

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Faust: A Lyric Drama in Five Acts, by Jules Barbier et al.

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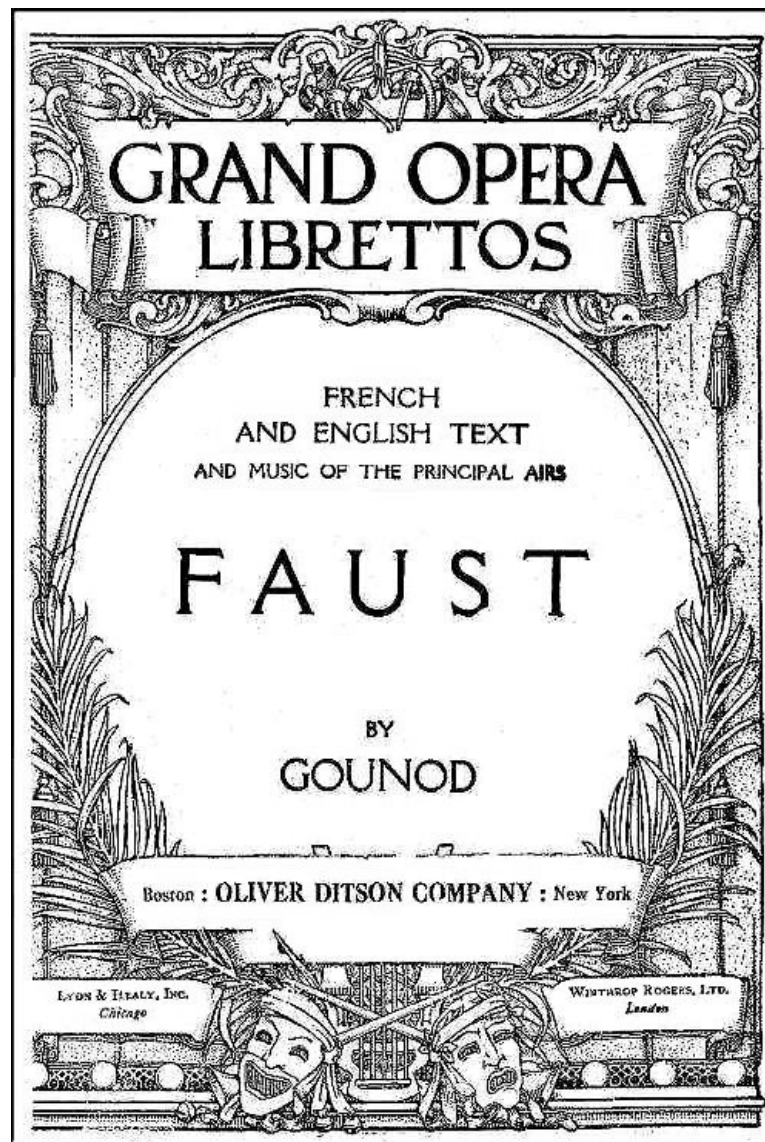
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Transcriber Notes:

1. The original text is dual column, with English on the LHS and French on the RHS. In this version, the complete English text is presented first, followed by the complete French text.
2. The page numbering is, of necessity, quite different from the original text. Each scene and score simply has its

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[WALTZ AND CHORUS](#)

[O NUIT D'AMOUR \(O NIGHT OF LOVE\)](#)

[SOLDIER'S CHORUS](#)

GRAND OPERA LIBRETTOS

FRENCH
AND ENGLISH TEXT
AND MUSIC OF THE PRINCIPAL AIRS

FAUST

BY

GOUNOD

Boston : **OLIVER DITSON COMPANY** : New York

LYON & HEALY, INC.
Chicago

WINTHROP ROGERS, LTD.
London

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FAUST

A LYRIC DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

BOOK BY

J. BARBIER AND M. CARRÉ

MUSIC BY

CHARLES GOUNOD

30

BOSTON: OLIVER DITSON COMPANY: NEW YORK

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CHARACTERS

FAUST	<i>Tenor</i>
MEPHISTOPHELES	<i>Bass-Baritone</i>
VALENTINE, MARGUERITE'S BROTHER	<i>Baritone</i>
WAGNER, A STUDENT	<i>Baritone</i>
MARGUERITE	<i>Soprano</i>
SIEBEL, A YOUTH	<i>Soprano</i>
MARTHA, FRIEND OF MARGUERITE	<i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>

PEASANTS, TOWNSPEOPLE, SOLDIERS, STUDENTS, PRIESTS, BOYS, ETC.
The scene is in Germany in the sixteenth century.

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PREFATORY NOTE

The legend of the magician Faust and his compact with the Devil comes from remote antiquity. At first in the form of folk tales in many lands, through ballads and the primitive drama it found its way into literature. It remained for the master-poet, Goethe, to fuse all the elements of the legend into an imaginative drama of unequaled ethical and poetic interest, to give the story the form in which it appeals most strongly to the modern mind.

Innumerable musical works of every form have drawn inspiration from the story of Faust. Wagner's concert-overture, Liszt's symphony, and the beautiful fragments by Schumann are among the noblest of such works. Stage versions of the legend have been numerous, but the first really poetic creation was Spohr's opera of "Faust," composed in 1813. Since its appearance there has been an abundance of Faust operas by English, German, French and Italian composers down to the imaginative but fragmentary "Mefistofele" of Boito (1868). But of all the stage versions that have claimed the public attention, that of Barbier and Carré, made after Goethe's drama and set to music by Charles Gounod, is far and away the most popular, and may be regarded, in its lyric dress, as the most successful also. There exists scarcely a single rival to the popularity of Gounod's "Faust" among opera-goers.

The love story with which the French librettists concerned themselves exclusively is wholly Goethe's conception, and finds no place in the old legends concerning the magician Faust. With true Gallic instinct they seized this pathetic episode as being best adapted for a lyric setting, and making the most potent appeal to the emotions of the spectators. But to the composer himself is due the credit of suggesting the story of Faust as a suitable subject for musical treatment.

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THE STORY OF THE ACTION

ACT I. —Faust, an aged philosopher, who has grown weary of life, and of the vain search for the source of all knowledge, decides, after a nightlong vigil, to end his existence by taking poison. In the act of raising the cup to his lips his hand is arrested by the sound of merry voices of maidens singing in the early morning of the joy of living. Again he essays to drink, but pauses to listen to the song of the reapers on their way to the fields, voicing their gratitude to God. Excited to a frenzy of rage, Faust curses all that is good and calls upon the Evil One to aid him. Mephistopheles appears, and offers gold, glory, boundless power; but the aged doctor craves youth, its passions and delights. The fiend agrees that all shall be his if he but sign a compact, by which the devil serves Faust on earth, but in the hereafter below the relation is to be reversed. Faust wavers at first, but a vision of Marguerite appears, which inflames his ardor and dispels his hesitation; he drinks the potion and is transformed into a young and handsome man.

ACT —A Kermesse or town fair. Groups of students, soldiers, old men, maids and matrons fill the scene. Valentine, the brother of Marguerite, about to leave for the wars, commends his sister to the care of Siebel, who timidly adores her. While Wagner, a student, is attempting a song, he is interrupted by Mephistopheles who volunteers to sing him a better one (the mocking "Calf of Gold"). Then the fiend causes a fiery liquor to flow miraculously from the tavern sign, and proposes the health of Marguerite. Valentine resents the insult, but his sword is broken in his hand, and Mephistopheles draws a magic circle around himself and bids defiance to the rapiers of the soldiers. These, now suspecting his evil nature, hold their cruciform sword-hilts toward Mephistopheles, who cowers away at the holy symbol. The fête is resumed; in the midst of the revelry Marguerite enters, returning home from church. Faust offers to escort her home, but she timidly declines his assistance, and leaves him enamoured of her beauty. The act closes with a merry dance of the townspeople.

ACT I —The scene shows the garden of Marguerite's dwelling. Siebel enters to leave a nosegay on the doorstep of his charmer. The flowers he plucks wither at his touch, due to an evil spell cast upon him by the fiend, which he, however, breaks by dipping his hand in holy water. Faust and Mephistopheles conceal themselves in the garden after having left a casket of jewels on the doorstep near Siebel's modest offering. Marguerite returns home and seats herself at the spinning-wheel, singing the while a song of the "King of Thule." But she interrupts the song to dream of the handsome stranger who had spoken to her at the fête. Upon discovering the jewels, she cannot forbear to adorn herself. While thus occupied, Faust and his evil ally appear. The latter engages the girl's flighty neighbor, Martha, in conversation, while Faust pleads his passion's cause successfully with Marguerite.

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ACT IV. —Betrayed and deserted by her lover, Marguerite must bear the scorn of her former companions. Siebel alone is faithful, and speaks comforting words. She goes to the church to pray; but her supplications are interrupted by the mocking fiend at her elbow, by the accusing cries of demons, and by the stern chants of the worshipers. Finally Mephistopheles appears to the sight of the wretched girl, who swoons with terror.

The return of the victorious soldiers brings back Valentine, who hears evil stories of his sister's condition. Aroused by an insulting serenade which Mephistopheles, accompanied by Faust, sings beneath Marguerite's window, Valentine engages in a duel with the latter and is wounded to the death. Dying, he curses Marguerite, who comes from the church to his side, and accuses her of bringing him to his end.

ACT V. —Marguerite, her reason shaken by her misfortunes, has killed her child, and for this crime she is thrown into prison, and condemned to die. Faust, aided by Mephistopheles, obtains access to her cell and urges her to fly with him; but her poor mind cannot grasp the situation, and recurs only to the scenes of their love. When she sees Faust's companion, she turns from him

in horror, falls upon her knees, and implores the mercy of heaven. As she sinks in death, Mephistopheles pronounces her damned, but a heavenly voice proclaims her pardoned; and while a celestial choir chants the Easter hymn the soul of Marguerite is seen borne up to heaven by angels. Faust falls to his knees, and the devil crouches beneath the shining sword of an archangel.

First performed at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, March 19, 1859, with the following cast:

LE DOCTEUR FAUST	<i>MM. Barbot</i>
MÉPHISTOPHÈLES	<i>Balanqué</i>
VALENTIN	<i>Reynald</i>
WAGNER	<i>Cibot</i>
MARGUERITE	<i>Mmes. Miolan-Carvalho</i>
SIEBEL	<i>Faivre</i>
MARTHA	<i>Duclos</i>

ACT I.

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SCENE I.

Faust's Study.

(Night. FAUST discovered, alone. He is seated at a table covered with books and parchments; an open book lies before him. His lamp is flickering in the socket.)

Faust. No! In vain hath my soul aspired, with ardent longing,
All to know,—all in earth and heaven.
No light illumines the visions, ever thronging
My brain; no peace is given,
And I linger, thus sad and weary,
Without power to sunder the chain
Binding my soul to life always dreary.
Nought do I see! Nought do I know!

(He closes the book and rises. Day begins to dawn.)

Again 'tis light!
On its westward course flying,
The somber night vanishes.

(Despairingly.)

Again the light of a new day!
O death! when will thy dusky wings
Above me hover and give me—rest?

(Seizing a flask on the table.)

Well, then! Since death thus evades me,
Why should I not go in search of him?
Hail, my final day, all hail!
No fears my heart assail;
On earth my days I number;
For this draught immortal slumber
Will secure me, and care dispel!

(Pours liquid from the flask into a crystal goblet. Just as he is about to raise it to his lips, the following chorus is heard, without.)

Cho. of Maidens.

Why thy eyes so lustrous
Hidest thou from sight?
Bright Sol now is scatt'ring
Beams of golden light;
The nightingale is warbling
Its carol of love;
Rosy tints of morning
Now gleam from above;
Flow'rs unfold their beauty

To the scented gale;
Nature all awakens—
Of love tells its tale.

Faust. Hence, empty sounds of human joys
Flee far from me.
O goblet, which my ancestors
So many times have filled,
Why tremblest thou in my grasp?

(Again raising the goblet to his lips.)

Cho. of Laborers

(without).

The morn into the fields doth summon us,
The swallow hastes away!
Why tarry, then?
To labor let's away! to work let's on,
The sky is bright, the earth is fair,
Our tribute, then, let's pay to heav'n.

Cho. of Maidens and Laborers.

Praises to God!

Faust. God! God!

(He sinks into a chair.)

But this God, what will he do for me?

(Rising.)

Will he return to me youth, love, and faith?

(With rage.)

Cursed be all of man's vile race!
Cursed be the chains which bind him in his place!
Cursed be visions false, deceiving!
Cursed the folly of believing!
Cursed be dreams of love or hate!
Cursed be souls with joy elate.
Cursed be science, prayer, and faith!
Cursed my fate in life and death!
Infernal king, arise!

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SCENE II.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mep.

(suddenly appearing).

Here am I! So, I surprise you?
SATAN, Sir, at your service!
A sword at my side; on my hat a gay feather;—
A cloak o'er my shoulder; and altogether,
Why, gotten up quite in the fashion!
(Briskly.)
But come, Doctor Faust, what is your will?
Behold! Speak! Are you afraid of me?

Faust. No.

Mep. Do you doubt my power?

Faust. Perhaps.

Mep. Prove it, then.

Faust. Begone!

Mep. Fie! Fie! Is this your politeness!
But learn, my friend, that with Satan
One should conduct in a different way.
I've entered your door with infinite trouble.
Would you kick me out the very same day?

Faust. Then what will you do for me?

Mep. Anything in the world! All things. But
Say first what you would have.

Abundance of gold?

Faust. And what can I do with riches?

Mep. Good. I see where the shoe pinches.
You will have glory.

Faust. Still wrong.

Mep. Power, then.

Faust. No. I would have a treasure
Which contains all. I wish for youth.
Oh! I would have pleasure,
And love, and caresses,
For youth is the season
When joy most impresses.
One round of enjoyment,
One scene of delight,
Should be my employment
From day-dawn till night.
Oh, I would have pleasure,
And love, and caresses;
If youth you restore me,
My joys I'll renew!

Mep. 'Tis well—all thou desirest I can give thee.

Faust. Ah! but what must I give in return?

Mep. 'Tis but little:
In this world I will be thy slave,
But down below thou must be mine.

Faust. Below!

Mep. Below.
(Unfolding a scroll.)
Come, write. What! does thy hand tremble?
Whence this dire trepidation?
'Tis youth that now awaits thee—Behold!

(At a sign from MEPHISTOPHELES, the scene opens and discloses MARGUERITE,
spinning.)

Faust. Oh, wonder!

Mep. Well, how do you like it?

(Taking parchment.)

Faust. Give me the scroll!

(Signs.)

Mep. Come on then! And now, master,
(Taking cup from the table.)
I invite thee to empty a cup,
In which there is neither poison nor death,
But young and vigorous life.

Faust. (Taking cup and turning toward Marguerite.)
O beautiful, adorable vision! I drink to thee!

(He drinks the contents of the cup, and is transformed into a young and handsome
man. The vision disappears.)

Mep. Come, then.

Faust. Say, shall I again behold her?

Mep. Most surely!

Faust. When?

Mep. This very day!

Faust. 'Tis well.

Mep. Then let's away.

Both. 'Tis pleasure I covet,
'Tis beauty I crave;
I sigh for its kisses,
Its love I demand!
With ardor unwonted
I long now to burn;
I sigh for the rapture
Of heart and of sense.

(Exeunt. The curtain falls.)

ACT II.

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SCENE I.

The Kermesse.

(One of the city gates. To the left, an Inn, bearing the sign of the god Bacchus.)

WAGNER, Students, Burghers, Soldiers, Maidens, and Matrons.

Studs. Wine or beer, now, which you will!
So the glass quick you fill!
And replenish at our need:
At our bouts we drink with speed!

Wag. Now, young tipplers at the cask,
Don't refuse what I ask—
Drink to glory! drink to love!
Drain the sparkling glass!

Studs. We young tipplers at the cask
Won't refuse what you ask—
Here's to glory! here's to love!
Drain the sparkling glass!

(They drink.)

Soldiers.
Castles, hearts, or fortresses,
Are to us all one.
Strong towers, maids with fair tresses,
By the brave are won;
He, who hath the art to take them,
Shows no little skill;
He, who knows the way to keep them,
Hath more wisdom still.

Citizens.
On holy-days and feast-days,
I love to talk of war and battles.
While the toiling crowds around
Worry their brains with affairs,
I stroll calmly to this retreat
On the banks of the gliding river,
And behold the boats which pass
While I leisurely empty my glass.

(Citizens and soldiers go to back of stage.)
(A group of young girls enters.)

Girls. Merry fellows come this way,
Yes, they now advance;
Let us, then, our steps delay,
Just to take one glance.

(They go to right of stage. A second chorus of students enters after them.)

Studs. Sprightly maidens now advance,
Watch their conquering airs;
Friends be guarded, lest a glance
Take you unawares.

Matrons.

(watching the students and young girls).
Behold the silly damsels,
And the foolish young men;
We were once as young as they are,
And as pretty again.

(All join in the following chorus, each singing as follows.)

Mats.

(to the Maidens).
Ye strive hard to please,
Your object is plain.

Studs. Beer or wine, wine or beer,
Nought care I, with heart of cheer.

Soldiers. On, then, let's on;
Brave soldiers are we,
To conquest we'll on.

Citizens. Come, neighbor! In this fine weather
Let us empty a bottle together!

Maidens. They wish to please us, but 'tis in vain!
If you are angry, little you'll gain.

Young Students. They are bright little maidens, 'tis plain;
We'll contrive their favor to gain.

(The soldiers and students, laughing, separate the women. All the groups depart.)

SCENE II.

[Pg 11]

WAGNER, SIEBEL, VALENTINE, Students, and afterwards MEPHISTOPHELES.

Val. (advancing from the back of the stage and holding in his hand a small silver medal).
O sacred medallion,
Gift of my sister dear
To ward off danger and fear,
As I charge with my brave battalion,
Rest thou upon my heart.

Wag. Here comes Valentine, in search of us, doubtless.

Val. Let us drain the parting cup, comrades,
It is time we were on the road.

Wag. What sayst thou?
Why this sorrowful farewell?

Val. Like you, I soon must quit these scenes,
Leaving behind me Marguerite.
Alas! my mother no longer lives,
To care for and protect her.

Sie. More than one friend hast thou
Who faithfully will thy place supply.

Val. My thanks!

Sie. On me you may rely.

Stud. In us thou surely mayst confide.

Val. Even bravest heart may swell
In the moment of farewell.
Loving smile of sister kind,
Quiet home I leave behind.

Oft shall I think of you
Whene'er the wine-cup passes round,
When alone my watch I keep.
But when danger to glory shall call me,
I still will be first in the fray,
As blithe as a knight in his bridal array.
Careless what fate shall befall me
When glory shall call me.

Wag. Come on, friends! No tears nor vain alarms;
Quaff we good wine, to the success of our arms!
Drink, boys, drink!
In a joyous refrain
Bid farewell, till we meet again.

Cho. We'll drink! Fill high!
Once more in song our voices
Let us raise.

Wag. (mounting on a table).
A rat, more coward than brave,
And with an exceedingly ugly head,
Lodged in a sort of hole or cave,
Under an ancient hogshead.
A cat—

SCENE III.

[Pg 12]

MEPHISTOPHELES and the preceding.

Mep. (appearing suddenly among the students and interrupting WAGNER).
Good sir!

Wag. What!

Mep. If it so please ye I should wish
To mingle with ye a short time.
If your good friend will kindly end his song,
I'll tell ye a few things well worth the hearing.

Wag. One will suffice, but let that one be good.

Mep. My utmost I will do
Your worships not to bore.

I.

Calf of Gold! aye in all the world
To your mightiness they proffer,
Incense at your fane they offer
From end to end of all the world.
And in honor of the idol
Kings and peoples everywhere
To the sound of jingling coins
Dance with zeal in festive circle,
Round about the pedestal.
Satan, he conducts the ball.

II.

Calf of Gold, strongest god below!
To his temple overflowing
Crowds before his vile shape bowing,
The monster dares insult the skies.
With contempt he views around him
All the vaunted human race,
As they strive in abject toil,
As with souls debased they circle
Round about the pedestal.
Satan, he conducts the ball.

All. Satan, he conducts the ball.

Cho. A strange story this of thine.

Val.
(aside).

And stranger still is he who sings it.

Wag. (offering a cup to MEPHISTOPHELES).
Will you honor us by partaking of wine?

Mep. With pleasure. Ah!
(Taking WAGNER by the hand, and scrutinizing his palm.)
Behold what saddens me to view.
See you this line?

Wag. Well!

Mep. A sudden death it presages,—
You will be killed in mounting to th' assault!

Sie. You are then a sorcerer!

Mep. Even so. And your own hand shows plainly
To what fate condemns. What flower you would gather
Shall wither in the grasp.

Sie. I?

Mep. No more bouquets for Marguerite.

Val. My sister! How knew you her name?

Mep. Take care, my brave fellow!
Some one I know is destined to kill you.
(Taking the cup.)
Your health, gentlemen!
Pah! What miserable wine!
Allow me to offer you some from my cellar?

(Jumps on the table, and strikes on a little cask, surmounted by the effigy of
the god Bacchus, which serves as a sign to the Inn.)

What ho! thou god of wine, now give us drink!
(Wine gushes forth from cask, and MEPHISTOPHELES fills his goblet.)
Approach, my friends!
Each one shall be served to his liking.
To your health, now and hereafter!
To Marguerite!

Val. Enough! If I do not silence him,
And that instantly, I will die.

(The wine bursts into flame.)

Wag. Hola!

Cho. Hola!

(They draw their swords.)

Mep. Ah, ha! Why do you tremble so, you who menace me?

(He draws a circle around him with his sword. VALENTINE attacks; his
sword is broken.)

Val. My sword, O amazement!
Is broken asunder.

All (forcing MEPHISTOPHELES to retire by holding toward him the cross-shaped
handles of their swords).
Gainst the powers of evil our arms assailing,
Strongest earthly might is unavailing.
But thou canst not charm us,
Look hither!
While this blest sign we wear
Thou canst not harm us.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.

MEPHISTOPHELES, then FAUST.

Mep. (replacing his sword).
We'll meet anon, good sirs,—adieu!

Faust (enters).
Why, what has happened?

Mep. Oh, nothing! let us change the subject!
Say, Doctor, what would you of me?
With what shall we begin?

Faust. Where bides the beauteous maid
Thine art did show to me?
Or was't mere witchcraft?

Mep. No, but her virtue doth protect her from thee,
And heaven itself would keep her pure.

Faust. It matters not!
Come, lead me to her,
Or I straightway abandon thee.

Mep. Then I'll comply! 'twere pity you should think
So meanly of the magic power which I possess.
Have patience! and to this joyous tune.
Right sure am I, the maiden will appear.

SCENE V.

[Pg 14]

(Students, with Maidens on their arms, preceded by Musicians, take possession of the stage. Burghers in the rear, as at the commencement of the act.)

Students, Maidens, Burghers, etc., afterwards SIEBEL and MARGUERITE.

Cho. (marking waltz time with their feet).
As the wind that sportively plays,
At first will light dust only raise,
Yet, at last, becomes a gale,
So our dancing and our singing,
Soft at first, then loudly ringing,
Will resound o'er hill and dale.

(The Musicians mount upon the table, and dancing begins.)

Mep. (to FAUST).
See those lovely young maidens.
Will you not ask of them
To accept you?

Faust. No! desist from thy idle sport,
And leave my heart free to reflection.

Sie. (entering).
Marguerite this way alone can arrive.

Some of the Maidens
(approaching SIEBEL).
Pray seek you a partner to join in the dance?

Sie. No: it has no charm for me.

Cho. As the wind that sportively plays,
At first will light dust only raise,
Yet, at last, becomes a gale,
So our dancing and our singing,
Soft at first, then loudly ringing,
Will resound o'er hill and dale.

(MARGUERITE enters.)

Faust. It is she! behold her!

Mep. 'Tis well! now, then, approach!

Sie. (perceiving MARGUERITE and approaching her).

Marguerite!

Mep.

(turning round and finding himself face to face with SIEBEL).
What say you?

Sie.

(aside).
Malediction! here again!

Mep.

(coaxingly).
What, here again, dear boy?
(laughing).
Ha, ha! a right good jest!

(SIEBEL retreats before MEPHISTOPHELES, who then compels him to make a circuit of the stage, passing behind the dancers.)

Faust

(approaching MARGUERITE, who crosses the stage).
Will you not permit me, my fairest demoiselle,
To offer you my arm, and clear for you the way?

Mar.

No, sir. I am no demoiselle, neither am I fair;
And I have no need to accept your offered arm.

(Passes FAUST and retires.)

Faust

(gazing after her).
What beauty! What grace! What modesty!
O lovely child, I love thee! I love thee!

Sie.

(coming forward, without having seen what has occurred).
She has gone!

(He is about to hurry after MARGUERITE, when he suddenly finds himself face to face with MEPHISTOPHELES—he hastily turns away and leaves the stage.)

Mep.

Well, Doctor!

Faust.

Well. She has repulsed me.

Mep.

(laughing).
Ay, truly, I see, in love,
You know not how to make the first move.

(He retires with FAUST, in the direction taken by MARGUERITE.)

Some of the Maidens

(who have noticed the meeting between FAUST and MARGUERITE).
What is it?

Others.

Marguerite. She has refused the escort
Of yonder elegant gentleman.

Studs.

(approaching).
Waltz again!

Maidens.

Waltz always!

ACT III.

[Pg 15]

SCENE I.

MARGUERITE'S Garden.

(At the back a wall, with a little door. To the left a bower. On the right a pavilion, with a window facing the audience. Trees, shrubs, etc.)

SIEBEL, alone. (He enters through the little door at the back, and stops on the threshold of the pavilion, near a group of roses and lilies.)

Sie.

I.

Gently whisper to her of love, dear flow'r;
Tell her that I adore her,
And for me, oh, implore her,
For my heart feels alone for her love's pow'r.

Say in sighing I languish,
That for her, in my anguish,
Beats alone, dearest flow'r,
My aching heart.

(Plucks flowers.)

Alas! they are wither'd!

(Throws them away.)

Can the accursed wizard's words be true?

(Plucks another flower, which, on touching his hand, immediately withers.)

"Thou shalt ne'er touch flower again

But it shall wither!"

I'll bathe my hand in holy water!

(Approaches the pavilion, and dips his fingers in a little font suspended to the wall.)

When day declines, Marguerite hither
Comes to pray, so we'll try again.

(Plucks more flowers.)

Are they wither'd? No!

Satan, thou art conquer'd!

II.

In these flowers alone I've faith,
For they will plead for me;
To her they will reveal
My hapless state.
The sole cause of my woe is she,
And yet she knows it not.
But in these flowers I've faith,
For they will plead for me.

(Plucks flowers in order to make a bouquet, and disappears amongst the shrubs.)

SCENE II.

[Pg 16]

MEPHISTOPHELES, FAUST, and SIEBEL.

Faust.

(cautiously entering through the garden door).
We are here!

Mep. Follow me.

Faust. Whom dost thou see?

Mep. Siebel, your rival.

Faust. Siebel?

Mep. Hush! He comes.

(They enter the bower.)

Sie. (entering with a bouquet in his hand).
My bouquet is charming indeed?

Mep. (aside).
It is indeed!

Sie. Victory!
Tomorrow I'll reveal all to her.
I will disclose to her the secret
That lies concealed in my heart:
A kiss will tell the rest.

Mep. (aside, mockingly).
Seducer!

SCENE III.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mep. Now attend, my dear doctor!
To keep company with the flowers of our friend,
I go to bring you a treasure,
Which outshines them beyond measure,
And of beauty past believing.

Faust. Leave me!

Mep. I obey. Deign to await me here.

(Disappears.)

SCENE IV.

FAUST.

Faust. (alone).
What new emotion penetrates my soul!
Love, a pure and holy love, pervades my being.
O Marguerite, behold me at thy feet!
All hail, thou dwelling pure and lowly,
Home of an angel fair and holy,
All mortal beauty excelling!
What wealth is here, a wealth outbidding gold,
Of peace, and love, and innocence untold!
Bounteous Nature! 'twas here by day thy love was taught her,
Thou here with kindly care didst o'er-shadow thy daughter
Through hours of night!
Here waving tree and flower
Made her an Eden bower
Of beauty and delight,
For one whose very birth
Brought down heaven to our earth.
All hail, thou dwelling pure and lowly,
Home of an angel fair and holy.

SCENE V.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mep. (carrying a casket under his arm).
What ho! see here!
If flowers are more potent than bright jewels,
Then I consent to lose my power.

(Opens the casket and displays the jewels.)

Faust. Let us fly; I ne'er will see her more.

Mep. What scruple now assails thee?
(Lays the casket on the threshold of the pavilion.)
See on yonder step,
The jewels snugly lie;
We've reason now to hope.

(Draws FAUST after him, and disappears in the garden. MARGUERITE enters through the doorway at the back, and advances silently to the front.)

SCENE VI.

MARGUERITE.

Mar. (alone).
Fain would I know the name
Of the fair youth I met?
Fain would I his birth

And station also know?

(Seats herself at her wheel in the arbor, and arranges the flax upon the spindle.)

I.

"Once there was a king in Thulé,
Who was until death always faithful,
And in memory of his loved one
Caused a cup of gold to be made."

(Breaking off.)

His manner was so gentle! 'Twas true politeness.

(Resuming the song.)

"Never treasure prized he so dearly,
Naught else would use on festive days,
And always when he drank from it,
His eyes with tears would be o'erflowing."

II.

(She rises, and takes a few paces.)

"When he knew that death was near,
As he lay on his cold couch smiling,
Once more he raised with greatest effort
To his lips the golden vase."

(Breaking off.)

I knew not what to say, my face red with blushes!

(Resuming the song.)

"And when he, to honor his lady,
Drank from the cup the last, last time,
Soon falling from his trembling grasp,
Then gently passed his soul away."
Nobles alone can bear them with so bold a mien,
So tender, too, withal!

(She goes toward the pavilion.)

I'll think of him no more! Good Valentine!
If heav'n heeds my prayer, we shall meet again.
Meanwhile I am alone!

(Suddenly perceiving the bouquet attached to the door of the pavilion.)

Flowers!

(Unfastens the bouquet.)

They are Siebel's, surely!
Poor faithful boy!

(Perceiving the casket.)

But what is this?
From whom did this splendid casket come?
I dare not touch it—
Yet see, here is the key!—I'll take one look!
How I tremble—yet why?—can it be
Much harm just to look in a casket!

(Opens the casket and lets the bouquet fall.)

Oh, heaven! what jewels!
Can I be dreaming?
Or am I really awake?
Ne'er have I seen such costly things before!

(Puts down the casket on a rustic seat, and kneels down in order to adorn herself with the jewels.)

I should just like to see
How they'd look upon me
Those brightly sparkling ear-drops!

(Takes out the ear-rings.)

Ah! at the bottom of the casket is a glass:
I there can see myself!—
But am I not becoming vain?

(Puts on the ear-rings, rises, and looks at herself in the glass.)

Ah! I laugh, as I pass, to look into a glass;
Is it truly Marguerite, then?
Is it you?

Tell me true!
No, no, no, 'tis not you!
No, no, that bright face there reflected
Must belong to a queen!
It reflects some fair queen, whom I greet as I pass her.
Ah! could he see me now,
Here, deck'd like this, I vow,
He surely would mistake me,
And for noble lady take me!
I'll try on the rest.
The necklace and the bracelets
I fain would try!

(She adorns herself with the bracelets and necklace, then rises.)

Heavens! 'Tis like a hand
That on mine arm doth rest!
Ah! I laugh, as I pass, to look into a glass;
Is it truly Marguerite, then?
Is it you?
Tell me true!
No, no, no, 'tis not you!
No, no, that bright face there reflected
Must belong to a queen!
It reflects some fair queen, whom I greet as I pass her.
Oh! could he see me now,
Here, deck'd like this, I vow,
He surely would mistake me,
And for noble lady take me!

SCENE VII.

[Pg 21]

MARGUERITE and MARTHA.

Mart. Just heaven! what is't I see?
How fair you now do seem!
Why, what has happened?
Who gave to you these jewels?

Mar. (confused).
Alas! by some mistake
They have been hither brought.

Mart. Why so?
No, beauteous maiden,
These jewels are for you;
The gift are they of some enamor'd lord.
My husband, I must say,
Was of a less generous turn!

(MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST enter.)

SCENE VIII.

[Pg 22]

MEPHISTOPHELES, FAUST, and the before-named.

Mep. (making a profound bow).
Tell me, I pray, are you Martha Schwerlein?

Mart. Sir, I am!

Mep. Pray pardon me,
If thus I venture to present myself.
(Aside, to FAUST.)
You see your presents
Are right graciously received.

(To MARTHA.)

Are you, then, Martha Schwerlein?

Mart. Sir, I am.

Mep. The news I bring
Is of an unpleasant kind:

Your much-loved spouse is dead,
And sends you greeting.

Mart. Great heaven!

Mar. Why, what has happened?

Mep. Stuff!

(MARGUERITE hastily takes off the jewels, and is about to replace them in the casket.)

Mart. Oh woe! oh, unexpected news!

Mar. (aside).
How beats my heart
Now he is near!

Faust (aside).
The fever of my love
Is lull'd when at her side!

Mep. (to MARTHA).
Your much-loved spouse is dead,
And sends you greeting!

Mart. (to MEPHISTOPHELES).
Sent he nothing else to me?

Mep. (to MARTHA).
No. We'll punish him for't;
Upon this very day
We'll find him a successor.

Faust (to MARGUERITE).
Wherefore lay aside these jewels?

Mar. (to FAUST).
Jewels are not made for me;
'Tis meet I leave them where they are.

Mep. (to MARTHA).
Who would not gladly unto
You present the wedding-ring?

Mart. (aside).
Indeed!
(to MEPHISTOPHELES).
You think so?

Mep. (sighing).
Ah me! ah, cruel fate!

Faust (to MARGUERITE)
Pray lean upon mine arm!

Mar. (retiring).
Leave me, I humbly pray!

Mep. (offering his arm to MARTHA).
Take mine!

Mart. (aside).
In sooth, a comely knight!
(taking his arm.)

Mep. (aside).
The dame is somewhat tough!

(MARGUERITE yields her arm to FAUST, and withdraws with him.
MEPHISTOPHELES and MARTHA remain together.)

Mart. And so you are always traveling!

Mep. A hard necessity it is, madame!
Alone and loveless. Ah!

Mart. In youth it matters not so much,

But in late years 'tis sad indeed!
Right melancholy it is in solitude
Our olden age to pass!

Mep. The very thought doth make me shudder.
But still, alas! what can I do?

Mart. If I were you, I'd not delay,
But think on't seriously at once.

Mep. I'll think on't!

Mart. At once and seriously!

(They withdraw.)
(FAUST and MARGUERITE re-enter.)

Faust. Art always thus alone?

Mar. My brother is at the wars,
My mother dear is dead!
By misadventure, too,
My dear sister have I lost.
Dear sister mine!
My greatest happiness was she.
Sad sorrows these;
When our souls with love are filled,
Death tears the loved one from us!
At morn, no sooner did she wake,
Than I was always at her side!
The darling of my life was she!
To see her once again,
I'd gladly suffer all.

Faust. If heaven, in joyous mood,
Did make her like to thee,
An angel must she indeed have been!

Mar. Thou mock'st me!

Faust. Nay, I do love thee!

Mar. (sighing).
Flatterer! thou mock'st me!
I believe thee not! thou seekest to deceive.
No longer will I stay, thy words to hear.

Faust (to MARGUERITE).
Nay, I do love thee! Stay, oh stay!
Heaven hath with an angel crown'd my path.
Why fear'st thou to listen?
It is my heart that speaks.

(Re-enter MEPHISTOPHELES and MARTHA.)

Mart. (to MEPHISTOPHELES).
Of what now are you thinking?
You heed me not—perchance you mock me.
Now list to what I say.—
You really must not leave us thus!

Mep. (to MARTHA).
Ah, chide me not, if my wanderings I resume.
Suspect me not; to roam I am compelled!
Need I attest how gladly I remain.
I hear but thee alone.

(Night comes on.)

Mar. (to FAUST).
It grows dark,—you must away.

Faust (embracing her).
My loved one!

Mar. Ah! no more!
(Escapes.)

Faust. Ah, cruel one, would'st fly?
(Pursuing her.)

Mep. (aside, whilst MARTHA angrily turns her back to him).
The matter's getting serious,
I must away.

(Conceals himself behind a tree.)

Mart. (aside).
What's to be done? he's gone!
What ho, good sir!
(Retires.)

Mep. Yes, seek for me—that's right!
I really do believe
The aged beldame would
Actually have married Satan!

Faust (without).
Marguerite!

Mart. (without).
Good sir!

Mep. Your servant!

SCENE IX.

[Pg 23]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mep. 'Twas high time!
By night, protected,
In earnest talk of love,
They will return! 'Tis well!
I'll not disturb
Their amorous confabulation!
Night, conceal them in thy darkest shade.
Love, from their fond hearts
Shut out all troublesome remorse.
And ye, O flowers of fragrance subtle,
This hand accurs'd
Doth cause ye all to open!
Bewilder the heart of Marguerite!

(Disappears amid the darkness.)

SCENE X.

[Pg 24]

FAUST and MARGUERITE.

Mar. It groweth late, farewell!

Faust. I but implore in vain.
Let me thy hand take, and clasp it,
And behold but thy face once again,
Illum'd by that pale light,
From yonder moon that shines,
O'er thy beauteous features shedding
Its faint but golden ray.

Mar. Oh, what stillness reigns around,
Oh, ineffable mystery!
Sweetest, happiest feeling,
I list; a secret voice
Now seems to fill my heart.
Still its tone again resoundeth in my bosom.
Leave me awhile, I pray.
(Stoops and picks a daisy.)

Faust. What is it thou doest?

Mar. This flower I consult.
(She plucks the petals of the daisy.)

Faust (aside).
What utters she in tones subdued?

Mar. He loves me!—no, he loves me not!
He loves me!—no!—He loves me!

Faust. Yes, believe thou this flower,
The flower of loves.
To thine heart let it tell
The truth it would teach,—
He loves thee! Know'st thou not
How happy 'tis to love?
To cherish in the heart a flame that never dies!
To drink forever from the fount of love!

Both. We'll love for ever!

Faust. Oh, night of love! oh, radiant night!
The bright stars shine above;
Oh, joy, this is divine!
I love, I do adore thee!

Mar. Mine idol fond art thou!
Speak, speak again!
Thine, thine I'll be;
For thee I'll gladly die.

Faust. Oh, Marguerite!

Mar. (suddenly tearing herself from FAUST's arms).
Ah, leave me!

Faust. Cruel one!

Mar. Fly hence! alas! I tremble!

Faust. Cruel one!

Mar. Pray leave me!

Faust. Would'st thou have me leave thee?
Ah! see'st thou not my grief?
Ah, Marguerite, thou breakest my heart!

Mar. Go hence! I waver! mercy, pray!
Fly hence! alas! I tremble!
Break not, I pray, thy Marguerite's heart!

Faust. In pity—

Mar. If to thee I'm dear,
I conjure thee, by thy love,
By this fond heart,
That too readily its secret hath revealed,
Yield thee to my prayer,—
In mercy get thee hence!
(Kneels at the feet of FAUST.)

Faust (after remaining a few moments silent, gently raising her).
O fairest child,
Angel so holy,
Thou shalt control me,
Shalt curb my will.
I obey; but at morn—

Mar. Yes, at morn,
Very early.

Faust. One word at parting.
Repeat thou lovest me.

Mar. Adieu!

(Hastens towards the pavilion, then stops short on the threshold, and wafts a kiss to FAUST.)

Faust. Adieu! Were it already morn!

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mep. Fool!

Faust. You overheard us?

Mep. Happily. You have great need, learned Doctor,
To be sent again to school.

Faust. Leave me!

Mep. Deign first to listen for a moment,
To the speech she rehearses to the stars.
Dear master, delay. She opens her window.

(MARGUERITE opens the window of the pavilion, and remains with her head resting on her hand.)

SCENE XII.

[Pg 26]

The preceding. MARGUERITE.

Mar. He loves me! Wildly beats my heart!
The night-bird's song,
The evening breeze,
All nature's sounds together say,
"He loves thee!"
Ah! sweet, sweet indeed
Now is this life to me!
Another world it seems;
The very ecstasy of love is this!
With to-morrow's dawn,
Haste thee, oh dear one,
Haste thee to return! Yes, come!

Faust. (rushing to the window, and grasping her hand).
Marguerite!

MAR. Ah!

Mep. (mockingly).
Ho! ho!

(MARGUERITE, overcome, allows her head to fall on FAUST's shoulder. MEPHISTOPHELES opens the door of the garden, and departs, laughing derisively. The curtain falls.)

ACT IV.

[Pg 27]

SCENE I.

Marguerite's Room.
SIEBEL and MARGUERITE.

Sie. (quietly approaching).
Marguerite!

Mar. Siebel!

Sie. What, weeping still!

Mar. Alas! thou alone art kind to me.

Sie. A mere youth am I.
And yet I have a manly heart,
And I will sure avenge thee.
The seducer's life shall forfeit pay.

Mar. Whose life?

Sie. Need I name him? The wretch
Who thus hast deserted thee!

Mar. In mercy, speak not thus!

Sie. Dost love him still, then?

Mar. Ay, I love him still!
But not to you, good Siebel, should I repeat this tale.

Sie.

I.

When all was young, and pleasant May was blooming,
I, thy poor friend, took part with thee in play;
Now that the cloud of autumn dark is glooming,
Now is for me, too, mournful the day.
Hope and delight have passed from life away.

II.

We were not born with true love to trifle,
Nor born to part because the wind blows cold.
What though the storm the summer garden rife,
Oh, Marguerite! oh, Marguerite!
Still on the bough is left a leaf of gold.

Mar. Bless you, my friend, your sympathy is sweet.
The cruel ones who wrong me thus
Cannot close against me
The gates of the holy temple.
Thither will I go to pray
For him and for our child.

(Exit. SIEBEL follows slowly after.)

SCENE II.

[Pg 28]

Interior of a Church.

MARGUERITE, then MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Women enter the church and cross the stage. MARGUERITE enters after them, and kneels.)

Mar. O heaven!
Permit thy lowly handmaiden
To prostrate herself before thine altar.

Mep. No, thou shalt not pray!
Spirits of evil, haste ye at my call,
And drive this woman hence!

Cho. of Demons. Marguerite!

Mar. Who calls me?

Cho. Marguerite!

Mar. I tremble!—oh, heaven!
My last hour is surely nigh!

(The tomb opens and discloses MEPHISTOPHELES, who bends over to
MARGUERITE'S ear.)

Mep. Remember the glorious days
When an angel's wings
Protected thy young heart.
To church thou camest then to worship,
Nor hadst thou then sinned 'gainst heaven.
Thy prayers then issued
From an unstained heart
And on the wings of faith
Did rise to the Creator.
Hear'st thou their call?
'Tis hell that summons thee!
Hell claims thee for its own!
Eternal pain, and woe, and tribulation,
Will be thy portion!

Mar. Heaven! what voice is this
That in the shade doth speak to me?
What mysterious tones are these!

Religious Cho. When the last day shall have come,
The cross in heaven shall shine forth,
This world to dust shall crumble.

Mar. Ah me! more fearful still becomes their song.

Mep. No pardon hath heaven left for thee!
For thee e'en heaven hath no more light!

Religious Cho. What shall we say unto high heav'n?
Who shall protection find
When innocence such persecution meets?

Mar. A heavy weight my breast o'erpowers,—
I can no longer breathe!

Mep. Nights of love, farewell!
Ye days of joy, adieu!
Lost, lost for aye art thou!

Mar. and Cho.
Heav'n! hear thou the prayer
Of a sad, broken heart!
A bright ray send thou
From the starry sphere
Her anguish to allay!

Mep. Marguerite, lost, lost art thou!

Mar. Ah!

(He disappears.)

SCENE III.

[Pg 29]

The Street.

VALENTINE, Soldiers, then SIEBEL.

Cho. Our swords we will suspend
Over the paternal hearth;
At length we have returned.
Sorrowing mothers no longer
Will bewail their absent sons.

SCENE IV.

[Pg 30]

VALENTINE and SIEBEL.

Val. (perceiving SIEBEL, who enters).
Ah, Siebel, is it thou?

Sie. Dear Valentine!

Val. Come, then, to my heart!
(embracing him).
And Marguerite?

Sie. (confused).
Perhaps she's yonder at the church.

Val. She doubtless prays for my return.
Dear girl, how pleased
She'll be to hear me tell
My warlike deeds!

Cho. Glory to those who in battle fall,
Their bright deeds we can with pride recall.
May we, then, honor and fame acquire,
Their glorious deeds our hearts will inspire!
For that dear native land where we first drew breath,
Her sons, at her command proudly brave e'en death.
At their sacred demand who on us depend,
Our swords we will draw, their rights to defend.
Homeward our steps we now will turn,—
Joy and peace await us there!

On, on at once, nor loiter here;
On, then, our lov'd ones to embrace,—
Affection calls, fond love doth summon us,
Yes, many a heart will beat
When they our tale shall hear.

Val. Come, Siebel, we'll to my dwelling
And o'er a flask of wine hold converse.
(Approaching MARGUERITE'S house.)

Sie. Nay, enter not!

Val. Why not, I pray?—Thou turn'st away;
Thy silent glance doth seek the ground—
Speak, Siebel—what hath happened?

Sie. (with an effort.)
No! I cannot tell thee!

Val. What mean'st thou?
(Rushing toward house.)

Sie. (withholding him.)
Hold, good Valentine, take heart!

Val. What is't thou mean'st!
(Enters the house.)

Sie. Forgive her!
Shield her, gracious Heaven!

(Approaches the church. FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES enter at the back; MEPHISTOPHELES carries a guitar.)

SCENE V.

[Pg 31]

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Faust goes towards MARGUERITE'S house, but hesitates.)

Mep. Why tarry ye?
Let us enter the house.

Faust. Peace! I grieve to think that I
Brought shame and sorrow hither.

Mep. Why see her again, then, after leaving her?
Some other sight might be more pleasing.
To the sabbath let us on.

Faust (sighing).
Oh, Marguerite!

Mep. My advice, I know,
Availeth but little
Against thy stubborn will.
Doctor, you need my voice!

(Throwing back his mantle, and accompanying himself on the guitar.)

I.

Maiden, now in peace reposing,
From thy sleep awake,
Hear my voice with love imploring,
Wilt thou pity take?
But beware how thou confidest
Even in thy friend,
Ha! ha! ha!
If not for thy wedding finger
He a ring doth send.

II.

Yes, sweet maiden, I implore thee,—
Oh, refuse not this,—
Smile on him who doth adore thee,
Bless him with thy kiss.
But beware how thou confidest,

Even in thy friend,
Ha! ha! ha!
If not for thy wedding finger
He a ring doth send.

(VALENTINE rushes from the house.)

[Pg 32]

SCENE VI.

VALENTINE and the before-named.

Val. Good sir, what want you here?

Mep. My worthy fellow, it was not to you
That we addressed our serenade!

Val. My sister, perhaps, would more gladly hear it!

(VALENTINE draws his sword, and breaks MEPHISTOPHELES' guitar.)

Faust. His sister!

Mep. (to VALENTINE)
Why this anger?
Do ye not like my singing?

Val. Your insults cease!
From which of ye must I demand
Satisfaction for this foul outrage?
Which of ye must I now slay?
(FAUST draws his sword.)
'Tis he!

Mep. Your mind's made up, then!
On, then, doctor, at him, pray!

Val. Oh, heaven, thine aid afford,
Increase my strength and courage,
That in his blood my sword
May wipe out this fell outrage!

Faust. What fear is this unnerves my arm?
Why falters now my courage?
Dare I to take his life,
Who but resents an outrage?

Mep. His wrath and his courage
I laugh alike to scorn!
To horse, then, for his last journey
The youth right soon will take!

Val. (taking in his hand the medallion suspended round his neck).
Thou gift of Marguerite,
Which till now hath ever saved me,
I'll no more of thee—I cast thee hence!
Accursed gift, I throw thee from me!
(Throws it angrily away.)

Mep. (aside).
Thou'll repent it!

Val. (to FAUST).
Come on, defend thyself!

Mep. (to FAUST, in a whisper).
Stand near to me, and attack him only;
I'll take care to parry!

(They fight.)

Val. (falling).
Ah!

Mep. Behold our hero,
Lifeless on the ground!
Come, we must hence—quick, fly!

SCENE VII.

(Enter Citizens, with lighted torches; afterwards SIEBEL and MARGUERITE.)

Cho. Hither, hither, come this way—
They're fighting here hard by!
See, one has fallen;
The unhappy man lies prostrate there.
Ah! he moves—yes, still he breathes;
Quick, then, draw nigh
To raise and succor him!

Val. 'Tis useless, cease these vain laments.
Too often have I gazed
On death, to heed it
When my own time hath come!
(MARGUERITE appears at the back, supported by SIEBEL.)

Mar. (advancing, and falling on her knees at VALENTINE'S side).
Valentine! ah, Valentine!

Val. (thrusting her from him).
Marguerite!
What would'st thou here?—away!

Mar. O heav'n!

Val. For her I die! Poor fool!
I thought to chastise her seducer!

Cho. (in a low voice, pointing to MARGUERITE).
He dies, slain by her seducer!

Mar. Fresh grief is this! ah, bitter punishment.

Sie. Have pity on her, pray!

Val. (supported by those around him).
Marguerite, give ear awhile;
That which was decreed
Hath duly come to pass.
Death comes at its good pleasure:
All mortals must obey its behest.
But for you intervenes an evil life!
Those white hands will never work more;
The labors and sorrows that others employ,
Will be forgotten in hours of joy.
Darest thou live, ingrate?
Darest thou still exist?
Go! Shame overwhelm thee! Remorse follow thee!
At length *thy* hour will sound.
Die! And if God pardons thee hereafter,
So may this life be a continual curse!

Cho. Terrible wish! Unchristian thought!
In thy last sad hour, unfortunate!
Think of thy own soul's welfare.
Forgive, if thou wouldst be forgiven.

Val. Marguerite; I curse you! Death awaits me.
I die by your hand; but I die a soldier.

(Dies.)

Cho. God receive thy spirit!
God pardon thy sins!

(Curtain.)

SCENE I.

A Prison.

MARGUERITE asleep;
FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. Go! get thee hence!

Mep. The morn appears, black night is on the wing.
Quickly prevail upon Marguerite to follow thee.
The jailer soundly sleeps—here is the key,
Thine own hand now can ope the door.

Faust. Good! Get thee gone!

Mep. Be sure thou tarry not!
I will keep watch without.

(Exit.)

Faust. With grief my heart is wrung!
Oh, torture! oh, source of agony
And remorse eternal! Behold her there
The good, the beauteous girl,
Cast like a criminal
Into this vile dungeon;
Grief must her reason have disturbed,
For, with her own hand, alas!
Her child she slew!
Oh, Marguerite!

Mar. (waking).
His voice did sure
Unto my heart resound.

(Rises.)

Faust. Marguerite!

Mar. At that glad sound it wildly throbs again
Amid the mocking laugh of demons.

Faust. Marguerite!

Mar. Now am I free. He is here. It is his voice.
Yes, thou art he whom I love.
Fetters, death, have no terrors for me;
Thou hast found me. Thou hast returned.
Now am I saved! Now rest I on thy heart!

Faust. Yes, I am here, and I love thee,
In spite of the efforts of yon mocking demon.

(FAUST attempts to draw her with him.)
(She gently disengages herself from his arms.)

Mar. Stay! this is the spot
Where one day thou didst meet me.
Thine hand sought mine to clasp.
"Will you not permit me, my fairest demoiselle,
To offer you my arm, and clear for you the way?"
"No, sir. I am no demoiselle, neither am I fair;
And I have no need to accept your offered arm."

Faust. What is't she says? Ah me! Ah me!

Mar. And the garden I love is here,
Odorous of myrtle and roses,
Where every eve thou camest in
With careful step, as night was falling.

Faust. Come, Marguerite, let us fly!

Mar. No! stay a moment!

Faust. O heav'n, she does not understand!

MEPHISTOPHELES and the preceding.

Mep. Away at once, while yet there's time!
If longer ye delay,
Not e'en my power can save ye.

Mar. See'st thou yon demon crouching in the shade?
His deadly glance is fixed on us;
Quick! drive him from these sacred walls.

Mep. Away! leave we this spot,
The dawn hath appeared;
Hear'st thou not the fiery chargers,
As with sonorous hoof they paw the ground?
(Endeavoring to drag FAUST with him.)
Haste ye, then,—perchance there yet
Is time to save her!

Mar. O Heaven, I crave thy help!
Thine aid alone I do implore!

(Kneeling.)

Holy angels, in heaven bless'd,
My spirit longs with ye to rest!
Great Heaven, pardon grant, I implore thee,
For soon shall I appear before thee!

Faust. Marguerite! Follow me, I implore!

Mar. Holy angels, in heaven bless'd,
My spirit longs with ye to rest!
Great Heaven, pardon grant, I implore thee,
For soon shall I appear before thee!

Faust. O Marguerite!

Mar. Why that glance with anger fraught?

Faust. Marguerite!

Mar. What blood is that which stains thy hand!
Away! thy sight doth cause me horror!
(Falls.)

Mep. Condemned!

Cho. Saved!
Christ hath arisen!
Christ hath arisen!
Christ is born again!
Peace and felicity
To all disciples of the Master!
Christ hath arisen!

(The prison walls open. The soul of MARGUERITE rises towards heaven. FAUST gazes despairingly after her, then falls on his knees and prays. MEPHISTOPHELES turns away, barred by the shining sword of an archangel.)

END OF THE OPERA.

ACTE PREMIER.

[Pg 36]

SCÈNE PREMIERE.

Le Cabinet de Faust.

(FAUST, seul. Sa lampe est près de s'eteindre. Il est assis devant une table chargée de parchemins. Un livre est ouvert devant lui.)

Faust. Rien!...—En vain j'interroge, en mon ardente veille,
La nature et le Créateur;
Pas une voix ne glisse à mon oreille
Un mot consolateur!
J'ai languï triste et solitaire,
Sans pouvoir briser le lien
Qui m'attache encore à la terre!...
Je ne vois rien!—Je ne sais rien!...
(Il ferme le livre et se lève. Le jour commence à naitre.)
Le ciel pâlit!—Devant l'aube nouvelle
La sombre nuit
S'évanouit!...
(Avec désespoir.)
Encore un jour!—encore un jour qui luit!...
O mort, quand viendras-tu m'abriter sous ton aile?

(Saisissant une fiole sur la table.)

Eh bien! puisque la mort me fuit,
Pourquoi n'irais-je pas vers elle?...
Salut! ô mon dernier matin!
J'arrive sans terreur au terme du voyage;
Et je suis, avec ce breuvage,
Le seul maître de mon destin!

(Il verse le contenu de la fiole dans une coupe de cristal. Au moment où il va porter la coupe à ses lèvres, des voix de jeunes filles se font entendre au dehors.)

Chœur de Jeunes Filles.

Paresseuse fille
Qui sommeille encor!
Déjà le jour brille
Sous son manteau d'or.
Déjà l'oiseau chante
Ses folles chansons;
L'aube caressante
Sourit aux moissons;
Le ruisseau murmure,
La fleur s'ouvre au jour,
Toute la nature
S'éveille à l'amour!

Faust. Vains échos de la joie humaine,
Passez, passez votre chemin!...
O coupe des aïeux, qui tant fois fus pleine,
Pourquoi trembles-tu dans ma main?...
(Il porte de nouveau la coupe à ses lèvres.)

Chœur des Laboureurs (dehors).

Aux champs l'aurore nous rappelle;
Le temps est beau, la terre est belle;
Béni soit Dieu!
A peine voit-on l'hirondelle,
Qui vole et plonge d'un coup d'aile
Dans le profondeur du ciel bleu!

Jeunes Filles et Labs. Béni soit Dieu!

Faust. (*reposant la coupe*) Dieu!
(Il se laisse retomber dans son fauteuil.)
Mais ce Dieu, que peut-il pour moi!
(Se levant.)
Me rendra-t'il l'amour, l'espérance et la foi?
(Avec rage.)
Maudites soyez-vous, ô voluptés humaines!
Maudites soient les chaînes
Qui me font ramper ici-bas!
Maudit soit tout ce qui nous leurre,
Vain espoir qui passe avec l'heure,
Rêves d'amour ou de combats!
Maudit soit le bonheur, maudites la science,
La prière et la foi!
Maudite sois-tu, patience!
A moi, Satan! à moi!

SCÈNE II.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mep. (apparaissant).
Me voici!... D'où vient ta surprise!
Ne suis-je pas mis à ta guise?
L'épée au côté, la plume au chapeau,
L'escarcelle pleine, un riche manteau
Sur l'épaule;—en somme
Un vrai gentilhomme!
Eh bien! que me veux-tu, docteur!
Parle, voyons!...—Te fais-je peur?

Faust. Non.

Mep. Doutes-tu ma puissance?...

Faust. Peut-être!

Mep. Mets-la donc à l'épreuve!...

Faust. Va-t'en!

Mep. Fi!—c'est là ta reconnaissance!
Apprends de moi qu'avec Satan
L'on en doit user d'autre sorte,
Et qu'il n'était pas besoin
De l'appeler de si loin
Pour le mettre ensuite à la porte!

Faust. Et que peux-tu pour moi?

Mep. Tout.—Mais dis-moi d'abord
Ce que tu veux;—est-ce de l'or?

Faust. Que ferais-je de la richesse?

Mep. Bien! je vois où le bât te blesse!
Tu veux la gloire?

Faust. Plus encor!

Mep. La puissance!

Faust. Non! je veux un trésor
Qui les contient tous!... je veux la jeunesse!
A moi les plaisirs,
Les jeunes maîtresses!
A moi leurs caresses!
A moi leurs désirs?
A moi l'énergie
Des instincts puissants,
Et la folle orgie
Du cœur et des sens!
Ardente jeunesse,
A moi tes désirs!
A moi ton ivresse!
A moi tes plaisirs!...

Mep. Fort bien! je puis contenter ton caprice

Faust. Et que te donnerai-je en retour?

Mep. Presque rien:
Ici, je suis à ton service,
Mais là-bas tu seras au mien.

Faust. Là-bas?...

Mep. Là-bas.
(Lui présentant un parchemin.)
Allons, signe.—Eh quoi! ta main tremble!
Que faut-il pour te décider?
La jeunesse t'appelle; ôse la regarder!...

(Il fait un geste. Au fond du théâtre s'ouvre et laisse voir MARGUERITE assise devant son rouet et filant.)

Faust. O merveille!...

Mep. Eh bien! que t'ensemble?
(Prenant le parchemin.)

Faust. Donne!...
(Il signe.)

Mep. Allons donc!
(Prenant la coupe restée sur la table.)
Et maintenant,
Maître, c'est moi qui te convie
A vider cette coupe où fume en bouillonnant
Non plus la mort, non plus le poison;—mais la vie!

Faust. (Prenant la coupe et se tournant vers MARGUERITE.)
A toi, fantôme adorable et charmant!...

(Il vide la coupe et se trouve métamorphosé en jeune et élégant seigneur. La vision disparaît.)

Mep. Viens!

Faust. Je la reverrai?

Mep. Sans doute.

Faust. Quand?

Mep. Aujourd'hui.

Faust. C'est bien!

Mep. En route!

Faust. A moi les plaisirs,
Les jeunes maîtresses!
A moi leurs caresses!
A moi leurs désirs!

Mep. A toi la jeunesse,
A toi ses désirs,
A toi son ivresse,
A toi ses plaisirs!

(Ils sortent.—La toile tombe.)

ACTE DEUXIÈME.

[Pg 38]

SCÈNE PREMIÈRE.

La Kermesse.

(Une des portes de la ville. A gauche un caborte à l'enseigne du Bacchus)

WAGNER, Etudiants, Bourgeois, Soldats, Jeunes Filles, Matrones.

Etuds.

Vin ou bière,
Bière ou vin,
Que mon verre
Soit plein!
Sans vergogne,
Coup sur coup,
Un ivrogne
Boit tout!

Wag. Jeune adepte Que ta gloire,
De tonneau Tes amours,
N'en excepte Soient de boire
Que l'eau! Toujours!

(Ils trinquent et boivent.)

Soldats.

Filles ou forteresses,
C'est tout un, morbleu!
Vieux burgs, jeunes maîtresses
Sont pour nous un jeu!
Celui qui sait s'y prendre
Sans trop de façon,
Les oblige à se rendre
En payant rançon!

Bourgeois.

Aux jours de dimanche et de fête,
J'aime à parler guerre et combats;
Tandis que les peuples là-bas
Se cassent la tête.
Je vais m'asseoir sur les coteaux
Qui sont voisins de la rivière,
Et je vois passer les bateaux
En vidant mon verre!

(Bourgeois et Soldats remontent vers le fond du théâtre.)

(Un groupe de jeunes filles entre en scène.)

Les Jeunes Filles (regardant de côté).

Voyez ces hardis compères
Qui viennent là-bas;
Ne soyons pas trop sévères,
Retardons le pas.

(Elles gagnent la droite du théâtre. Un second chœur d'étudiants entre à leur suite.)

Deuxième Cho. d'Etuds. Voyez ces mines gaillardes

Et ces airs vainqueurs!
Amis, soyons sur nos gardes,
Tenons bien nos cœurs!

Cho. De Mats. (observant les étudiants et les jeunes filles).

Voyez après ces donzelles
Courir ces messieurs!
Nous sommes aussi bien qu'elles,
Sinon beaucoup mieux!

(Ensemble.)

Mats. (aux jeunes filles).

Vous voulez leur plaire
Nous le voyons bien

Etuds. Vin ou bière,

Bière ou vin,
Que mon verre
Soit plein!

Sols. Pas de beauté fière!

Nous savons leur plaire
En un tour de main!

Bourg. Vidons un verre

De ce bon vin!

Jeunes Filles. De votre colère

Nous ne craignons rien!

Jeunes Etuds. Voyez leur colère,

Voyez leur maintien!

(Les étudiants et les soldats séparent les femmes en riant. Tous les groupes s'éloignent et disparaissent.)

SCÈNE II.

[Pg 39]

WAGNER, SIEBEL, Etudiants, VALENTIN.

Val. (paraissant au fond; il tient une petite médaille à la main).

O sainte médaille,

Qui me viens de ma sœur,
Au jour de la bataille,
Pour écarter la mort, reste là sur mon cœur!

Wag. Ah! voici Valentin qui nous cherché sans doute!

Val. Un dernier coup, messieurs, et mettons-nous en route!

Wag. Qu'as-tu donc?... quels regrets attristent nos adieux?

Val. Comme vous, pour longtemps, je vais quitter ces lieux;
J'y laisse Marguerite, et, pour veiller sur elle,
Ma mère n'est plus là!

Sie. Plus d'un ami fidèle
Saura te remplacer a ses côtés!

Val. (lui serrant la main).
Merci!

Sie. Sur moi tu peux compter!

Etuds. Compte sur nous aussi!

Val. Avant de quitter ces lieux,
Sol natal de mes aïeux,
A toi, Seigneur et Roi des Cieux,
Ma sœur je confie.
Daigne de tout danger
Toujours la protéger,
Cette sœur si chérie.
Délivré d'une triste pensée,
J'irais chercher la gloire au sein des ennemis,
Le premier, le plus brave au fort de la mêlée,
J'irai combattre pour mon pays.
Et si vers lui Dieu me rappelle,
Je vieillerais sur toi fidèle,
O Marguerite!

Wag. Allons, amis! point de vaines alarmes!
A ce bon vin ne mêlons pas de larmes!
Buvons, trinquons, et qu'un joyeux refrain
Nous mette en train!

Etuds. Buvons, trinquons, et qu'un joyeux refrain
Nous mette en train!

Wag.
(montant sur un escabeau).
Un rat plus poltron que brave,
Et plus laid que beau,
Logeait au fond d'une cave,
Sous un vieux tonneau;
Un chat....

SCÈNE III.

[Pg 40]

Les mêmes. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mep.
(paraissant tout à coup au milieu des étudiants et interrompant WAGNER).
Pardon!

Wag. Hein?

Mep. Parmi vous, de grâce
Permettez-moi de prendre place!
Que votre ami d'abord achève sa chanson!
Moi, je vous en promets plusieurs de ma façon!

Wag. (descendant de son escabeau).
Une seule suffit, pourvu qu'elle soit bonne!

Mep. Je ferai de mon mieux pour n'ennuyer personne!

I.

Le veau d'or est toujours debout;
On encense

Sa puissance
D'un bout du monde à l'autre bout!
Pour fêter l'infâme idole,
Peuples et rois confondus,
Au bruit sombre des écus
Dansent une ronde folle
Autour de son piédestal?...
Et Satan conduit le bal!

II.

Le veau d'or est vainqueur des dieux;
Dans son gloire
Dérisoire
Le monstre abjecte insulte aux cieux!
Il contemple, ô rage étrange!
A ses pieds le genre humain
Se ruant, le fer en main,
Dans le sang et dans la fange
Où brille l'ardent métal!...
Et Satan conduit le bal!

Tous. Et Satan conduit le bal!

Cho. Merci de ta chanson!

Val. (à part).
Singulier personnage!

Wag.
(tendant un verre à MEPHISTOPHELES).
Nous ferez vous l'honneur de trinquer avec nous?

Mep. Volontiers!...
(Saisissant la main de WAGNER et l'examinant.)
Ah! voici qui m'attriste pour vous!
Vous voyez cette ligne?

Wag. Eh bien?

Mep. Fâcheux presage!
Vous vous ferez tuer en montant à l'assaut!

Sie. Vous êtes donc sorcier?

Mep. Tout juste autant qu'il faut
Pour lire dans ta main que le ciel te condamne
A ne plus toucher une fleur
Sans qu'elle se fane!

Sie. Moi!

Mep. Plus de bouquets à Marguerite!...

Val. Ma sœur!...
Qui vous a dit son nom?

Mep. Prenez garde, mon brave!
Vous vous ferez tuer par quelqu'un que je sais!
(Prenant le verre des mains de Wagner.)
A votre santé!...
(Jetant le contenu du verre, après y avoir trempé ses lèvres.)
Peuh! que ton vin est mauvais!...
Permettez-moi de vous en offrir de ma cave!
(Frappant sur le tonneau, surmonté d'un Bacchus, qui sert d'enseigne au cabaret.)
Holà! seigneur Bacchus! à boire!...
(Le vin jaillit du tonneau. Aux étudiants.)
Approchez-vous!
Chacun sera servi selon ses goûts!
A la santé que tout à l'heure
Vous portiez, mes amis, à Marguerite!

Val. (lui arrachant le verre des mains).
Assez!...
Si je ne te fais taire à l'instant, que je meure!

(Le vin s'enflamme dans la vasque placée audessous du tonneau.)

Wag. et les Etuds. Holà!...
(Ils tirent leurs épées.)

Mep. Pourquoi trembler, vous qui me menacez?
(Il tire un cercle autour de lui avec son épée.
—VALENTIN s'avance pour l'attaquer.—Son épée se brise.)

Val. Mon fer, ô surprise!
Dans les airs se brise!...

Val., Wag., Sie. et les Etuds.
(forçant MEPHISTOPHELES à reculer et lui présentant la garde de leurs épées).
De l'enfer qui vient émousser
Nos armes!
Nous ne pouvons pas repousser
Les charmes!
Mais puisque tu brises le fer,
Regarde!...
C'est une croix qui, de l'enfer,
Nous garde!

(Ils sortent.)

SCÈNE IV.

[Pg 41]

MEPHISTOPHELES, puis FAUST.

Mep. (remettant son épée au fourreau).
Nous nous retrouverons, mes amis!—Serviteur!

Faust (entrant en scène).
Qu'as-tu donc?

Mep. Rien!—A nous deux, cher docteur!
Qu'attendez-vous de moi? par où commencerai-je?

Faust. Où se cache la belle enfant
Que ton art m'a fait voir?—Est-ce un vain sortilège?

Mep. Non pas! mais contre nous sa vertu la protège;
Et le ciel même la défend!

Faust. Qu'importe? je le veux! viens! conduis-mois vers elle!
Ou je me sépare de toi!

Mep. Il suffit!... je tiens trop à mon nouvel emploi
Pour vous laisser douter un instant de mon zèle!
Attendons!... Ici même, à ce signal joyeux,
La belle et chaste enfant va paraître à vos yeux!

SCÈNE V.

[Pg 42]

(Les étudiants et les jeunes filles, bras dessus, bras dessous, et précédés par des joueurs de violon, envahissent la scène. Ils sont suivie par les bourgeois qui ont paru au commencement de l'acte.)

Les Mêmes, Étudiants, Jeunes Filles, Bourgeois, puis SIEBEL et MARGUERITE.

Cho. (marquant la mesure en marchant).
Ainsi que la brise légère
Soulève en épais tourbillons
La poussière
Des sillons,
Que la valse nous entraîne!
Faites retentir la plaine
De l'éclat de nos chansons!

(Les Musiciens montent sur les bancs; la valse commence.)

Mep. (à FAUST).
Vois ces filles
Gentilles!
Ne veux-tu pas
Aux plus belles

D'entre elles
Offrir ton bras?

Faust. Non! fais trêve
A ce ton moqueur!
Et laisse mon cœur
A son rêve!...

Sie. (rentrant en scène).
C'est par ici que doit passer
Marguerite!

Quelques Jeunes Filles.
(s'approchant de SIEBEL).
Faut-il qu'une fille à danser
Vous invite?

Sie. Non!... non! je ne veux pas valser!...

Cho. Ainsi que la brise légère
Soulève en épais tourbillons
La poussière
Des sillons,
Que la valse nous entraîne!
Faites retentir la plaine
De l'éclat de nos chansons!...

(MARGUERITE paraît.)

Faust. Ah!... la voici ... c'est elle!...

Mep. Eh bien, aborde-la!

Sie. (apercevant MARGUERITE et faisant un pas vers elle).
Marguerite!...

Mep. (se retournant et se trouvant face à face avec SIEBEL).
Plaît-il!...

Sie. (à part).
Maudit homme! encor là!...

Mep. (d'un ton mielleux).
Eh quoi! mon ami! vous voilà!...
(en riant).
Ah, vraiment, mon ami!

(SIEBEL recule devant MEPHISTOPHELES, qui lui fait faire ainsi la tour du théâtre en passant derrière le groupe des danseurs.)

Faust (abordant MARGUERITE qui traverse la scène).
Ne permettrez-vous pas, ma belle demoiselle,
Qu'on vous offre le bras pour faire le chemin?

Mar. Non, monsieur! je ne suis demoiselle, ni belle,
Et je n'ai pas besoin qu'on me donne la main.

(Elle passe devant FAUST et s'éloigne.)

Faust (la suivant des yeux).
Pas le ciel! que de grâce ... et quelle modestie!...
O belle enfant, je t'aime!...

Sie.
(redescendant en scène sans avoir vu ce qui vient de se passer).
Elle est partie!

(Il va pour s'élancer sur la trace de MARGUERITE; mais, se trouvant de nouveau face à face avec MEPHISTOPHELES, il lui tourne le dos et s'éloigne par le fond du théâtre.)

Mep. (à FAUST).
Eh bien?

Faust. On me repousse!...

Mep. (en riant).
Allons! à tes amours
Je vois qu'il faut prêter secours!...

(Il s'éloigne avec FAUST du même côté que MARGUERITE.)

Quelques Jeunes Filles

(s'adressant à trois ou quatre d'entre elles qui ont observé le
rencontre de FAUST et de MARGUERITE).

Qu'est-ce donc!...

Deuxième Groupe de Jeunes Filles.

Marguerite,

Qui de ce beau seigneur refuse la conduite!...

Etuds.

(se rapprochant).

Valsons encor!

Jeunes Filles.

Valsons toujours!

ACTE TROISIÈME.

[Pg 43]

SCÈNE PREMIÈRE.

Le Jardin de MARGUERITE.

(Au fond, un mur percé d'une petite porte. A gauche, un bosquet. A droite, un pavillon dont la fenêtre fait face au public. Arbres et massifs.)

Sie. (seul).

(Il est arrêté près d'un massif de roses et de lilas.)

I.

Faites-lui mes aveux,

Portez mes vœux,

Fleurs écloses près d'elle,

Dites-lui qu'elle est belle ...

Que mon cœur nuit et jour

Languit d'amour!

Révélez à son âme

Le secret de ma flamme!

Qu'il s'exhale avec vous

Parfums plus doux!...

(Il cueille une fleur.)

Fanée!... hélas!

(Il jette la fleur avec dépit.)

Ce sorcier que Dieu damne

M'a porté malheur!

(Il cueille une autre fleur qui s'effeuille encore.)

Je ne puis sans qu'elle se fane

Toucher une fleur!...

Si je trempais mes doigts dans l'eau bénite?...

(Il s'approche du pavillon et trempe ses doigts dans un bénitier accroché au mur.)

C'est là que chaque soir vient prier Marguerite!

Voyons maintenant! voyons vite!...

(Il cueille deux ou trois fleurs.)

Elles se fanent?... Non!... Satan, je ris de toi ...

II.

C'est en vous que j'ai foi;

Parlez pour moi!

Qu'elle puisse connaître

L'ardeur qu'elle a fait naître,

Et dont mon cœur troublé

N'a point parlé!

Si l'amour l'effarouche,

Que la fleur sur sa bouche

Sache au moins déposer

Un doux baiser!...

(Il cueille des fleurs pour former un bouquet et disparaît dans les massifs du jardin.)

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SCÈNE II.

MEPHISTOPHELES, FAUST, puis SIEBEL.

Faust (entrant doucement en scène).
C'est ici?

Mep. Suivez-moi!

Faust. Que regardes-tu là?

Mep. Siebel, votre rival.

Faust. Siebel!

Mep. Chut!... le voilà!

(Il se cache avec FAUST dans un bosquet.)

Sie. (rentrant en scène, avec un bouquet à la main).
Mon bouquet n'est-il pas charmant?

Mep. (à part).
Charmant!

Sie. Victoire!
Je lui raconterai demain toute l'histoire;
Et, si l'on veut savoir le secret de mon cœur,
Un baiser lui dira le reste!

Mep. (à part)
Séducteur!

(SIEBEL attache le bouquet à la porte du pavillon et sort.)

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SCÈNE III.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mep. Attendez-moi là, cher docteur!
Pour tenir compagnie aux fleurs de votre élève,
Je vais vous chercher un trésor
Plus merveilleux, plus riche encor
Que tous ceux qu'elle voit en rêve!

Faust. Laisse-moi!

Mep. J'obéis!... daignez m'attendre ici?

(Il sort.)

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SCÈNE IV.

FAUST.

Faust (seul).
Quel trouble inconnu me pénètre!
Je sens l'amour s'emparer de mon être.
O Marguerite! tes pieds me voici!
Salut! demeure chaste et pure, où se devine
La présence d'une âme innocente et divine!...
Que de richesse en cette pauvreté!
En ce réduit, que de félicité!...
O nature, c'est là que tu la fis si belle!
C'est là que cette enfant a grandi sous ton aile,
A dormi sous tes yeux?
Là que, de ton haleine enveloppant son âme,
Tu fis avec amour épanouir la femme
En cet ange des cieux!
Salut! demeure chaste et pure, où se devine!
La présence d'une âme innocente et divine!...
Que de richesse en cette pauvreté!
En ce réduit, que de félicité!...
Salut! demeure chaste et pure, où se devine
La présence d'une âme innocente et divine!...

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

(MEPHISTOPHELES reparaît, une cassette sous le bras.)

Mep. Alerte! la voilà!... Si le bouquet l'emporte
Sur l'écrin, je consens à perdre mon pouvoir!
(Il ouvre l'écrin.)

Faust. Fuyons!... je veux ne jamais la revoir!

Mep. Quel scrupule vous prend!...
(Plaçant l'écrin sur le seuil du pavillon.)
Sur le seuil de la porte,
Voici l'écrin placé!... venez!... j'ai bon espoir!

(Il entraîne FAUST et disparaît avec lui dans le jardin. MARGUERITE entre par la porte du fond et descend en silence jusque sur le devant de la scène.)

SCÈNE VI.

[Pg 48]

MARGUERITE.

Mar. (seule).
Je voudrais bien savoir quel était ce jeune homme,
Si c'est un grand seigneur, et comment il se nomme?

(Elle s'assied dans le bosquet, devant son rouet, et prend son fuseau autour duquel elle prépare de la laine.)

I.

"Il était un roi de Thulé,
Qui, jusqu'à la tombe fidèle,
Eut, en souvenir de sa belle,

Une coupe en or ciselé!..."
(S'interrompant.)
Il avait bonne grâce, à ce qu'il m'a semble.
(Reprenant sa chanson.)

"Nul trésor n'avait plus de charmes!
Dans les grands jours il s'en servait,
Et chaque fois qu'il y buvait,
Ses yeux se remplissaient de larmes!..."

II.

(Elle se lève et fait quelques pas.)
"Quand il sentit venir la mort,
Entendu sur sa froide couche,
Pour la porter jusqu'à sa bouche
Sa main fit un suprême effort!..."

(S'interrompant.)
Je ne savais que dire, et j'ai rougi d'abord.
(Reprenant sa chanson.)

"Et puis, en l'honneur de sa dame,
Il but un dernière fois;
La coupe trembla dans ses doigts,
Et doucement il rendit l'âme!"
Les grands seigneurs ont seuls des airs si résolus,
Avec cette douceur.

(Elle se dirige vers le pavillon.)
Allons! n'y pensons plus!
Cher Valentin, si Dieu m'écoute,
Je te reverrai!... me voilà
Toute seule!...

(Au moment d'entrer dans la pavillon, elle aperçoit la bouquet suspendu à la porte.)

Un bouquet!
(Elle prend le bouquet.)
C'est de Siebel, sans doute!
Pauvre garçon!
(Apercevant la cassette.)

Que vois-je là?
 D'où ce riche coffret peut-il venir?... Je n'ose
 Y toucher, et pourtant ...—Voici la clef, je crois!...
 Si je l'ouvrais!... ma main tremble!... Pourquoi!
 Je ne fais, en l'ouvrant, rien de mal, je suppose!...
 (Elle ouvre la cassette et laisse tomber le bouquet.)
 O Dieu! que de bijoux!... est-ce un rêve charmant
 Qui m'éblouit, ou si je veille!—
 Mes yeux n'ont jamais vu de richesse pareille!...
 (Elle place la cassette tout ouverte sur une chaise et s'agenouille pour se parer.)
 Si j'osais seulement
 Me parer un moment
 De ces pendants d'oreille!
 (Elle tire des boucles d'oreilles de la cassette.)
 Voici tout justement,
 Au fond de la cassette,
 Un miroir!... comment
 N'être pas coquette?
 (Elle se pare des boucles d'oreilles, se lève et se regarde dans le miroir.)
 Ah! je ris de me voir
 Si belle en ce miroir!...
 Est-ce toi, Marguerite?
 Réponds-moi, réponds vite!—
 Non! non!—ce n'est plus toi!
 Ce n'est plus ton visage!
 C'est la fille d'un roi,
 Qu'on salue au passage!
 Ah! s'il était ici!
 S'il me voyait ainsi!...
 Comme une demoiselle
 Il me trouverait belle!...
 Achevons la métamorphose!
 Il me tarde encor d'essayer
 Le bracelet et le collier.
 (Elle se pare du collier d'abord, puis du bracelet.—Se levant.)
 Dieu! c'est comme une main qui sur mon bras se pose!
 Ah! je ris de me voir
 Si belle en ce miroir!
 Est-ce toi, Marguerite?
 Réponds-moi, réponds vite!—
 Non! non!—ce n'est plus toi!
 Ce n'est plus ton visage!
 C'est la fille d'un roi,
 Qu'on salue au passage!...
 Ah! s'il était ici!
 S'il me voyait ainsi!...
 Comme une demoiselle
 Il me trouverait belle!...
 Ah! s'il était ici!...

SCÈNE VII.

[Pg 49]

MARGUERITE, MARTHE.

Mart. (entrant par le fond).
 Que vois-je, Seigneur Dieu!... comme vous voilà belle,
 Mon ange!...—D'où vous vient ce riche écrin?

Mar. (avec confusion).
 Hélas!
 On l'aura par mégarde apporté!

Mart. Que non pas!
 Ces bijoux sont à vous, ma chère demoiselle!
 Oui! c'est là le cadeau d'un seigneur amoureux!
 (Soupirant.)
 Mon cher époux jadis était moins généreux!

(MEPHISTOPHELES et FAUST entrent en scène.)

SCÈNE VIII.

[Pg 50]

Les Mêmes, MEPHISTOPHELES, FAUST.

Mep. Dame Marthe Schwerlein, s'il vous plait?

Mart. Qui m'appelle?

Mep. Pardon d'oser ainsi nous présenter chez vous!
(Bas à FAUST.)
Vous voyez qu'elle a fait bel accueil aux bijoux?
(Haut.)
Dame Marthe Schwerlein?

Mart. Me voici!

Mep. La nouvelle
Que j'apporte n'est pas pour vous mettre en gaité:—
Votre mari, madame, est mort et vous salue!

Mart. Ah!... grand Dieu!...

Mar. Qu'est ce donc?

Mep. Rien!...

(MARGUERITE baisse les yeux sous le regard de MEPHISTOPHELES, se hâte d'ôter le collier, le bracelet et les pendants d'oreilles et de les remettre dans la cassette.)

Mart. O calamité!
O nouvelle imprévue!...

ENSEMBLE.

Mar. (à part).
Malgré moi mon cœur tremble et tressaille à sa vue!

Faust (à part).
La fièvre de mes sens se dissipe à sa vue!

Mep. (à MARTHE).
Votre mari, madame, est mort et vous salue!

Mart. Ne m'apportez-vous rien de lui!

Mep. Rien!... et, pour le punir, il faut dès aujourd'hui
Chercher quelqu'un qui le remplace!

Faust (à MARGUERITE).
Pourquoi donc quitter ces bijoux?

Mar. Ces bijoux ne sont pas à moi!... Laissez, de grâce!

Mep. (à MARTHE).
Que ne serait heureux d'échanger avec vous
La bague d'hyménée?

Mart. (à part).
Ah, bah!
(Haut.)
Plait-il?

Mep. (souponnant).
Hélas! cruelle destinée!...

Faust (à MARGUERITE).
Prenez mon bras un moment!

Mar. (se défendant).
Laissez!... Je vous en conjure!...

Mep. (de l'autre côté du théâtre, à MARTHE).
Votre bras!...

Mart. (à part).
Il est charmant!

Mep. (à part).
La voisine est un peu mûre!

(MARGUERITE abandonne son bras à FAUST et s'éloigne avec MEPHISTOPHELES et MARTHE restent seuls en scène.)

Mart. Ainsi vous voyagez toujours?

Mep. Dure nécessité, madame!
Sans ami, sans parents!... sans femme.

Mart. Cela sied encore aux beaux jours!
Mais plus tard, combien il est triste
De vieillir seul, en égoïste!

Mep. J'ai frémi souvent, j'en conviens,
Devant cette horrible pensée!

Mart. Avant que l'heure en soit passée!
Digne seigneur, songez-y bien!

Mep. J'y songerai!

Mart. Songez-y bien!

(Ils sortent. Entre FAUST et MARGUERITE.)

Faust. Eh quoi! toujours seule?...

Mar. Mon frère
Est soldat; j'ai perdu ma mère;
Puis ce fut un autre malheur,
Je perdis ma petite sœur!
Pauvre ange!... Elle m'était bien chère!...
C'était mon unique souci;
Que de soins, hélas!... que de peines!
C'est quand nos âmes en sont pleines
Que la mort nous les prend ainsi!...
Sitôt qu'elle s'éveillait, vite
Il fallait que je fusse là!...
Elle n'aimait que Marguerite!
Pour la voir, la pauvre petite,
Je reprendrais bien tout cela!...

Faust. Si le ciel, avec un sourire,
L'avait faite semblable à toi,
C'était un ange!... Oui, je le crois!...

Mar. Vous moquez-vous!...

Faust. Non! je t'admire!

Mar. (souriant).
Je ne vous crois pas
Et de moi tout bas
Vous riez sans doute!...
J'ai tort de rester
Pour vous écouter!...
Et pourtant j'écoute!...

Faust. Laisse-moi ton bras!...
Dieu ne m'a t'il pas
Conduit sur ta route?...
Pourquoi redouter,
Hélas! d'écouter?...
Mon cœur parle; écoute!...

(MEPHISTOPHELES et MARTHE reparassent.)

Mart. Vous n'entendez pas,
Ou de moi tout bas
Vous riez sans doute!
Avant d'écouter,
Pourquoi vous hâter
De vous mettre en route?

Mep. Ne m'accusez pas,
Si je dois, hélas!
Me remettre en route.
Faut-il attester
Qu'on voudrait rester
Quand on vous écoute?

(La nuit commence à tomber.)

Mar. (à FAUST).
Retirez-vous!... voici la nuit.

Faust
(passant son bras autour de la taille de MARGUERITE).
Chère âme!

Mar. Laissez-moi!
(Elle se dégage et s'enfuit.)

Faust (la poursuivant).
Quoi! méchante!... on me fuit!

Mep.
(à part, tandis que MARTHE, dépitée, lui tourne le dos).
L'entretien devient trop tendre!
Esquivons nous!
(Il se cache derrière un arbre.)

Mart. (à part).
Comment m'y prendre?
(Se retournant.)
Eh bien! il est parti!... Seigneur!...
(Elle s'éloigne.)

Mep. Oui! Cours après moi!...
Ouf! cette vieille impitoyable
De force ou de gré, je crois,
Allait épouser le diable!

Faust (dans la coulisse).
Marguerite!

Mart. (dans la coulisse).
Cher seigneur!

Mep. Serviteur!

SCÈNE IX.

[Pg 51]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mep. (seul).
Il était temps! sous le feuillage sombre
Voici nos amoureux qui reviennent!...
C'est bien!
Gardons nous de troubler un si doux entretien!
O nuit, étends sur eux ton ombre!
Amour, ferme leur âme aux remords importuns!
Et vous, fleurs aux subtils parfums,
Epanouissez-vous sous cette main maudite!
Achevez de troubler le cœur de Marguerite!...

(Il s'éloigne et disparaît dans l'ombre.)

SCÈNE X.

[Pg 52]

FAUST, MARGUERITE.

Mar. Il se fait tard! adieu!

Faust (la retenant).
Quoi! je t'implore en vain!
Attends! laisse ma main s'oublier dans la tienne!
(S'agenouillant devant MARGUERITE.)
Laisse-moi, laisse-moi contempler ton visage
Sous la pâle clarté
Dont l'astre de la nuit, comme dans un nuage,
Caresse ta beauté!...

Mar. O silence! ô bonheur! ineffable mystère!
Enivrante langueur!
J'écoute!... Et je comprends cette voix solitaire

Qui chante dans mon cœur!
(Dégageant sa main de celle de FAUST.)
Laissez un peu, de grâce!...

(Elle se penche et cueille une marguerite.)

Faust. Qu'est se donc?

Mar. Un simple jeu!
Laissez un peu!
(Elle effeuille la marguerite.)

Faust. Que dit ta bouche à voix basse!...

Mar. Il m'aime!—Il ne m'aime pas!—
Il m'aime!—pas!—Il m'aime!—pas!
—Il m'aime!

Faust. Oui!... crois en cette fleur éclore sous tes pas!...
Qu'elle soit pour ton cœur l'oracle du ciel même!...
Il t'aime!... comprends-tu ce mot sublime et doux?...
Aimer! porter en nous
Une ardeur toujours nouvelle!...
Nous enivrer sans fin d'une joie éternelle!

Faust et Mar. Eternelle!...

Faust. O nuit d'amour ... ciel radieux!...
O douces flammes!...
Le bonheur silencieux
Verse les cieux
Dans nos deux âmes!...

Mar. Je veux t'aimer et te chérir!
Parle encore!
Je t'appartiens!... je t'adore!...
Pour toi je veux mourir!...

Faust. Marguerite!...

Mar. (se dégageant des bras de FAUST).
Ah!... partez!...

Faust. Cruelle!...
Me séparer de toi!...

Mar. Je chancelle!...

Faust. Ah! cruelle!...

Mar. (suppliante).
Laissez-moi!...

Faust. Tu veux que je te quitte
Hélas!... vois ma douleur.
Tu me brises le cœur,
O Marguerite!...

Mar. Partez! oui, partez vite!
Je tremble!... hélas!... J'ai peur!
Ne brisez pas le cœur
De Marguerite!

Faust. Par pitié!...

Mar. Si je vous suis chère,
Par votre amour, par ces aveux
Que je devais taire,
Cédez à ma prière!...
Cédez à mes vœux!

(Elle tombe aux pieds de FAUST.)

Faust (après un silence, la relevant doucement).
Divine pureté!...
Chaste innocence,
Dont la puissance
Triomphe de ma volonté!...

J'obéis!... Mais demain!

Mar. Oui, demain!... dès l'aurore!...
Demain toujours!...

Faust. Un mot encore!...
Répète-moi ce doux aveu!...
Tu m'aimes!...

Mar. Adieu!...
(Elle entre dans le pavillon.)

Faust. Félicité du ciel!... Ah ... fuyons!...

(Il s'élançe vers la porte du jardin. MEPHISTOPHELES lui barre le passage.)

SCÈNE XI.

[Pg 53]

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mep. Tête folle!...

Faust. Tu nous écoutais.

Mep. Par bonheur.
Vous auriez grand besoin, docteur,
Qu'on vous renvoyât à l'école.

Faust. Laisse-moi.

Mep. Daignez seulement
Écouter un moment
Ce qu'elle va conter aux étoiles, cher maître.
Tenez; elle ouvre sa fenêtre.

(MARGUERITE ouvre la fenêtre du pavillon et s'y appuie un moment en silence, la tête entre les mains.)

SCÈNE XII.

[Pg 54]

Les mêmes. MARGUERITE.

Mar. Il m'aime; ...quel trouble en mon cœur,
L'oiseau chante!...le vent murmure!...
Toutes les voix de la nature
Semblent me répéter en chœur:
Il t'aime!...—Ah! qu'il est doux de vivre!...
Le ciel me sourit; ...l'air m'enivre!...
Est-ce de plaisir et d'amour
Que la feuille tremble et palpite?...
Demain?...—Ah! presse ton retour,
Cher bien-aimé!...viens!...

Faust.
(s'élançant vers la fenêtre et saisissant la main de MARGUERITE).
Marguerite!...

Mar. Ah!...

Mep. Ho! ho!

(MARGUERITE reste un moment interdite et laisse tomber sa tête sur l'épaule de FAUST; MEPHISTOPHELES ouvre la porte du jardin et sort en ricanant. La toile tombe.)

ACTE QUATRIEME.

[Pg 55]

SCÈNE PREMIERE.

La Chambre de Marguerite.

MARGUERITE, SIEBEL.

Sie. (s'approchant doucement de MARGUERITE).
Marguerite!

Mar. Siebel!...

Sie. Encore des pleurs.

Mar. (se levant).
Hélas!
Vous seul ne me maudissez pas.

Sie. Je ne suis qu'un enfant, mais j'ai le cœur d'un homme
Et je vous vengerai de son lâche abandon!
Je le tuerai!

Mar. Qui donc?

Sie. Faut-il que je le nomme?
L'ingrat qui vous trahit!...

Mar. Non!... taisez-vous?...

Sie. Pardon!
Vous l'aimez encore?

Mar. Oui!... toujours!
Mais ce n'est pas à vous de plaindre mon ennui
J'ai tort, Siebel, de vous parler de lui.

Sie.

I.

Si la bonheur à sourire t'invite,
Joyeux alors, je sens un doux émoi;
Si la douleur t'accable, Marguerite,
O Marguerite, je pleure alors,
Je pleure comme toi!

II.

Comme deux fleurs sur une même tige,
Notre destin suivant le même cours,
De tes chagrins en fière je m'afflige,
O Marguerite, comme une sœur,
Je t'aimerai toujours!

Mar. Soyez béni, Siebel! votre amitié m'est douce!
Ceux dont la main cruelle me repousse,
N'ont pas fermé pour moi la porte du saint lieu;
J'y vais pour mon enfant ... et pour lui prier Dieu!
(Elle sort; SIEBEL la suit à pas lents.)

SCÈNE II.

[Pg 56]

L'Église.

MARGUERITE, puis MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Quelques femmes traversent la scène et entrent dans l'église. MARGUERITE entre après elles et s'agenouille.)

Mar. Seigneur, daignez permettre à votre humble servante
De s'agenouiller devant vous!

Mep. Non!... tu ne prieras pas!... Frappez-la d'épouvante!
Esprits du mal, accourez tous!

Voix de Démons Invisibles. Marguerite!

Mar. Qui m'appelle?

Voix. Marguerite!

Mar. Je chancelle!
Je meurs!—Dieu bon! Dieu clément!
Est-ce déjà l'heure du châtement?

(MEPHISTOPHELES paraît derrière un pilier et se penche à l'oreille de MARGUERITE.)

Mep. Souviens-toi du passé, quand sous l'aile des anges,

Abritant ton bonheur,
Tu venais dans son temple, enchantant ses louanges,
Adorer le Seigneur!
Lorsque tu bégayais une chaste prière
D'une timide voix,
Et portais dans ton cœur les baisers de ta mère,
Et Dieu tout à la fois!
Écoute ces clameurs! c'est l'enfer qui t'appelle!...
C'est l'enfer qui te suit!
C'est l'éternel remords et l'angoisse éternelle
Dans l'éternelle nuit!

Mar. Dieu! quelle est cette voix qui me parle dans l'ombre?
Dieu tout puissant!
Quel voile sombre
Sur moi descend!...

Chant Religieux (accompagné par les orgues).
Quand du Seigneur le jour luira,
Sa croix au ciel resplendira,
Et l'univers s'écroulera ...

Mar. Hélas!... ce chant pieux est plus terrible encore!...

Mep. Non!
Dieu pour toi n'a plus de pardon!
Le ciel pour toi n'a plus d'aurore!

Cho. Religieux. Que dirai-je alors au Seigneur?
Où trouverai-je un protecteur,
Quand l'innocent n'est pas sans peur!

Mar. Ah! ce chant m'étouffe et m'opprime!
Je suis dans un cercle de fer!

Mep. Adieu les nuits d'amour et les jours pleins d'ivresse!
A toi malheur! A toi l'enfer!

Mar. et le Cho. Religieux.
Seigneur, accueillez la prière
Des cœurs malheureux!
Qu'un rayon de votre lumière
Descende sur eux!

Mep. Marguerite!
Sois maudite! A toi l'enfer!

Mar. Ah!
(Il disparaît.)

SCÈNE III.

[Pg 57]

La Rue.

VALENTIN, Soldats, puis SIEBEL.

Cho. Déposons les armes;
Dans nos foyers enfin nous voici revenus!
Nos mères en larmes,
Nos mères et nos sœurs ne nous attendront plus.

SCÈNE IV.

[Pg 58]

VALENTIN, SIEBEL.

Val. (apercevant SIEBEL).
Eh! parbleu! c'est Siebel!

Sie. Cher Valentin....

Val. Viens vite!
Viens dans mes bras.
(Il l'embrasse.)
Et Marguerite?

Sie. (avec embarras).
Elle est à l'église, je crois.

Val. Oui, priant Dieu pour moi...
Chère sœur, tremblante et craintive,
Comme elle va prêter une oreille attentive
Au récit de nos combats!

Cho. Gloire immortelle
De nos aïeux,
Sois-nous fidèle
Mourons comme eux!
Et sous ton aile,
Soldats vainqueurs,
Dirige nos pas, enflamme nos cœurs!
Vers nos foyers hâtons le pas!
On nous attend; la paix est faite!
Plus de soupirs! ne tardons pas!
Notre pays nous tend les bras!
L'amour nous rit! l'amour nous fête!
Et plus d'un cœur frémit tout bas
Au souvenir de nos combats!
L'amour nous rit! l'amour nous fête!
Et plus d'un cœur frémit tout bas
Au souvenir de nos combats!
Gloire immortelle.

Val. Allons, Siebel! entrons dans la maison!
Le verre en main, tu me feras raison!

Sie. (vivement).
Non! n'entre pas!

Val. Pourquoi?...—tu détournes la tête?
Ton regard fuit le mien?...—Siebel, explique-toi!

Sie. Eh bien!—non, je ne puis!

Val. Que veux-tu dire?

(Il se dirige vers la maison.)

Sie.
(l'arretant).
Arrêté!
Sois clément, Valentin!

Val.
(furieux).
Laisse-moi! laisse-moi!
(Il entre dans la maison.)

Sie. Pardonne-lui!
(Seul.)
Mon Dieu! je vous implore!
Mon Dieu, protégez-la.

(Il s'éloigne; MEPHISTOPHELES et FAUST entrent en scène; MEPHISTOPHELES tient une guitare à la main.)

SCÈNE V.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

(FAUST se dirige vers la maison de MARGUERITE et s'arrête.)

Mep. Qu'attendez-vous encore?
Entrons dans la maison.

Faust. Tais-toi, maudit!... j'ai peur
De rapporter ici la honte et le malheur.

Mep. A quoi bon la revoir, après l'avoir quitté?
Notre présence ailleurs serait bien mieux fêtée!
La sabbat nous attend!

Faust. Marguerite!

Mep. Je vois
Que mes avis sont vains et que l'amour l'emporte!
Mais, pour vous faire ouvrir la porte,
Vous avez grand besoin du secours de ma voix!

(FAUST, pensif, se tient à l'écart. MEPHISTOPHELES s'accompagne sur sa guitare.)

I.

"Vous qui faites l'endormie,
N'entendez-vous pas,
O Catherine, ma mie,
Ma voix et mes pas ...?"
Ainsi ton galant t'appelle,
Et ton cœur l'en croit!
N'ouvre ta porte, ma belle,
Que la bague au doigt!

II.

"Catherine que j'adore,
Pourquoi refuser
A l'amant qui vous implore
Un si doux baiser?..."
Ainsi ton galant supplie,
Et ton cœur l'en croit!
Ne donne un baiser, ma mie,
Que la bague au doigt!

(VALENTIN sort de la maison.)

SCÈNE VI.

[Pg 60]

Les mêmes. VALENTIN.

Val. Que voulez-vous, messieurs?

Mep. Pardon! mon camarade,
Mais ce n'est pas pour vous qu'était la sérénade!

Val. Ma sœur l'écouterait mieux que moi, je le sais!
(Il degaine et brise la guitare de MEPHISTOPHELES d'un coup d'épée.)

Faust. Sa sœur!

Mep. (à VALENTIN).
Quelle mouche vous pique?
Vous n'aimez donc pas la musique?

Val. Assez d'outrage!... assez!...
A qui de vous dois-je demander compte
De mon malheur et de ma honte?...
Qui de vous deux doit tomber sous mes coups?...

(FAUST tire son épée.)

C'est lui!...

Mep. Vous le voulez?...—Allons, docteur, à vous!...

Val. Redouble, ô Dieu puissant,
Ma force et mon courage!
Permetts que dans son sang
Je lave mon outrage!

Faust (à part).
Terrible et frémissant,
Il glace mon courage!
Dois-je verser le sang
Du frère que j'outrage?...

Mep. De son air menaçant,
De son aveugle rage,
Je ris!... mon bras puissant
Va détourner l'orage!...

Val. (tirant de son sein la médaille que lui a donnée MARGUERITE).

Et toi qui préservas mes jours,
Toi qui me viens de Marguerite,
Je ne veux plus de ton secours,
Médaille maudite!...
(Il jette la médaille loin de lui.)

Mep. (à part).
Tu t'en repentiras!

Val. En garde!... et défends-toi!...

Mep. (à FAUST).
Serrez-vous contre moi!...
Et poussez seulement, cher docteur!... moi, je pare.

Val. Ah!
(VALENTIN tombe.)

Mep. Voici notre héros étendu sur le sable!...
Au large maintenant! au large!...

(Il entraîne FAUST. Arrivent MARTHE et des bourgeois portant des torches.)

SCÈNE VII.

[Pg 61]

VALENTIN, MARTHE, Bourgeois, puis SIEBEL et MARGUERITE.

Mart. et les Bourg.
Par ici!...
Par ici, mes amis! on se bat dans la rue!...—
L'un d'eux est tombé là!—Regardez ... le voici!...
Il n'est pas encore mort!...—on dirait qu'il remue!...—
Vite, approchez!... il faut le secourir!

Val. (se soulevant avec effort).
Merci!
De vos plaintes, faites-moi grace!...
J'ai vu, morbleu! la mort en face
Trop souvent pour en avoir peur!...

(MARGUERITE paraît au fond soutenue par SIEBEL.)

Mar. Valentin!... Valentin!...
(Elle écarte la foule et tombe à genoux près de VALENTIN.)

Val. Marguerite! ma sœur!...
(Il la repousse.)
Que me veux-tu?... va-t'en

Mar. O Dieu!...

Val. Je meurs par elle!...
J'ai sottement
Cherché querelle
A son amant!

La Foule. (à demi voix, montrant MARGUERITE).
Il meurt, frappé par son amant!

Mar. Douleur cruelle!
O châtement!...

Sie. (à VALENTIN).
Grâce pour elle!...
Soyez clément!

Val. (soutenu par ceux qui l'entourent).
Ecoute-moi bien, Marguerite!...
Ce qui doit arriver arrive à l'heure dite!
La mort nous frappe quand il faut,
Et chacun obéit aux volontés d'en haut!...
—Toi!... te voilà dans la mauvaise voie!
Tes blanches mains ne travailleront plus!
Tu renâras, pour vivre dans la joie,
Tous les devoirs et toutes les vertus!
Va! la honte t'accable
Le remords suit tes pas!

Mais enfin l'heure sonne!
Meurs! et si Dieu te pardonne,
Soit maudite ici-bas.

La Foule. O terreur, ô blasphème
A ton heure suprême, infortuné,
Songe, hélas, a toi-même,
Pardonne, si tu veux être un jour pardonné!

Val. Marguerite! Soit maudite!
La mort t'attend sur ton grabat!
Moi je meurs de ta main
Et je tombe en soldat!

(Il meurt.)

La Foule. Que le Seigneur ait son âme
Et pardonne au pêcheur.

(La toile tombe.)

ACTE CINQUIÈME.

[Pg 62]

SCÈNE PREMIÈRE.

La Prison.

MARGUERITE, endormie, FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. Va t'en!

Mep. Le jour va luire.—On dresse l'échafaud!
Décide sans retard Marguerite à te suivre.
Le geôlier dort.—Voici les clefs.—Il faut
Que ta main d'homme la délivre.

Faust. Laisse-moi!

Mep. Hâtez-vous.—Moi, je veille au dehors.
(Il sort.)

Faust. Mon cœur est pénétré d'épouvante!—O torture!
O source de regrets et d'éternels remords!
C'est elle!—La voici, la douce créature
Jetée au fond d'une prison
Comme une vile criminelle!
Le désespoir égara sa raison
Son pauvre enfant, ô Dieu! tué par elle!
Marguerite!

Mar. (s'éveillant).
Ah! c'est lui!—c'est lui! le bien-aimé!
(Elle se lève.)
A son appel mon cœur s'est ranimé.

Faust. Marguerite!

Mar. Au milieu de vos éclats de rire,
Démons qui m'entourez, j'ai reconnu sa voix!

Faust. Marguerite!

Mar. Sa main, sa douce main m'attire!
Je suis libre! Il est là! je l'entends! je la vois.
Oui, c'est toi, je t'aime,
Les fers, la mort même
Ne me font plus peur!
Tu m'as retrouvé,
Me voilà sauvé!
C'est toi; je suis sur ton cœur!

Faust. Oui, c'est moi, je t'aime,
Malgré l'effort même

Du démon moqueur,
Je t'ai retrouvé,
Te voilà sauvé,
C'est moi, viens sur mon cœur!

Mar. (se dégageant doucement de ses bras).
Attends!... voici la rue
Où tu m'as vue
Pour la première fois!...
Où votre main osa presque effleurer mes doigts!
"—Ne permettez-vous pas, ma belle demoiselle,
Qu'on vous offre le bras pour faire le chemin?"
"—Non, monsieur, je ne suis demoiselle ni belle,
Et je n'ai pas besoin qu'on me donne la main!"

Faust. Oui, mon cœur se souvient!—Mais fuyons! l'heure passe!

Mar. Et voici le jardin charmant,
Parfumé de myrte et de rose,
Où chaque soir discrètement
Tu pénétrais à la nuit close.

Faust. Viens, Marguerite, fuyons!

Mar. Non, reste encore.

Faust. O ciel, elle ne m'entends pas!

SCÈNE II.

[Pg 63]

Les mêmes. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mep. Alerte! alerte! ou vous êtes perdus!
Si vous tardez encor, je ne m'en mêle plus!

Mar. Le démon! le démon!—Le vois-tu?... là ... dans l'ombre
Fixant sur nous son œil de feu!
Que nous veut-il?—Chasse-le du saint lieu!

Mep. L'aube depuis longtemps a percé la nuit sombre,
La jour est levé
De leur pied sonore
J'entends nos chevaux frapper le pavé.

(Cherchant à entraîner FAUST.)

Viens! sauvons-la. Peut-être il en est temps encore!

Mar. Mon Dieu, protégez-moi!—Mon Dieu, je vous implore!
(Tombant à genoux.)
Anges purs! anges radieux!
Portez mon âme au sein des cieux!
Dieu juste, à toi je m'abandonne!
Dieu bon, je suis à toi!—pardonne!

Faust. Viens, suis-moi! je le veux!

Mar. Anges purs, anges radieux!
Portez mon âme au sein des cieux!
Dieu juste, à toi je m'abandonne!
Dieu bon, je suis à toi!—pardonne!
Anges purs, anges radieux!
Portez mon âme au sein des cieux!
(Bruit au dehors.)

Faust. Marguerite!

Mar. Pourquoi ce regard menaçant?

Faust. Marguerite!

Mar. Pourquoi ces mains rouges de sang?
(Le repoussant.)
Va!... tu me fais horreur!
(Elle tombe sans mouvement.)

Mep. Jugée!

Cho. des Anges. Sauvée! Christ est ressuscité!
Christ vient de renaître!
Paix et félicité
Aux disciples du Maître!
Christ vient de renaître.
Christ est ressuscité!

(Les murs de la prison se sont ouverts. L'âme de MARGUERITE s'élève dans les cieux. FAUST la suit des yeux avec désespoir; il tombe à genoux et prie. MEPHISTOPHELES est à demi renversé sous l'épée lumineuse de l'archange.)

FIN.

[Pg 64]

SELECTED ARIA SCORES

ACT I:— A MOI LES PLAISIRS (OH, I WOULD HAVE PLEASURE)

[Audio: {45 sec}]

The image displays a musical score for the aria 'A moi les plaisirs' from Act I. It consists of six systems of piano accompaniment, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The score is marked 'Allegro.' at the beginning. Dynamics include piano (*p*), crescendo (*cres.*), and forte (*f*). The piece concludes with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8.

ACT II:— WALTZ AND CHORUS

[Audio: {1m 50s}]

[Pg 65]

This page of musical notation consists of ten systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is written in a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 4/4 time signature. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns, including chords, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes. Dynamic markings such as *f*, *ff*, *pp*, and *cres* are used throughout. The lyrics "cen - do." are written below the bass staff in the eighth system, and "cres" appears in the ninth system. The piece concludes with a final chord in the tenth system.

ACT III:— O NUIT D'AMOUR (O NIGHT OF LOVE)

[Audio: {1m 10s}]

Andante.

pp

dim. *pp*

Ped.

rit.

ACT IV:— SOLDIER'S CHORUS

[Audio: {1m 30s}]

ACT V:— ANGES PUR, ANGES RADIEUX (HOLY ANGELS, IN HEAVEN BLEST)

[\[Audio: {40s} \]](#)



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A - G		
Africaine, L'	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>
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Armide	<i>F.</i>	<i>C. W. von Gluck</i>
Ballo in Maschera, Un (The Masked Ball)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>
Barbe-Bleue (Blue Beard)	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>
Barbiere di Siviglia, Il (Barber of Seville)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gioacchino A. Rossini</i>
Bartered Bride	<i>G.</i>	<i>Frederich Smetana</i>
Belle Hélène, La	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>
Bells of Corneville (Chimes of Normandy)		<i>Robert Planquette</i>
*Billee Taylor		<i>Edward Solomon</i>
*Boccaccio		<i>Franz von Suppé</i>
Bohemian Girl, The		<i>Michael Wm. Balfe</i>
do.	<i>I.</i>	do.
Carmen	<i>F.</i>	<i>Georges Bizet</i>
do.	<i>I.</i>	do.
Cavalleria Rusticana	<i>I.</i>	<i>Pietro Mascagni</i>
Chimes of Normandy (Bells of Corneville)		<i>Robert Planquette</i>
Cleopatra's Night		<i>Henry Hadley</i>
Contes d'Hoffmann, Les (Tales of Hoffmann)	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>
Crispino e la Comare (The Cobbler and the Fairy)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Luigi and F. Ricci</i>
Crown Diamonds, The	<i>F.</i>	<i>D. F. E. Auber</i>
Dame Blanche, La		<i>F. A. Boieldieu</i>
Damnation of Faust, The	<i>F.</i>	<i>Hector Berlioz</i>
Dinorah	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>

*Doctor of Alcantara, The		<i>Julius Eichberg</i>
Don Giovanni	<i>I.</i>	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>
Don Pasquale	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
*Dorothy		<i>Alfred Cellier</i>
Dumb Girl of Portici, The (Masaniello)	<i>I.</i>	<i>D. F. E. Auber</i>
Elisire d'amore, L'	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
*Erminie	<i>I.</i>	<i>Edward Jakobowski</i>
Ernani	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>
Etoile du Nord, L' (The Star of the North)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>
Fatinitza		<i>Franz von Suppé</i>
Faust	<i>F.</i>	<i>Charles Gounod</i>
do.	<i>I.</i>	<i>do.</i>
Favorita, La	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
Fidelio	<i>G.</i>	<i>L. van Beethoven</i>
Figlia del Reggimento, La (Daughter of the Regiment)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
Fille de Madame Angot, La	<i>F.</i>	<i>Charles Lecocq</i>
Flauto Magico, Il (The Magic Flute)	<i>I.</i>	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>
do.	<i>G.</i>	<i>do.</i>
Fledermaus, Die (The Bat)	<i>G.</i>	<i>Johann Strauss</i>
Flying Dutchman, The		<i>Richard Wagner</i>
do.	<i>G.</i>	<i>do.</i>
Fra Diavolo.	<i>I.</i>	<i>D. F. E. Auber</i>
Freischütz, Der	<i>G.</i>	<i>Carl Maria von Weber</i>
do.	<i>I.</i>	<i>do.</i>
*Gillette (<i>La Belle Coquette</i>)		<i>Edmond Audran</i>
Gioconda, La	<i>I.</i>	<i>Amilcare Ponchielli</i>
Giroflé-Girofla	<i>F.</i>	<i>Charles Lecocq</i>
Götterdämmerung, Die	<i>G.</i>	<i>Richard Wagner</i>
Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, The	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>

H - Z

*Hamlet		<i>Ambroise Thomas</i>
Jewess, The	<i>I.</i>	<i>Jacques F. Halévy</i>
Königin von Saba (Queen of Sheba)	<i>G.</i>	<i>Karl Goldmark</i>
Lakmé	<i>I.</i>	<i>Léo Delibes</i>
Lily of Killarney, The		<i>Sir Jules Benedict</i>
Linda di Chamounix	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
Lohengrin	<i>G.</i>	<i>Richard Wagner</i>
do.	<i>I.</i>	<i>do.</i>
*Lovely Galatea, The		<i>Franz von Suppé</i>
Lucia di Lammermoor	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
Lucrezia Borgia	<i>I.</i>	<i>do.</i>
*Madame Favart		<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>
Manon	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jules Massenet</i>
Maritana		<i>Wm. Vincent Wallace</i>
Marriage of Figaro	<i>I.</i>	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>
Martha	<i>I.</i>	<i>Friedrich von Flotow</i>
Masaniello (Dumb Girl of Portici)	<i>I.</i>	<i>D. F. E. Auber</i>
*Mascot, The		<i>Edmond Audran</i>
Masked Ball	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>
Meistersinger, Die (The Mastersingers)	<i>G.</i>	<i>Richard Wagner</i>
Mefistofele	<i>I.</i>	<i>Arrigo Boito</i>
Merry Wives of Windsor, The		<i>Otto Nicolai</i>
Mignon	<i>I.</i>	<i>Ambroise Thomas</i>
Mikado, The		<i>Sir Arthur S. Sullivan</i>
*Nanon		<i>Richard Genée</i>

Norma	I.	Vincenzo Bellini
*Olivette		Edmond Audran
Orpheus		C. W. von Gluck
Otello	I.	Giuseppe Verdi
Pagliacci, I	I.	R. Leoncavallo
Parsifal	G.	Richard Wagner
Pinafore (H. M. S.)		Sir Arthur S. Sullivan
Prophète, Le	I.	Giacomo Meyerbeer
Puritani, I	I.	Vincenzo Bellini
Rheingold, Das (The Rhinegold)	G.	Richard Wagner
Rigoletto	I.	Giuseppe Verdi
Robert le Diable	I.	Giacomo Meyerbeer
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Romeo e Giulietta	I.	do.
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Semiramide	I.	Gioacchino A. Rossini
Siegfried	G.	Richard Wagner
Sonnambula, La	I.	Vincenzo Bellini
*Sorcerer, The		Sir Arthur S. Sullivan
*Spectre Knight, The		Alfred Cellier
*Stradella		Friedrich von Flotow
Tannhäuser	G.	Richard Wagner
Traviata, La	I.	Giuseppe Verdi
Tristan und Isolde	G.	Richard Wagner
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