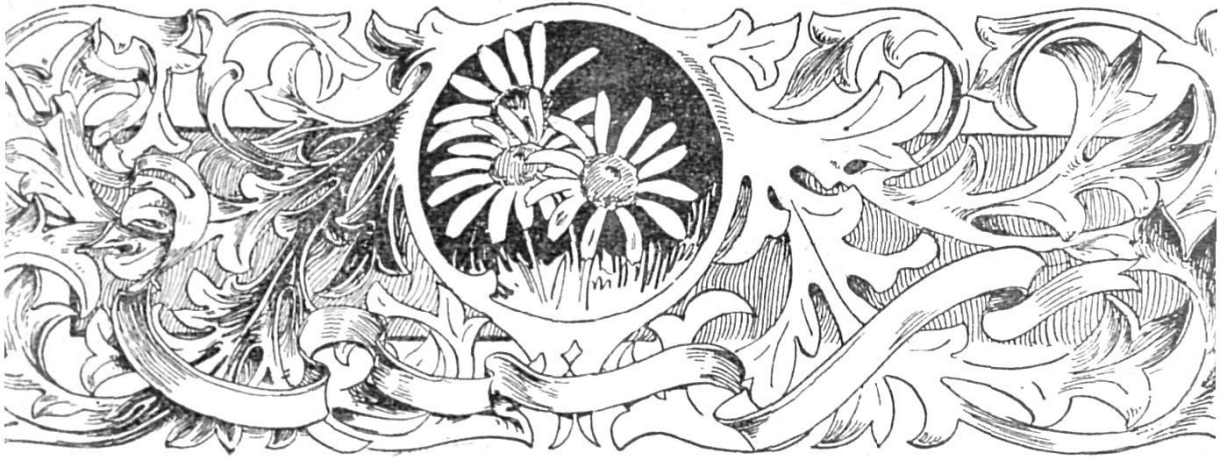


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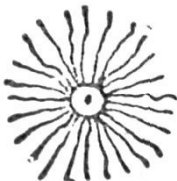
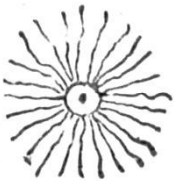
Damnation of Faust

BY

Hector Berlioz.



MAY 27TH,
UNIVERSITY HALL,
ANN ARBOR.



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MAY 27TH, 1892.

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THIRD SEASON, SIXTH CONCERT,

(Complete Series No. XVIII)

THE DAMNATION OF FAUST.

DRAMATIC LEGEND

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BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

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THE DAMNATION OF FAUST.

Part First.

SCENE I.

(Plains of Hungary.)

FAUST (*alone in the fields.*) *Sunrise.*

The winter has departed, spring is here!
River and brook again are flowing free.
Behold from the dome of heaven, pouring forth,
Fresh splendor breaks, and gladness everywhere.
I greet with joy the cool, reviving breath of morning,
I drink full draughts of sweet, delicious balsam,
I hear the birds awake 'midst the reeds,
The low deep murmuring of waves and water-reeds.
Oh joy, to dwell within the lonely forest,
Far from the crowded world and all its striving!

SCENE II.

(Dance of peasants under the linden tree.)

SONG AND CHORUS.

The shepherd donned his best array,
Wreath and jacket and ribbons gay.
Oh, but he was smart to see!
The circle closed round the linden tree.
All danced and sprang—like madmen danced away.
Hurrah, Hurrah!
Huzza, Huzza!
Tra la la la,
The fiddle bows went merrily.

FAUST.

What mean these cries, these songs, that distant noise?
It is the village folk at early dawn,
Who dance and sing upon the grassy lawn,—
My darkened soul begrudges them their joys.

SONG AND CHORUS.

But nimbly speeds it in the ring.
Right and left they dance and swing;
Skirts are flying as they skip.
They all grow red, they all grow warm,
Take breath a moment; arm in arm.

Hurrah, hurrah, huzza, huzza!

They all go round together.

“Be not familiar,” then she cried;
“Many a man deceives his bride,
“Ah, how many have cheated and have lied!”
But he persuaded her aside
And echoed from the linden tree,
Hurrah, hurrah, huzza, huzza!
The shouting and the fiddles.

SCENE III.

(Another part of the plain—An army advancing.)

FAUST.

A splendor of weapons is brightly gleaming afar,
 Ha! the sons of the Danube, apparelled for war,
 They gallop so proudly along;
 How sparkle their eyes—
 How flash their shields!
 All hearts are thrilled—they chant their battle's story—
 My heart alone is cold—all unmoved by glory.

HUNGARIAN MARCH.

(The army passes by. Faust withdraws.)

Part Second.

SCENE IV.

(North Germany.)

FAUST (*alone in his study*).

Without regret I left the smiling meadows,
 Where grief pursued me still.
 And without delight I now greet our haughty mountains,
 To my home I return.
 Still is sorrow my guest.
 Ah, I suffer! I suffer! Starless night,
 Spreading far her silence and her shades,
 Adds another sorrow to my troubled heart—
 For me alone, O Earth, thou hast no flowers.
 Where shall I find that which my soul desires?
 Vainly I seek, it flies my eager quest!
 Enough! we'll make an end.—But I tremble!
 Why tremble thus at the abyss that before me yawns?
 O cup too long denied to my most ardent wishes!
 Come vial from the shelf,
 I the poison will drain,
 Which must give me new light, or for aye end my woes.

(He lifts the cup to his lips—A sound of bells—Religious chants are heard from a neighboring church.)

Easter Hymn.

CHORUS.

Christ is risen from the dead!
 The gloomy abode of decay forsaking,
 To the heav'nly gate transfigured He mounts;
 Whilst to endless joys celestial
 He swiftly is borne up on high.
 We, His loving children,
 Are languishing here below.

Alas! on this earth He hath left us,
 Doomed this life's sad burden to bear.
 O heav'nly Master!
 Thy bliss hath brought us affliction and mourning;
 But let us trust in His word everlasting,
 We shall soon follow Him
 To the heavenly mansions to which he has called us.
 Hosanna! Hosanna!

FAUST.

What music! O my memories!
 Oh, my poor trembling spirit,
 Wilt thou ascend to heaven, borne up by holy songs?
 My tottering faith revives,
 Recalling all my peaceful infancy,
 My happy boyhood days,
 The blessedness of prayer.
 How pure was my enjoyment,
 To wander all wrapt in tho't,
 Thro' the verdant meadows
 In the glorious light of the vernal sun.
 Memory holds me now with childish feeling
 Back from the last, the fatal step.
 Alas! heavenly tones, why seek me in the dust?
 Why visit the accursed? sweet hymns of devotion,
 Why come and conquer thus suddenly my stubborn will?
 Soft melodious strains bring peace to my soul;
 Songs, more sweet than morning,
 I hear again!
 My tears spring forth—the earth hath won me back!

SCENE V.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*suddenly appearing*).

O pious frame of mind! Child of heaven, 'tis well!
 Your hand, dear doctor! This glad Easter bell
 With silvering strain,
 Has charmed to peace again
 Your troubled, earthly brain.

FAUST.

And who art thou, whose ardent glances so fierce,
 Even as a poniard, through my marrow pierce,
 And burn like flame my spirit?
 Speak, tell me thy name!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, for a Doctor, the question seems flippant.
 I am thy friend, thy comfort, I will end thy sorrow—
 I'll give thee all thou wishest, wealth and fame, boundless
 joy,
 Whate'er the wildest dreams of mortal can foreshow.

FAUST.

'Tis well, wretched demon; I wait; let me hear.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hark! I will bewitch thine eye and ear,
 Be buried no more, like the worms of the earth
 That gnaw at thy folios. Come! Arise, follow me!

FAUST.

Be it so!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let us go! Thou shalt study the world,
 And leave thy den—leave thy hateful study.

(They disappear in the air.)

SCENE VI.

(Auerbach's Cellar in Leipsic.)

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, BRANDER, STUDENTS, BURGHERS,
SOLDIERS.*Drinking Chorus of Students.*

Another glass of Rhenish Rhine!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here, Faust, behold a jolly set of fellows,
Who with wine and song make merry all day.

SOME STUDENTS.

Who knows a lively song to give us?
Naught like mirth to give zest to wine.
Now, Brander, thou!
He forgets all his ballads.

BRANDER.

Nay, I know one, I made it myself.

CHORUS.

Let us all listen!

BRANDER.

Since you invite me
I'll give you at once something new.

CHORUS.

Bravo, bravo!

Song.

BRANDER.

There was a rat in the cellar nest,
Whom fat and butter made smoother,
He had a paunch beneath his vest,
Like that of Dr. Luther.
The cook laid poison cunningly,
And then as sore oppressed was he
As if he had love in his bosom.CHORUS (*shouting*).

As if he had, etc., etc.

BRANDER.

He ran about, he ran about,
His thirst in puddles laving;
He gnawed and scratched the house throughout
But nothing cured his raving.
He whirled and jumped with torment mad,
And soon enough the poor beast had,
As if he had love in his bosom.CHORUS (*as above*).

As if, etc., etc.

BRANDER.

And driven at last, in open day,
 He ran into the kitchen,
 Fell on the hearth and squirming lay,
 In the last convulsion twitching.
 Then laughed the murderess in her glee:
 "Ha! ha! he's at his last gasp," said she,
 "As if he had love in his bosom."

CHORUS.

As if, etc., etc.

Requiescat in pace! Amen!

BRANDER.

And now sing a fugue,
 On the "Amen" a fugue,
 Let's improvise a scholarly piece.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to Faust*).

Take notice now.
 Their bestiality
 Will show itself ere long in its true colors.

CHORUS.

(A fugue on the melody of Brander's song.)

Amen! Amen!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*advancing*).

I' faith good sirs, your fugue is splendid!
 To hear it is to dream one is in some holy place.
 Pray, let me freely say it, 'tis scholarly in style;
 Devout, thoroughly so; one could not better express
 The pious sentiments which in closing all her petitions,
 Holy Church sums up in this one word.
 In my turn I will respond, by your leave, with a song
 On a no less pathetic theme than yours, sirs.

CHORUS.

Ah! he dares to mock us to our face.
 Who is this fellow?
 How pale and ghastly?
 Who ever saw hair so red?
 Well, go on! give us thy song, begin!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There was a king once reigning,
 Who had a big black flea,
 And loved him past explaining,
 As his own son were he.
 He called his man of stitches;
 The tailor came straightway.
 "Here, measure the lad for breeches,
 And measure his coat, I say!"

In silk and velvet gleaming,
 He now was wholly drest,
 Had a coat with ribbons streaming,
 A cross upon his breast.
 He had the first of stations,
 A minister's star and name,
 And also his relations
 Great lords at court became.

And lords and ladies of honor
 Were plagued, awake and in bed,
 The queen, she got them upon her,
 The maids were bitten and bled.
 And they did not dare to brush them,
 Or scratch them, day or night.
 We crack them and we crush them
 At once, whene'er they bite.

CHORUS (*shouting*).

Bravo, bravo, bravissimo!
 We crack them and we crush them
 At once, whene'er they bite.

FAUST (*to Mephistopheles*).

Enough! let's quit at once this company so brutal,
 With joys degrading and ignoble deeds.
 Hast thou no purer pleasures, no calmer sports
 To offer me, thou dread, infernal guide?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This is not to thy taste?
 Come on!—

(*They spread their mantle and take flight.*)

SCENE VII.

(*Bushy meadows on the banks of the Elbe.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this fair bower,
 Fragrant with many a flower,
 On this sweet scented bed,
 Dearest Faust, lay thy head
 And slumber!

Soothed by voluptuous repose,
 Whilst fragrant roses on thy fever'd brow shall breathe,
 Their blossoms unfolding,
 Thy pillow to wreath.
 Thine ear shall be ravished with heavenly music.
 Oh hearken! Dost thou hear it?
 The spirits of earth and of air
 E'en now to lull thy slumber with sweet strains begin.

Faust's vision.

CHORUS OF SYLPHS AND GNOMES.

Sleep, happy Faust!
 Ere long, yea, ere long 'neath curtains of azure and gold,
 Happy Faust, thou shalt close thine eyes in slumber deep.
 Bright in the sky thy star now is gleaming,
 Sweet dreams of love shall enrapture thy soul.
 With forms of beauty rare
 Now clothes itself the landscape,
 A vision fair unfolding
 Of flowery groves and meads.
 And pleasant leafy bowers,
 Where tender lovers meet.
 Their ardent vows exchanging.

Beyond are seen the vines,
 Their branches thickly covered
 With tender shoots and leaves,
 And fruit in purple clusters.
 See yonder loving pair
 Along the winding valley;
 They take no note of time.
 Beneath the shady bower
 A fair one follows them
 In meditation rapt;
 Beneath her lashes gleams
 A solitary tear.

FAUST.

Ah, o'er my eyes e'en now a veil is spreading.

CHORUS.

Extended lies the mere,
 All along the green hill-sides;
 Bright the sunbeams are shining
 On its mirror so clear.
 Here with laughter and singing
 Its borders loud resound,
 Here to music of viols
 The merry dance goes round.
 While some are boldly climbing
 The rugged mountain's side,
 Others are lightly swimming
 Upon the glassy tide.
 Extended lies, etc.

Happy all seem and tireless
 Seeking one common end;
 Eager this bright existence
 To the full to enjoy.
 All pleasures, like the sunshine,
 Come to all from above.
 Yet of raptures the sweetest,
 O Faust, is love, sweet love.
 Sleep, sleep, happy Faust.

FAUST (*dreaming*).

O Marguerite!

CHORUS.

And the winged races fly,
 Fly to enticing isles,
 In whirl of dancing fly!
 Some other spirits, scaling
 The highlands, boldly mount,
 All of them lifeward hieing,
 For rapture and for love!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The magic charm is working; he is ours;
 He sleeps! Well done, my dainty elves!
 This debt I must repay.
 Now let him dream of love.

DANCE OF SYLPHS. (Orchestra.)

FAUST (*suddenly awaking*).

O Marguerite! . . . What a dream!
 What angel in human form!
 Where dwellest thou?
 I feel the purest bliss,
 Since in my dream I saw thee!

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.
 Here comes a jolly party of students and soldiers:
 They'll pass before thy beauty's dwelling:
 Along with these young fools with their shouts and songs,
 We to the fair one's house will go.
 But thy transports restrain,
 And my counsels obey.

SCENE VIII.

(Chorus of Students and Soldiers marching toward the town.)

SOLDIERS.

Stoutly walled cities
 We fain would win
 And maidens with lofty
 And scornful mien.
 Tho' daring the venture,
 Yet rich is the prize.
 The trumpets are sounded
 With powerful breath,
 They summon to glory,
 They summon to death.
 We rush into action
 Nor quit we the field,
 Till both maids and towns
 To us themselves yield.

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!*

Double Chorus of Soldiers and Students.

SOLDIERS.

Stoutly walled cities
 We fain would win, etc.

STUDENTS.

Jam nox stellata velamina, etc.

Part Third.

SCENE IX.

(Drums and trumpets sounding the tattoo.)

FAUST (in Marguerite's dwelling. Evening.)

Thou sweet twilight, be welcome !
 Thee greet I from my heart.
 Thou softly fill'st this place,
 To chaste repose set apart,
 Wherein I feel a vision
 Kiss my fevered brow,
 Like the balmy breath of early morning.
 Sure 'tis love inspires me.
 Oh, how I feel my cares take wings and fly away !
 How dear to me this silence,
 How joyously I breathe this pure air !
 O youthful maiden, my sweet enslaver !
 How I love thee, O earthly angel !
 What awful joy this moment swells my heart !
 With what ecstasy I gaze on the home of my love !
 How sweet the air of this dwelling !
 O joy, after long years of torture !
 What joy is mine !

SCENE X.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering*).

She draws near !
 She must not see thee yet.
 Hide thee here.

FAUST.

Heavens ! my heart will break
 For very joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I leave thee now awhile,
 The time employ to win the maid !
 (He conceals Faust behind the curtain.)
 Good ! my sprites and I now shall sing
 For you the sweetest wedding ditties.

FAUST.

Calm thee, my heart, be quiet.

SCENE XI.

(Enter MARGUERITE with a lamp. FAUST concealed.)

MARGUERITE.

How sultry is the air !
 I tremble like a child.
 'Tis my dream last night, which fills my heart with sadness.
 I saw him in my dream ; him, my predestined love.
 How handsome he was ! O how tender was his love !

How dearly he loved me !
 How dearly I loved him !
 And upon this earth ?
 What folly !

(She sings while musing.)

There was a King in Thule,
 Was faithful till the grave,
 To whom his sweetheart dying
 A golden goblet gave.

Naught was to him more precious,
 He drained it at every bout :
 His eyes with tears ran over,
 As oft as he drank thereout.

When came his time of dying,
 The towns in his land he told,
 Naught else to his heir denying,
 Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet
 With his knights of high degree,
 In the lofty hall of his fathers,
 In the castle by the sea.

There stood the old carouser,
 And drank the last life-glow,
 And hurled the hallowed goblet
 Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,
 And sinking deep in the sea :
 Then fell his eyelids forever,
 And nevermore drank he.

SCENE XII.

(Square before Marguerite's house.)

MEPHISTOPHELES AND WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

Invocation.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ye spirits of flickering flame,
 Hither come ! Haste, I need your aid.
 Quick, appear ! I need your aid.
 Ye spirits of evil and caprice conspire
 To enchant, subdue and win a maiden's love.
 Now dance, ye Will-o'-the-Wisps,
 Ho ! dance right merrily.
 Will-o'-the-Wisps and gnomes
 Dance, or away ye go !

(Orchestral Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps.)

Come on, and a serenade I'll sing,
 One that shall charm the maiden,
 And soothe her troubled heart.

SERENADE OF MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why dost thou wait
 At the door of thy lover,
 My foolish Kate,
 In the grey of the morning ?
 O beware, nor enter there !
 Trust his fair speeches never.
 Men deceivers were ever ;
 And love is but a snare.
 Maiden, take heed !
 Lose no time here in sighing.
 Reck well my rede :
 Shun the danger by flying.
 O take heed !
 Trust his fair speeches never.
 Men deceivers were ever,
 And love is but a snare.

CHORUS (Will-o'-the-Wisps).

Foolish Kate !
 Trust his fair speeches never, etc.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hush ! now disappear.
 (Will-o'-the-Wisps vanish.)
 Keep silence !
 Let us list to the cooing of our doves.

SCENE XIII.

MARGUERITE.

O joy !
 What do I see ? Can it be he ? Can I believe my eyes ?

DUET—FAUST AND MARGUERITE.

Angel adored, whose dear and lovely image,
 While yet I had not known thee,
 Illumined my dark soul !
 At last I thee behold,
 And o'er the zealous cloud-veil
 Which hid thee from my sight,
 My love the vict'ry hath won,
 Margarita, I love thee !

MARGUERITE.

Thou knowest my name ! And I too
 Have often whispered thine—
 Faust !

FAUST.

That name is mine,
 But I will take another if it please thee better.

MARGUERITE.

In dreams I thee have seen,
 Such as I see thee now.

FAUST

Hast seen me in thy dreams ?

MARGUERITE.

I know thy voice, thy face, thy sweet and winning
speech.

FAUST.

And did'st thou love me ?

MARGUERITE.

Ah ! for thee I longed.

FAUST.

Margarita, I love thee !

MARGUERITE.

My tender love was thine
By inspiration.

FAUST.

Marguerite is mine !

MARGUERITE.

O dearest love, thy sweet and noble image,
While yet I have not known thee,
Shone brightly in my soul !
At last I thee behold,
And o'er the jealous cloud-veil,
Which hid thee from my sight.

FAUST.

Dearest maid, sweetest treasure !
To my love without measure
Yield thee now, I implore,
For thy embrace my heart fondly yearneth,
Come, O come ! sweet love !

MARGUERITE.

O what transports of pleasure
To his arms me impel ?
What gentle languor seized my whole being.
In my eyes are tears.
Oh ! how happy ? What joy !

SCENE XIV.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering abruptly.*)

Away ! it is too late !

MARGUERITE.

Who is this man ?

FAUST.

A brute !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, a friend.

MARGUERITE.

Ah ! his glance with horror
Freezes my blood !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No doubt I am intruding.

FAUST.

Who bade thee enter here ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I come to warn this angel !
 E'en now the neighbors all, awakened by our songs,
 Run hither and point out the house to passers-by.
 At Marguerite they are scoffing and they call for her mother,
 The dame will soon be here.

FAUST.

O terror !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We must be off !

FAUST.

Then farewell !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Soon shall you meet again.
 Consolation is near,
 Follows close upon sorrow.

MARGUERITE.

Then farewell, dearest love !
 We shall meet on the morrow.
 Now tarry not, they come !

TRIO.—FAUST.

Now do I know, at last, all the joys of existence !
 Happiness, thou dost smile on me,
 Call'st me to thee, and I come ;
 At last thou art mine.
 Love a ne'er dying flame in my bosom hath kindled,
 Of my consuming love soon shall I taste the joy.

MARGUERITE.

Dearest Faust !
 Unto thee I give my whole self,
 Love a ne'er dying flame in my bosom hath kindled,
 O my heart's joy ! my sole treasure !
 To lose thee were to die !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thus I drag thee around at my pleasure, haughty Faust !
 Lo, the hour approaches in which thou shalt be mine.
 Slave of love, whose joys thou ne'er shall taste,
 In hell thy fierce desires shall inflame and torment thee.

CHORUS (*with Trio*).

There's a lover now in your house,
 And mark well! ere long he'll get ye all in trouble.
 Holla! Holla! Holla! Dame Oppenheim!
 See what your daughter's doing.

Part Fourth.

SCENE XV.

Song.

MARGUERITE.

My heart with grief is heavy,
 My peace of mind is o'er,
 Never again shall I find it,
 Oh! never, never more!

Where my love is not with me
 Is to me as the tomb,
 My life, without his presence,
 All shrouded is in gloom!

My brain, so sore bewildered,
 Hath no power of thought,
 My dull and feeble senses
 Are entirely distraught.

I look out at the casement,
 His fine, tall form to see;
 To meet him and be with him
 Is heav'n's own joy to me.

His proud and noble bearing,
 Of his smile the winning grace,
 Of his hand the soft pressure
 And ah! his fond embrace!

My heart with grief is heavy,
 My peace of mind is o'er,
 Ne'er again shall I find it,
 Ah! never, never more!

All day long to be near him
 Fondly yearns my heart,
 Ah, could I tightly clasp him,
 I would ne'er let him part.

Him with kisses I'd smother,
 All glowing with love's fire,
 And on his lips still hanging,
 I'd fain at last expire!

(Drums and trumpets sound a retreat.)

(Chorus of Soldiers and Students in the distance.)

SOLDIERS.

The trumpets are sounded with powerful breath.
 They summon to glory, they summon to death.
 Tho' daring the venture,
 Yet how rich is the prize!

MARGUERITE.

Day's reign will soon be ended,
 Dusky twilight approaches.
 Afar the evening drums and trumpets now are sounding,
 With songs and shouts of joy,
 As on that blessed evening first when I saw Faust.

CHORUS OF STUDENTS.

Jam nox stellata, etc.

MARGUERITE.

He cometh not!
 Poor heart!

SCENE XVI.

(Cavern and forest.)

FAUST (*alone*).

Invocation to Nature.

O boundless nature, spirit sublime, mysterious!
 Alone thou givest comfort to my unhappy soul.
 On thy breast, mighty pow'r, is my sorrow abated!
 And my strength renewing, I seem to live again!
 Blow, ye fierce howling winds !
 Cry out, ye boundless forests !
 Fall down, fall down, ye rocks !
 And roar, ye mountain streams, wildly rushing !
 With your thundering sounds my voice loves to unite.
 Ye rocks, and streams, and woods, accept my homage,
 Bright sparkling worlds above,
 Towards you leaps the piteous cry
 Of a heart in anguish, of a soul
 Madly longing, vainly striving for joy !

SCENE XVII.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*scaling the rocks.*)

Say, does thine eye discern upon the azure vault the star of
 constant love ?
 Its potent influence you'll find very needful,
 For in dreams thou art lost, whilst that poor child, thy dear
 Margarita—

FAUST.

Be still !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis true, I should be still,
 Thou lov'st no more,
 And yet she has been dragged to prison,
 And, for poisoning her mother, justly sentenced.

FAUST.

What !

(*Hunting Music*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I hear the hunter's horn in the woods.

FAUST.

Speak further ! Thou didst say
 She is sentenced to death !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A certain brownish liquor, quite safe if used aright,
 Which she received of thee, to make her mother sleep,
 Lest she disturb your nightly visits, has brought on all this woe

Fondly hugging her dream, awaiting thee every night she
 gave her the potion still.
 This excess at last told upon the old dame and killed her.
 Now thou know'st all the truth.

FAUST.

Treacherous monster !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And thus has
 Her love for thee led her on.

FAUST.

Thou must save her
 Thou miscreant !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah ! tis I am the miscreant !
 That is ever your way,
 Ye ridiculous mortals. No matter !
 I still am master to free her from prison and save her.
 What hast thou done for me
 Since I have been thy slave ?

FAUST.

What dost thou ask ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of me ?
 Naught save thy signature
 To this parchment scroll.
 Thy love at once is freed from judgment and death,
 If thou wilt sign this oath, to-morrow to serve me.

FAUST.

Why till to-morrow wait, if I suffer at present ?
 Give here ! There is my name !
 Now to her gloomy dungeon fly we like the wind ?
 Thou poor innocent victim !
 Marguerite, I come !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come hither, Vortex, Giaour !
 These magic steeds to her shall bear us swift as thought.
 Now mount we, and away at once. Justice tarries for no man.

SCENE XVIII.

The Ride to Hell.

(Faust and Mephistopheles galloping on two black horses.)

FAUST.

In my bosom re-echoes her cry of desperation !
 Oh poor, forsaken one !

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

(Kneeling before a rustic crucifix)

Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!
Sancta Magdalena, ora pro nobis!

FAUST.

Keep clear of yonder children and women
 Saying their prayers at the cross.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Never mind them! Hasten on!

CHORUS.

Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!
 (Cries of terror; the chorus scatters in confusion. The riders pass by.)

FAUST.

Gods! What a hideous monster, howling, follows our tracks!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou dreamest!

FAUST.

What a flock of monstrous birds of prey!
 What awful screams!
 With their wings they strike me!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*reining in his horse*).

The passing-bell for her is already sounding.
 Dost thou fear. Let's return!

(They halt.)

FAUST.

No! I hear it! Make haste!
 (The horses quicken their speed.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*urging on his horse*).

On! on! on!

FAUST.

About us on ev'ry side,
 See how these countless legions
 Of ghastly skeletons dance!
 With what horrible laughter they salute us as they pass

MEPHISTOPHELES (*spurring on his horse*).

On! on! on! Think of thy Margarita,
 And laugh at the dead!

FAUST (*more and more terror-stricken and breathless*).

Our horses tremble;
 Their manes are bristling;
 They champ the bit.

Before us I see
The earth, wildly rocking;
I hear below us
The thunder's deep roll!
It raineth blood!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On! on! on!
Ye slaves of hell's dominion,
Your trumpets blow, your loud triumphal trumpets!
He is mine!

FAUST.

Woe is me! Ah!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Victor am I!

(They fall into the abyss.)

SCENE XIX.

Pandemonium.

CHORUS OF THE SPIRITS OF HELL.

Has! Irimiru karabra-o!

THE PRINCES OF DARKNESS.

Hast thou conquered this proud immortal soul, and
enslaved it, Mephistopheles, for aye?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Lord and master, for aye.

THE PRINCES OF DARKNESS.

Then did Faust freely sign the dread act that did yield
up his soul to our fires?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of his own free will he signed.

CHORUS OF THE SPIRITS OF HELL.

Has! Mephistopheles! Has! Irimiru karabra-o!

Epilogue—On Earth.

THE PRINCES OF DARKNESS.

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 drowned, there was wrought—

SMALL CHORUS.

An awful deed.

SCENE XX.

CHORUS.

Awful doom!

(In Heaven.)

SERAPHIM.

(Prostrating themselves before the Almighty.)

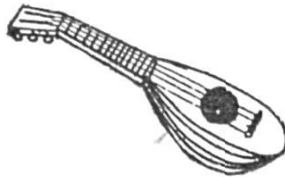
Laus!—Hosanna! Hosanna!
 She, too, hath loved much, O Lord!

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

Margarita !

CHORUS OF HEAVENLY SPIRITS.

To heaven ascend, O trusting spirit,
 By thy love led astray.
 Take on again thy primordial beauty,
 Which one single stain hath soiled.
 Come ! the virgins celestial,
 Thy sisters, and seraphs,
 Will wipe away the tears
 Which thy sorrows on earth
 Still bring to thine eyes.
 Thy sin is freely pardoned.
 O be glad and rejoice !
 Thou art saved !
 Come, Margarita ! Come, come !



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