
pleased

Or promised pleasure, eagerly have seized:
What fled I thought no more of, nor pursued
Even with a wish the evanescent good:
Desired, and had, and new desires then formed,
And thus through life impetuously stormed.
In power and greatness first 'twas mine to live;
And now, in wisdom's walks contemplative.
Of Earth I know enough. To aught beside
Of other worlds all access is denied.
Madness! to search beyond with prying eyes,
And feign or fancy brethren in the skies.
Let Man look round him here! Here plant his foot!
The world is to the active never mute.
We know but what we grasp. What need have we
Of thoughts that wander through eternity?
Your demons of above, and of below,
At their free pleasure let them come and go.
Of goblins' freaks the wise nor knows nor cares,
But says, "I go my own way, and they theirs."
And thus, come good, come evil, let him stride
Onward and onward—still unsatisfied!

Care. Whom I once have made my own
All the life of life finds gone.
Gloom of more than night descending
On his steps is still attending.
Morning never on his path
Rises. Sunset none he hath.
Shape unchanged, and senses whole,
—But with darkness of the soul.
Having all things, and possessing
Nothing; poisoning every blessing;
At each change of fortune whining,
In abundance poor and pining;
All things, speak they joy or sorrow
Still postponing to the morrow;
Ever of the future thinking;
Ever from the present shrinking;
And the dream goes on for ever,
And the coming time comes never.

Faust. Cease! you talk nonsense. You'll make nothing of me.

I will not listen to a word of it. Off with thee!
This wild witch-litany is bad
Enough to drive the wisest mad.

Care. Will he come, or will he go?
Who can answer yes or no?
Purposes postponed, forsaken,
All resolve is from him taken.
On the beaten road he loses
Still his way, and bypaths chooses;
Still some devious track pursuing,
All things still by slant lights viewing;
Helplessly on friends relying;
Scarcely living, yet not dying;
His is endless vacillation,
—Not despair, not resignation—
Restless—never more partaking
Calm of sleep or joy of waking;
All that others do resenting;
All that he hath done repenting;
All he hath not done regretting;
All he ought to do forgetting;
Lingering, leaving; longing, loathing;
Ripe for Hell and good for nothing!

Faust. Ill-boding spectres! you in many ways
The current of man's happiness derange,
And even the calm of uneventful days
Cloud and perplex, and into torture change.
I know from demons none can make him free,
Break the strong bands that spirit to spirit unite;
But creeping Care, lower as thou wilt, thy might
I never will acknowledge. Hence with thee!

Care. Feel it then! As fast I flee,
With a curse I part from thee;
Men are blind their whole life long.
Faustus, at life's closing, be
Blind. My curse I breathe on thee.

Faust [*blind*]. Deeper and deeper fast comes on the
night,
But pure within shines unobstructed light;
What I've thought out I hasten to fulfil.
The Master's bidding is the true power still.

Up, serfs, to work! and let my bold design
 Before the eyes in outward beauty shine.
 Up, lazy serfs! up all! seize shovel and spade,
 Set to work briskly where the lines are laid,
 To perfect the great work I plan demands
 One ruling spirit and a thousand hands!

VI

FORECOURT OF THE PALACE

Torches

MEPHISTOPHELES. LEMURES. FAUST

Mephistopheles [leading the way as overseer].

Come on! come on! come in! come in!

Ye Lemures, patched together;

Nerves, muscles, loose bones, bags of skin,

Half-naturals, come hither!

Enter LEMURES

Chorus of Lemures.

We are at hand; and your command

As we half understood it,

Is that we drain a patch of land

Apt to be overflowed.

The pointed stakes, they all are here,

And chains with which to measure.

If we but knew what we've to do;

Pray tell us what's your pleasure?

Meph. Little need here of science, or of skill,
 Or measuring lines; if but the longest will
 At his full length lay him down on the ground,
 And the rest of you scrape the sods up round,
 Just to mark the dimensions—it is what
 We have done for our fathers all—man's common lot.
 Aye, dig away—just lengthen out that square,
 Scoop the sand up—make the hole deeper there.

Faust. Cease! you talk nonsense. You'll make nothing of me.

I will not listen to a word of it. Off with thee!
This wild witch-litany is bad
Enough to drive the wisest mad.

Care. Will he come, or will he go?
Who can answer yes or no?
Purposes postponed, forsaken,
All resolve is from him taken.
On the beaten road he loses
Still his way, and bypaths chooses;
Still some devious track pursuing,
All things still by slant lights viewing;
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 Aye, dig away—just lengthen out that square,
 Scoop the sand up—make the hole deeper there.

—Still from the palace to the narrow house
Beside it—the one road! 'Twas ever thus.

Lem. [*digging with bantering gestures*].

*I lived and loved, and I was young,
And thought it was so sweet;
And I was young, and played and sung,
And merry went my feet.*

*But now old Age, the spiteful knave,
Has hit me with his crutch:
I stumbled on an open grave,
Their heedlessness was such!*

Faust [*coming out of the Palace, feeling his way along the
door-posts*].

What a delight to heart and ear
This stir of spades at work to hear;
All, that owe service for their land,
Are active in the work at hand,
—Earth with itself to reconcile,
Fix limits to the wild waves' race,
And bind the sea with firm embrace.

Meph. Aye, and for us you're working all the while.
Oh! what a banquet will your dam and dike
To Neptune the sea-devil give belike;
Any way, they and you both go to ruin.
The Elements for evermore are doing
Our work. Our sworn friends, they and we are one:
All things still into nothing running on!

Faust. Overseer!

Meph. Here!

Faust. Bring hither man on man,
Labourers in crowds, as many as you can;
Give all they wish or want; pay any price;
Press them into the works; persuade, entice.
Let me each day know what they have been doing;
Let true account be given me—take thou heed
No time be lost—how dike and dam proceed.

Meph. [*half aloud*]. With other dam and dike, it would
appear—

Than that which soon will tuck him in—most clear,
That the old man has little business here.

Faust [to himself]. Along the mountain range a poisonous swamp

O'er what I've gained breathes pestilential damp.

To drain the fetid pool off—were that done,

Then were, indeed, my greatest triumph won.

To many millions ample space 'twould give,

Not safe, indeed, from inroad of the sea,

But yet, in free activity to live.

—Green fruitful fields, where man and beast are found

Dwelling contentedly on the new ground ;

Homes, nestling in the shelter of the hill

Uprolled by a laborious people's skill ;

A land like paradise within the mound,

Though the sea rave without to o'erleap its bound,

Or nibbling at it, sapping, plashing, win

Its way, impetuously to rush in.

All, with one impulse, haste to the sea-wall,

Repel the mischief that endangers all.

For this one only object do I live,

To the absorbing thought myself I give.

Freedom like life—the last best truth we learn—

Man still must conquer, and in conquering earn ;

And, girded thus by danger, childhood here

Grey age and man and boy work out the year.

Oh ! could I see such throngs, could I but stand

With a free people, and upon free land !

Then might I to such moment of delight

Say, " Linger with me, thou that art so bright ! "

Ne'er shall the traces of my earthly day

Perish in lapsing centuries away.

Anticipating moment such as this,

Even now do I enjoy the highest bliss !

[*Sinks back ; LEMURES lay him on the ground*

Meph. And this the spirit that nothing can appease !

No joys give him content, no pleasures please—

Still hankering after strange stray fantasies.

The empty moment, that amused him last,

Infatuated, he would fain hold fast.

He, who against me made so stiff a stand,

Time is his master now—aye, there he is,

The grey old man stretched out upon the sand.

The clock stands still.

Chor.

Stands still.

Is silent as midnight.

The hand falls.

Meph. Falls. 'Tis finished: and all's right.*Chor.* All's past away—gone by.*Meph.* Gone by! There is no meaning in the word!

Gone by?—all's over, then. Gone by?—absurd.

Gone by and utter nothing are all one:

Why, then, does this creating still go on?

Gone by? What means it?—What a sorry trade!

Making, and making nothing of what's made.

And then this nothing evermore we see

Making pretence a something still to be.

So on it goes, the same dull circle spinning—

'Twere better with the Eternal Void beginning!

BURIAL

LEMURES, MEPHISTOPHELES, DEVILS (*Long-horns and Short-horns*), HEAVENLY HOST, CHOIR OF ANGELS*Lemure* [solo]. And who hath built the house so ill
With shovel and with spade?*Lemures* [chorus]. For thee, damp guest in hempen vest,
It all too well was made.*Lemure* [solo]. And who the hall hath decked so ill?
—No chairs, nor table any.*Lemures* [chorus]. The lodging-house was let at will,
The claimants are so many.*Meph.* There lies the body, and when the spirit flies
out,

I meet him straightway with the blood-signed scroll—

A title, one would fancy, free from doubt;

But, now-a-days, they have so many ways

To chouse the devil of a hard-won soul.

The old road's scarce in fashion—has ruts on it—

On the new short work of us poor devils is made—

We are not known there in the way of trade;

In the old time, I could alone have done it.

To catch him I must call up other aid.

All now goes wrong—old customs disregarded,
 Old rights are trampled down—old rules discarded.
 Why, in the old day, the soul, when the puff
 Was out, would quit the body quick enough.
 Then was I ready, without pain or pause,
 To snap it like a mouse up in my claws ;
 But now it sticks, and will not leave the place,
 But lingers in the body's filthy case,
 Till from its hold 'tis in dishonour cast
 Forth by the warring elements at last.
 Fretting with baffled hope, day after day
 I've often watched your stiff one as he lay ;
 A pretty waste of toil and time, for then
 Would tangled questions come of "How?" "Where?"
 "When?"

Death is not now as Death was long ago.
 If dead or not, 'tis long before we know.
 —Often have I sate leering with delight
 On the stark limbs. False show! It stirred, moved, lived
 outright.

*[Fantastic gestures of conjuring to the Devils, who
 come at his call, as described*

On, Generals, on! Come—quick march, double time—
 quick,
 Lords of the straight! Lords of the crooked horn!
 Demons of blood and birth—chips of the old block—
 With the long curled crumple horns! Come, short-horned,
 thick

Devils, tubby, stubby—right breed they—true stock—
 Stretch breast and back—and show what good is in you!
 From the place below draw for the spectacle
 Up to the stage one of the Mouths of Hell.

[Apart. Knowingly to the audience

Hell has mouths many, many!—Deep respect
 Hath Hell, and seats reserved, for the upper classes ;
 But wait awhile, and, if the old play continue,
 After another season or two passes,
 And the people get their true rights, I expect
 Hell too will be thrown open to the masses.

[Hell-mouth opens at the left of the stage

The edge-teeth gnash. The vaulted gulf's wide rim
 O'erflows with angry fire. Through seething smoke
 I see the City of Flame at distance flashing,

And to the teeth the red surf up is splashing ;
 And out the damned, hoping escape, would swim,
 When the hyæna-jaws close on them crashing.

In anguish then they turn them to retrace
 Their fiery path for ever. Many a nook
 Is here of undiscovered agony,
 —The fiercest pangs massed in the narrowest space.

[Aside, to the knowing

Good thing to frighten sinners with !—They deem
 It, all the while, deceit—delusion—dream.

[To the thick Devils with short straight horns

Up ! fire-backed grubs, your red sleek cheeks aglow
 With brimstone blazes from the place below.

Up ! lumpy, stumpy devils that you are, be staunch :
 Come, stir the broad back, shake the lazy paunch.
 Be awake, be alive, mind well what you're about,
 Twist your bull-necks round, if they'll twist—keep a good
 eye out

For the glimmer of the rotting phosphorus there—the
 sparkle

Is the delicate little Soul—the glorious form
 The Psyche with her heaven-aspiring wing !
 Pluck the wings off—pah ! 'tis a sorry worm.

I'll seal it with my seal, the filthy thing.

Away with it ! away, in whirlwind, fire, and storm !

Keep watch and ward on the body's lower places ;

Ye windy Puff-balls, empty Bladder-faces,

—Secure the passes thence. There is no telling

But that the soul had thereabouts her dwelling,

The navel is a lodge she loves. Your legions

Should guard and garrison these under regions,

Take care lest the spirit slip out and whisk you by.

[To the lean Devils with long crooked horns

Up to the head—up, Fuglemen gigantic,

Comical rascals—Devils, that ape the antic,

Be for once in earnest ; rake, with your hooked claws,

The air around you ! stretch up your webbed paws'

Gaunt network ! Snatch at, catch at, on the wing

Seize, as it flits away, the fluttering thing.

In ruins the old roof about it lies,

It must go out—the chances are 'twill rise—

Genius is uppish—and would seek the skies.

[A glory from above, at the right

Heavenly Host. Follow, envoys sent
 From Heaven's high firmament,
 In serenest flight!
 Children of the light!
 Sinners to forgive;
 To bid dead dust live;
 Downward lingering
 On momentary wing,
 To all Natures leave
 Fitted to receive,
 As you hover by,
 Blessings from on high.

Meph. False tones I hear, a hateful nasty noise.
 Unwelcome day streams on me from above.
 The choir emasculate of girlish boys!
 The mawkish sing-song pious people love!
 You know our damned design and vile device,
 To effect the extirpation of Man's race.
 They seize our plot, and this worst artifice
 Finds in their hymns and in their heaven a place.
 There they come fawning, look at them! there they are!
 Full many a one from us they've snapped away,
 With our own weapons on us they make war.
 Hypocrite-scoundrels! Devils in cowls are they!
 Eternal shame 'twere conquered here to sink.
 On to the grave! on, Devils, on! guard the brink!

Choir of Angels [*strewing roses*].
 Dazzling roses, dropping balm,
 With secret breath restoring
 Heaven's life of happy calm!
 Fluttering down, up soaring,
 Plumy branchlings, winglets green,
 Buds, unsealed from timid screen,
 Wake into sudden blow!

Burst out, celestial Spring,
 In green and purple glow,
 Your Paradises bring
 To him who sleeps below!

Meph. [*to his devils*]. What, stoop? and duck?—and
 have ye no more pluck?

Is this the way with you, devils? not keep your ground?
 Each to his post, aye, let them scatter round
 Their roses—pretty trick the day to win—
 The red-hot devils with flower-shows to snow in.
 Before your breath the rose-shower melts and shrivels,
 Blow, Bellows-fiends! blow brisk! Puff! Puff-ball devils!
 Enough! enough! the blast may be too rough.
 —That will just do; each leaf as it floats hither,
 Grows pale—aye, every one of them will wither.
 Somewhat more softly—shut up nose and maw—
 Not one of you but works with too much jaw.
 How is it that you never can go right?
 —They're more than parched, they're browned, they're
 burning quite,
 And into white flames venomously clear,
 Kindled by your own breath, press 'gainst you here.

Resist! all stand together in full force!
 What? Is all courage gone? and—worse and worse—
 Devils—are they love-sick?—wheedled by the smell
 Of a few scorched rose-leaves. What a thing to tell!

Angel. Happy blossoms! Joyous flames!
 Love they spread, and joy would kindle,
 Be the heart how it may,
 Words true—pure effluence
 Of the ethereal light
 Made present to the sense
 Of Heaven's own angels bright—
 Illimitable day!

Meph. Curse upon them! Shame eternal!
 Satans—think of the infernal
 Scoundrels—on their heads are standing;
 Fat ones, wheeling, racing, reeling,
 With their blind sides right before 'em—
 —Dozens flying, falling o'er 'em—
 In their own hell find a landing.
 Much good may the hot bath do them! After their race
 'Twill be a refreshing thing. [*Devils disappear as described*

I'll keep my place.
 [*Strikes at the roses*

Off! will-o'-the-wisps! However bright your gleam,
Caught in the hand you're but a filthy cream.

Why flutter thus about me? Off with you!

—They sting like brimstone, stick like pitch or glue.

Angels' Choir. What of your nature is no part
Shrink from! Love is pure.

That, which shocks or wounds the heart,

Oh! think not to endure.

If violently in 'twould move,

We then must active be.

Love only leads the loving. Love

Loves on eternally.

Meph. I'm all on fire; my head, heart, liver burn.

Here's love-heat with a vengeance—fire too fine

For the devil to breathe—flame sharper than hell-flame.

And this is Love; and this makes whine and pine

Poor love-lorn earthlings, and their wry necks turn

To court the eye of some contemptuous dame.

Me, too! What is't makes my head twirl and twist,

And thither, where I have been at sworn war?

—Am I in love with what I did abhor?

Has a strange something that I know not of

Coursed through and through me? How is it that I

love

To look on these dear young things? that some force

Makes it impossible for me to curse?

If I'm fooled now, who, for all time hereafter,

Shall be Fool of Fools, the butt of never-ending laughter?

The shapely creatures hovering through the air,

—They with their lightnings dangerously fair—

The brilliant darlings, though I cannot cease

To hate them, are too lovely for my peace.

Fair children! ye, too, if I do not part,

Like me, are of the race of Lucifer.

—Love for one's own does seem so natural—

Dear children! let me kiss you one and all.

We must have met a thousand times before,

Been playing with each other o'er and o'er.

You have found me in a soft mood. I am smitten;

Will you not come to me, dear coz! sweet kitten!

They grow more beautiful at every glance.

Come, one fond look! Let me not sigh in vain!

Angel. We come. Why shrink you back as we advance?
We still move nearer. If you can, remain.

[*The ANGELS hover round and fill up the whole space*

Meph. [*pressed into the proscenium*].

And us ye call Damned Spirits, us you call evil—
Ye, common tempters of man, woman, devil.
Was ever known the like? And this is, then,
The element of what's called Love by men!
My whole frame's fire; the scorched spot on my neck
Is nothing here or there—a surface speck.

Ye hover up and down, and to and fro,
Float through the air, but still away ye flow.
Fairest! float downward hither on soft wing.
No doubt the stately-solemn is your style!
Something more like the world were more the thing.
What joy 'twould give me could I see you smile!
—A lady's smile, who lets a favoured lover
In the fond hour her secret heart discover—
That were a something my whole nature casting
By one glance into rapture everlasting.
And 'tis so easily done. Just draw the lip
A little to one side, the slightest dip.

That long fellow is handsome, or at least
Good-looking—rather too much of the priest.
The folds of the broad stole are in excess;
'Twere not less moral if it covered less.
Angels! smile down upon me! Charmers, stay!
They float into their heaven—are passed away.

Choir of Angels. Loving flames, that, long unseen,
In the heart have burning been,
Shine ye now in light serene!
Let the Hope-abandoned feel
That the Truth hath power to heal;
That from Evil they may be
Disunited, and thus free,
And a blissful life live on
Ever in the All-in-one!

Meph. [*collecting himself*]. How is't! Like Job, the
whole man, boil on boil!

At which himself must shudder and recoil ;
 —Aye, and feel triumph when he looks within,
 Knows what he is—true devil's blood kith and kin.
 All's right again ; untouched the better members ;
 The scurvy love-rash was but on the skin,
 Burned out already its last fading embers.
 The devil's clean devil again—the love-itch gone—
 And—my curse on you all and every one !

Choir of Angels. Holy heart-glowings !

 Heavenly birth !
 Love's overflowings !
 Heaven on earth !
 Whom ye float around
 Even on earth hath found,
 Living with the good,
 Full Beatitude.

 Arise, singing triumph,
 Rise all from beneath,
 The air is made pure
 For the spirit to breathe.

[They rise, carrying with them the immortal part of]

FAUST

Meph. [alone]. But how ?—all vanished ; they are gone
 —and whither ?

The young things ! they have cheated the old knave,
 —Fled heavenwards, and have ta'en their booty thither.
 For this—for this been nibbling at the grave.
 A treasure, all unique, they have cribbed. I'm juggled !
 The high soul pledged and promised me—no less—
 They have, in hugger-mugger, silyly smuggled.
 Where shall I lodge my summons for redress ?
 All my hard earnings—work and labour given—
 Is there no sense of right and wrong in heaven ?
 Cheated in my old days ! outwitted quite !
 And then hear for my comfort, “served him right.”
 And my expenses—getting up this case
 And with return of nothing but disgrace.
 And I've deserved it—everything mis-spent—
 All my own scandalous mismanagement :
 —A random love-gust, an absurd love-drivel,
 To have seized the seasoned cask of a stale old devil !

Mad childish freak, for one the world that knows,
 To have lost time about, or to propose ;
 Fool, first, last, midst—and, worst fool at the close.

VII

MOUNTAIN GORGES, FOREST, FIELD, DESERT

HOLY ANCHORITES

Scattered on the Hills, dwelling among the Cliffs

CHORUS and ECHO

Forest-trees, waving here !
 Rocks, hanging dark and drear !
 Roots of the forest-trees,
 Everywhere clinging !
 Shoots of the forest-trees,
 Everywhere springing !
 Brooklets with ceaseless waves !
 Shelter of sunless caves !

Lions love the holy place,
 Wake no terror, feel no fear.
 Round and round, with friendly pace,
 Move our dumb protectors here.

PATER ECSTATICUS [*floating up and down*].

Brand of eternal joy !
 Love-bondage glowing !
 Seething heart-agony !
 Rapture o'erflowing !
 Foaming up, seething up,
 Fervour benign
 From the depths breathing up !
 Rapture Divine !
 Axes, down-hew me !
 Lances, pierce through me !
 Clubs, come and shatter me !
 Lightning-darts, scatter me !

Thus, that, Self, cast away,
 Perished, and passed away,
 —Phantom-cloud fleeing
 This nothing of mine—
 The Star of true Being
 Transcendent may shine.

PATER PROFUNDUS [*in the lower part of the mountain*]

Calm, at my feet, its lonely crown
 Of rocks o'erbrows the precipice.
 A thousand streams foam flashing down
 In thunder to the black abyss.

And instincts from within still move
 To upper air the pine-trees tall.
 And Love it is, almighty Love,
 That moulds, sustains, and lives in all.

Here around me evermore
 The billowy forest rolls, above ;
 Below, the falling torrents roar ;
 Yet are they ministers of Love.
 The valleys that refresh and cheer,
 And when the lightning-darts flash forth,
 Their mission is belike to clear
 The air from clouds, that over earth
 Hang low with poison in their womb.
 Yes ! ministers of love are they,
 And tell of the great Being, whom,
 Creator still from day to day,
 We feel around us.

Oh ! illumine
 My breast too, where distracted, vain,
 Sinks the cold spirit : break the chain
 Of this world's life, dispel the gloom,
 And bid the dead heart live again !

PATER SERAPHICUS [*middle region*]

Through the pine-trees' waving tresses
 Floats a morning cloudlet fair,

With its freight of youthful spirits,
Living in the radiance there.

CHOIR OF BLESSED BOYS

Tell us, father, where we wander;
Tell us who and what are we.
We know but that we are happy.
Bliss it is to breathe, to be.

PATER SERAPHICUS

Born at midnight, soul and senses
Undeveloped to the sun,
Children, early lost to parents,
By the angels early won!
That a loving one is near you
If ye feel—oh! come to me,
Ye whose feet have never trodden
Earth's rough pathway—happy ye!
Live within me, hither tending,
—I the world have seen and known—
From your radiant cloud descending,
Make the old man's eyes your own.

[He takes them into himself]

Gaze upon the region round us!
This is forest—that is rock;
Here flow streams, that there are falling
Down the steep with fearful shock.

Boys *[from within him]*

'Tis a scene sublime to look on,
But how desolate and drear!
Father, here we shrink and tremble;
Hold us not imprisoned here.

PATER SERAPHICUS

Rising still to higher circles,
On from strength to strength proceed,
Pure and silent growth! God's Presence
Is the life on which you feed;

This the Life-breath is of Spirits ;
 Purity, Health, Truth is this.
 Everlasting Love's revealing,
 Blossoming of endless bliss.

CHOIR OF BLESSED BOYS [*circling round the highest summit*]

Now ascend to higher circles,
 Twining hand with happy hand !
 Let the strength of happy feeling
 Into song and dance expand.

Taught by God,
 Faithful be !
 Whom ye worship,
 Ye shall see.

ANGELS [*floating in the higher atmosphere, bearing the immortal part of FAUST*]

Rescued from the evil one,
 This noble spirit see !
 Him, who, unwearied, still strives on,
 We have the power to free.
 And on him breathing from above
 If Love its part supply,
 Heaven's host with welcomings of love,
 Still meets him from on high.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS

See ! the purple roses borrowed
 From the hands of pious women
 Who had loved, and sinned and sorrowed ;
 —Loved above all human measure,
 Sinned and sorrowed and repented.
 Theirs it was for heaven the treasure
 To win home of that high spirit !
 Theirs the mighty work to perfect.
 On the grave we strewed the flowers,
 And the bad ones shrank away—
 Devils, watching for their prey,
 Fled in terror, as the showers

Of the burning roses came.
 Torments, sharper than hell-flame,
 The old Satan-Master bore,
 —Love-pangs never felt before.

Shout aloud! The day is ours!

THE MORE PERFECT ANGELS

A something, that hath had its birth
 In clay, is to him clinging;
 The earthy would weigh down to earth
 The burthen we are bringing.

Upward we bear it,
 A heavy load, sure!
 Asbestos even were it,
 Yet were it not pure.
 The elements, together brought
 By a strong spirit's might,
 The dross into the pure ore wrought,
 No power of man or angel can
 Dissolve or disunite.
 The alien natures, bound by one
 Indissoluble heart,
 Love only, Love, Eternal Love—
 Can rend and keep apart.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS

Vapours round the rocky height
 Here are spreading rife;
 Cloudlets floating into light,
 Orbs of spirit-life.
 Near, and more near—the mists grow clear—
 I see a choir of blessed boys
 Up-weave their spiry flight.
 Children they! Earth's wrongs and cares,
 And tears and smiles, were never theirs.
 —Here in the fresh breeze frolicking,
 They would bathe them in the joys
 Of this new world, this heavenly spring.

Oh! place him at the first
 With this exulting ring,
 To breathe in Heaven's own clime
 Sweet childhood's joy, a happy time;
 Soon the rich flower to riper life will burst.

THE BLESSED BOYS

We welcome, in the infant mild,
 The angels' precious pledge,
 For heaven receive the little child
 Into our tutelage.

Oh! break away the flakes of clay,
 The indurated crust,
 The slough and slime of care and crime
 That cling to human dust.

Already—look on him!—how fair
 He is—how great—how good!
 For now he breathes Heaven's holy air,
 And lives on angels' food.

DOCTOR MARIANUS [*in the highest, purest cell*]

Here the prospect is free!
 Here the spirit soars high!
 Shapes floating upwards
 Of females float by;
 Midmost, all glorious,
 Shining serene,
 Crowned with the star-wreath,
 I see Heaven's Queen! [*Enraptured*]

Over earth to Thee is given
 Empire! Let me in the free
 Widespread tent of the blue heaven
 See Thy mystery.

Aid in man's heart what Thou of good,
 Of tender thought and earnest,
 Of holy love, in his best mood
 Up-breathed to Thee, discernest!

Dost Thou command it? Ours is zeal
 And courage all-defying.
 Dost Thou breathe peace? At once we feel
 The warlike impulse dying.

Virgin! from all soil of sin,
 Virgin pure! to Thee we bow;
 Saintly Mother! chosen Queen,
 One with the godlike Thou!

What light clouds surround that splendour?
 Floating wind! Oh! these are they,
 Who, for that the heart was tender,
 Fondly loved and fell away:
 Round her knees they drink the ether,
 Round her knees for mercy pray.

Thy calm heart no breath hath shaken
 Of earth's passions; yet to Thee
 Come all they, who have partaken
 Of earth's utter misery—
 They, who loved and were forsaken,
 Come to Thee confidingly!
 Oh! fond and weak and light are they,
 And thus, by wild desires away
 Whirled onward, who can save
 Unaided? who can rend the prey
 From passions that enslave?
 The foot—oh! how can it but slide
 On the slant surface—downward glide
 Where the ground slopes beneath?
 Whom doth not smile and glance deceive?
 Who doth not listen and believe
 When Flattery's accents breathe?

THE MATER GLORIOSA [*hovers onward*]

CHOIR OF FEMALE PENITENTS

To the heavenliest heights as thou floatest away
 Of the kingdoms eternal, to thee do we pray—
 Thou that hast no peer!
 Thou that art rich in Grace! Oh, mercifully hear!

MAGNA PECCATRIX

By the love that, disregarding
 Scornful pharisaic sneers,
 While Thy Son was beaming godhead,
 Bathed His feet with balmy tears ;
 By the odour-dropping unguent,
 Lavishing its treasured sweet ;
 By the tresses that so softly
 Wiped all dry His holy feet.

MULIER SAMARITANA

By the well that in the desert
 Watered Abram's herds of yore ;
 By the cup that to our Saviour's
 Parching lips its cool draught bore ;
 By the joy-diffusing fountain
 That still gushes pure and bright,
 While the stream of life eternal
 Through all worlds flows round in light.

MARIA ÆGYPTIACA

By the holy place of burial,
 Where the Lord's dead body lay ;
 By the arm that from the temple
 Warned and waved me thrice away ;
 By my forty years of penance
 In the solitary land ;
 By the blessed words of farewell
 That I wrote upon the sand.

THE THREE

Sinless ! to the chief of sinners
 Access Thou deniest never ;
 And earth's moment of repentance
 Hath its heavenly fruit for ever.
 To this good soul show like mercy,
 The offence in anger view not
 Of one moment of forgetting,
 Wilful thought of sin that knew not.

UNA PENITENTIUM [*formerly named Margaret*]

Bend down to look on me! Mother benign!
 None—none is like to Thee! Mother benign!
 With Thy all-radiant countenance divine,
 Look on this joy of mine!
 The early-loved comes back—no trace—no taint—no
 stain—
 No grief—no wrongs remain;
 The early-loved returns—is mine—is mine again!

BLESSED BOYS [*approaching in circular movements*]

Already he out-tops us all,
 The frame expands—the large limbs swell;
 The nurture he from us receives,
 He will repay it well.
 No sounds from lower earth here reach
 Our hearts of love or strife;
 But he hath heard, and he will teach
 To us, at birth removed from earth,
 The harmonies of life.

THE PENITENT [*formerly named Margaret*]

Circled by the loftiest spirits,
 One with them, behold him rise!
 Heaven he scarce hath breathed—in all things
 With the holy host he vies.
 From the old husk's earthly bondage,
 How he rends himself away!
 How his youth, renewed, rejoicing,
 Steps forth, clothed upon with ether,
 Radiant, into heavenly day!

Suffer me to teach, to guide him!
 The new day falls dazzlingly.

MATER GLORIOSA

Rise to higher spheres, and he
 Will feel 'tis Thou—will follow Thee!

DOCTOR MARIANUS [*adoring, prostrate*]

Look to the Saviour-glance !
All that repentant be.
Made meet by gratitude
For the inheritance
Of full beatitude.

May each better feeling in
Our hearts to Thee still tend !

Maiden ! Mother ! Gracious Queen !
Be with us to the end !

CHORUS MYSTICUS

All we see before us passing
Sign and symbol is alone ;
Here, what thought could never reach to
Is by semblances made known ;
What man's words may never utter,
Done in act—in symbol shown.
Love, whose perfect type is Woman,
The divine and human blending,
Love for ever and for ever
Wins us onward, still ascending.

THE END

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