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THE DAMNATION OF FAUST.

A DRAMATIC LEGEND IN FOUR PARTS.

BY

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THIS work, as is indicated by its title, is not founded on the principal idea of Goethe's *Faust*, for in that illustrious poem, Faust is *saved*.

The author of *The Damnation of Faust* has only borrowed from Goethe a certain number of scenes adapted for introduction into the plan that he had laid out, scenes the beauty of which were, to his mind, irresistible. But, even had he followed faithfully the idea of Goethe, he would nevertheless have incurred the reproach which has been addressed to him (at times with severity), of having mutilated a monument.

It is a well-known fact that it is absolutely impracticable to set to music a poem of considerable length which was not written with this object in view, without introducing many modifications. Of all existing dramatic poems, *Faust* is, without doubt, the most impossible to sing in its entirety, from beginning to end. Now, if, while adhering to the principal idea of Goethe's *Faust*, it becomes necessary, in order to make of it the subject of a musical composition, to modify the masterpiece in various ways, the crime of treason against genius is quite as evident in this case as in the other, and is open to equal criticism.

From the foregoing, it would appear that musicians should be prohibited from selecting famous poems as themes for their compositions. By this rule we would be deprived of the opera of *Don Juan*, by Mozart, for the libretto of which Da Ponte has modified the *Don Juan*, of Molière; we would be without his *Marriage of Figaro*, in which the text of Beaumarchais's comedy has certainly not been respected; nor yet, for the same reason, should we possess *The Barber of Seville*, by Rossini; nor *Alceste*, by Gluck, which is simply a paraphrase of the tragedy by Euripides; nor his *Iphigenia in Aulis*, in which needless and regrettable changes have been made in the verses of Racine, verses which, in their pure beauty, might well have been introduced in the recitatives. The numerous operas founded on the dramas of Shakespeare would have remained unwritten, and finally, it would be necessary to condemn Spohr for having produced a work which also bears the name *Faust*, in which are to be found the characters of

Le titre seul de cet ouvrage indique qu'il n'est pas basé sur l'idée principal du *Faust* de Goethe, puisque, dans l'illustre poème, Faust est *sauvé*. L'auteur de *la Damnation de Faust* a seulement emprunté à Goethe un certain nombre de scènes qui pouvaient entrer dans le plan qu'il s'était tracé, scènes dont la séduction sur son esprit était irrésistible. Mais fût-il resté fidèle à la pensée de Goethe, il n'en eût pas moins encouru le reproche, que plusieurs personnes lui ont déjà adressé (quelques-unes avec amertume) d'avoir *mutilé un monument*.

En effet, on sait qu'il est absolument impracticable de mettre en musique un poème de quelque étendue, qui ne fut pas écrit pour être chanté, sans lui faire subir une foule de modifications. Et de tous les poèmes dramatiques existants, *Faust*, sans aucun doute, est le plus impossible à chanter intégralement d'un bout à l'autre. Or si, tout en conservant la donnée du *Faust* de Goethe, il faut, pour en faire le sujet d'une composition musicale, modifier le chef-d'œuvre de cent façons diverses, le crime de le lèse-majesté du génie est tout aussi évident dans ce cas que dans l'autre et mérite une égale réprobation.

Il s'ensuit alors qu'il devrait être interdit aux musiciens de choisir pour thèmes de leurs compositions des poèmes illustres. Nous serions ainsi privés de l'opéra de *Don Juan*, de Mozart, pour le livret duquel Da Ponte a modifié le *Don Juan* de Molière; nous ne posséderions pas non plus son *Mariage de Figaro*, pour lequel le texte de la comédie de Beaumarchais n'a certes pas été respecté; ni celui du *Barbier de Séville*, de Rossini, par la même raison; ni *l'Alceste* de Gluck, qui n'est qu'une paraphrase informe de la tragédie d'Euripide; ni son *Iphigénie en Aulide*, pour laquelle on a inutilement (et ceci est vraiment coupable) gâté des vers de Racine, qui pouvaient parfaitement entrer avec leur pure beauté dans les récitatifs; on n'eût écrit aucun des nombreux opéras qui existent sur des drames de Shakespeare; enfin, M. Spohr serait peut-être condamnable d'avoir produit une œuvre qui porte aussi le nom de *Faust*, où l'on trouve les personnages de Faust, de Méphistophélès, de Marguerite, une scène de sorcières, et qui pourtant ne ressemble point au poème de Goethe.

Faust, Mephistopheles, Margaret, and with a Witches' Scene, but which, however, bears no resemblance to Goethe's poem.

A reply may readily be found to the detailed criticism which has been made on the text book of *The Damnation of Faust*.

Why, it has been asked, has the author placed his characters in Hungary?

Because he wished to introduce a piece of instrumental music, the theme of which is Hungarian. He confesses this frankly. He would have placed them anywhere else, had he had the least musical reason for doing so. Has Goethe himself, in the second Faust, not taken his hero to Sparta, to the palace of Menelaus?

The legend of Doctor Faust is capable of the most varied treatment; its adaptability is world wide; it had been dramatized by others before Goethe; it had long been known, under divers forms in the literary world of Northern Europe, when he made use of it, and even Marlowe's *Faust* had, in England, a certain popularity and celebrity, which, however, diminished and disappeared before the masterpiece of Goethe.

As regards the German verses which are sung in *The Damnation of Faust*, and which are Goethe's verses with changes, they must, evidently, be as displeasing to the German ear, as are to the French ear the verses of Racine, so needlessly altered in the *Iphigenia* of Gluck.

It must be remembered, however, that the score of this work was written from the French text, which, in certain places, is itself a translation of the German, and that in conformity with the desire of the composer to submit his work to the judgment of the most musical public in Europe, it has been necessary to write in German a translation of the translation.

These remarks may perhaps seem somewhat puerile to those powerful minds that grasp at once the whole of a subject, and who think it unnecessary to have it proved to them that there is no desire to dry up the Caspian Sea, or to blow up Mount Blanc. Mr. H. Berlioz has, nevertheless, felt it incumbent on him to offer them, so much does he deprecate being accused of unfaithfulness to the religion of his life, or of having failed, even indirectly, in the respect due to genius.

Maintenant, aux observations de détail qui ont été faites sur le livret de *la Damnation de Faust*, il sera également facile de répondre.

Pourquoi l'auteur, dit-on, a-t-il fait aller son personnage en Hongrie?

Parce qu'il avait envie de faire entendre un morceau de musique instrumentale dont le thème est hongrois. Il l'avoue sincèrement. Il l'eût mené partout ailleurs, s'il eût trouvé la moindre raison musicale de le faire. Goethe, lui-même, dans le second *Faust*, n'a-t-il pas conduit son héros à Sparte, dans le palais de Ménélas?

La légende du docteur Faust peut être traitée de toutes manières: elle est du domaine public; elle avait été dramatisée avant Goethe; elle circulait depuis longtemps sous diverses formes dans le monde littéraire du nord de l'Europe, quand il s'en empara; le *Faust* de Marlow jouissait même, en Angleterre, d'une sorte de célébrité, d'une gloire réelle que Goethe a fait pâlir et disparaître.

Quant à ceux des vers allemands, chantés dans *la Damnation de Faust*, qui sont des vers de Goethe altérés, ils doivent évidemment choquer les oreilles allemandes, comme les vers de Racine, altérés sans raison dans l'*Iphigénie* de Gluck, choquent les oreilles françaises. Seulement, on ne doit pas oublier que la partition de cet ouvrage fut écrite sur un texte français, qui, dans certaines parties, est lui-même une traduction de l'allemand, et que, pour satisfaire ensuite au désir du compositeur de soumettre son œuvre au jugement du public le plus musical de l'Europe, il a fallu écrire en allemand *une traduction de la traduction*.

Peut-être ces observations paraîtront-elles puérides à d'excellents esprits qui voient toute de suite le fond des choses et n'aiment pas qu'on s'évertue à leur prouver qu'on est incapable de vouloir mettre à sec la mer Caspienne ou faire sauter le mont Blanc. M. H. Berlioz n'a pas cru pouvoir s'en dispenser, néanmoins, tant il lui est pénible de se voir accuser d'infidélité à la religion de toute sa vie, et de manquer, même indirectement, de respect au génie.

SYNOPSIS OF THE DAMNATION OF FAUST.

(From the N. Y. Musical Review, January 29, 1880.)

THE *Faust* of Berlioz cannot be taken as an exact paraphrase of the poem of Goethe. But, if the author makes undesirable omission of some important scenes, such as in the prison and in the church, and if he deprives himself of the character of Valentine with its admirable episodes, he treats certain situations neglected by earlier (and by later) composers, and has known how to compose a poem with two essential qualities, *color* and *life*. Berlioz carefully justifies his free use of the original poem in these words: "The title of my work sufficiently indicates that it is not based upon the principal idea of Goethe's *Faust*, for in the illustrious poem Faust is saved." Berlioz has borrowed from Goethe only a certain number of scenes which entered into his plan, and which seem to have attracted him irresistibly. The very fact that he should have substituted Faust's descent to hell for that portion of the German work in which the hero is saved, shows a characteristic phase of his genius. Berlioz, not unlike Edgar Allan Poe, took a peculiar delight in the horrible; and he could not possibly resist so favorable an opportunity to send a man to the devil, with all the accompanying terrors.

The score of *La Damnation de Faust* is divided into four parts, containing nineteen scenes and an epilogue. The scene opens without an overture. Faust is wandering amid the plains of Hungary, singing a monologue to the awakening spring, accompanied by a lovely symphonic picture. It is important to note in these passages fragments of the march, suggesting the approach of the Hungarian soldiers and of the *Rondo des Paysans* (introduced later) in condensed rhythm, piccolo, oboes, bassoons, and horns alternately intoning these fragments. The *Rondo* of the peasants is cleverly orchestrated, so as to preserve the pastoral tone throughout. Flutes and oboes have the melody, which is accompanied almost entirely by the clarinet, bassoons, and horns, and only occasionally by strings.

This gayety calls from the unhappy Faust a regretful sigh, breathed forth in a musical phrase of deep melancholy. Then passes a troop, with its martial sounds. This is the popular *Rakoczy March*. Berlioz here developed the theme of the Hungarian national hymn wonderfully, and then arranged it for orchestra, and it is to his brilliant scoring that the march owes its universal popularity. While he himself considers its introduction here a caprice, it is of deeper poetic import. For it enables Berlioz to present in the first part two powerful contrasts: Faust's melancholy and the peasants' mirth; Faust's renewed gloom and the boisterous joy of the Hungarian soldiers.

The second part begins. Faust is in his laboratory, eager for knowledge, weary of life. As he raises the poisoned death-cup to his lips, comes the sound of Easter music. This scene, taken textually from Goethe's poem, is of great

beauty. The *désillusion* and the ardor of Faust are painted with a masterhand. The Easter hymn, after a short introduction for sopranos and altos accompanied by double basses, is first sung by male voices only. When afterward sopranos and altos join, and the full orchestra spreads its shimmer over the choral masses, the effect is of a sublime majesty. The apparition of the demon is treated in a few highly colored measures, and the concise motive with which Mephistopheles is introduced, and which occurs several times later on, is the earliest example of a leading motive in an oratorio. The demon transports his lord and master to the tavern of Auerbach. Here Berlioz has given a literal rendering of the original scene and words. The drinking-chorus has an irresistible *entrain*. Then Brander, heavy and vinous, as suits his listeners, sings the stanzas of the *Song of the Rat*. Hardly has the crowd pronounced its lamentable *Requiescat*, when begins a "dishevelled" fugue on the word *Amen*. This is a musical jest on the part of the composer, who was glad thus to turn the tables upon his detractors, the ardent defenders and compilers of pseudo-classical fugues. For Berlioz himself by no means underrated the power of the artistic fugue, and has introduced several fugatos into *La Damnation de Faust*. The fugue ended, the devil flings at the gaping crowd his bizarre *Song of the Flea*. This is one of the most interesting parts of the work. For Berlioz has described, by means of clever forms in the accompaniment, the skipping of the flea in various directions. Further on occurs what might be described as a skipping-climax; and that part of the song which mentions the stinging flea is accompanied by a quick thrust on the kettle-drum. It is interesting to note the fact that even Beethoven, not disdaining program-music, has composed music to the same text with an equally descriptive accompaniment, ending with a rapid passage, whose notes are all, with Beethoven's characteristic humor, marked to be run down with the thumb. To accomplish this, the tip of the thumb closes on the third finger-tip—an exceedingly suggestive position under the circumstances.

Under the title, *Bosquets et Prairies au Bord de l'Elbe*, Berlioz has transcribed the end of the third scene, and composed a marvel of graceful, fairy-like inspiration. The demon murmurs into the ear of Faust a softly penetrating melody. The *Chorus of the Gnomes* and the *Ballet of the Sylphs* defy all word-description. The slumber-chorus in this scene is perhaps the most difficult number of the work. The rhythm of the soft melody taken by the altos is exceedingly catching. It begins with a part for chorus and orchestra in $\frac{3}{4}$ time (*Andante*); then the chorus sings in $\frac{6}{8}$ time (*Allegro*), while the strings continue in the old tempo, so that three of the bars of the chorus correspond to one bar of the strings. The rest of the orchestra continues all through in

the same tempo with the chorus. In the following *Ballet of the Sylphs* the melody is that of the slumber-song, built on the organ-point D, which the basses sound throughout the entire movement. The close connection between these parts and, indeed, the intimate poetic relation existing between all the numbers of this work, show how necessary to its unity a complete performance is, and how ill-advised it is to present only fragments of it to the public. Faust perceives amid his dreams the fair image of Marguerite, and the demon hurries him away through the groups of soldiers and students, who are singing of war and of love.

The night falls; drums and clarions sound the "retreat." Faust penetrates into the young girl's chamber. Marguerite enters, disturbed and troubled. She sings, to distract her thoughts, an ancient ballad of archaic form, of which the last words die like a soft kiss upon her lips.

Here reappears the poem of Berlioz. All the end of this part, excepting the serenade and the dialogue of the lovers, is his invention. At a sign of the demon, the Follies (will-o'-the-wisps) come flying to Marguerite's door—(this grotesque minuet is a worthy pendant of the ballet of the sylphs) and Mephistopheles warbles, with his scoffing voice, an enchanting serenade. At the end of the *Evocation des Follets*, which is superbly orchestrated, occurs a *Presto*, whose melody is new, and which eventually develops into the serenade of Mephistopheles, as though he had imbued the *follets* with his spirit. In the accompaniment of the serenade, Berlioz has reproduced the peculiar effect of the mandolin by *pizzicato crescendos* for violas and second violins. Faust and Marguerite are alone, intoxicated with the song, and Faust breathes forth his love in a phrase of deepest passion. Their voices unite; they soar together. The demon enters—"Fly!" he cries, "the mother, the friends are at hand!" And the final trio and chorus close in a superb sweep of passion and Satanic joy. The danger presses, the tumult increases, and the demon drags Faust away, leaving the defenceless, unhappy Marguerite. In this end of the third part the composer's inspiration, untrammelled by an impossible theatrical representation, has produced a picture above praise, taking rank with the noblest examples of dramatic music.

At the opening of the fourth part, Marguerite is in her chamber, weeping, despairing, hoping. She seats herself at her spinning-wheel, and murmurs a melody full of anguish. As Marguerite's passion awakens at the thought of her lordly lover, the plaintive echo of her melody passes over the orchestra, and she flies to the window. In the distance is heard the song of the students, the last echo of the "retreat." Night falls. Everything recalls to the unhappy child the remembrance of the one evening without a morrow. "He comes not!" she cries, and falls, half dead with remorse and anguish. In the following number *Forests and Caverns*, the musician has been inspired by the fine *Invocation to Nature*, which is in the corresponding scene of Goethe's poem.

The orchestral and vocal composition translates marvelously this burning cry, this ardent aspiration after infinite happiness. But the demon appears, recounting the remorse of the loved one, her crime, her imprisonment, her approaching death. It will be remembered that nothing has been said as yet of a compact between Faust and Mephistopheles. With delicate poetic feeling, Berlioz has allowed Mephistopheles to appear only as the jolly companion, not as the tempting demon. But now, after playing upon Faust's sympathies for the unhappy girl, until he is seized with terrible anguish and remorse, he throws off the mask; and Faust, willing to sacrifice all, even eternal happiness, for his love, seals the compact. It is then

Mephistopheles calls for the black steeds of hell. "To me, Vortex, Giaour!" he cries, and, mounted on them, the devil and Faust rush into space. It is a flight to the abyss. Here Berlioz gives free rein to the boldest imaginings. The unbridled race of the coursers of hell, the incantations of witches, wild exclamations of Faust, the sneers of the devil—all are depicted in a frightful unloosing of orchestral masses.

Berlioz ends the legend with two strange compositions of rare energy, and sharply contrasted—*Pandemonium*: it is hell with a sinister gnashing, with its devouring joys; it is the triumph of the demon, clutching his prey in his talons. *Heaven*: it is pure, ineffable bliss; it is the apparition of the unhappy sinner; it is the divine, angelic concert, calling to the abode of the blessed the repentant, purified Marguerite.

La Damnation de Faust is a work of great worth. Berlioz has been helped in his perilous attempt by the richest imagination, fired by the grandeur and the ideal beauty of his model. Even when he departs from the original text, and, by combining several episodes, produces an entirely different situation, such as the love-scene interrupted by the arrival of the demon, the musician is still sustained by the poet, and his inspirations pour richly, grandly forth. It is a work worthy to be placed forever side by side with the original drama.

From the first performance, in 1846, until 1869, fragments of *La Damnation* were given twice in Paris. In April, 1849, the chorus and ballet of the sylphs and the Hungarian March were given by the Conservatoire.

In April, 1861, were given other extracts—an air of Mephistopheles, the chorus of sylphs during the sleep of Faust, the waltz of the sylphs, and the double chorus of students and soldiers. This performance met with little success, and caused great commotion. Scudo, the critic, always remarkable for his animosity toward the author, declared that "such music" would never be heard again in "such a place." In 1869 M. Litolf caused to be given, at the Opéra concerts, the waltz of the sylphs and the minuet of the *follets*. The public surprise at hearing these marvels of grace is still remembered. Soon after, M. Reyer produced the air of the demon and the scene of Faust's sleep, at the beautiful festival, arranged in honor of Berlioz, at the Opéra. Since that time these numbers have been known and admired by all artists. In 1872 the Conservatoire gave again all the fragments played eleven years before—this time with great success.

On the 18th of February, 1877, *La Damnation de Faust* was given as a whole at the "Concerts Populaires," M. Padeloup conducting, and won a great success. In the same year the orchestra of the Châtelet was obliged, in compliance with the public wish, to give it *six times* in succession, always before full houses. "The work of Berlioz," says a contemporary, "has not only been applauded, it has been understood." On the 30th of March, 1878, the "Concerts Populaires" announced the twenty-first performance of *La Damnation de Faust*. The "Hippodrome" closed the series of festivals for the year by a solemnity in honor of Berlioz, given on the anniversary of his death (March 8, 1869), and the government took part in this manifestation.

Whoever will glance at the orchestral score of *La Damnation de Faust* will recognize the genius of its composer, the folly of his detractors, and the enterprise of the Symphony Society. Berlioz's time has come at last; and soon, no doubt, the Parisians who hooted and laughed at him during his life, will dedicate a street to his memory. When this occurs, it is to be hoped that "Rue Berlioz" may be posted on the very house in which Scudo wrote his fanatical opinions.

DAMNATION OF FAUST.

DRAMATIC LEGEND

IN FOUR PARTS.

FIRST PART.

SCENE I.

(A Plain in Hungary.)

FAUST (*alone in the fields at sunrise*). Now ancient Winter hath made place for Spring,
And the fountain and stream are free again;
The sun, in his might, sends his countless beams
To gladden with flow'rs the far-spreading plain.
I feel the breath of morn through humid airs returning,
I feel a purer flame within my bosom burning.
Above, the wak'ning birds greet the day with their song,
Mid tall slow waving reeds the swift stream glides along.
Oh! happy life, to dwell, to dwell in restful solitudes,
Far from the strife and din of warring, warring multitudes.

ORCHESTRA.

(Mark distinctly in the horn and piccolo parts, the fragments of the Dance of Peasants and the flourish of the Hungarian March, which will soon be heard in entirety; these distant rumors gradually break in on the calm of the pastoral scene.)

PREMIÈRE PARTIE.

SCÈNE PREMIÈRE.

(Plaine de Hongrie.)

FAUST (*seul, dans les champs, au lever du soleil*). Le vieil hiver a fait place au printemps;
La nature s'est rajeunie;
Des cieux la coupole infinie
Laisse pleuvoir mille feux éclatants.
Je sens glisser dans l'air la brise matinale;
De ma poitrine ardente un souffle pur s'exhale.
J'entends autour de moi le réveil des oiseaux,
Le long bruissement des plantes et des eaux.
Oh! qu'il est doux de vivre au fond des solitudes,
Loin de la lutte humaine et loin des multitudes!

ORCHESTRE SEUL.

(Des fragments de la *Ronde des paysans* et de la fanfare de la *Marche hongroise* se distinguent au travers de la trame instrumentale. Lointaines rumeurs agrestes et guerrières, qui commencent à troubler le calme de la scène pastorale.)

SCENE II.

(Chorus and dance of peasants.)

The shepherd early dons his best,
 With a posy smartly decks his breast
 And a bright knot of ribbons gaily flying,
 Under the lime-tree lass and lad, there lass
 and lad.

Now all are dancing there like mad!

Ha, ha, huzza!

Hip! hip! huzza!

All around the lime-tree whirling.

FAUST. Whence come those distant cries, that
 distant festive sound?

Already man and maid have begun the gay
 round;

Are dancing and singing fast and faster the
 measure,

My mournful soul is envious of their
 pleasure.

SONG. Now all are swaying to and fro,
 Ev'ry cheek has a warmer glow.

Right and left, round and round, the
 dancers flying,

With quickened breath and heated brow;
 ay, with heated brow;

At last they pause, they slacken now,

Ha, ha, huzza!

Hip! hip! huzza!

Such panting and such sighing.

Now hold your tongue, you faithless one!

For vows like yours are easily won;

Lightly won, lightly won, and as lightly
 broken.

And yet he drew the maid aside,

While from the Linden echoed wide,

Ha, ha, huzza!

Hip! hip! huzza!

Now take thy lover's token.

SCENE III.

(Another part of the plain. Approach of Hungarian troops.)

FAUST. Now with a martial sound, war-like
 strains fill the air,

Lo! the Danube's brave sons for the com-
 bat prepare;

They eagerly thirst for the fray,

SCÈNE II.

(Danse de paysans.)

RONDE EN CHŒUR. Les bergers quittent leurs
 troupeaux;

Pour la fête ils se rendent beaux,

Rubans et fleurs sont leur parure;

Sous les tilleuls, les voilà tous

Dansant, sautant comme des fous!

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Landerira!

Suivez donc la mesure!

FAUST. Quels sont ces cris, ces chants? quel
 est ce bruit lointain? . . .

Ce sont des villageois, au lever du matin,

Qui dansent en chantant sur la verte pelouse.

De leurs plaisirs ma misère est jalouse.

DEUXIÈME COUPLET DE LA RONDE. Ils pas-
 saient tous comme l'éclair,

Et les robes volaient en l'air;

Mais bientôt on fut moins agile:

Le rouge leur montait au front,

Et l'un sur l'autre dans le rond,

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Landerira!

Tous tombaient à la file.

TROISIÈME COUPLET. Ne me touchez donc
 pas ainsi!

— Paix! ma femme n'est point ici!

Profitons de la circonstance!

Dehors il l'emmena soudain,

Et tout pourtant alla son train,

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Landerira!

La musique et la danse.

SCÈNE III.

(Une autre partie de la plaine.— Une armée qui s'avance.)

FAUST. Mais d'un éclat guerrier ces cam-
 pagnes se parent!

Ah! les fils du Danube aux combats se
 préparent!

Avec quel air fier et joyeux

Their armor brightly flashing in the broad
light of day!

All hearts respond, ev'ry bosom is glowing,
Mine alone cold and mute, while all eyes
are o'erflowing.

(Hungarian March. The troops pass. Faust retires.)

ORCHESTRA.

(The theme of this march, developed and orchestrated by M. Berlioz, is celebrated in Hungary under the name Rakoczy. It is very old, the author unknown; and is the war song of the Hungarians.)

Ils portent leur armure! et quel feu dans
leurs yeux!

Tout cœur frémit à leur chant de victoire;
Le mien seul reste froid, insensible à la
gloire.

(Marche hongroise. Les troupes passent. Faust s'éloigne.)

ORCHESTRE SEUL.

(Le thème de cette marche, qui M. Berlioz a instrumenté et développé, est célèbre en Hongrie sous le nom de Rakoczy; il est très ancien, d'un auteur inconnu; c'est le chant de guerre des Hongrois.)

SECOND PART.

SCENE IV.

(In North Germany.)

FAUST (*alone in his study*). Nothing eases
my pain! From the beauty of nature
Careworn I turn'd away,
All unmoved, I behold each familiar feature
Of the ivy-clad home of my childhood's
glad day,
Life is nought, then, but sorrow, and the
darkness unhallow'd
But sheds a deeper gloom in my life over-
shadow'd.
Condemn'd to dwell in the bondage of woe,
Oh, earth, is there no joy, but only care
below?
Hast no blossom or beauty for me of thy
treasure?
Earth, is thy lap a grave, that hideth ev'ry
pleasure?
At last I will be free! But I tremble—
oh, no,
The veil that hides the truth shall obscure
it no more!
Now come thou down, thou cup of stainless
crystal,
Come fill'd up to thy brim,—let me drain
from thy bowl
A draught of quiet peace to my wearying
soul.

(He raises the cup to his lips. Chimes of bells are heard, and the singing of Easter hymns in a neighboring church.)

DEUXIÈME PARTIE.

SCÈNE IV.

(Nord de l'Allemagne.)

FAUST (*seul, dans son cabinet de travail*).
Sans regrets j'ai quitté les riantes cam-
pagnes
Où m'a suivi l'ennui;
Sans plaisirs je revois nos altièrès mon-
tagnes;
Dans ma vieille cité je reviens avec lui.
Oh! je souffre! je souffre! et la nuit sans
étoiles,
Qui vient d'étendre au loin son silence et
ses voiles,
Ajoute encore à mes sombres douleurs.
O terre! pour moi seul tu n'as donc pas de
fleurs!
Par le monde, où trouver ce qui manque à
ma vie?
Je chercherais en vain, tout fuit mon âpre
envie!
Allons, il faut finir! . . . Mais je tremble . . .
Pourquoi
Trembler devant l'abîme entr'ouvert devant
moi? . . .
O coupe trop longtemps à mes désirs ravie,
Viens, viens, noble cristal, verse-moi le
poison
Qui doit illuminer
Ou tuer ma raison.

(Il porte la coupe à sa bouche. Son des cloches. Chants religieux dans l'église voisine.)

EASTER HYMN.

CHORUS. Christ is risen from the dead!
Has broken the tomb,
Gladly hail the token,
Sin's fetters are broken,
Reversed is the doom,
Now the Master hath ascended.
Rejoice, for your bondage is o'er,
And the reign of sin is ended.
Praise Him forever more!

Alas! those He loved can but languish
And suffer mid pain and annoy.
Oh, Master! we envy Thy joy.
In Thy joy forget not the depth of our
anguish.
Thy loved ones suffer, yea, but languish
And suffer mid pain and annoy.
Hosanna! Hosanna!

FAUST. O pious strains! On my spirit descend-
ing,
With holy soothing balm, a message from
the past!
The power unending
Of love's resistless might its spell has o'er
me cast.
Once my songs ascended in holy accents
mild,
Its hope and joy were blended, and I a happy
child,
Through the sweet scented meadow,
In the light without shadow,
Softly sang as I strayed.
Then the kiss of the love of Heaven
In calm and peaceful bliss touch'd my soul
as I prayed,
And springs of hope and joy, hope and joy
were given!

But ah! why seek, ye heav'nly anthems, to
allure me
From the depths of my pain!
Vainly ye would endue me
With hope or peace; go seek some happier
soul
To respond to your strain.
Yet how sweetly ye toll,
With the breath of the morning
The festal day adorning!
Peal on, my bosom glows
And pure joy overflows!

HYMNE DE LA FÊTE DE PAQUES.

CHŒUR. Christ vient de ressusciter . . .
Quittant du tombeau
Le séjour funeste,
Au parvis céleste
Il monte plus beau.
Vers les gloires immortelles
Tandis qu'il s'élançait à grands pas,
Ses disciples fidèles
Languissent ici-bas.

Hélas! c'est ici qu'il nous laisse
Sous les traits brûlants du malheur.
O divin maître! ton bonheur
Est cause de notre tristesse.
Mais croyons en sa parole éternelle.
Nous le suivrons un jour
Au céleste séjour
Où sa voix nous appelle.
Hosanna!
Hosanna!

FAUST. Qu'entends-je? . . . O souvenirs! O
mon âme tremblante!
Sur l'air de ces chants vas-tu voler aux
cieux?
La foi chancelante
Revient, me ramenant la paix des jours
pieux,
Mon heureuse enfance,
La douceur de prier,
La pure jouissance
D'errer et de rêver
Par les vertes prairies,
Aux clartés infinies
D'un soleil de printemps! . . .
O baiser de l'amour céleste
Qui remplissais mon cœur de doux pres-
sentiments
Et chassais tout désir funeste! . . .

FAUST. (*Récitatif.*) Hélas! doux chants du
ciel, pourquoi dans sa poussière
Réveiller le maudit? Hymnes de la prière,
Pourquoi soudain venir ébranler mon
dessein?
Vos suaves accords rafraîchissent mon sein.
Chants plus doux que l'aurore,
Retentissez encore:
Mes larmes ont coulé, le ciel m'a reconquis.

SCENE V.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appearing abruptly*). A holy pious mood, breathing in accents mild!

Doctor Faust, I admire this religious singing
And the chime of the bell,
Have they made it all well
With your soul by their hymning?

FAUST. Who art thou? Speak! thou who seem'st to wrest
With eyes of flame ev'ry thought from my breast;
From racking doubt relieve me
And thy name now reveal me.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Forsooth! from a sage, sir,
Such a question sounds foolish!
I am your friend and guardian
Who can do whate'er you wish.
But speak, and I will rain love and joy in your life,
All your most ardent dreams conjured when hope was rife.

FAUST. Poor demon, can'st thou show what shall prove thy pretences?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Rare enchantments I'll weave to dazzle all your senses,
But first, you must forsake these old tombs for a while;
Leave all these dusty shelves.
Come, dull care to beguile.

FAUST. I consent!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Let us forth!
Come and taste life and pleasure,
While every sense shall glow with a joy beyond measure.

(They disappear in the air.)

ORCHESTRA.

SCÈNE V.

FAUST ET MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*apparaissant brusquement*). O pure émotion!

Enfant du saint parvis!
Je t'admire, docteur! Les pieuses volées
De ces cloches d'argent
Ont charmé grandement
Tes oreilles troublées!

FAUST. Qui donc es-tu, toi dont l'ardent regard
Pénètre ainsi que l'éclat d'un poignard,
Et qui, comme la flamme,
Brûle et dévore l'âme?

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Vraiment, pour un docteur, la demande est frivole.
Je suis l'esprit de vie, et c'est moi qui console.
Je te donnerai tout, le bonheur, le plaisir,
Tout ce que peut rêver le plus ardent désir

FAUST. Eh bien, pauvre démon, fais-moi voir tes merveilles.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Certes! j'enchanterai tes yeux et tes oreilles.
Au lieu de t'enfermer, triste comme le ver
Qui ronge tes bouquins, viens, suis-moi,
change d'air.

FAUST. J'y consens.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Partons donc pour connaître la vie,
Et laisse le fatras de ta philosophie.

(Ils disparaissent dans les airs.)

ORCHESTRE SEUL.

SCENE VI.

(Auerbach's cellar in Leipzig.)

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, BRANDER.

(Students, Citizens, and Soldiers.)

CHORUS OF DRINKERS. Fill up again with
good Rhine wine!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Doctor Faust, here behold
sons of mirth and of folly!
All good fellows these, the gayest and most
jolly!

CHORUS. When good red wine is freely flow-
ing,
A fig for the tempest outside!
Fill and ne'er heed the wind that's blow-
ing,
By punch-bowl and pipe we'll abide!
I love the glass that drowneth sorrow!
Since I was born I ne'er walk'd straight,
From my gossip the trick I borrow,
He ever had a rolling gait!
When good red wine, etc.

SOME STUDENTS. Who knows a good song
or a story?
Now our throats are tuned and clear.
Come, Brander, sing,
Sing and gather fresh glory.

BRANDER (*tipsy*). I do know one, 'tis my
own, so hear.

ALL. Well, begin! we're ready!

BRANDER. Let me stand steady,
Then list while I sing a tale of woe.

ALL. Bravo! Bravo!

SONG OF THE RAT.

BRANDER. Master rat lived in the cellar,
Fared on butter and on fat;
And so stout did he grow
That Luther had envied the paunch of this
rat.
One day the cook with purpose deadly
Laid poison'd meats upon his track;

SCÈNE VI.

(La cave d'Auerbach à Leipzig.)

FAUST, MÉPHISTOPHÈLES, BRANDER.

(Etudiants, Bourgeois, et Soldats.)

CHŒUR DE BUVEURS. A boire encor! Du vin
Du Rhin!

MÉPHISTOPHÈLES. Voici, Faust, un séjour de
folle compagnie;
Ici vins et chansons réjouissent la vie.

CHŒUR. Oh! qu'il fait bon quand le ciel tonne
Rester près d'un bol enflammé,
Et se remplir comme une tonne
Dans un cabaret enfumé!
J'aime le vin et cette eau blonde
Qui fait oublier le chagrin.
Quand ma mère me mit au monde,
J'eus un ivrogne pour parrain.
Oh! qu'il fait bon, etc., etc.

QUELQUES BUVEURS. Qui sait quelque plai-
sante histoire
En riant, le vin est meilleur.
A toi, Brander!

AUTRES BUVEURS. Il n'a plus de mémoire!

BRANDER (*ivre*). J'en sais une; et j'en suis
l'auteur.

BRANDER. Puisqu'on m'invite,
Je vais vous chanter du nouveau.

TOUS. Bravo! bravo!

CHANSON DE BRANDER.

PREMIER COUPLET. Certain rat, dans une
cuisine,
Établi comme un vrai frater,
S'y traitait si bien, que sa mine
Eût fait envie au gros Luther.
Mais un beau jour le pauvre diable,
Empoisonné, sauta dehors,

Oh! he writhed as though love possess'd
him,
Or torn apart by wheel or rack.

CHORUS. Or torn apart by wheel or rack.

BRANDER. So fiercely did the pangs assail
him,
He ran in and then ran out,
He scratched and claw'd, but naught
avail'd him,
In frantic rage he tore about.
With pain and dismay sadly groaning,
He madly rush'd in broad noon-day
To the kitchen and there lay moaning
As if in love torments he lay.

CHORUS. As if in love torments he lay.

BRANDER. Upon the hearth in anguish with-
ing,
Still he hoped his doom to escape,
And that within the oven hiding,
He'd find a shelter sure and safe.
But the cook came as he lay dying,
And she laugh'd and mock'd at his pain.
Ha! see for love, for love he is sighing,
Love's torments have twitch'd him again.

CHORUS. Love's torments have twitch'd him
again.
Requiescat in pace! Amen!

BRANDER. A chorale, a fugue, an amen, an
amen.
Let's improvise a good learned amen.

MEPHISTOPHELES. But lend an ear to this,
and, Doctor, you shall know
How far stupidity and foolish mirth can go.

CHORUS (*Fugue on the theme of Brander's
song*). Amen. A.....men. A.....
men. Amen.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*advancing*). I' faith, good
sirs, but your fugue is astounding,
That in truth it were fit for the skies,
Permit me to remark it, the style is really
grand,
Religious and sublime;
Art has never better express'd more pious
sentiments.
'Tis by some such termination

Aussi triste, aussi misérable
Que s'il eût eu l'amour au corps.

CHŒUR. Que s'il eût eu l'amour au corps.

DEUXIÈME COUPLET. Il courait devant et der-
rière,
Il grattait, reniflait, mordait,
Parcourait la maison entière;
La rage à ses maux ajoutait,
Au point qu'à l'aspect du délire
Qui consumait ses vains efforts
Les mauvais plaisants pouvaient dire
Il a, ma foi, l'amour au corps.

CHŒUR. Il a, ma foi, l'amour au corps.

TROISIÈME COUPLET. Dans le fourneau le
pauvre sire
Crut pourtant se cacher très-bien;
Mais il se trompait, et le pire
C'est qu'on l'y fit rôtir enfin.
La servante, méchante fille,
De son malheur rit bien alors.
Ah! disait-elle, comme il grille!
Il a vraiment l'amour au corps.

CHŒUR. Il a vraiment l'amour au corps.
Requiescat in pace. Amen.

BRANDER. Pour l'amen une fugue, une fugue,
un choral!
Improvisons un morceau magistral.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*bas à Faust*). Écoute bien
ceci! nous allons voir, docteur,
La bestialité dans toute sa candeur.

CHŒUR. (*Fugue sur le thème de la chanson
de Brander*). Amen. A.....men.
A.....men. Amen.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*s'avançant*). Vrai Dieu,
messieurs, votre fugue est fort belle
Et telle,
Qu'à l'entendre on se croit aux saints
lieux!
Souffrez qu'on vous le dise:
Le style en est savant, vraiment religieux;
On ne saurait exprimer mieux
Les sentiments pieux

That pious songs should e'er be ended.
By your leaves, I would make bold to propose
you a song,
No less pathetic than the one we've applauded.

CHORUS. Ah! his praises have a cynical air!
Who is this person
Who mocks so freely?
Pale visaged and red of hair,
Let us hear, sing, and away with care!

Qu'en terminant ses prières l'Église
En un seul mot résume. Maintenant,
Puis-je à mon tour riposter par un chant
Sur un sujet non moins touchant
Que le vôtre?

CHŒUR. Ah ça! mais se moque-t-il de nous?
Quel est cet homme?
Oh! qu'il est pâle, et comme
Son poil est roux!
N'importe! Volontiers. Autre chanson. A vous.

MEPHISTOPHELES.



Once a king be it not - ed Had a fine lust - y flea, And on this flea he
U - ne pu - ce gen - til - le Chez un prin - ce loge - ait, Com - me sa pro - pre



doat - ed, Cher-ish'd him ten - der - ly. And he sent for his tail - or, Thus to the
fil - le Le brave hom - me l'ai - mait. Et l'his - toi - re l'as - su - re, Par son tail -



tail - or spake—"Please to meas - ure this young - ster, And coat and breeches make."
leur un jour Lui fit pren - dre me - su - re Pour un ha - bit de cour.

In velvet and in satin
He now was duly drest, —
Had jewels rare his hat in,
And a star deck'd his breast, —
A star of great dimensions!
His kindred soon were there,
They got titles and pensions,
And courtiers grand they were.

But grievously tormented
Were dames and lords at court,
And did not dare resent it,
Queens and maids, ev'ry sort,
Howe'er our friends might rack them
We're afraid e'en to scratch!
We scruple not to crack them,
And kill all those we catch.

CHORUS (*shouting*). Bravo! bravo! bravissimo!
We kill all those we catch!

DEUXIÈME COUPLET. L'insecte, plein de joie,
Dès qu'il se vit paré
D'or, de velours, de soie,
Et de croix décoré,
Fit venir de province
Ses frères et ses sœurs,
Qui, par ordre du prince,
Devinrent grands seigneurs.

TROISIÈME COUPLET. Mais, ce qui fut bien pire.
C'est que les gens de cour,
Sans en oser rien dire,
Se grattaient tout le jour.
Cruelle politique!
Ah! plaignons leur destin,
Et dès qu'une nous pique
Écrasons-la soudain.

CHŒUR. Ah! ah! Bravo!
Bravissimo!
Écrasons-la soudain.

FAUST. Enough! I would begone if thou
canst show me nothing better
Than this vile and brutal display.
Such loud ignoble mirth fills my senses
with loathing,
If thou hast no softer joys, let's away!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh! all the world is ours,
to choose.

(They fly away through the air on Faust's mantle.)

ORCHESTRA.

SCENE VII.

(Bushy meadows on the banks of the Elbe.)

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Chorus of Gnomes and Sylphs.

FAUST. Assez! fuyons ces lieux où la parole
est vile,
La joie ignoble et le geste brutal.
N'as-tu d'autres plaisirs, un séjour plus tran-
quille
A me donner, toi, mon guide infernal!

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Ah! ceci te déplaît! Suis-
moi.

(Ils parlent à travers les airs sur le manteau de Faust.)

ORCHESTRE SEUL.

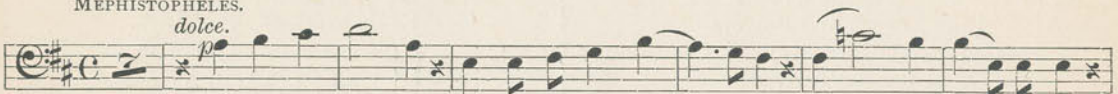
SCÈNE VII.

(Bosquets et prairies des bords de l'Elbe.)

FAUST, MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS.

Chœur de Gnomes et de Sylphes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
dolce.



'Mid banks of ro - ses Soft - ly the light re - po - ses; On this fair fra - grant bed,
Voi - ci des ro - ses De cet - te nuit é - clo - ses. Sur ce lit embau - mé,



Rest, oh Faust, rest thy head. Here slum - ber, While love - ly vis - ions haunt thy dream Of
O mon Faust bien ai - mé Re - po - se! Dans un vo - lupt - tu - eux som - meil,



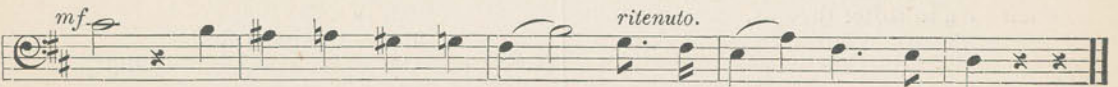
ra - di - ant forms, rare lips, and eyes that fond - ly beam. 'Round thy couch scent - ed
Où glis - se - ra sur toi plus d'un bai - ser ver - meil, Où des fleurs pour ta



flow - ers their sweet heads are rear - ing, Lull - ing sounds to en - thrall with de - light wait thy
couche ou - vri - ront . . . leurs rol - les, Ton o - reille en - ten - dra de di - vi - nes pa -



hear - ing; Oh lis - ten, Oh lis - ten, for the spi - rits of earth and of
ro - les. E - cou - te! E - cou - te! les es - prits de la terre et de



air, Com - bined to please thine ear, . . . Their sweet con - cert pre - pare.
l'air Com - men - cent, pour ton rè - ve, un sua - ve con - cert.

FAUST'S DREAM.

CHORUS OF SYLPHS AND GNOMES. Dream,
happy Faust,
For soon 'neath a veil of purple and gold,
Shall thine eyelids find rest.
Thy star shall shine in the high dome of
Heaven,
Dreams of delight and of love charm thy
breast.

CHORUS. Behold on either hand
The fair scenes we discover.
The leaf and blossom cover
With beauty rare the land.
The trees are gently swaying,
And happy lovers pass
Beneath the shadows straying;
The briar and the rose
Have woven tangled bowers,
The soft vine tendrils close
Around the grapes and flowers.
See where the lovers stray
Forgetful of the morrow,
In blissful joy today,
Untouched by care or sorrow.

Now comes a pensive maiden,
And a tear shines there
Where love's shafts should be laden.
Faust, she shall be thine!

FAUST (*asleep*). Margaret! mine!

CHORUS. The lake extends its flood
At the feet of the mountains;
By the murmuring fountains
Are the green pastures woo'd.
There the gay laughing choirs
Re-echo o'er the plain;
Here the music inspires
The dance that none disdain;
For some are boldly breasting
The silv'ry torrent streams,
While milder swains are questing
Their love in softer dreams.

SONGE DE FAUST.

CHŒUR DE SYLPHES ET DE GNOMES. Dors,
heureux Faust, dors! Bientôt, sous un
voile
D'or et d'azur, tes yeux vont se fermer;
Songes d'amour vont enfin te charmer,
Au front des cieux va briller ton étoile.

CHŒUR. De sites ravissants
La campagne se couvre,
Et notre œil y découvre
Des prés, des bois, des champs,
Et d'épaisses ramées,
Où de tendres amants
Promènent leurs pensées.
Mais plus loin sont couverts
Les longs rameaux des treilles
De bourgeons, pampres verts
Et de grappes vermeilles.
Vois ces jeunes amants,
Le long de la vallée,
Oublier les instants
Sous la fraîche feuillée.

MÉPHISTOPHÈLES (*avec le chœur*). Une
beauté les suit
Ingénue et pensive;
À sa paupière luit
Une larme furtive.
Faust! elle t'aimera
Bientôt.

FAUST (*endormi*). Margarita!

LE CHŒUR. À l'entour des montagnes
Le lac étend ses flots,
Dans les vertes campagnes
Il serpente en ruisseaux.
Là, de chants d'allégresse
La rive retentit.
D'autres chœurs là sans cesse
La danse nous ravit.
Les uns gaîment s'avancent
Autour des coteaux verts,
De plus hardis s'élancent
Au sein des flots amers.
Partout l'oiseau timide,
Cherchant l'ombre et le frais,
S'enfuit d'un vol rapide
Au milieu des marais.

FAUST (*dreaming*). Margaret! mine!

CHORUS. For e'en the timid nestling
 Seeking shade and repose,
 With the gay zephyrs wrestling,
 Dares affront the sweet rose.
 All who'd attain love's rapture,
 Must seek through earth and skies
 For the one star in nature
 That dawn'd to glad their eyes.
 The maiden who loves thee, oh Faust,
 She shall be thine!
 Dream! dream!

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis well, 'tis well, ye
 youthful sprites,
 Your task is at an end,
 But still with charms the enchantment at-
 tend.

BALLET OF SYLPHS.

(The spirits of the air hover silently around the slum-
 bering Faust, then gradually disappear.)

FAUST (*awakening suddenly*). Oh, my Mar-
 garet! Is't a dream, or celestial image?
 Art an angel or rare maid?
 Where is she gone?
 My love array'd in beauty!
 Oh, heavenly visage!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Come, then, and swiftly
 shalt thou go
 To the lowly cot where she dwelleth,
 Where thy love sits and softly telleth
 The fair thoughts from her soul that flow.
 But see, a joyous throng of young students
 is massing,
 Before her door they now are passing.
 We'll mingle with the crowd, and unper-
 ceived draw near;
 Thus shalt thou soon approach thy dear;
 But thy transports restrain and my lesson
 retain.

Tous, pour goûter la vie,
 Tous cherchent dans les cieux
 Une étoile chérie
 Qui s'alluma pour eux.
 Dors, dors!

FAUST (*endormi*). Margarita!

CHŒUR. C'est elle
 Qu'Amour te destina. Regarde! qu'elle
 est belle!

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Le charme opère, il est
 à nous!
 C'est bien, jeunes esprits, je suis content de
 vous.

.....
 Bercez, bercez son sommeil enchanté.

BALLET DES SYLPHES.

(Les esprits de l'air se balancent quelque temps en
 silence autour de Faust endormi et disparaissent peu à peu.)

FAUST (*s'éveillant*). Quelle céleste image!
 Oh! qu'ai-je vu! Quel ange
 Au front mortel!
 Où le trouver? Vers quel autel
 Traîner à ses pieds ma louange?...

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Eh bien, il faut me suivre
 encor
 Jusqu'à cette alcôve embaumée
 Où repose ta bien-aimée.
 A toi seul ce divin trésor!
 Des étudiants voici la joyeuse cohorte
 Qui va passer devant sa porte;
 Parmi ces jeunes fous, au bruit de leurs
 chansons
 Vers ta beauté nous parviendrons.
 Mais contiens tes transports et suis bien
 mes leçons.

SCENE VIII.

Finale.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS AND STUDENTS

Marching towards the town.

SOLDIERS. Towns with their high battlements,
tower and wall,
Fair maids with their haughty thoughts
scorning us all,
To glory they call us.
Soon they both shall fall, no danger appals
us,
How glorious is our life!
The trumpet that calls us our banner
beneath,
It summons to pleasure, or summons to
death.
Fair maiden and city, appeal to our pity,
And yield in the strife!
Towns with their high battlements, etc.

STUDENTS.

Jam nox stellata velamina pandit! nunc bibendum et amandum est! Vita brevis fugaxque voluptas! Gaudeamus igitur, gaudeamus!...

Nobis subridente luna, per urbem quærentes puellas eamus! ut cras, fortunati Cæsares, dicamus: veni, vidi, vici! Gaudeamus igitur, gaudeamus!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS AND STUDENTS. Towns
with their high battlements,
Tower and wall, etc, etc.

FAUST WITH MEPHISTOPHELES. *Jam nox stellata velamina, etc.*

SCÈNE VIII.

CHŒUR D'ÉTUDIANTS ET DES SOLDATS.

Marchant vers la ville.

LES SOLDATS. Villes entourées
De murs et remparts,
Fillettes parées,
Aux malins regards,
Victoire certaine
Près de vous m'attend;
Si grande est la peine,
Le prix est plus grand.
Au son des trompettes,
Les braves soldats
S'élancent aux fêtes,
Ou bien aux combats;
Fillettes et villes
Font les difficiles;
Bientôt tout se rend.
Si grande est la peine, le prix est plus
grand.

LES ÉTUDIANTS.

** Jam nox stellata velamina pandit; nunc bibendum et amandum est! Vita brevis fugaxque voluptas. Gaudeamus igitur, gaudeamus!...*

Nobis subridente luna, per urbem quærentes puellas eamus! ut cras, fortunati Cæsares, dicamus: Veni, vidi, vici! Gaudeamus igitur, gaudeamus!

LES DEUX CHŒURS ENSEMBLE.

Les Soldats. Villes entourées, etc.

(FAUST, MÉPHISTOPHÈLES et les ÉTUDIANTS.)

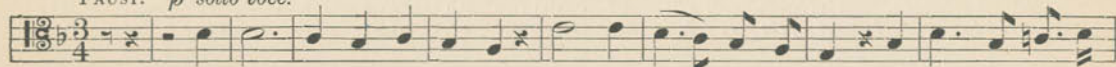
Jam nox stellata, etc.

*Déjà la nuit étend ses voiles étoilés; c'est l'heure de boire et d'aimer. La vie est courte et le plaisir fugitif! Réjouissons-nous donc, réjouissons-nous! Pendant que la lune nous sourit, allons par la ville cherchant les jeunes filles, pour que demain, heureux Césars, nous disions: Je suis venu, j'ai vu, j'ai vaincu! Réjouissons-nous donc, réjouissons-nous!

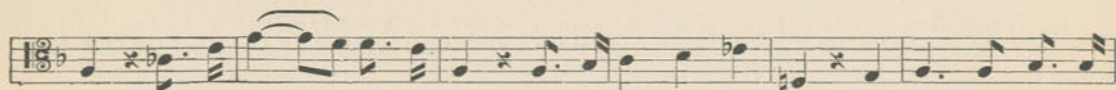
THIRD PART.

SCENE IX.

(Drums and trumpets sound the retreat.)

FAUST. *p* sotto voce.

Oh, wel - come, gen - tle twi - light, through this sanc - tu - ary shed, Where love's de - li - cious
 Mer - ci, doux cré - pus - cu - le, Oh! sois le bien vé - nu! E - claire en - fin ces



pain is sus - tain - ed and fed. Throbs my heart in love's throe, — a soft e - mo - tion
 lieux, sanc - tu - ai - re in - con - nu, Où je sens à mon front glis - ser com - me un beau



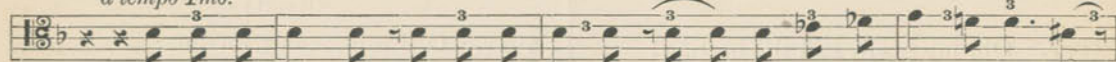
steal - ing Comes like the breath of morn and per - vades ev - 'ry feel - ing, It is love,
 rè - ve, Com - me les frais bais - er d'un ma - tin qui se lè - ve. C'est de l'a - mour,



it is love en - thral - s me. Here calm and or - der dwell, With con - tent in this
 c'est de l'amour j'es - pè - re. Oh! comme on sent i - ci S'en - vo - ler le sou -

un poco rall. e sostenuto il canto.

cell! In pov - er - ty what plen - ty! What bliss im - pris - on'd with - in . . these walls.
 cil Que j'ai - me ce si - len - ce, et com - me je res - pire un air pur!

a tempo Imo.

In - no - cent maid - en, an - gel of hea - ven, Who dost all things with beau - ty lea - ven,
 O jeu - ne fil - le, ô ma char - man - te, ô ma trop i - dé - ale a - man - te!

ritenuto.

Flood - ing my soul with rap - ture, what soft en - chant - ments stream. — Here
 Quel sen - ti - ment j'é - prou - ve en ce mo - ment fa - tal Que

TROISIÈME PARTIE.

SCÈNE IX.


(Des tambours et des trompettes sonnent au loin la retraite.)

sotto voce. pp *a tempo Imo.*




na - ture's lov - ing hand form'd that flow - er su - preme, Her sweet pres - ence con - strain - eth my
j'ai - mèa con - tem - pler ton che - vet vir - gi - nal! Quel air pur je res - pi - re! Sei -

poco. f *animando. poco f*



soul to peace. Her pure spir - it or - dain - eth awe and re - spect, Re -
gneur! Sei - gneur! A - près ce long mar - ty - re, Que de bon - heur! Sei -

molto ritenuto.



spect and awe, Her pure spir - it or - dain - eth awe and re - spect!
gneur! Sei - gneur! A - près ce long mar - ty - re Que de bon - heur!

(He walks about the room examining its contents with tender eagerness.)

(Faust, marchant lentement, examiné avec une curiosité passionnée l'intérieur de la chambre de Marguerite.)

SCENE X.

SCÈNE X.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS, FAUST.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*enters hurriedly*). She draws near!
 She must not see thee yet, hide thee here.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*accourant*). La voici, je l'entends! Sous ces rideaux de soie Cache-toi.

FAUST. Heav'n! my heart o'erflows with fear and joy!

FAUST. Dieu! mon cœur se brise dans la joie!

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. I leave thee now awhile; farewell!
 The time employ to win the maid,
 While my young sprites and I shall intone you a song,
 A joyful nuptial greeting.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Profite des instants. Adieu, modère-toi,
 Ou tu la perds.

(Il cache Faust sous les rideaux.)

Bien. Mes follets et moi,
 Nous allons vous chanter un bel pithalame.

(Il sort.)

FAUST. Oh, my heart, still thy beating!

FAUST. Oh! calme-toi, mon âme.

SCENE XI.

SCÈNE XI.

(Faust concealed. Margaret enters with a lamp.)

MARGUERITE, FAUST caché.

MARGARET. 'Tis hot and sultry now;
 I feel, I know not how!
 'Tis my dream yester eve that so disturbs
 my spirit,

MARGUERITE (*entrant, une lampe à la main*).
 Que l'air est étouffant!
 J'ai peur comme un enfant;

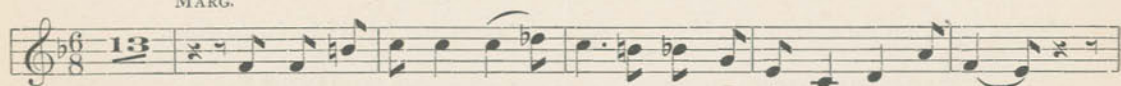
His image haunts me still;
Noble and fair and kind!
My future love!
Yes, he swore he would love me,
And my heart answer'd his.
Ah, will my dream return, return and bless
me?
'Tis folly!

(She sings while braiding her hair.)

C'est mon rêve d'hier qui m'a toute
troublée . . .
En songe je l'ai vu . . . lui . . . mon futur
amant.
Qu'il était beau! Dieu! j'étais tant
aimée!
Et combien je l'aimais!
Nous verrons-nous jamais
Dans cette vie? . . .
Folie! . . .

(Elle chante en tressant ses cheveux.)

MARG.



There dwelt a king once in Thule, Faithful and leal to the grave,
Au - tre - fois un roi de Thu - lé, Qui jus - qu'an tom-beau fut fi - dèle,



And a cup of red, red gold had he, Which his dy - ing mis - tress gave. No
Re - çut, à la mort de sa bel - le, U - ne cou - pe - d'or ci - se - lé. Comme



treas - ure he held so dear - ly, And he drain'd it at ev - 'ry feast, And
el - le ne le quit - lait guè - re, Dans les fes - tins les plus joy - eux, Tou -



ev - er the tears would be ris - ing Each time he from it did taste.
jours u - ne lar - me lé - gè - re A sa vue hu - mec - tait ses yeux.

And when at the end he lay dying,
He counted each tower and town,
All his wealth and treasure dividing,
But the goblet he kept alone.
He sat and feasted once more,
His barons and knights at his knee,
Within his lofty father's hall,
In his castle on the sea.

There quaff'd he his last cup, hasting,
The royal old toper upstood,
The hallow'd goblet casting
Into the swiftly rolling flood.
He saw it whirling and drinking,
And sink deep into the sea;
Then he felt his own eyes were sinking,
Never, oh, nevermore drank he.

DEUXIÈME COUPLET. Ce prince, à la fin de sa
vie,

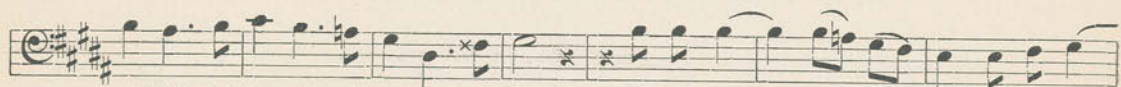
Lègue ses villes et son or,
Excepté la coupe chérie
Qu'à la main il conserve encor.
Il fait, à sa table royale,
Asseoir ses barons et ses pairs,
Au milieu de l'antique salle
D'un château que baignaient les mers.

TROISIÈME COUPLET. Le buveur se lève et
s'avance

Auprès d'un vieux balcon doré;
Il boit, et soudain sa main lance
Dans les flots le vase sacré.
Le vase tombe; l'eau bouillonne,
Puis se calme aussitôt après.
Le vieillard pâlit et frissonne:
Il ne boira plus désormais.



door, to the door of thy lov - er, Drawest thou nigh? Why there tim - id - ly hov -
lui, de ce - lui qui l'a - do - re, Pe - tite Loui - son, Que fais - tu dès l'au - ro -



er? Why art there, why art there, why art there? Oh, sweet maid - en, be - ware, Come a - way,
re? Que fais - tu, que fais - tu, que fais - tu? Au sig - nal du plais - ir, Dans le cham -



.. do not en - ter; It were fol - ly to ven - ture, It were fol - ly to
.. bre du dril - le Tu peux bien en - trer fil - le, Tu peux bien en - trer

cres.



ven - ture, — Re - frain, nor en - ter there, Re - frain, nor en - ter there.
fil - le, Mais non fil - le en sor - tir, Mais non fil - le en sor - tir.

Ah, heed thee well, fair lass,
 Lest thy lover betray thee;
 Then good night, alas!
 From ill-hap what shall stay thee?
 Then good night!
 But let thy lover prove the truth of his
 advances;
 When the ring brightly glances,
 Ah! then, believe his love.
 Oh, sweet maiden, beware, etc.

CHORUS. Oh, sweet maiden, beware, etc.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Hush, now vanish all.
 (*The spirits vanish.*)
 In silence let us see,
 How our turtle-doves agree.

SCENE XIII.

(Margaret's chamber.)

MARGARET (*seeing Faust*). Great Heav'n!
 What see I!
 Is it a dream, dare I credit mine eyes?

Il te tend les bras:
 Près de lui tu cours vite,
 Bonne nuit, hélas!
 Bonne nuit, ma petite.
 Près du moment fatal
 Fais grande résistance,
 S'il ne t'offre d'avance
 Un anneau conjugal.

CHŒUR. Il te tend les bras, etc.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Chut! chut! disparaissez!
 . . . silence! . . .

(*Les follets s'abiment.*)

Allons voir roucouler nos tourtereaux.

SCÈNE XIII.

(Chambre de Marguerite.)

FAUST ET MARGUERITE.

MARGUERITE (*apercevant Faust*). Grands
 dieux!
 Que vois-je! est-ce bien lui? dois-je en
 croire mes yeux? . . .

Andante. ♩ = 56.
a mezza voce ed appassionato assai.



An - gel of light, whose ce - les - tial im - age, Be - fore mine eyes be - held thee, U -
 An - ge a - do - ré dont la cé - leste i - ma - ge, A - vant de te con - nai - tre, il -



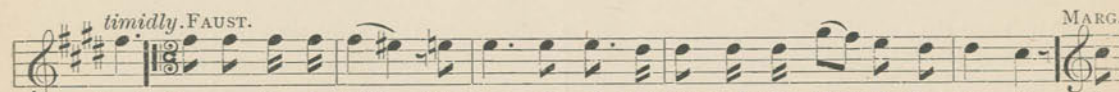
surp'd my bo - som's throne; At last I see thee near, and from thy love - ly
 lu - min - ait mon cœur, En - fin je l'a - per - çois, et du ja - lous nu -



vis - age The jeal - ous cloud that held . . thee en - wrap, now is flown. Mar - ga - ret, I
 a - ge Qui te ca - chait en - cor mon a - mour est vain - queur. Mar - gue - ri - te, je



love thee! You know my name and love me? And I know yours as well,—
 l'ai - me! Tu sais mon nom? Moi - mè - me, J'ai sou - vent dit le tien:



Faust! My name thou dost tell! The mu - sic of thy voice makes it bless - ed for - ev - er. I
 Faust! Cè nom est le mien; Un au - tre le se - ra, s'il te plaît da - van - ta - ge. En



saw you in my dream, Such as I see you now. And ev'n your
 son - ge je l'ai vu tel que je te re - vois. Je re - con -



voice I know; I shall for - get you nev - er! I've thought of you.
 nais ta voix, Tes traits, ton doux lan - ga - ge! Je l'at - ten - dais.

FAUST. Margaret, I adore thee!

FAUST. Marguerite adorée!

MARGARET. Yes, my heart went before thee,
 Ere I saw thee, was thine.

MARGUERITE. Ma tendresse inspirée
 Était d'avance à toi.

FAUST. Margaret, thou art mine!

FAUST. Marguerite est à moi.

MARGARET. Form of my dream, thy dear
 and noble image,
 Before mine eyes beheld thee,

MARGUERITE. Mon bien-aimé, ta noble et
 douce image
 Avant de te connaître illuminait mon
 cœur!

Usurp'd my bosom's throne;
At last I see thee near, and from thy loved
visage
The jealous cloud that held thee enrapt,
now is flown.

FAUST. Form of my dream, etc.
Margaret, I adore thee!
Yield to the ardent devotion,
That I lay at thy feet!

MARGARET. Oh, what strange new enthral-
ment
Makes my heart softly beat!

MARGARET. Such mingled thoughts of joy
and fear appal me.

FAUST. To endless joy, endless love do I call
thee,
Come! come!

MARGARET. Why do tears arise, all unbid to
mine eyes?

SCENE XIV.

FAUST, MARGARET, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering suddenly*). 'Tis
late; we must be gone.

MARGARET. Who is that man?

FAUST. A fiend!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Nay, a friend.

MARGARET. He is one who strikes fear to the
heart!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I doubt not I'm unwelcome.

FAUST. Who bade thee come? Depart!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I came to warn the maiden
What danger is at hand;
For aroused by our song,
The neighbors hither come; man and maid
troop along.
Laughing they call on Margaret;
Some her mother are warning,
And she will soon be here.

Enfin je t'aperçois, et du jaloux nuage
Qui te cachait encor ton amour est vain-
queur.

FAUST. Ange adoré, etc.

FAUST. Marguerite! O tendresse!
Cède à l'ardente ivresse
Qui vers toi m'a conduit.

MARGUERITE. Je ne sais quelle ivresse
Brûlante, enchanteresse,
Dans ses bras me conduit.

MARGUERITE. Quelle langueur s'empare de
mon être! . . .

FAUST. Au vrai bonheur dans mes bras tu vas
naître,
Viens . . .

MARGUERITE. Dans mes yeux des pleurs . . .
Tout s'efface . . . Je meurs . . .

SCÈNE XIV.

FAUST, MARGUERITE, MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*entrant brusquement*).
Allons, il est trop tard!

MARGUERITE. Quel est cet homme?

FAUST. Un sot.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Un ami.

MARGUERITE. Son regard
Me déchire le cœur.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Sans doute je déränge . . .

FAUST. Qui t'a permis d'entrer?

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Il faut sauver cet ange!
Déjà tous les voisins, éveillés par nos
chants,
Accourent, désignant la maison aux pas-
sants;
En raillant Marguerite, ils appellent sa mère.
La vieille va venir . . .

FAUST. Oh, horror!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Come, disappear!

FAUST. Cruel illusion!

MEPHISTOPHELES. At dawn you'll meet again;
Let that consolation soothe the anguish of
parting.

MARGARET. Till tomorrow, oh Faust!
Though with thee is departing the bright-
ness of day.

FAUST. Que faire?

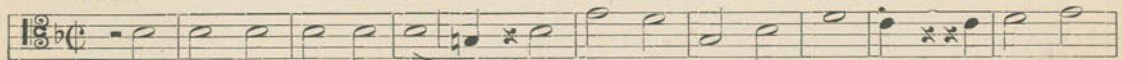
MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Il faut partir.

FAUST. Damnation!

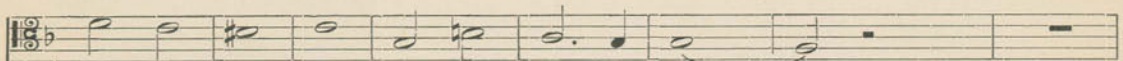
MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Vous vous verrez demain;
la consolation
Est bien près de la peine.

MARGUERITE. Oui, demain, bien-aimé. Dans
la chambre prochaine.
Déjà j'entends du bruit.

FAUST.



Fare-well, then, bright ar-ray, . . . Of hopes that filled my bo-som! Fare-well, thou
A - dieu donc, bel - le nuit . . . A pei - ne com - men - cé - e! A - dieu, fés -



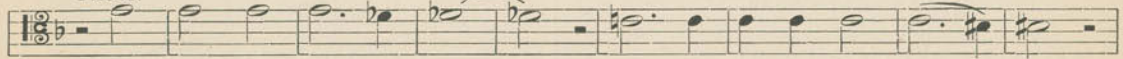
feast of love That mocked my long-ing heart. . . .
tin d'a - mour Que je m'é - tais pro - mis!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

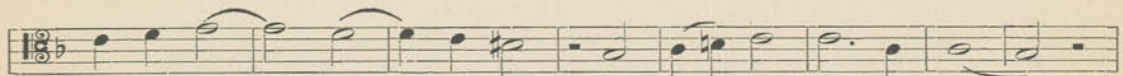


From hence we must re-move!
Par - tons, voi - là le jour!

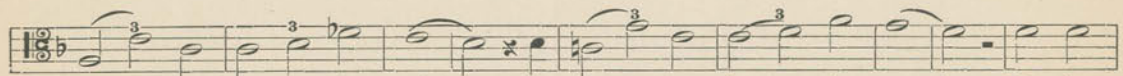
FAUST.



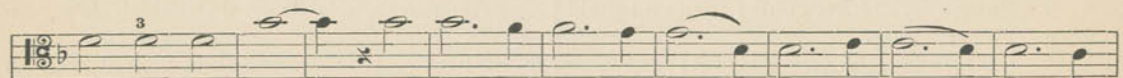
Oh, will ye come a-gain, . . . bliss-ful fu-gi-tive hours, . . .
Te re - ver - rai - je en - cor, . . . heu - re trop fu - gi - ti - ve,



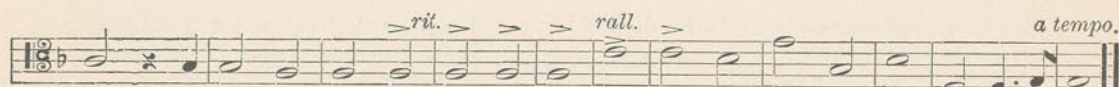
Bring-ing balm . . . to . . . the pain that now my heart de-vours? .
Où mon â - - me au bon - heur al - lait en - fin s'ou - vrir? .



Bring - ing balm to the pain . . . that now my heart de - vours? Bring-ing
Où . . . mon âme au bon - heur . . . al - lait en - fin . . . s'ou - vrir? . Où mon



balm to the pain . that now my heart de-vours, . Bring-ing balm . . to the
âme au bon - heur . al - lait en - fin s'ou - vrir, . Où mon âme . . au bon -



pain that now my heart, that now my heart de - vours, that now my heart de - vours.
 heur, al - lait en - fin, al - lait en - fin s'ou - vrir, al - lait en - fin s'ou - vrir?

CHORUS OF MEN AND WOMEN.

(Before Margaret's house.)

Hallo! Mistress Martha,
 See to your daughter's safety!
 The warning only comes in time,
 If her gallant you wish to lime!
 Come home, good dame, or woe betide the
 maiden's surety.

Hallo! Hallo!

MEPHISTOPHELES. The crowd is nearing; we
 must away!

MARGARET. Heav'n! Dost thou hear their
 cries?

Woe is me if they enter
 And thy presence here surprise!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Come, or they will torment
 her.

FAUST. Oh, despair!

MEPHISTOPHELES. This is folly!

MARGARET. Farewell! that little gate
 Through the garden doth lead.

FAUST. Oh, my love, cruel fate!

MEPHISTOPHELES. To the gate! To the gate!

FAUST. At last I've seen thee near, fairest
 treasure of nature!

Love's delight hath appear'd and hath
 called me to life!

Fair love, thou hast enthrall'd with de-
 light and with rapture

The heart that's henceforth thine!

With hope my breast is rife!

MARGARET. Dearest Faust! I do give thee
 forever

My promise and my love!

Even death cannot sever hearts so faithful,
 True till death!

CHŒUR DE VOISINS ET DE VOISINES DANS
LA RUE.

Holà! mère Oppenheim, vois ce que fait
 ta fille!

L'avis n'est pas hors de saison:

Un galant est dans ta maison,

Et tu verras dans peu s'accroître ta famille.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. La foule arrive:
 Hâtons-nous de partir!

MARGUERITE. Ciel! entends-tu ces cris? De-
 vant Dieu, je suis morte
 Si l'on te trouve ici!

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Viens! on frappe à la
 porte!

FAUST. O fureur!

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. O sottise!

MARGUERITE. Adieu. Par le jardin
 Vous pouvez échapper.

FAUST. O mon ange! à demain!

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. A demain! à demain!

FAUST. Je connais donc enfin tout le prix
 de la vie!

Le bonheur m'apparaît et je vais le saisir.

L'amour s'est emparé de mon âme ravie,

Il comblera bientôt mon dévorant désir.

MARGUERITE. O mon Faust bien-aimé, je te
 donne ma vie!

Pourrai-je te charmer au gré de mon
 désir! . . .

Fair love, thou hast enthrall'd with delight
and with rapture!
To lose thee were to die!

L'amour s'est emparé de mon âme ravie,
Il m'entraîne vers toi: te perdre c'est
mourir.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Thou art mine! And
now shall thy proud nature,
Haughty Faust, be enslaved forever;
Mine, thy soul and thy life!
Empty hopes within thy breast are rife,
To me they bind thee fast — thy delight
and thy rapture!

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Je puis donc à mon gré
te traîner dans la vie,
Fier esprit! Sans combler ton dévorant
désir,
L'amour en t'énivrant doublera ta folie,
Et le moment approche où je vais te
saisir.

FAUST. At last I've seen thee near, etc.

FAUST. Je connais donc enfin, etc.

MARGARET. Dearest Faust, I do give thee, etc.

MARGUERITE. O mon Faust bien-aimé, etc.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Thou art mine! etc.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Je puis donc à mon gré,
etc.

CHORUS (*in the street*). Mistress Martha,
come home, good dame,
See to your daughter's safety.
Hallo! Hallo!

CHŒUR AU DEHORS.

Holà, etc., etc.

FOURTH PART.

QUATRIÈME PARTIE.

SCENE XV.

SCÈNE XV.

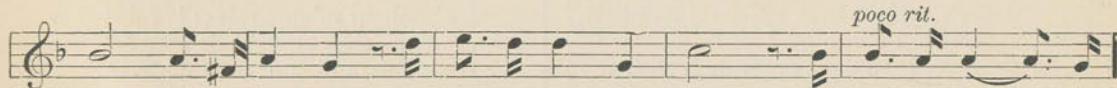
(Margaret's Chamber.)

(Chambre de Marguerite.)

MARGARET (*alone*).

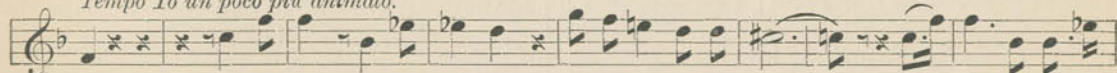


Ah me, my heart is heav - y, My peace - ful days are gone, All in
D'a - mour, l'ar - den - te flam - me, con - su - me mes beaux jours, Ah! la



sad - ness de - part - ed, For - ev - er - more are flown, For - ev - er - more are
paix de mon â - me, A donc fui pour tou - jours, A donc fui pour tou -

Tempo Io un poco più animato.



flown. When my love is not near me, The dark grave do I see, . . . And all the world is
jours! Son dé - part, son ab - sen - ce, Sont pour moi le cer - cueil, . . . Et loin de sa pré -



changed, . . chang'd,—Ah, so bit - ter - ly. A - las, my brain is turn - ed, And my
sen - ce, Tout me pa - rait en deuil. A - lors ma pau - vre tête Se dé -



mind is distraught; My sens - es ev - er wan - der, Pon - der - ing one, sad, sad thought.
ran - ge bien tôt; Mon fai - ble cœur s'ar - ré - te, Puis se gla - ce aussi - tôt.

His form so noble haunts me,
 His lofty bearing high;
 The lip that smiled so softly,
 The glance of his eye;

His voice, the magic flow,
 Magic flow of his words,
 And the bliss in the clasp of his hand,
 And, ah me, ah me, his kiss!

Ah me, my heart is heavy,
 My peaceful days are gone,
 All in sadness departed,
 Forever more are flown.

To greet him from my window
 Do I gaze all the day,
 I stir out, if to meet him then
 I only, only may.

For him doth my bosom ever cry out,
 Ever cry out and pine;
 Oh, if I might but clasp him,
 And keep him ever mine!

Once again to behold him
 And kiss him fain were I;
 E'en death itself were blissful
 To kiss him once and die!

(Small Chorus behind the Scenes.)

CHORUS. The trumpet that calls our banner
 beneath,
 It summons to pleasure or summons to
 death;
 No dangers appal us, how glorious is our
 life!

Sa marche que j'admire,
 Son port si gracieux,
 Sa bouche au doux sourire,
 Le charme de ses yeux.

Sa voix enchanteresse
 Dont il sait m'embraser,
 De sa main la caresse,
 Helas! et son baiser.

D'une amoureuse flamme
 Consument mes beaux jours.
 Ah! la paix de mon âme
 A donc fui pour toujours!

Je suis à ma fenêtre
 Ou dehors tout le jour:
 C'est pour le voir paraître
 Ou hâter son retour.

Mon cœur bat et se presse
 Dès qu'il le sent venir;
 Au grè de ma tendresse
 Puis-jé le retenir!

O caresses de flamme!
 Que je voudrais un jour
 Voir s'exhaler mon âme
 Dans ses baisers d'amour.

(Tambours et trompettes sonnant la retraite. — Chœur de soldats et d'étudiants qui se font entendre dans le lointain.)

CHŒUR. Villes entourées
 De murs et remparts,
 Fillettes parés
 Aux malins regards,
 Victoire certaine
 Près de vous m'attend!
 Si grande est la peine,
 Le prix est plus grand.

MARGARET. I hear the sounds that summon
all the town to repose;
Those joyous strains attend and cheer the
daylight's close,
On such a night as this did love come to
my heart,
And awake it to bliss.

CHORUS. *Jam nox stellata velamina pandit,
Per urbem quærentes puellas eamus.*

MARGARET. He cometh not! He cometh not!
Alas! Alas!

SCENE XVI.

(Forests and Caverns.)

MARGUERITE. Bientôt la ville entière au repos
va se rendre;
Clairons, tambours du soir déjà se font
entendre
Avec des chants joyeux,
Comme au soir où l'amour offrit Faust à
mes yeux.

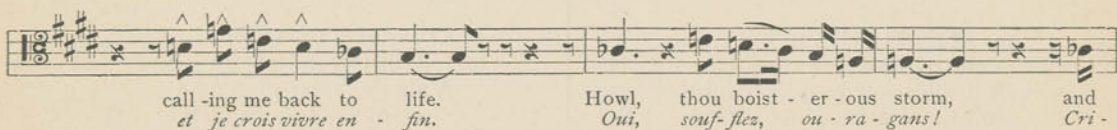
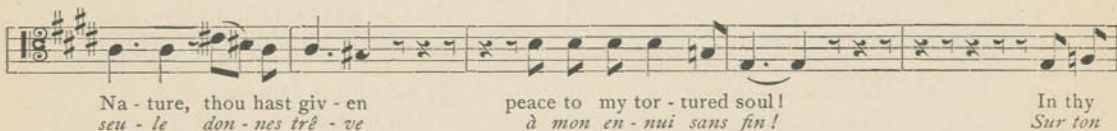
CHŒUR. *Jam nox stellata velamina pandit.
Per urbem quærentes puellas eamus.*

MARGUERITE. Il ne vient pas!
Hélas!

SCÈNE XVI.

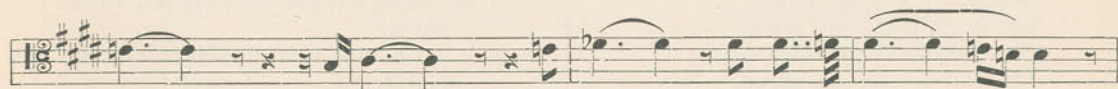
(Forêts et cavernes.)

FAUST (alone).
Very broad and sombre.





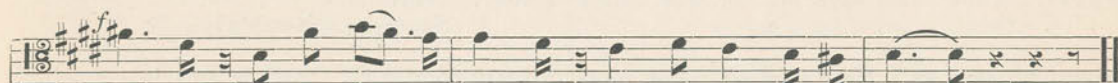
ma voix ai - me à su - nir. . .



rêts, . . . ro - chers! tor - rents, . je vous a - do - - re!



Mon - des qui scin - til - lez, . . . vers vous s'é - lan - ce le dé - sir D'un cœur trop



vas - te et d'une â - me alté - ré - e

SCENE XVII.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears among the rocks*).
In that star-spangled vault, can you
discover, friend,
The orb of constant love?
For now its influence, methinks, might
prove most useful.
You've forgotten, I trow, in sapient con-
templation,
Your Margaret.

FAUST. Oh, cease!

MEPHISTOPHELES. That poor damsel so trust-
ful,
You've ceased to love, I know;
In a dungeon she's pining!
Poor soul, condemned to die,
While your love is declining!

FAUST. What!

(Hunters' horns heard in the distance)

MEPHISTOPHELES. The hunters I hear who
are scouring the wood.

FAUST. No jesting! What saidst thou?
Margaret, oh, dread news!

SCÈNE XVII.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*gravissant les rochers*).
A la voûte azurée
Aperçois-tu, dis-moi, l'astre d'amour con-
stant?
Son influence, ami, serait fort nécessaire;
Car tu rêves ici, quand cette pauvre enfant,
Marguerite . . .

FAUST. Tais-toi!

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Sans doute il faut me
taire.
Tu n'aimes plus! Pourtant en un cachot
traînée,
Et pour un parricide à la mort condamnée...

FAUST. Quoi!

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. J'entends des chasseurs
qui parcourent les bois.

FAUST. Achève, qu'as-tu dit? Marguerite en
prison?

MEPHISTOPHELES. The tidings are unpleas-
ant,
To hear them dost thou choose?
She had wander'd forlorn, wretched and
ill-starr'd being;
And now in a prison immur'd,
Awaits a frightful doom.
The short hours are fleeing
That withhold her from death;
Then all her ills are cured.
Her mother's end was caused by the
draught that *we* furnished
To ensure her repose.

FAUST. Treacherous monster!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Unwitting, she gave too
much, and must abide.

FAUST. Thou must save her, or woe betide
thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes, ever so, poor mort-
tals,
Ye the thunder would grasp
To avert what ye dread, yet listen!
My power doth suffice to ope her dun-
geon portals,
And leaves the rest to thee;
On one condition, though.

FAUST. Oh, quickly speak!

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis this, — Thou shalt
upon this parchment
Set thy hand and thy seal,
And quick as thought is Margaret free;
For so great a service what I claim to-
morrow shall reveal.

FAUST. What boots tomorrow, fiend; 'tis
today thou must save her,
The parchment! — (*he signs*) Behold,
'tis done!
And now swiftly conduct me to the cell,
Where in fear and in sorrow she's
pining.
Margaret, I come!

MEPHISTOPHELES. What, ho! my magic
steeds!
These horses, swift as light, shall bear
us,

MÈPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Certaine liqueur brune, un
innocent poison,
Qu'elle tenait de toi pour endormir sa mère
Pendant vos nocturnes amours,
A causé tout le mal. Caressant sa chi-
mère,
T'attendant chaque soir, elle en usait tou-
jours.
Elle en a tant usé, que la vieille en est
morte.
Tu comprends maintenant.

FAUST. Feux et tonnerre!

MÈPHISTOPHÉLÈS. En sorte
Que son amour pour toi la conduit.

FAUST. Sauve-la,
Sauve-la, miserable!

MÈPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Ah! je suis le coupable!
On vous reconnaît là,
Ridicules humains! N'importe!
Je suis le maître encor de t'ouvrir cette
porte.
Mais qu'as-tu fait pour moi
Depuis que je te sers?

FAUST. Qu'exiges-tu?

MÈPHISTOPHÉLÈS. De toi?
Rien qu'une signature
Sur ce vieux parchemin.
Je sauve Marguerite à l'instant, si tu
jures
Et signes ton serment de me servir
demain.

FAUST. Eh! que me fait *demain*, quand je
souffre à cette heure?
Donne. (*Il signe.*) Voilà mon nom.
Vers sa sombre demeure
Volons donc maintenant. O douleur
insensée!
Marguerite, j'accours!

MÈPHISTOPHÉLÈS. A moi, Vortex! Giaour!
Sur ces deux noirs chevaux, prompts
comme la pensée.

And we'll carry the prize ere fall of
night.
Haste away, do not tarry!

SCENE XVIII.

THE RIDE TO HELL.

(Night, the Open Country.)

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES (*galloping on
black horses*).

FAUST. Through my heart her sad voice is
ringing mournfully.

.....

Alas! and woe is me!

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

(Kneeling before a Crucifix.)

*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis;
Sancta Magdalena, ora pro nobis.*

FAUST. Take heed, a pious crowd of poor
women and children
Kneel around yon cross.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Never heed them, let us
on!

CHORUS. *Sancta Margarita*— Ah! (*Cry of
alarm.*)

(The women and children disperse.)

.....

FAUST. See, a hideous shape pursues us with
loud cries.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Thou art dreaming!

FAUST. What a host of foul birds fills the
skies!

With dismal shriek round my head they
are whirling.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*slackening his speed*).
The passing bell I hear; for Margaret 'tis
tolling.

Art afraid to go on?

(They halt.)

Montons, et au galop. . . La justice est
pressée.

(Ils partent.)

SCÈNE XVIII.

LA COURSE À L'ABÏME.

(Plaines, montagnes et vallées.)

FAUST ET MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*galopant sur
deux chevaux noirs*).

FAUST. Dans mon cœur retentit sa voix déses-
pérée. . .

.....

O pauvre abandonnée!

CHŒUR DE PAYSANS.

(Agenouillés devant une croix champêtre.)

*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis;
Sancta Magdalena, ora pro nobis.*

FAUST. Prends garde à ces enfants, à ces
femmes priant
Au pied de cette croix.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Eh qu'importe! en avant!

CHŒUR. *Sancta Margarita, ora pro*—
Ah!!!

(Cris d'effroi. Le chœur se disperse en tumults. Les cavaliers passent.)

.....

FAUST. Dieux! un monstre hideux en hurlant
nous poursuit!

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Tu rêves!

FAUST. Quel essaim de grands oiseaux de
nuit!

Quel cris affreux! . . . ils me frappent
de l'aile! . . .

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*retenant son cheval*).
Le glas des trépassés sonne déjà pour elle.
As-tu peur? retournons!

(Ils s'arrêtent.)

FAUST. No, the goal must be won!
(They resume their course with quickened speed.)

ORCHESTRA.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*urging his horse*). On!
on! on!

FAUST. On ev'ry side, dost see, spectral forms
are arising;
There, the skeletons dance,
While ghastly laugh and gesture, the
foul horror enhance.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Think of saving thy loved
one, and heed not these ghosts.
On! on!

ORCHESTRA.

FAUST (*horror struck*). Our horses are shud-
d'ring,
Transfixed with terror, before those
dread hosts
The earth seems to roll and tremble
beneath me.
The loud crashing thunder bewilders
my soul!
It raineth blood!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in a voice of thunder*).
Infernal cohorts triumph,
And let the boastful trumpet flourish;
His soul is mine!

FAUST. Horror! oh!

MEPHISTOPHELES. For evermore!
(They fall into the abyss.)

SCENE XIX.

(Faust in Hell.)

PANDÆMONIUM.

CHORUS OF THE DEMONS AND THE DAMNED.

(1) *Has! Irimiru Karabrao!*

THE PRINCES OF DARKNESS TO MEPHISTO-
PHELES. Hast thou conquer'd this
proud immortal soul,

FAUST. Non, je l'entends, courons!
(Les chevaux redoublent de vitesse.)

ORCHESTRE SEUL.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*excitant son cheval*). Hop!
hop! hop!

FAUST. Regarde, autour de nous, cette ligne
infinie
De squelettes dansant!

Avec quel rire horrible ils saluent!

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*animant les chevaux*).
Enfant!
Hop! hop! . . . pense à sauver sa vie.
Hop! . . . et ris-toi des morts!

ORCHESTRE SEUL.

FAUST (*de plus en plus épouventé, et haletant*).
Nos chevaux frémissent,
Leur crins se hérissent,
Ils brisent leurs mors!
Je vois onduler
Devant nous la terre;
J'entends le tonnerre
Sous nos pieds rouler!
Il pleut du sang!!!

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*d'un voix tonnante*).
Cohortes infernales,
Sonnez vos trompes triomphales!
Il est à nous!

FAUST. Horreur!

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Je suis vainqueur!
(Ils tombent dans un gouffre.)

SCÈNE XIX ET DERNIÈRE.

(L'Enfer. — Faust est livré aux flammes.)

PANDÆMONIUM.

CHŒUR DE DÉMONS ET DAMNÉS.

(1) *Has! Irimiru Karabrao!*

LES PRINCES DES TÉNÈBRES À MÉPHIS-
TOPHÉLÈS. De cette âme si fière,

(1) Cette langue est celle que Swedenborg appelait la langue *infernale*, et qu'il croyait en usage chez les démons et les damnés.

And enslaved it, Mephisto, for aye?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I have conquer'd this soul.

PRINCES OF DARKNESS. Then did Faust freely
sign
The dread act that did yield up his soul to
our fires?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Of free will did he sign.

(Infernal orgies.—Mephisto's triumph.)

CHORUS.

*Tradioun Marexil, fir tru diuxé burru-
dixé.*

*Fory my Dinkorlitz O meri karin
O mévixé merikariba
O meri karin o mi dara caraibo
Lakinda merondor Dinkorlitz
Diff! Diff! merondor aysko!
Has! Has! Satan, Belphégor, Méphisto,
Has! Has! Kroix, Astaroth, Belzébuth
Sat rayk irkimour.*

EPILOGUE.

(On earth.)

SOME VOICES.

And then Hell's gates were still.
The seething sound alone of the vast lakes
of fire,
The gnashing teeth and wail that dread
torments inspire,
Alone were heard above; while in the
depths profound,
In dread mystery drown'd, there was
wrought
An awful deed!

(In Heaven.)

SERAPHIM PROSTRATE BEFORE THE ALMIGHTY.

Laus! Hosanna!

Receive a contrite soul, oh Lord.

(Silence—Harmonious murmurs.)

A VOICE FROM THE HIGHEST HEAVEN.

Margaret, rise!

A jamais es-tu maître et vainqueur,
Méphisto?

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. J'en suis maître à jamais.

LES PRINCES. Faust a donc librement
Signé l'acte fatal qui le livre à la
flamme?

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS. Il signa librement.

(Orgie infernale.—Triomphe de Méphistophélès.)

CHŒUR. *Tradioun marexil Trudinxé burru-
dixé.*

*Fory my dinkorlitz Hor meak omévixe!
Uraraiké!
Muraraiké!*

*Diff! Diff! mèrondor mit aysko!
Has! Has! Satan, Belphégor, Méphisto,
Has! Has! Kroix, Astaroth, Belzébuth.
Sat rayk irkimour.*

ÉPILOGUÉ.

(Sur la terre.)

QUELQUES VOIX. Alors l'enfer se tut.

L'affreux bouillonnement de ses grands
lacs de flammes,
Les grincements de dents de ses tour-
menteurs d'âmes,
Se firent seuls entendre; et, dans ses
profondeurs,
Un mystère d'horreur s'accomplit.

CHŒUR. O terreurs! . . .

(Dans le ciel.)

SÉRAPHINS INCLINÉS DEVANT LE TRÈS-HAUT.

Laus! . . . Hosanna!

Elle a beaucoup aimé, Seigneur!

(Silence. . . Murmure harmonieux.)

UNE VOIX DANS LES HAUTEURS DES CIEUX.

Margarita! ! !

CHORUS OF HEAVENLY SPIRITS.

Margaret's Apotheosis.

Ascend on high, innocent spirit!
 Once misled by earthly love,
 But now restored to thy primitive beauty,
 Thou shalt see the realms above.
 Come, the heavenly choir
 In joyous strains conspire
 To greet thy ransomed soul
 In the courts of the blest,
 By tribulation tried,
 Thy faith and hope have saved thee
 From the world's raging tide.
 Rise, oh Margaret, rise!

THE END.

CHŒUR D'ANGES.

Apothéose de Marguerite.

Remonte au ciel, âme naïve
 Que l'amour égara;
 Viens revêtir ta beauté primitive
 Qu'une erreur altéra.
 Viens, les vierges divines,
 Tes sœurs les Séraphines,
 Sauront tarir les pleurs
 Que t'arrachent encor les terrestres douleurs.
 L'Éternel te pardonne, et sa vaste clémence
 Un jour sur Faust aussi peut-être s'étendra.
 Conserve l'espérance
 Et souris au bonheur. Viens, viens, Margarita!

FIN.

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Flying Dutchman	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>	Poliuto	English	<i>Donizetti</i>
Fra Diavolo	Italian and English	<i>Auber</i>	Prophete, Le	Italian and English	<i>Meyerbeer</i>
Freischütz, Der	German and English	<i>Weber</i>	Puritani, I	Italian and English	<i>Bellini</i>
Freischütz, Der	Italian and English	<i>Weber</i>	Queen of Sheba	German and English	<i>Goldmark</i>
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Giroflé-Girofla	French and English	<i>Lecocq</i>	Rigoletto	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>
Götterdämmerung	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>	Roberto il Diavolo	Italian and English	<i>Meyerbeer</i>
Grand Duchess of Gerolstein	French and English	<i>Offenbach</i>	Romeo and Juliet	Italian and English	<i>Bellini</i>
Hamlet	English	<i>Thomas</i>	Romeo and Juliet	Italian and English	<i>Gounod</i>
Huguenots, Les	Italian and English	<i>Meyerbeer</i>	Rose of Castile	English	<i>Balfe</i>
Jewess, The	Italian and English	<i>Halevy</i>	Samson and Delilah	French and English	<i>Saint-Saëns</i>
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Lucia di Lammermoor	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>	Traviata, La	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>
Lucrezia Borgia	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>	Tristan und Isolde	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>
Magic Flute	Italian and English	<i>Mozart</i>	Trovatore, Il	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>
			Walküre, Die	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>
			William Tell	Italian and English	<i>Rossini</i>
			Zampa	Italian and English	<i>Herold</i>