

BOOK VI

[The Year 1736]

* * * At this period commences the brief happiness of my life; here approach the peaceful, but rapid moments which have given me the right to say, *I have lived*. Precious and regretted moments! Begin again for me your delightful course; and, if it be possible, pass more slowly in succession through my memory, than you did in your fugitive reality. What can I do, to prolong, as I should like, this touching and simple narrative, to repeat the same things over and over again, without wearying my readers by such repetition, any more than I was wearied of them myself, when I recommenced the life again and again? If all this consisted of facts, actions, and words, I could describe, and in a manner, give an idea of them; but how is it possible to describe what was neither said nor done, nor even thought, but enjoyed and felt, without being able to assign any other reason for my happiness than this simple feeling? I got up at sunrise, and was happy; I walked, and was happy; I saw mamma, and was happy; I left her, and was happy; I roamed the forests and hills, I wandered in the valleys, I read, I did nothing, I worked in the garden, I picked the fruit, I helped in the work of the house, and happiness followed me everywhere—happiness, which could not be referred to any definite object, but dwelt entirely within myself, and which never left me for a single instant. * * *

I should much like to know, whether the same childish ideas ever enter the hearts of other men as sometimes enter mine. In the midst of my studies, in the course of a life as blameless as a man could have led, the fear of hell still frequently troubled me. I asked myself: "In what state am I? If I were to die this moment, should I be damned?" According to my Jansenists,² there was no doubt about the matter; but, according to my conscience, I thought differently. Always fearful, and a prey to cruel uncertainty, I had recourse to the most laughable expedients to escape from it, for which I would unhesitatingly have anyone locked up as a madman if I saw him doing as I did. One day, while musing upon this melancholy subject, I mechanically amused myself by throwing stones against the trunks of trees with my usual good aim, that is to say, without hardly hitting one. While engaged in this useful exercise, it occurred to me to draw a prognostic from it to calm my anxiety. I said to myself: "I will throw this stone at the tree opposite; if I hit it, I am saved; if I miss it, I am damned." While speaking, I threw my stone with a trembling hand and a terrible palpitation of the heart, but with so successful an aim that it hit the tree right in the middle, which, to tell the truth, was no very difficult feat, for I had been careful to choose a tree with a thick trunk close at hand. From that time I have never had any doubt about my salvation! When I recall this characteristic incident, I do not know whether to laugh or cry at myself. You great men, who are most certainly laughing, may congratulate yourselves; but do not mock my wretchedness, for I swear to you that I feel it deeply. * * *

2. A sect of strict Catholics, named for Corneille Jansen (1585–1638). Voltaire mentions them in *Candide*, chaps. 21 and 22.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

1749–1832

Recasting the ancient legend of Faust, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe created a powerful symbol of the Romantic imagination in all its aspiration and anxiety. Faust himself, central character of the epic drama, emerges as a Romantic hero, ever testing the limits of possibility. Yet to achieve his ends he must make a contract with the Devil: as if to say that giving full scope to imagination necessarily partakes of sin.

Goethe's *Faust* (Part I, 1808; Part II, 1832) constituted the crowning masterpiece of a life rich in achievement. Goethe exemplifies the nineteenth-century meaning of *genius*. Accomplished as poet, dramatist, novelist, and autobiographer, he also practiced law, served as a diplomat, and pursued scientific research. He had a happy childhood in Frankfurt, after which he studied law at Leipzig and then at Strasbourg, where in 1770–71 he met Gottfried Herder, leader of a new literary movement called the *Sturm und Drang* (Storm and Stress) movement. Participants in this movement emphasized the importance of revolt against established standards; they interested Goethe in such newly discovered forms as the folk song and in the literary vitality of Shakespeare, as opposed to more formally constricted writers.

During the brief period when he practiced law, after an unhappy love affair, Goethe wrote *The Sorrows of Young Werther* (1774), a novel of immense influence in establishing the image of the introspective, self-pitying, melancholy Romantic hero. In 1775 he accepted an invitation to the court of Charles Augustus, duke of Saxe-Weimar. He remained in Weimar for the rest of his life, for ten years serving the duke as chief minister. A trip to Italy from 1786 to 1788 aroused his interest in classic sources. He wrote dramas based on classic texts, most notably *Iphigenia* (1787); novels (for example, *Elective Affinities*, 1809) that pointed the way to the psychological novel; lyric poetry; and an important autobiography, *Poetry and Truth* (1811–33). He also did significant work in botany and physiology. Increasingly famous, he became in his own lifetime a legendary figure; all Europe flocked to Weimar to visit him.

The legend of Dr. Faustus (the real Johannes Faustus, a scholar, lived from 1480 to 1540), in most versions a seeker after forbidden knowledge, had attracted other writers before Goethe. The most important previous literary embodiment of the tale was Christopher Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* (ca. 1588), a drama ending in its protagonist's damnation as a result of his search for illegitimate power through learning. Goethe's Faust meets no such fate. Pursuing not knowledge but experience, he embodies the ideal of limitless aspiration in all its glamour and danger. His contract with Mephistopheles provides that he will die at the moment he declares himself satisfied, content to rest in the present; he stakes his life and his salvation on his capacity ever to yearn for something beyond.

In Part I of Goethe's play, the protagonist's vision of the impossible locates itself specifically in the figure of Margaret (in German, *Margarete* or its diminutive, *Gretchen*), the simple, innocent girl whom he possesses physically but with whom he can never attain total union. In a speech epitomizing Romantic attitudes toward nature and toward emotion (especially the emotion of romantic love), Faust responds to his beloved's question, "Do you believe in God?"

Does not the heaven vault above?
Is the earth not firmly based down here?
And do not, friendly,

Eternal stars arise?
 Do we not look into each other's eyes,
 And all in you is surging
 To your head and heart,
 And weaves in timeless mystery,
 Unseeable, yet seen, around you?
 Then let it fill your heart entirely,
 And when your rapture in this feeling is complete,
 Call it then as you will,
 Call it bliss! heart! love! God!
 I do not have a name
 For this. Feeling is all.

The notion of *bliss*, for Pope associated with respect for limitation, for Wordsworth connected with revolutionary vision, here designates an unnameable feeling, derived from experience of nature and of romantic love, possibly identical with God, but valued partly for its very vagueness.

Modern readers may feel that Faust bullies Margaret, allowing her no reality except as instrument for his desires. In a poignant moment early in the play, interrupting Faust's rhapsody about her "meekness" and "humility," Margaret suggests, "If you should think of me one moment only . . ." Faust seems incapable of any such awareness, too busy inventing his loved one to see her as she is. He dramatically represents the "egotistical sublime," with a kind of imaginative grandeur inseparable from his utter absorption in the wonder of his own being, his own experience.

Yet the action of Part I turns on Faust's development of just that consciousness of another's reality which seemed impossible for him, and Margaret is the agent of his development. In the great final scene—Margaret in prison, intermittently mad, condemned to death for murdering her illegitimate child by Faust—the woman again appeals to the man to think about her, to *know* her: "Do you know, my love, *whom* you are setting free?" Her anguish, his responsibility for it, force themselves on Faust. He wishes he had never been born: his lust for experience has resulted in this terrible culpability, this agonizing loss. At the final moment of separation, with Margaret's spiritual redemption proclaimed from above, Faust implicitly acknowledges the full reality of the woman he has lost and thus, even though he departs with Mephistopheles, distinguishes himself from his Satanic mentor. Mephistopheles in his nature cannot grasp a reality utterly apart from his own; he can only recognize what belongs to him. Faust, at least fleetingly, realizes the otherness of the woman and the value of what he has lost.

Mephistopheles, at the outset witty and powerful in his own imagination, gradually reveals his limitations. In the *Prologue in Heaven*, the Devil seems energetic, perceptive, enterprising, fearless: as the Lord says, a "joker," apparently more playful than malign. His bargain with the Lord turns on his belief in the essentially "bestly" nature of humankind: like Gulliver's Houyhnhnm master, he emphasizes the human misuse of reason. Although the scene is modeled on the interchange between God and Satan in the Book of Job, it differs significantly in that the Lord gives an explicit reason for allowing the Tempter to function. "Man errs as long as he will," He says, but He adds that Mephistopheles's value is in prodding humanity into action. The introductory scene thus suggests that Mephistopheles will function as an agent of salvation rather than damnation. The Devil's subsequent exchanges with Faust, in Mephistopheles's mind predicated on his own superior knowledge and comprehension, gradually make one realize that the man in significant respects knows more than does the Devil. Mephistopheles, for example, can understand Faust's desire for Margaret only in sexual terms. His witty cynicism seems more and more inadequate to the actual situation. By the end of

Part I, Faust's suffering has enlarged him; but from the beginning, his capacity for sympathy marks his potential superiority to the Devil.

The *Walpurgis Night* section, with the *Walpurgis Night's Dream*, marks a stage in Faust's education and an extreme moment in the play's dramatic structure. Goethe here allows himself to indulge in unrestrained fantasy—grotesque, obscene, comic, with an explosion of satiric energy in the dream. The shifting tone and reference of these passages embody ways in which the diabolic might be thought to operate in human terms. While Margaret suffers the consequences of her sin, Faust experiences the ambiguous freedom of the imagination, always at the edge of horror.

The pattern of Faust's moral development in Part I prepares the reader for a nontragic denouement to the drama as a whole. In Part II, which he worked on for some thirty years, completing it only the year before his death, Goethe moves from the individual to the social. Faust marries Helen of Troy, who gives birth to Euphorion, symbol of new humanity. He turns soldier to save a kingdom; he reclaims land from the sea; finally he rests contented in a vision of happy community generated by the industry of humankind. Mephistopheles thinks this his moment of victory: now Faust has declared himself satisfied. But since his satisfaction depends still on aspiration, on a dream of the future, the Angels rescue him at last and take him to Heaven.

One cannot read *Faust* with twentieth-century expectations of what a play should be like. This is above all *poetic* drama, to be read with pleasure in the richness of its language, the fertility and daring of its imagination. Although its cast of characters natural and supernatural and its sequence of supernaturally generated events are far from "realistic," it addresses problems still very much with us. How can individual ambition and desire be reconciled with responsibility to others? Does a powerful imagination—an artist's, say, or a scientist's—justify its possessor in ignoring social obligations? Goethe investigates such perplexing issues in symbolic terms, drawing his readers into personal involvement by playing on their emotions even as he questions the proper functions and limitations of commitment to desire—that form of emotional energy that leads to the greatest human achievements, but involves the constant danger of debilitating narcissism.

E. Ludwig, *Goethe, The History of a Man, 1749–1832* (1928), is a solid biography. Also useful are V. Lange, ed., *Goethe: A Collection of Critical Essays* (1960); and the essays contained in the critical edition of W. Arndt and C. Hamlin, eds., *Faust* (1976). See also H. Hatfield, *Goethe: A Critical Introduction* (1963), M. Bidney, *Blake and Goethe* (1988); and specifically for *Faust*, L. Dieckmann, *Goethe's Faust: A Critical Reading* (1972). A study relating Goethe's play to other versions of the Faust legend is A. Hoelzel, *The Paradoxical Quest: A Study of Faustian Vicissitudes* (1988). A varied group of essays appears in Reinhold Grimm and Jost Hermand, eds., *Our Faust? Roots and Ramifications of a Modern German Myth* (1987).

PRONOUNCING GLOSSARY

The following list uses common English syllables and stress accents to provide rough equivalents of selected words whose pronunciation may be unfamiliar to the general reader.

Altmayer: <i>ahlt'-maier</i>	Euphorion: <i>oy-foh'-ree-on</i>
Auerbach: <i>aw'-er-bahk</i>	Faust: <i>fowst</i>
Elend: <i>ay'-lend</i>	Goethe: <i>gur'te</i>
encheirisis naturae: <i>en-kai-ray'-sis nah-</i>	Leipzig: <i>laip'-zig</i>
<i>tu'-rai</i>	

Proktophantasmist: *prohk-toh-fan-tas'* Wagner: *vahg'-ner*
mist Walpurgis: *vahl-poor'-gis*
 Schierke: *sheer'ke* Werther: *vayr'-ter*
 Sturm und Drang: *shturm unt drahn* Zenien: *tsay'-nee-en*
 Te Deum: *tay day'-um*

Faust¹*Prologue in Heaven*²

[*The LORD, the HEAVENLY HOSTS. Later, MEPHISTOPHELES.*³ *The three ARCHANGELS step forward.*]

RAPHAEL: The sun intones, in ancient tourney
 With brother spheres, a rival air;
 And his predestinated journey,
 He closes with a thundrous blare.
 His sight, as none can comprehend it,
 Gives strength to angels; the array
 Of works, unfathomably splendid,
 Is glorious as on the first day.
 GABRIEL: Unfathomably swiftly speeded,
 Earth's pomp revolves in whirling flight,
 As Eden's brightness is succeeded
 By deep and dread-inspiring night;
 In mighty torrents foams the ocean
 Against the rocks with roaring song—
 In ever-speeding spheric motion,
 Both rock and sea are swept along.
 MICHAEL: And rival tempests roar and ravage
 From sea to land, from land to sea,
 And, raging, form a chain of savage,
 Deeply destructive energy.
 There flames a flashing devastation
 To clear the thunder's crashing way;
 Yet, Lord, thy herald's admiration
 Is for the mildness of thy day.
 THE THREE: The sight, as none can comprehend it,
 Gives strength to angels; thy array
 Of works, unfathomably splendid
 Is glorious as on the first day.
 MEPHISTOPHELES: Since you, oh Lord, have once again drawn near,
 And ask how we have been, and are so genial,
 And since you used to like to see me here,
 You see me, too, as if I were a menial.

1. Translated by Walter Kaufman. 2. The scene is patterned on Job 1:6–12 and 2:1–6. 3. The origin of the name remains debatable. It may come from Hebrew, Persian, or Greek, with such meanings as “destroyer-liar,” “no friend of Faust,” and “no friend of light.”

I cannot speak as nobly as your staff,
 Though by this circle here I shall be spurned:
 My pathos would be sure to make you laugh,
 Were laughing not a habit you've unlearned.
 Of suns and worlds I know nothing to say;
 I only see how men live in dismay.
 The small god of the world will never change his ways
 And is as whimsical—as on the first of days.
 His life might be a bit more fun,
 Had you not given him that spark of heaven's sun;
 He calls it reason and employs it, resolute
 To be more brutish than is any brute.
 He seems to me, if you don't mind, Your Grace,
 Like a cicada of the long-legged race,
 That always flies, and, flying, springs,
 And in the grass the same old ditty sings;
 If only it were grass he could repose in!
 There is no trash he will not poke his nose in.
 THE LORD: Can you not speak but to abuse?
 Do you come only to accuse?
 Does nothing on the earth seem to you right?
 MEPHISTOPHELES: No, Lord. I find it still a rather sorry sight.
 Man moves me to compassion, so wretched is his plight.
 I have no wish to cause him further woe.
 THE LORD: Do you know Faust?
 MEPHISTOPHELES: The doctor?⁴
 THE LORD: Aye, my servant.
 MEPHISTOPHELES: Lo!
 He serves you⁵ most peculiarly, I think.
 Not earthly are the poor fool's meat and drink.
 His spirit's ferment drives him far,
 And he half knows how foolish is his quest:
 From heaven he demands the fairest star,
 And from the earth all joys that he thinks best;
 And all that's near and all that's far
 Cannot soothe the upheaval in his breast.
 THE LORD: Though now he serves me but confusedly,
 I shall soon lead him where the vapor clears.
 The gardener knows, however small the tree,
 That bloom and fruit adorn its later years.
 MEPHISTOPHELES: What will you bet? You'll lose him yet to me,
 If you will graciously connive
 That I may lead him carefully.
 THE LORD: As long as he may be alive,
 So long you shall not be prevented.
 Man errs as long as he will strive.

4. Of philosophy. 5. In the German text, Mephistopheles shifts from *du* to *ihr*, indicating his lack of respect for God.

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

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

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

THE LORD: Appear quite free on that day, too;
 I never hated those who were like you:
 Of all the spirits that negate,
 The knavish jester gives me least to do.
 For man's activity can easily abate,
 He soon prefers uninterrupted rest;
 To give him this companion hence seems best
 Who roils and must as Devil help create.
 But you, God's rightful sons, give voice
 To all the beauty in which you rejoice;
 And that which ever works and lives and grows
 Enfold you with fair bonds that love has wrought,
 And what in wavering apparition flows
 That fortify with everlasting thought.

[*The heavens close, the ARCHANGELS disperse.*]

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

The First Part of the Tragedy

NIGHT

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

FAUST: I have, alas, studied philosophy,
 Jurisprudence and medicine, too,
 And, worst of all, theology
 With keen endeavor, through and through—

And here I am, for all my lore,
 The wretched fool I was before.
 Called Master of Arts, and Doctor to boot,
 For ten years almost I confute
 And up and down, wherever it goes,
 I drag my students by the nose—
 And see that for all our science and art
 We can know nothing. It burns my heart.
 Of course, I am smarter than all the shysters,
 The doctors, and teachers, and scribes, and Christers;
 No scruple nor doubt could make me ill,
 I am not afraid of the Devil or hell—
 But therefore I also lack all delight,
 Do not fancy that I know anything right,
 Do not fancy that I could teach or assert
 What would better mankind or what might convert.
 I also have neither money nor treasures,
 Nor worldly honors or earthly pleasures;
 No dog would want to live longer this way!
 Hence I have yielded to magic to see
 Whether the spirit's mouth and might
 Would bring some mysteries to light,
 That I need not with work and woe
 Go on to say what I don't know;
 That I might see what secret force
 Hides in the world and rules its course.
 Envisage the creative blazes
 Instead of rummaging in phrases.

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

Still this old dungeon, still a mole!
 Cursed be this moldy walled-in hole
 Where heaven's lovely light must pass,
 And lose its luster, through stained glass.
 Confined with books, and every tome
 Is gnawed by worms, covered with dust,
 And on the walls, up to the dome,
 A smoky paper, spots of rust;

Enclosed by tubes and jars that breed
More dust, by instruments and soot,
Ancestral furniture to boot—
That is your world! A world indeed!

And need you ask why in your breast
Your cramped heart throbs so anxiously?
Life's every stirring is oppressed
By an unfathomed agony?
Instead of living nature which
God made man for with holy breath,
Must⁶ stifles you, and every niche
Holds skulls and skeletons and death.

Flee! Out into the open land!
And this book full of mystery,
Written in Nostradamus'⁷ hand—
Is it not ample company?
Stars' orbits you will know; and bold,
You learn what nature has to teach;
Your soul is freed, and you behold
The spirits' words, the spirits' speech.
Though dry reflection might expound
These holy symbols, it is dreary:
You float, oh spirits, all around;
Respond to me, if you can hear me.

[*He opens the book and sees the symbol of the macrocosm.*⁸]

What jubilation bursts out of this sight
Into my senses—now I feel it flowing,
Youthful, a sacred fountain of delight,
Through every nerve, my veins are glowing.
Was it a god that made these symbols be
That soothe my feverish unrest,
Filling with joy my anxious breast,
And with mysterious potency
Make nature's hidden powers around me, manifest?

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

[*He contemplates the symbol.*]

All weaves itself into the whole,

6. Mustiness, mold. 7. Latin name of the French astrologer and physician Michel de Notredame (1503–1566). His collection of rhymed prophecies, *The Centuries*, appeared in 1555. 8. Literally, "the great world"; the universe as a whole.

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

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

[*In disgust, he turns some pages and beholds the symbol of the earth SPIRIT.*⁹]

How different is the power of this sign!
You, spirit of the earth, seem close to mine:
I look and feel my powers growing,
As if I'd drunk new wine I'm glowing,
I feel a sudden courage, and should dare
To plunge into the world, to bear
All earthly grief, all earthly joy—compare
With gales my strength, face shipwreck without care.
Now there are clouds above—
The moon conceals her light—
The lamp dies down.

It steams. Red light rays dash
About my head—a chill
Blows from the vaulting dome
And seizes me.
I feel you near me, spirit I implored.
Reveal yourself!

Oh, how my heart is gored
By never felt urges,
And my whole body surges—
My heart is yours; yours, too, am I.
You must. You must. Though I should have to die.

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

SPIRIT: Who calls me?

FAUST: [*Turning away.*] Vision of fright!

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

FAUST: I cannot bear your sight!

SPIRIT: You have implored me to appear,
Make known my voice, reveal my face;

9. The macrocosm represented the ordered, harmonious universe in its totality; this figure seems to be a symbol for the energy of terrestrial nature—neither good nor bad, merely powerful.

Your soul's entreaty won my grace:
 Here I am! What abject fear
 Grasps you, oh superman! Where is the soul's impassioned
 Call? And where the breast that even now had fashioned
 A world to bear and nurse within—that trembled thus,
 Swollen with joy that it resembled us? 140
 Where are you, Faust, whose voice pierced my domain,
 Who surged against me with his might and main?
 Could it be you who at my breath's slight shiver
 Are to the depths of life aquiver,
 A miserably writhing worm? 145

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

SPIRIT: In the floods of life and creative storm
 To and fro I wave. 150
 Weave eternally.
 And birth and grave,
 An eternal sea,
 A changeful strife,
 A glowing life: 155
 At the roaring loom of the ages I plod
 And fashion the life-giving garment of God.

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

SPIRIT: Peer of the spirit that you comprehend 160
 Not mine! [*Vanishes.*]

FAUST: [*Collapsing.*] Not yours?
 Whose then?
 I, image of the godhead!
 And not even yours! 165
 [*A knock.*]
 O death! My famulus¹—I know it well.
 My fairest happiness destroyed!
 This wealth of visions I enjoyed
 The dreary creeper must dispel!
 [*WAGNER enters in a dressing gown and night cap, a light in his hand.*
 FAUST turns away in disgust.]

WAGNER: Forgive! I hear your declamation; 170
 Surely, you read a Grecian tragedy?
 I'd profit from some work in this vocation,
 These days it can be used effectively.
 I have been told three times at least
 That a comedian could instruct a priest. 175

FAUST: Yes, when the priest is a comedian for all his *Te Deum*.²
 As happens more often than one would own.

WAGNER: Ah, when one is confined to one's museum
 And sees, the world on holidays alone,

1. Assistant to a medieval scholar. 2. A chant of praise to God.

But from a distance, only on occasion,
 How can one guide it by persuasion? 180

FAUST: What you don't feel, you will not grasp by art,
 Unless it wells out of your soul
 And with sheer pleasure takes control,
 Compelling every listener's heart. 185
 But sit—and sit, and patch and knead,
 Cook a ragout, reheat your hashes,
 Blow at the sparks and try to breed
 A fire out of piles of ashes!
 Children and apes may think it great, 190
 If that should titillate your gum,
 But from heart to heart you will never create.
 If from your heart it does not come.

WAGNER: Yet much depends on the delivery;
 I still lack much; don't you agree? 195

FAUST: Oh, let him look for honest gain!
 Let him not be a noisy fool!
 All that makes sense you can explain
 Without the tricks of any school.
 If you have anything to say, 200
 Why juggle words for a display?
 Your glittering rhet'ric, subtly disciplined,
 Which for mankind thin paper garlands weaves,
 Is as unwholesome as the foggy wind
 That blows in autumn through the wilted leaves. 205

WAGNER: Oh God, art is forever
 And our life is brief.
 I fear that with my critical endeavor
 My head and heart may come to grief.
 How hard the scholars' means are to array 210
 With which one works up to the source;
 Before we have traversed but half the course,
 We wretched devils pass away.

FAUST: Parchment—is that the sacred fount
 From which you drink to still your thirst forever? 215
 If your refreshment does not mount.
 From your own soul, you gain it never.

WAGNER: Forgive! It does seem so sublime,
 Entering into the spirit of the time
 To see what wise men, who lived long ago, believed, 220
 Till we at last have all the highest aims achieved.

FAUST: Up to the stars—achieved indeed!
 My friend, the times that antecede
 Our own are books safely protected
 By seven seals.³ What spirit of the time you call,
 Is but the scholars' spirit, after all, 225

3. Revelation 5:1.

In which times past are now reflected.
 In truth, it often is pathetic,
 And when one sees it, one would run away:
 A garbage pail, perhaps a storage attic, 230
 At best a pompous moralistic play
 With wonderfully edifying quips,
 Most suitable to come from puppets' lips.
 WAGNER: And yet the world! Man's heart and spirit! Oh,
 That everybody knew part of the same! 235
 FAUST: The things that people claim to know!
 Who dares to call the child by its true name?
 The few that saw something like this and, starry-eyed
 But foolishly, with glowing hearts averred 240
 Their feelings and their visions before the common herd
 Have at all times been burned and crucified.
 I beg you, friend, it is deep in the night;
 We must break off this interview.
 WAGNER: Our conversation was so erudite,
 I should have liked to stay awake with you. 245
 Yet Easter comes tomorrow; then permit
 That I may question you a bit.
 Most zealously I've studied matters great and small;
 Though I know much, I should like to know all.
 [Exit.]
 FAUST: [Alone.] Hope never seems to leave those who affirm, 250
 The shallow minds that stick to must and mold—
 They dig with greedy hands for gold
 And yet are happy if they find a worm.
 Dare such a human voice be sounded
 Where I was even now surrounded 255
 By spirits' might? And yet I thank you just this once,
 You, of all creatures the most wretched dunce.
 You tore me from despair that had surpassed
 My mind and threatened to destroy my sense.
 Alas, the apparition was so vast 260
 That I felt dwarfed in impotence.
 I, image of the godhead, that began
 To dream eternal truth was within reach,
 Exulting on the heavens' brilliant beach
 As if I had stripped off the mortal man; 265
 I, more than cherub, whose unbounded might
 Seemed even then to flow through nature's veins,
 Shared the creative joys of God's domains—
 Presumptuous hope for which I pay in pains:
 One word of thunder swept me from my height. 270

I may no longer claim to be your peer:
 I had the power to attract you here,
 But to retain you lacked the might.

In that moment of bliss, alack,
 In which I felt so small, so great, 275
 You, cruel one, have pushed me back
 Into uncertain human fate.
 Who teaches me? What should I shun?
 Should I give in to that obsession?
 Not our sufferings only, the deeds that we have done 280
 Inhibit our life's progression.
 Whatever noblest things the mind received,
 More and more foreign matter spoils the theme;
 And when the good of this world is achieved,
 What's better seems an idle dream. 285
 That gave us our life, the noblest urges
 Are petrified in the earth's vulgar surges.
 Where fantasy once rose in glorious flight,
 Hopeful and bold to capture the sublime,
 It is content now with a narrow site, 290
 Since joy on joy crashed on the rocks of time.
 Deep in the heart there dwells relentless care
 And secretly infects us with despair;
 Restless, she sways and poisons peace and joy
 She always finds new masks she can employ: 295
 She may appear as house and home, as child and wife,
 As fire, water, poison, knife—
 What does not strike, still makes you quail,
 And what you never lose, for that you always wail.
 I am not like the gods! That was a painful thrust;
 I'm like the worm that burrows in the dust, 300
 Who, as he makes of dust his meager meal,
 Is crushed and buried by a wanderer's heel.
 Is it not dust that stares from every rack
 And narrows down this vaulting den? 305
 This moths' world full of bric-a-brac
 In which I live as in a pen?
 Here I should find for what I care?
 Should I read in a thousand books, maybe,
 That men have always suffered everywhere, 310
 Though now and then some man lived happily?—
 Why, hollow skull, do you grin like a faun?
 Save that your brain, like mine, once in dismay
 Searched for light day, but foundered in the heavy dawn
 And, craving truth, went wretchedly astray. 315
 You instruments, of course, can scorn and tease
 With rollers, handles, cogs, and wheels:
 I found the gate, you were to be the keys;
 Although your webs are subtle, you cannot break the seals.
 Mysterious in the light of day, 320

Nature, in veils, will not let us perceive her,
 And what she is unwilling to betray,
 You cannot wrest from her with thumbscrews, wheel, or lever.
 You ancient tools that rest upon the rack,
 Unused by me, but used once by my sire,⁴ 325
 You ancient scroll that slowly has turned black
 As my lamp on this desk gave off its smoky fire—

Far better had I squandered all of my wretched share
 Than groan under this wretched load and thus address it!
 What from your fathers you received as heir, 330
 Acquire if you would possess it.
 What is not used is but a load to bear;
 But if today creates it, we can use and bless it.

Yet why does this place over there attract my sight?
 Why is that bottle as a magnet to my eyes? 335
 Why does the world seem suddenly so bright,
 As when in nightly woods one sees the moon arise?
 I welcome you, incomparable potion,
 Which from your place I fetch now with devotion:
 In you I honor human wit and art. 340

You essence from all slumber-bringing flowers,
 You extract of all subtly fatal powers,
 Bare to your master your enticing heart!
 I look upon you, soothed are all my pains,
 I seize you now, and all my striving wanes, 345
 The spirit's tidal wave now ebbs away.
 Slowly I float into the open sea,
 The waves beneath me now seem gay and free,
 To other shores beckons another day.
 A fiery chariot floats on airy pinions 350
 Cleaving the ether—tarry and descend!
 Uncharted orbits call me, new dominions
 Of sheer creation, active without end.

This higher life, joys that no mortal won!
 You merit this—but now a worm, despairing? 355
 Upon the mild light of the earthly sun
 Turn, bold, your back! And with undaunted daring
 Tear open the eternal portals
 Past which all creatures slink in silent dread.
 The time has come to prove by deeds that mortals 360
 Have as much dignity as any god,
 And not to tremble at that murky cave
 Where fantasy condemns itself to dwell
 In agony. The passage brave
 Whose narrow mouth is lit by all the flames of hell; 365

4. Later we find that Faust's father was a doctor of medicine.

And take this step with cheerful resolution,
 Though it involve the risk of utter dissolution.

Now you come down to me, pure crystal vase,
 Emerge again out of your ancient case
 Of which for many years I did not think. 370
 You glistened at my father's joyous feasts
 And cheered the solemn-looking guests,
 When you were passed around for all to drink.
 The many pictures, glistening in the light,
 The drinker's duty rhyming to explain them,⁵ 375
 To scan your depths and in one draught to drain them,
 Bring back to mind many a youthful night.
 There is no friend now to fulfill this duty,
 Nor shall I exercise my wit upon your beauty.
 Here is a juice that fast makes drunk and mute; 380
 With its brown flood it fills this crystal bowl,
 I brewed it and shall drink it whole
 And offer this last drink with all my soul
 Unto the morning as a festive high salute. [*He puts the bowl to his lips.*]
 [*Chime of bells and choral song.*]

CHOIR OF ANGELS: Christ is arisen. 385
 Hail the meek-spirited
 Whom the ill-merited,
 Creeping, inherited
 Faults held in prison.

FAUST: What deeply humming strokes, what brilliant tone
 Draws from my lips the crystal bowl with power?
 Has the time come, deep bells, when you make known
 The Easter holiday's first holy hour?
 Is this already, choirs, the sweet consoling hymn
 That was first sung around his tomb by cherubim, 395
 Confirming the new covenant?

CHOIR OF WOMEN: With myrrh, when bereaved,
 We had adorned him;
 We that believed
 Laid down and mourned him. 400
 Linen we twined
 Round the adored—
 Returning, we cannot find
 Christ, our Lord.

CHOIR OF ANGELS: Christ is arisen. 405
 Blessed be the glorious
 One who victorious
 Over laborious
 Trials has risen.

5. Faust here alludes to the drinking of toasts. The maker of a toast often produced impromptu rhymes.

FAUST: Why would you, heaven's tones, compel
 Me gently to rise from my dust?
 Resound where tenderhearted people dwell:
 Although I hear the message, I lack all faith or trust;
 And faith's favorite child is miracle.
 For those far spheres I should not dare to strive,
 From which these tidings come to me;
 And yet these chords, which I have known since infancy:
 Call me now, too, back into life.
 Once heaven's love rushed at me as a kiss
 In the grave silence of the Sabbath day,
 The rich tones of the bells, it seemed, had much to say,
 And every prayer brought impassioned bliss.
 An unbelievably sweet yearning
 Drove me to roam through wood and lea,
 Crying, and as my eyes were burning,
 I felt a new world grow in me.
 This song proclaimed the spring feast's free delight, appealing
 To the gay games of youth—they plead:
 Now memory entices me with childlike feeling
 Back from the last, most solemn deed.
 Sound on, oh hymns of heaven, sweet and mild!
 My tears are flowing; earth, take back your child!
 CHOIR OF DISCIPLES: Has the o'ervaulted one
 Burst from his prison,
 The living-exalted one
 Gloriously risen,
 Is in this joyous birth
 Zest for creation near—
 Oh, on the breast of earth
 We are to suffer here.
 He left his own
 Pining in sadness;
 Alas, we bemoan,
 Master, your gladness.
 CHOIR OF ANGELS: Christ is arisen
 Out of corruption's womb.
 Leave behind prison,
 Fetters and gloom!
 Those who proceed for him,
 Lovingly bleed for him,
 Brotherly feed for him,
 Travel and plead for him,
 And to bliss lead for him,
 For you the Master is near,
 For you he is here.

BEFORE THE CITY GATE

[*People of all kinds are walking out.*]
 SOME APPRENTICES: Why do you go that way?
 OTHERS: We are going to Hunter's Lodge today.
 THE FIRST: But we would rather go to the mill.
 AN APPRENTICE: Go to the River Inn, that's my advice.
 ANOTHER: I think, the way there isn't nice. 5
 THE OTHERS: Where are you going?
 A THIRD ONE: Up the hill.
 A FOURTH ONE: Burgdorf would be much better. Let's go there with the
 rest:
 The girls there are stunning, their beer is the best,
 And it's first-class, too, for a fight.
 A FIFTH ONE: You are indeed a peppy bird, 10
 Twice spanked, you're itching for the third.
 Let's not, the place is really a fright.
 SERVANT GIRL: No, no! I'll go back to the town again.
 ANOTHER: We'll find him at the poplars, I'm certain it is true.
 THE FIRST: What's that to me? Is it not plain, 15
 He'll walk and dance only with you?
 He thinks, you are the only one.
 And why should I care for your fun?
 THE OTHER ONE: He will not be alone. He said,
 Today he'd bring the curly-head. 20
 STUDENT: Just see those wenches over there!
 Come, brother, let us help the pair.
 A good strong beer, a smarting pipe,
 And a maid, nicely dressed—that is my type!
 CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER: Look there and see those handsome blades! 25
 I think it is a crying shame:
 They could have any girl that meets with their acclaim,
 And chase after these silly maids.
 SECOND STUDENT: [*To the FIRST.*] Don't go so fast; behind us are two
 more,
 And they are dressed at least as neatly. 30
 I know one girl, she lives next door,
 And she bewitches me completely.
 The way they walk, they seem demure,
 But won't mind company, I'm sure.
 THE FIRST: No, brother, I don't like those coy addresses. 35
 Come on, before we lose the wilder prey.
 The hand that wields the broom on Saturday
 Will, comes the Sunday, give the best caresses.
 CITIZEN: No, the new mayor is no good, that's what I say.
 Since he's in, he's fresher by the day. 40
 What has he done for our city?
 Things just get worse; it is a pity!

We must obey, he thinks he's clever,
 And we pay taxes more than ever.

BEGGAR: [*Sings.*] Good gentlemen and ladies fair, 45
 So red of cheek, so rich in dress,
 Be pleased to look on my despair,
 To see and lighten my distress.
 Let me not grind here, vainly waiting!
 For only those who give are gay,
 And when all men are celebrating,
 Then I should have my harvest day.

ANOTHER CITIZEN: On Sun- and holidays, there is no better fun,
 Than chattering of wars and warlike fray,
 When off in Turkey, far away, 55
 One people beats the other one.
 We stand at the window, drink a wine that is light,
 Watch the boats glide down the river, see the foam,
 And cheerfully go back at night,
 Grateful that we have peace at home. 60

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

OLD WOMAN: [*To the CITIZEN'S DAUGHTERS.*]
 Ah, how dressed up! So pretty and so young! 65
 Who would not stop to stare at you?
 Don't be puffed up, I'll hold my tongue.
 I know your wish, and how to get it, too.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER: Come quickly, Agatha! I take good heed.
 Not to be seen with witches; it's unwise. — 70
 Though on St. Andrew's Night⁶ she brought indeed
 My future lover right before my eyes.

THE OTHER ONE: She showed me mine, but in a crystal ball
 With other soldiers, bold and tall;
 I have been looking ever since, 75
 But so far haven't found my prince.

SOLDIERS: Castles with lofty
 Towers and banners,
 Maidens with haughty,
 Disdainful manners 80
 I want to capture.
 Fair is the dare,
 Splendid the pay.
 And we let trumpets
 Do our wooing, 85
 For our pleasures
 And our undoing.

6. St. Andrew's Eve, November 29, the traditional time for young girls to consult fortune-tellers about their future lovers or husbands.

Life is all storming,
 Life is all splendor,
 Maidens and castles 90
 Have to surrender.
 Fair is the dare,
 Splendid the pay.
 And then the soldiers
 March on away. 95

[FAUST and WAGNER.]

FAUST: Released from the ice are river and creek,
 Warmed by the spring's fair quickening eye;
 The valley is green with hope and joy;
 The hoary winter has grown so weak
 He has withdrawn to the rugged mountains. 100
 From there he sends, but only in flight,
 Impotent showers of icy hail
 That streak across the greening vale;
 But the sun will not suffer the white;
 Everywhere stirs what develops and grows, 105
 All he would quicken with color that glows;
 Flowers are lacking, blue, yellow, and red,
 But he takes dressed-up people instead.
 Turn around now and look down
 From the heights back to the town. 110
 Out of the hollow gloomy gate
 Surges and scatters a motley horde.
 All seek sunshine. They celebrate
 The resurrection of the Lord.
 For they themselves are resurrected 115
 From lowly houses, musty as stables,
 From trades to which they are subjected,
 From the pressure of roofs and gables,
 From the stifling and narrow alleys,
 From the churches' reverent night 120
 They have emerged into the light.
 Look there! Look, how the crowd now sallies
 Gracefully into the gardens and leas,
 How on the river, all through the valley,
 Frolicsome floating boats one sees, 125
 And, overloaded beyond its fill,
 This last barge now is swimming away.
 From the far pathways of the hill
 We can still see how their clothes are gay.
 I hear the village uproar rise; 130
 Here is the people's paradise,
 And great and small shout joyously:
 Here I am human, may enjoy humanity.

WAGNER: To take a walk with you, good sir,
 Is a great honor and reward, 135

But I myself should never so far err,
 For the uncouth I always have abhorred.
 This fiddling, bowling, loud delight—
 I hate these noises of the throng;
 They rage as if plagued by an evil sprite
 And call it joy and call it song. 140

[PEASANTS *under the linden tree. Dance and Song.*]

The shepherd wished to dance and dressed
 With ribbons, wreath, and motley vest,
 He was a dandy beau. 143
 Around the linden, lass and lad. 145
 Were crowding, dancing round like mad.
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Hurrah! Hi-diddle-dee!
 Thus went the fiddle bow.

He pressed into the dancing whirl 150
 His elbow bumped a pretty girl,
 And he stepped on her toe.
 The lively wench, she turned and said:
 "You seem to be a dunderhead!"
 Hurrah! Hurrah! 155
 Hurrah! Hi-diddle-dee!
 Don't treat a poor girl so.

The circle whirled in dancing flight,
 Now they danced left, now they danced right,
 The skirts flow high and low. 160
 Their cheeks were flushed and they grew warm
 And rested, panting, arm in arm.
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Hurrah! Hi-diddle-dee!
 With waists and elbows so. 165

Please do not make so free with me!
 For many fool their bride-to-be
 And lie, as you well know.
 And yet he coaxed the girl aside,
 And from the linden, far and wide: 170
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Hurrah! Hi-diddle-dee!
 Clamor and fiddle bow.

OLD PEASANT: Dear doctor, it is good of you
 That you don't spurn us on this day 175
 But find into this swarming throng,
 Though a great scholar, still your way.
 So please accept the finest mug;
 With a good drink it has been filled,
 I offer it and wish aloud: 180
 Not only may your thirst be stilled;

As many drops as it conveys
 Ought to be added to your days.
 FAUST: I take the bumper and I, too,
 Thank and wish health to all of you. 185

[*The people gather around in a circle.*]

OLD PEASANT: Indeed, it is most kind of you
 That you appear this happy day;
 When evil days came in the past,
 You always helped in every way.
 And many stand here, still alive, 190
 Whom your good father toiled to wrest
 From the hot fever's burning rage
 When he prevailed over the pest.⁷
 And you, a young man at that time,
 Made to the sick your daily round. 195
 While many corpses were brought out,
 You always emerged safe and sound,
 And took these trials in your stride:
 The Helper helped the helper here.

ALL: Health to the man so often tried! 200
 May he yet help for many a year!

FAUST: Bow down before Him, all of you,
 Who teaches help and sends help, too. [*He walks on with WAGNER.*]
 WAGNER: Oh, what a feeling you must have, great man,
 When crowds revere you like a mighty lord. 205
 Oh, blessed are all those who can
 Employ their gifts for such reward.
 The father shows you to his son,
 They ask what gives and come and run,
 The fiddle stops, the dance is done. 210
 You walk, they stand in rows to see,
 Into the air their caps will fly—
 A little more, and they would bend their knee
 As if the Holy Host⁸ went by.

FAUST: Now just a few more steps uphill to the big stone, 215
 From our wandering we can rest up there.
 I often sat there, thoughtful and alone,
 And vexed myself with fasting and with prayer.
 In hope still rich, with faith still blessed,
 I thought entreaties, tears, and sighs 220
 Would force the Master of the Skies
 To put an end to the long pest.
 The crowd's applause now sounds like caustic fun.
 I only wish you could read in my heart
 How little father and son 225
 Deserve such fame for their poor art.
 My father was obscure, if quite genteel,

7. Pestilence or plague. 8. The Eucharist, the consecrated bread and wine of the Sacrament.

And pondered over nature and every sacred sphere
 In his own cranky way, though quite sincere,
 With ardent, though with wayward, zeal. 230
 And with proficient devotees,
 In his black kitchen he would fuse
 After unending recipes,
 Locked in, the most contrary brews.
 They made red lions, a bold wooer came, 235
 In tepid baths was mated to a lily;
 And then the pair was vexed with a wide-open flame
 From one bride chamber to another, willy-nilly.
 And when the queen appeared, all pied,
 Within the glass after a spell, 240
 The medicine was there, and though the patients died,
 Nobody questioned: who got well?⁹
 And thus we raged fanatically
 In these same mountains, in this valley,
 With hellish juice worse than the pest. 245
 Though thousands died from poison that I myself would give,
 Yes, though they perished, I must live
 To hear the shameless killers blessed.

WAGNER: I cannot see why you are grieved.
 What more can honest people do
 Than be conscientious and pursue
 With diligence the art that they received?
 If you respect your father as a youth,
 You'll learn from him what you desire;
 If as a man you add your share of truth 255
 To ancient lore, your son can go still higher.

FAUST: Oh, happy who still hopes to rise
 Out of this sea of errors and false views!
 What one does *not* know, one could utilize,
 And what one knows one cannot use. 260
 But let the beauty offered by this hour
 Not be destroyed by our spleen!
 See how, touched by the sunset's parting power,
 The huts are glowing in the green.
 The sun moves on, the day has had its round; 265
 He hastens on, new life greets his salute.
 Oh,¹ that no wings lift me above the ground
 To strive and strive in his pursuit!
 In the eternal evening light
 The quiet world would lie below 270
 With every valley tranquil, on fire every height,
 The silver stream to golden rivers flow.
 Nor could the mountain with its savage guise

9. This confusing sequence evokes a kind of medicine closely allied to magic and inappropriate to the needs of the ill people seeking help. — 1. Alas.

And all its gorges check my godlike ways;
 Already ocean with its glistening bays 275
 Spreads out before astonished eyes.
 At last the god sinks down, I seem forsaken;
 But I feel new unrest awaken
 And hurry hence to drink his deathless light,
 The day before me, and behind me night, 280
 The billows under me, and over me the sky.
 A lovely dream, while he makes his escape.
 The spirit's wings will not change our shape:
 Our body grows no wings and cannot fly.
 Yet it is innate in our race 285
 That our feelings surge in us and long
 When over us, lost in the azure space
 The lark trills out her glorious song;
 When over crags where fir trees quake
 In icy winds, the eagle soars, 290
 And over plains and over lakes
 The crane returns to homeward shores.

WAGNER: I, too, have spells of eccentricity,
 But such unrest has never come to me.
 One soon grows sick of forest, field, and brook, 295
 And I shall never envy birds their wings.
 Far greater are the joys the spirit brings—
 From page to page, from book to book.
 Thus winter nights grow fair and warm the soul;
 Yes, blissful life suffuses every limb, 300
 And when one opens up an ancient parchment scroll,
 The very heavens will descend on him.

FAUST: You are aware of only one unrest;
 Oh, never learn to know the other!
 Two souls, alas, are dwelling in my breast, 305
 And one is striving to forsake its brother.
 Unto the world in grossly loving zest,
 With clinging tendrils, one adheres;
 The other rises forcibly in quest
 Of rarefied ancestral spheres. 310
 If there be spirits in the air
 That hold their sway between the earth and sky,
 Descend out of the golden vapors there
 And sweep me into iridescent life.
 Oh, came a magic cloak into my hands 315
 To carry me to distant lands,
 I should not trade it for the choicest gown,
 Nor for the cloak and garments of the crown.

WAGNER: Do not invoke the well-known throng that flow
 Through mists above and spread out in the haze, 320
 Concocting danger in a thousand ways
 For man wherever he may go.

From the far north the spirits' deadly fangs
 Bear down on you with arrow-pointed tongues;
 And from the east they come with withering pangs 325
 And nourish themselves from your lungs.
 The midday sends out of the desert those
 Who pile heat upon heat upon your crown,
 While evening brings the throng that spells repose—
 And then lets you, and fields and meadows, drown. 330
 They gladly listen, but are skilled in harm,
 Gladly obey, because they like deceit;
 As if from heaven sent, they please and charm,
 Whispering like angels when they cheat.
 But let us go! The air has cooled, the world 335
 Turned gray, mists are unfurled.
 When evening comes one values home,
 Why do you stand amazed? What holds your eyes?
 What in the twilight merits such surprise?
 FAUST: See that black dog through grain and stubble roam? 340
 WAGNER: I noticed him way back, but cared not in the least.
 FAUST: Look well! For what would *you* take this strange beast?
 WAGNER: Why, for a poodle fretting doggedly
 As it pursues the tracks left by its master.
 FAUST: It spirals all around us, as you see, 345
 And it approaches, fast and faster.
 And if I do not err, a fiery eddy
 Whirls after it and marks the trail.
 WAGNER: I see the poodle, as I said already;
 As for the rest, your eyesight seems to fail. 350
 FAUST: It seems to me that he winds magic snares
 Around our feet, a bond of future dangers.
 WAGNER: He jumps around, unsure, and our presence scares
 The dog who seeks his master, and finds instead two strangers.
 FAUST: The spiral narrows, he is near! 355
 WAGNER: You see, a dog and not a ghost is here.
 He growls, lies on his belly, thus he waits,
 He wags his tail: all canine traits.
 FAUST: Come here and walk along with us!
 WAGNER: He's poodlishly ridiculous. 360
 You stand and rest, and he waits, too;
 You speak to him, and he would climb on you;
 Lose something, he will bring it back again,
 Jump in the lake to get your cane.
 FAUST: You seem quite right, I find, for all his skill, 365
 No trace of any spirit: all is drill.
 WAGNER: By dogs that are expertly trained
 The wisest man is entertained.
 He quite deserves your favor: it is prudent
 To cultivate the students' noble student. 370
 [*They pass through the City Gate.*]

STUDY

FAUST: [*Entering with the poodle.*] The fields and meadows I have fled
 As night enshrouds them and the lakes;
 With apprehensive, holy dread
 The better soul in us awakes.
 Wild passions have succumbed to sleep, 5
 All vehement exertions bow;
 The love of man stirs in us deep,
 The love of God is stirring now.

Be quiet, poodle! Stop running around!
 Why do you snuffle at the sill like that? 10
 Lie down behind the stove—not on the ground:
 Take my best cushion for a mat.
 As you amused us on our way
 With running and jumping and did your best,
 Let me look after you and say: 15
 Be quiet, please, and be my guest.

When in our narrow den
 The friendly lamp glows on the shelf,
 Then light pervades our breast again
 And fills the heart that knows itself. 20
 Reason again begins to speak,
 Hope blooms again with ancient force,
 One longs for life and one would seek
 Its rivers and, alas, its source.

Stop snarling poodle! For the sacred strain 25
 To which my soul is now submitting
 Beastly sounds are hardly fitting.
 We are accustomed to see *men* disdain
 What they don't grasp;
 When it gives trouble, they profane 30
 Even the beautiful and the good.
 Do dogs, too, snarl at what's not understood?

Even now, however, though I tried my best,
 Contentment flows no longer through my breast.
 Why does the river rest so soon, and dry up, and 35
 Leave us to languish in the sand?
 How well I know frustration!
 This want, however, we can overwhelm:
 We turn to the supernatural realm,
 We long for the light of revelation 40
 Which is nowhere more magnificent
 Than in our New Testament.
 I would for once like to determine—
 Because I am sincerely perplexed—