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GOETHE :

A

New Pantomime.

BY

Vaughan Hyde
EDWARD KENEALY.



LONDON.

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(no eds. found)

My Birth-day Dream.

THE golden Julian morn was gleaming o'er me,
The diamond stars were waning one by one,
When, lo! methought a Vision rose before me—
Two maidens beauteous as the rising sun.
On the pale brows of one were towers shining,
A glory burst like Herè's from her eyes;
But round the other's forehead I saw twining
Laurels and roses bright as brightest skies.

Then quoth the first, "My name, beloved, is Power;
I come to thee and woo thee for mine own;
Wealth, grandeur, titles—these shall be thy dower,
But thou must seek, court, worship me alone.
The marble palace glittering in its glory,
The pomp, the power, the attributes of Kings,
These I can give thee, with a name in story;—
Can'st thou for these put forth thine eagle wings?"

Then quoth the second, "Pomp, and power, and palace,
And royal wealth and grandeur are not mine:
I cannot give thee garden, bower, or chalice
Resplendent with its gems, and crowned with wine.

Titles I cannot vaunt, sway cannot proffer;
 In sooth, what I can give I scarce can name;
 Thy bright soul seeks not gaud nor gaudy coffer;—
 I know *thee*—know *it*—what thou seek'st is Fame.

This I can give thee, on thy temples wreathing
 Immortal honour, glory ne'er to end;
 Renown, unto all future times bequeathing
 A bright example, guiding foe and friend.
 A shining place in history—a splendour
 Out-dazzling Kings'—the sunshine drowns the star—
 A name to which all time its meed shall render,
 Which Change can ne'er destroy, nor Folly mar."

She ceased, and I was left alone, unguided,
 A little cradled child, to choose between
 Power and Fame—alas, alas! divided
 Why should these glorious goddesses be seen?
 Why should not Fame and Power, like smiling graces,
 Wander along the earth to woo and win?
 Why should not he who seeks the soft embraces
 Of Power, gain them but by aid of Sin?

I know not—care not. Virgin Fame immortal,
 To thee, and not to Power, I yield my soul;
 Guide her, oh, guide her through thy crystal portal,
 Blazon her name upon thy bannerol.

What care I for the lures of proud dominion?

Dominion is of earth, and scents of crime;

Give me, sweet Fame, to soar with heavenly pinion

Above the paltry pride of earth sublime.

Сеннаѣлат.



THE PROSCENIUM.

Clown.

LADIES and Gentlemen, and you,
If any here there be,
Belonging to the intermediate crew
(Your pardon, since you know I cannot see),
We do present you here to-day
A certain thing—it can't be called a play,
A tragedy, a comedy, or farce,
A melodrama, interlude, or masque.
Our Author would as soon teach boys to parse,
Or priests true piety, or statesmen virtue,
As set himself to work at such a task.
He hates the humbug of the scenic stage;
Its daggers, cannons, braves,
Intriguing wives, pert chambermaids, old knaves,
And gallants fired with Aphrodisian rage;
Of things like these you've had so rank a heap,
The recollection sets my soul asleep.
We've something better, critics, to divert you:
A Pantomime!—what say you?—ah, you stare,
Wise—wisest children of a larger growth;
Than your forefathers fifty times more clever;
The ladies flirt their fans—the he-things swear.—
Don't be alarmed—I'll not repeat each oath.
This is a Pantomime, and rightly named,
Because it is an Image of the All

In Earth, in Heaven, in Hell, and in the Air,
Wherever Life, or Soul, or Spirit dwells,
Or Thought, or Being are,
In Space or Star.

Our Author, dipping his gold pen in gall
And milk of paradise, conceived the work ;
And here it is, brought forth for you, and you,
Masculine, feminine, and neuter too.

Our *Dramatis Personæ* are most numerous ;
'Twould take me twenty years to count,
And yet not name their full amount—
Shapes, Spirits, Shadows, Angels, Fates,
Nymphs, Naiads, Imps from Satan's gates,
Satan himself, Abaddon, Man,
Ghosts, Goblins, Ghouls, and sovran Pan ;
Sphinxes, Chimæras, Minotaurs,
A pretty Woman, and Dame Mors ;
Fays, Destinies, Sprites, Wisps, and Frogs,
And the snake-headed King of Dogs.
Smart Hermes, Mephistopheles, and Charon,
A very celebrated German Baron,
Fierce Fiends,—but all our people, grave and humorous,
Will strut before you when the time arrives ;
Till when—look after other people's wives.

We've got besides unparalleled machinery—
The air-born Rainbow, the dark heaving Ocean,
Laughterless Hades, Styx, the Sun and Moon,
The Star that every morning takes a lotion
Of the still deep—so sings that coarse buffoon,
My master Virgil, in the lying tale
Of him who shew'd his wife leg bail,
And left her in the Trojan embers,
As every well-whipped brat remembers ;
We've Clouds and Comets, Planets, Vapours,
That cut the most amazing capers :

Rivers and Skies, and mighty Lakes
 That teem with Hydras, Serpents, Snakes ;
 Aye, and with Hippopotami
 Big as the Monument — no lie.
 Since The Beginning, never artist had
 A better stock of grand old scenery
 Than here to-day's presented to our lad
 By his most venerable Dad.
 What Dad, you ask ? 'pon honour, Ma'am, I know not,
 For who the secret dark can tell ?
 Who in Heaven?—who in Hell ?
 Many there be who reap, yet sow not.
 Tippitywitchet is a strange abstraction—
 And so is Truth—they differ not a fraction ;
 For what is Truth?—and what is Fact ?
 See you the soul of what I say ?
 Of course you do—'tis clear as day—
 Ladies and Gentlemen, you are all — crack'd.
 The moral of this Epic Pantomime
 (For that 'tis Epic you shall see in time,
 As truly as the tales of Troy,
 Or Knave Laertes' hopeful Boy,
 Or Dux Trojanus, Dante, Hudibras,
 Milton, and Lucan are)—is, Man's an Ass.
 A very pretty Pantomimic moral,
 About whose truth the world and I wo'nt quarrel ;
 I do not value three skips of a — mouse
 Whether in this the Author shews his *nous*
 Or nonsense ; judging of the mighty mass
 By his own noble self ; who, if his rule
 Be once admitted, it requires no fool
 To tell you how he must henceforward class.
 But looking at the people I see here,
 And pondering on the millions far and near,
 I think it very strange indeed
 Why Fate produced the donkey breed.—
 Go home, you stupid animals, to grass.

Yet—if Man be an Ass, I see no reason
 Why he should therefore fret himself to death.
 Asses are honest animals enough ;
 And, pon *my* conscience, if I were a donkey,
 I would not change my state with one of you,
 Illustrious nobles, ladies, lords, and dandies.
 For Men impose sad evils on their backs
 By their own waywardness and beastly vices ;
 But Asses suffer only those which Nature
 Lays on their shoulders. Some of us grow sad
 If a brat sneezes inauspiciously ;
 And some grow sorrowful if men reproach them ;
 And some are frightened by unlucky dreams ;
 And some by a hooting owl i' the ivy bush ;
 Contention, Care, Rage, Avarice, Lust, Law,
 Lying, Deceit—a thousand similar curses
 Wait upon noble sky-aspiring Man :
 Who would not be an Ass, and void of such
 Soul-racking playfellows as these I've named ?
 And faith I'd rather be long-ears himself
 Than such a slippered Pantaloon as this.

Pantaloon.

He who hoards gold, not using it, is like
 A man who, swimming on some silvery stream,
 Dies of hot thirst. Judge others by thyself.
 Suspicion colours all things with its gloom.
 Fierce love, fierce hatred—there's no mean between
 In women's hearts. Deal with your dearest friends
 As if you knew they were to be your foes.
 Quick in opinion's always in the wrong.
 Man's richest luxury is his friend's misfortune.
 The sole good deed a miser ever does,
 Is when he dies. The goods that others have
 We fiercely covet, dreaming not that they
 As fiercely covet ours. Distrust all men.
 There's scarce a single hair 'twixt life and death.

Death is perverse—he comes not when we call ;
 But when we want him not, he rides post haste ;
 Love makes the coward brave, and tames the bold.

Clown.

O wonderful discoveries by —— an ass.

Pantaloon.

Only the base fear death. Man's heart should be
 A book of virgin whiteness. He who robs
 The poor robs heaven. Men are villains all.
 The golden ladders whereon Virtue climbs
 To God are Labour, Justice, Sense, and Truth.
 The noble spirit swelling with great thoughts
 Must die or bring them forth. A good man's smile
 Is like the light of heaven—a bad man's frown
 Is darker and more horrible than hell.
 Pride is the strength and weakness of the soul :
 Power is powerless without the will
 To wield it. Who blasphemes his God's a fool
 That, with clenched fist and desperate energy,
 Strikes at a rock, and breaks his hand to pieces.
 Experience is a teacher, in whose school
 Even fools grow wise.

Clown.

Then seek her school at once.

Kicks him off.

I never heard such trash in all my life,—
 You fellows in the orchestra play up.

Sings.

Keep in mind, keep in mind
 What you shall hear, nor let it pass like wind
 From your grave recollection ; sense and fun
 Go always better blended into one.
 For Wisdom does not teach or charm the less,
 Because arrayed in Mirth's attractive dress.

Keep in mind, keep in mind,
 Lightest words have often souls within ;
 Pearls which, if you dive for, you shall find.
 Smallest hairs throw shadows ; spiders spin
 Threads that link the stars with earth.
 Gravity is shrined in mirth.

When you look upon The Snake,
 Mark him well ;
 Once in Aden's bowers he spake
 Things that none may tell ;
 Only those who dwell
 In the shadow of the Light
 Which illumes the Universe.
 The Great Beast you then shall see,
 Whom the wily Snake hath fettered
 In his shining coil.
 Who is he ? who is he ?
 Shouts each fool unlettered, lettered ;
 Read and think, and think and read ;
 When the time ordained you toil,
 Haply you shall know ;
 When you find it, let the seed
 In your spirit grow,
 Till from pole to pole it spread,
 Like the Eternal Tablet of white pearl
 Whereon God writes those wonderful decrees
 Which speak of all, past, present, and to come,
 As sung of old in Islam's orient hymns.

Harlequin.

Spring up, bright flowers of harmony, spring up,
 The nectar food of gods bestowed on man,
 And wake the lyre of many tones ;
 And from the golden-hearted lute,
 And the lily-breathing flute,

Sprinkle round their silvery treasure,
Moving all to love and pleasure,
Spreading liquid sweetness
Through the sapphire air,
Picturing to the fancy
Visions strange and fair.
Lo! Sir Harlequin is near,
With his mighty magic wand.

Clown.

What can bring the fellow here?
He were better in a pond.

Harlequin.

Now that music floats around me,
I can featlier speak my speech.

Clown.

If I had a lance, confound me,
But I'd bleed him like a leech.

Harlequin.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I merely come
To tell you, and all classical communities,
That in this Pantomime of ours, we scorn
All critics, past and future, and the — Unities.
We waft you as we please from Earth to Heaven,
Thence down to Hell, and upward to the Moon,
Ten million, billion, trillion miles or so,
Through space unbounded in our bard's balloon,
Which travels lightning-like through the Abyss
Of Æther, taking several years to do it; —
We do not care a farthing if you hiss; —
Whate'er our doom, we'll willingly go through it.
Convinced in spite of fate that you are wrong,
And that we knowing ones alone are right;

Dont wonder therefore when I wave my wand,
Nor let the changes move grim Aristarchian spite.

Columbine.

I bring a garland of new flowers,
To wreathe me in the winding dance ;
I twine a chaplet of white roses,
As maidens do in old romance.
Ladies and Youths, by these bright presents,
Which I give here to each and all,
Look kindly on the earth-born daughters
Our Poet summons at his call ;
And if his heroine win your favour,
Believe her drawn from lights like you.—

Clown.

Such compliments as these must gull them :
I only wish the lies were true.
And now, my beauteous little birdies,
I hope we've given you lime enough,
To catch within our wily net-work
Rook, magpie, wagtail, wren, and chough.
You've heard from me the choicest wisdom ;
From Pantaloon, the oldest fudge ;
From Harlequin, some namby-pamby ;
From Columbine—what all can judge.
Our anxious manager is sweating
With terror for his bantling's fate ;
Our high-flown bard is sipping claret ;
And I'm detaining you with prate.
Enough,—tis time the Prologue cease,
I see you're anxious for the piece.
Ho!—prompters, callboys, fiddlers, and scene-shifters,
Prepare within there ! Ring the bell. Behold !
The curtain rises——now, by Mother Bunch !
Scenes of such splendour saw I ne'er before.

ACT I. SCENE I.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

Moonlight and Starshine. The Earth whirling in the distance.
Time Dec. 31, 1831.

A Throne of Stars, on which the SPIRIT OF THE YEAR is sitting.
The SPIRIT rises, as the SPIRIT OF THE NEW YEAR enters
on a rainbow.

The Spirit of the New Year.

HAIL to thee, bright and beautiful Earth!—

I have come from my home where the Lightnings
dwell,

Where the Thunders laugh in their giant mirth,

To watch thee, and tend thee, and guard thee well.

From my Cloud-Pavilion in space afar,

I have seen thee—a bright and a golden star,

Glittering still in the clear soft sky :

And, oh! with what joy to thy blissful bowers,

Where sunshine blends with fruits and flowers,

On the wings of the morning light I fly ;

O sister Spirit! thy throne resign,

For this beautiful earth is mine—all mine.

The Spirit of the Old Year.

Spirit of Beauty! and art thou come

To this world of sin from thine angel home,

To see the sights that must strike thee dumb?

For know it is ruled by a ghastly Gnome.

A monster of monstrous crime,
 Conceived from the earliest time ;
 From the horrible womb of Hell
 This loathsome infant fell !
 A despot without control,
 His food is the human soul :
 And, though millions the Fiend destroys,
 Yet his hunger never cloys :
 The accursèd God of Gold—
 He hath ruled from the days of old.
 Spirit of Beauty and Truth !—I weep
 For the vigil of grief that thou must keep.

The Voice of the Sacred Past.

Oh weep ! oh weep !
 For the vigil that thou must keep.

First Spirit.

Ah, me ! I dreamed that this beautiful sphere
 Was the home of all that was pure and good ;
 And though Evil widely reigns, yet here
 I fondly fancied he never could.
 The creatures of earth are passing fair,
 They shine like the lovely spirits of air ;
 And through their eyes a heavenly soul
 Beams as soft as the moon's soft gleam,—
 Alas ! why *are* they not what they seem ?
 And why do they bear the Fiend's control ?
 O sister Spirit ! for love's sweet sake,
 Tell me all ere thy Throne I take.

Second Spirit.

A tedious tale, and a tale of woe,
 Of Vice victorious, and Virtue slain ;
 Of Demons laughing at Truth laid low,
 And Justice weeping in gyve and chain.

Shall I tell thee a tale like this ?
 Shall I cloud thy dreams of bliss ?
 Shall I shew thee the murderer's knife
 Whetted for human life ?
 Shall I shew thee the modest maid
 By her trusting love betrayed ?
 Or religion brought to shame
 By wretches in God's high name ?
 Or the vile and worthless priz'd ?
 Or the noble and true despis'd ?
 Spirit of Beauty and Truth ! ah, me !
 Lonely and sad must thy vigil be.

The Voice of the Sacred Past.

Ah, me ! ah, me !
 Sad is the vigil reserved for thee.

First Spirit.

O rare, O beautiful Earth ! O sky !
 Zoned with ten thousand worlds of light ;
 O myriad Spirits, who dwell on high !
 O Thou, who wieldest the thunder's might !
 Can creatures of clay like these be found
 To work such deeds on God's holy ground ?
 Did he build this exquisite Paradise
 Of garden and glen, and vale and mount,
 And sunny scene and crystal fount,
 For a huge bazaar, where the monster Vice
 Traffics in human souls for gold,
 And the angel Virtue is bought and sold ?

Second Spirit.

I cannot tell why the Earth was made,
 I know not why man was formed from clay ;
 But the Fiend of Gold too long hath play'd
 Such tricks as darken the light of day.
 And the star of the holy truth
 Hath sunk in a cloud uncouth ;

And the virtue that should have shone
 Upon earth is dead and gone ;
 And the science that once was prized,
 Is laughed at and all despised ;
 And faith hath departed long—
 And justice is killed by wrong—
 And modesty's blush hath ceas'd
 Since the reign of the baleful Beast,
 Who laughs and quaffs in his palace hall,
 And holds his slaves like swine in thrall.

First Spirit.

But are there not souls filled with light and love,
 The shrine of the One, the Serene and Wise,
 Who, like heavenly planets that smile from above,
 Can still the storms in the soul that rise ?
 Have The Powers that throne them on thunder sent
 No spirits to earth on such mission bent ?
 Have the Gods divine forgotten the race
 Of mortal man, and left him lone
 In the night of the mind to pine and moan,
 Thus in his desolate dwelling-place ?
 Or is this world of beauty a hell
 Where the Satans only rule and dwell ?

Second Spirit.

This beautiful world is a hell indeed,
 Where the Satans hold their terrible sway,
 And The Powers have left in their hour of need
 The race of men in their wilful way.
 For the Spirits of love and light,
 Whom they sent to preach truth and light,
 And whose hearts they filled with a fire
 Divine, to make men aspire ;
 And whose minds were by wisdom taught,
 And whose souls were with beauty fraught,
 Fallen from their high estate,
 At the board of the Demon wait,

And pervert the immortal flame
 To deeds of disgrace and shame.
 A sight that hath made me mourn and weep,
 In the watching that I was wont to keep.

First Spirit.

Alas! I weep at the tale I hear—
 The sorrowful tale from thy lips divine;
 And my heart is filled with a terrible fear.
 Oh, would that some other sphere were mine!
 But, tell me—oh tell, ere thy flight begins,
 What spirits of God have changed to Sin's?
 Are any on earth, or have any been
 In the dreary year of thy vigil sad?
 Ah, me! thy tidings have made me mad;
 They cling in my brain like arrows keen;
 And I long for the hour that shall set me free
 From my watch of sorrow and misery.

Second Spirit.

There is a Spirit on earth whose course
 Is nearly run—thou shalt see him die!
 Whose soul was lit from the purest source
 Of immortal Light that glows on high.
 But the glorious gifts of God
 In the mire of passion he trod:
 He lived but to serve himself;
 He became the slave of the Elf;
 He fed and grew fat on pride;
 He hated, he fawned, he lied.
 His heart was as dead and cold
 As Judas's heart of old;
 He never did one good deed
 To a soul who stood in need:
 And the lessons he taught mankind were few,
 And none that could make them good or true.

The Voice of the Sacred Past.

Eighty years and two have rolled
 Since this soul found human mould,
 Eighty years and two have passed
 Since with mortal clay 'twas massed ;
 But in all that stirring time
 What engaged that soul sublime ?
 Flirtings false as serpent's tears,
 Worthless friendships, useless sneers,
 Hours of selfish sloth and thought ;
 Virtue spurned and good unsought ;
 Childish love of baubles called
 Titles, for the which he crawled
 On his belly all his days,
 Fixing ne'er on heav'n his gaze ;
 Freedom, which is man's birthright,
 Ne'er found favour in his sight ;
 To the starry march of Mind
 Through his land his eyes were blind ;
 Liberty's immortal aim
 Form'd his jeer, his mock, his game ;
 Serfs content, and souls debased,
 Suited best this statesman's taste :
 What he wrote, and what he stole,
 Served perhaps no human soul ;
 The great work, that spread his name
 O'er the earth, and gave it fame,
 Is no blessing, but a curse ;
 All who read it must be worse :
 And the lessons that he gave
 Might make an infidel or knave,
 But ne'er a freeman, of the slave.

First Spirit.

But will not this Spirit of light repent,
 And atone ere death for the mind misused ?

The priceless gem which the Godhead lent,
 Should have been through earth like a lamp diffused,
 That all who in valleys of darkness sit
 Might illumine their sorrowing souls from it.

Second Spirit.

That time is past, and the hour is nigh
 Thou shalt see this erring mortal die.
 He dies—his mission is unfulfilled,
 As his ever must be whose sole design
 Is a gorgeous temple to self to build,
 And The Human prefers to The Great Divine.
 But, rejoice ; for a brighter era of days
 Shines like a sun through the living haze :
 A new and celestial race shall grow,
 And their spirits yclothed in fire from Heaven
 Shall come, and proclaim in the thunder's steven
 Truth to the hearts that are steeped in woe,
 And the mind of man shall burst
 In the end the bonds accurst ;
 And his soul shall walk in pride,
 With truth for its godlike guide ;
 And Knowledge shall rule the world,
 And Falsehood to hell be hurled ;
 And Genius and Worth shall shine
 Like the stars in the Milky Sign ;
 And Liberty sit enthron'd,
 And Slavery die disown'd ;—
 Spirit of Beauty ! these things shall be :
 They are writ in the Book of Destiny.

The Voice of the Veiled Future.

I am what 'is, and hath been, and shall be,
 And those great days Mankind on earth shall see.

First Spirit.

O blest Prediction ! O Eternal Voices
 Sent from the Palaces of Heaven ! my soul

Pants with celestial rapture—leaps—rejoices,
 To hear the words of truth in thunder roll
 In glorious prophecy from pole to pole.
 O man of woman born! awake, arise!
 Gird up thy soul with Wisdom, Knowledge, Truth!
 Let her, like eagles, straight renew her youth,
 And soar aloft to heaven—the good man's prize!
 O ye pure spirits! sent from God to teach—
 Eloquence, Knowledge, Poesy divine,
 Come forth in majesty and beauty!—each
 Bent to fulfil the Maker's great design.
 Thousands of years have sunk into the vast
 And mystic grave of Death to wake no more;
 Oh! be it yours from many a hallowed store
 To cull the sacred wisdom of the Past,
 And pour it forth upon the world like light,
 Till Ignorance and Vice, the fiends, take flight
 At the fair dawning of those golden beams
 Of Truth and Virtue, Charity and Love,
 Foreseen in many a godlike Poet's dreams,
 Pictures of things that are in heaven above.

*The SPIRIT OF THE OLD YEAR departs, as the SPIRIT OF THE
 NEW YEAR ascends the throne.*

SCENE II.

EARLY MORNING.

The open country near Weimar. Time March 22, 1832.

Student.

How beautiful is morn! the virgin light
Breaks from behind yon dewy hills that veil
The palace of the dawn, from whose vast gates
The white-winged steeds that bear Aurora forth
Leap, proudly pawing the pellucid skies.
The rose-cheek'd Hours flash sunshine o'er the world,
And from their floating tresses wreathed with light,
And waving like a comet's flowery rays,
Sprinkle rich perfume o'er the winds that wake
The delicate hyacinths from their silver sleep;
Sunbeams, soft airs, the song of birds, blue skies,
With orange light and purple interfused,
And musical waters sparkling, as their waves
Dance in delight over the pebbly beds
That glitter down below, like jewelled walks
Paven by Naiads for their favourite rills.
The hum of pastoral labour, the green fields
Fresh with the dews, the gently-tapering smoke
From cottage roofs, the cock's delighted crow;
The glistening sheen of white and fairy feet
Across the living emerald of the meads;
Young girls and laughing boys and gambolling youth,
And the cow lowing, and the brisk young horse
With ears attent and limbs refreshed for toil,
And the grave honest watch-dog up and out
Beside his master, whose clear joyous whistle
Tells of content—a heart at peace with all.

From such a scene of beauty and repose
Sadly I turn to yonder town, where ebbs

The mighty life away that charmed the world
 With its rare harmony ; broken are the strings
 Of that celestial lyre, and sad and faint
 The last soft murmurs through its exquisite breast.
 The wondrous Master sinks in final sleep,
 Gloriously fading, like the sun that set
 Last night behind the azure mountain-peaks.
 The undetermined hour at length has come,—
 He who strove ever after Possible Good,
 And shunned the Unattainable with a wisdom
 Deep as the patriarch's, dies ; and, dying, leaves
 No soul on earth of equal might with his,—
 Greatest of all the race of modern men
 Since Byron went. In him was shadowed forth
 The true Poetic—action made sublime
 By heroic purpose—whose whole aim was bent
 To shew in all their nothingness and guilt
 The False, Distorted, Vulgar, to men's gaze,
 That they might hate and shun them.

Weeks have past
 Since last we met ; and then he said, *As long
 As one creates there is no room for dying ;
 But yet the night, the great night, will come on
 When none shall work.* Alas ! I little thought
 The night of that great soul so near as now
 Rumour reports. Now does he pass away
 On whom the Gods smiled sweetly at his birth,
 Whom Venus loved and cradled in her breast ;
 Whose eyes Apollo kissed, whose lips were touched
 By graceful Mercury—on whose brow Jove set
 The seal of might—away, away for ever ;
 Leaving on earth only his pure renown
 To comfort those who live but see him not.

Why are we here ? I asked. He paused, and looked,
 And, smiling like a god, said, *That we may*

*Immortalise ourselves, and no true man
 Suffers belief to be torn from his breast.*
 Nobly and truly has he won the crown
 Undying for whose light he struggled long,
 While we, alas!—but why indulge the thought?
 Yet if there be a few to whom his life
 Seemed an enigma, and the good he did
 In his broad sphere unworthy the professions
 Which he might make, or *did* make, let them pause
 Ere they pronounce harsh judgment. Men nor angels
 Read not the wonderful mysteries of the soul,
 Which is tripartite as the Platonists hold,
 Divine, angelical, and animal,
 A rare and heavenly compound of whose essence
 We nothing know. The part that man sustains
 Upon this mystic theatre, the earth,
 Strange in its mixture of the True and False,
 Is even to loftiest Seraphim a thing
 Unveiled; and only can the highest Gods
 Pronounce upon it, whether good or bad.—
 That which to eyes of spirits, or of flesh,
 Seems outwardly a vice, may be to God
 The pure sublime of virtue; that which wears
 The dazzling snowy semblance of the True,
 Which the wise Cherubim behold with joy,
 May to The Powers appear the thing it is—
 Black vice enmasqued. Thus angels, spirits, and men
 Err ever in their judgment of man's ways;
 And this should bid them pause ere they condemn.

SONG OF A MILKMAID.

I.

There is a beauteous little dame,
 Take care, take care;
 Mary is this beauty's name.
 Ah! Sir, beware!

She has eyes like some young fawn's
 Tripping wild on Eastern lawns,
 And her white and gentle feet
 Lightly dance to music sweet.

Ah! take care.

II.

She has little snowy hands,
 Take care, take care ;
 Like white lilies twin'd in bands.

Ah! Sir, beware!

When she strikes her light kitar,
 See them glitter like a star ;
 Feel them too, like roses, soft,
 Kiss them—if she'll let you—oft.

Ah! take care.

III.

She has ringlets richly brown,
 Take care, take care ;
 Lovelier than a jewell'd crown.

Ah! Sir, beware!

You are lost if once you press
 To your lips one silken tress ;
 They are nets of love that hold,
 By some magic, young and old.

Ah! take care.

IV.

She has temples fair and white,
 Take care, take care ;
 Like the crescent moon at night.

Ah! Sir, beware!

And a beauteous heaving breast,
 With two rosy buds impress'd ;
 They are there, I know, but she
 Veils them up most cunningly.

Ah! take care.

V.

She has roses in her mouth,
 Take care, take care ;
 Sweeter than the fragrant South.
 Ah ! Sir, beware !
 If you see her crimson lip,
 Ten to one you'll long to sip ;
 But so guarded is the fruit,
 You must snatch, or lose your suit.
 Ah ! take care.

VI.

She is witty, young, and wild,
 Take care, take care ;
 Playful, like a little child.
 Ah ! Sir, beware !
 Beauty, goodness, wit, combine
 To make little Poll divine ;
 Never fairer form enshrined
 A more sweet or playful mind.
 Ah ! take care.

VII.

When she sings, and when she speaks,
 Take care, take care ;
 When she plays her pretty freaks,
 Ah ! Sir, beware !
 In a trice you'll find your heart
 From its lawful owner part,
 And the beauteous little dame
 Say 'tis hers by lawful claim.
 Ah ! take care.

Student.

A pretty song—a pretty maid—a morn
 All beauty, and a sky all sunny-hued,
 Are things so rarely meeting, that I must
 Entreat a kiss to make it quite Elysium.

Milkmaid.

You may entreat, Sir Minstrel, till you're tired,
But, trust me, you shall fail.

Student.

Nay, do not pout
So charmingly with those sweet scarlet lips,
Rivalling roses in their perfumed blush,
And warbling sweetlier than the speckled lark.

Milkmaid.

Go—kiss the Muses whom you worship, Sir;
You shall not kiss *me* even in a dream.

Student.

She's gone: I never saw a lovelier face,
Or whiter ankle as she steps along;
How trippingly she crosses o'er that stile.
Were I Anacreon I might wish myself
A cow; but not being Greek, I'm satisfied
To be a German still. By Zeus! she looks
So roguishly behind that I shall follow.
This is a very pantomimic change
From grave to gay; but such is life. She smiles
Again—ah! blue eyes. I am coming quick;—
Nay, though you ran as fast as Atalanta,
I have a golden spell will stay your flight.

THREE DESTINIES.

First Destiny.

From the cloud-caverns, where we dwell; from Night's
Dun palaces in Hades, shadowy, vast,
And boundless, we float hither on the blast
Of Eurus, on unwelcome mission bent;
The hour is come—the blissful Past is past;
A voice like mighty ocean's has gone forth
And called the spirit-ones
From Heaven, from Hades, and from trembling Earth.

Second Destiny.

Lo! where young Mercury, like a sunbeam lights
 Upon the radiant hills, Olympus-sent,
 His crystal-gleaming plumes on head and heel
 Flashing new lustre o'er the face of dawn;—
 They live—Napæan-haunted wood and lawn;
 They live with life enchanted; hill and stream
 Send forth their gods
 That long lay hushed in rosy-breathing dream.

Third Destiny.

And from the million-peopled firmament
 Of joy and splendour leap young Nymph and Faun,
 Satyr and Mænad, Angel flowery-crowned,
 Shining with rays that dim the diamond stars;
 A thousand elves in airy circles wheel,
 Spirits of light and shade, careering round,
 As morn her aureate gates
 Of sunshine wide to smiling worlds unbars.

First Destiny.

See—in mists the Arch-Denier,
 With his hideous mocking sprites:

Second Destiny.

Heaven-eyed Poesy in rainbows
 Flashing forth unnumbered lights:

Third Destiny.

Dark-winged Death, the loveliest virgin
 Whose touch breathes ambrosial sleep,
 And her nymphal train of beauty
 Slowly down through æther sweep.

The Three.

All are here from Heaven and Hades,
 All are here with hopes and terrors;
 Some exulting—some lamenting
 O'er the dying mortal's errors.

First Destiny.

The sevenfold veils that wrap the Future burst
 Away, the coming hour stands out in glory ;
 Unto mine eye alone shines forth the story
 Of him whom now the Old Arch Foe accurst
 Comes from his hells with blood of millions gory,
 And gorged like fierce hyena of the wild,
 To bear away.—The flattering hopes he nursed
 So long—so ruthlessly, shall fade—shall fall
 Like the card palaces of some wayward child.
 What! wouldst thou plunge him in thy fiendish thrall?
 Does hot Revenge—fell Hate thus spur thee on?
 'Thou see'st his life—thou read'st the past and gone.
 The spirits, in whose light and by whose side
 He should have walked, resigned him—did they well?
 Resistance, not base flight, becomes the guide
 Who should have braved thy power and banded Hell.
 But yet——

A peal of thunder.

Voice from above.

Rash Destiny, forbear ;
 The Future stands revealed to thee alone,—
 Forbear!—
 The Sons of Heaven—the powerful Prince of Air
 Unto their eyes must not be shewn
 Until the destined hour the secrets thou hast known.
 Forbear! rash Destiny, forbear!

SCENE III.

WEIMAR.

An open Place in front of GOETHE'S House at WEIMAR.—

HERMES and MEPHISTOPHELES, *entering from opposite sides, meet.*

Hermes.

Good morrow, Squire: I really feel delighted
To see your Highness look so devilish well.
What brings you hither? Do you come invited
By the Grand Duke, with latest news from Hell?

Mephistopheles.

Ah, my dear youngker, of immortal Maïa,
I'm very glad to take you by the hand:
You look as merry as the fair Aglaïa
When capering zoneless on the silver sand.
I really envy you your snowy feathers,
They're so much better than the cloven hoof:
In this the coldest of all cold March weathers,
You're rather early from your father's roof.

Hermes.

I've come to take some souls to your dominions,
For which I'll scarcely get their thanks, I fear.

Mephistopheles.

Hooh—pooh! what care you for their foul opinions?

Hermes.

Not much, perhaps.—But, coz, what brings *you* here?

Mephistopheles.

To make a morning call on an old sinner
Who lives close by—a cherished friend of mine;
Native of that free town whose Jews grow thinner,
As years pass on, through holy hate of swine:

When I've despatched him, you and I'll have dinner
 At the old place, so famous for old wine.
 I've asked the noted English atheist, Toland
 (The ape's grimace is sure to make us laugh);
 Horne Tooke and Wilkes are coming—

Hermes.

Nay, Sir Voland,
 Why do you patronise such vile riff-raff?
 You, who can have lords, bishops, brahmins, kings,
 Moguls, and muftis, princes, popes, and caliphs,
 Ought not to waste your hours on such vile things
 As these; I'd rather dine with dogs or bailiffs—
 Or, worse than all, a Middle-Temple Bencher,
 That synonyme for swindler, beast, and wencher.

Mephistopheles.

I'faith, you're right—but come.

Hermes.

And get as tipsy
 As you and I've so often done before.—

Mephistopheles.

No matter—there is *such* a little gipsy
 To wait on us, as Venus was of yore,
 Ere she went common on that star-bright mountain,
 Olympus called, and mixed with gods and men:
 Making one think of some ambrosial fountain
 Rising in heaven, and ending—in a fen.

Hermes.

Come, cousin, gently—Venus is my sister.

Mephistopheles.

I know it well, my cousin; and I know
 That was the reason, doubtless, why you kissed her,
 And got that heavenly baby long ago,
 Hermaphroditus.

Hermes.

Nay, no further scandals.

Mephistopheles.

I supped last night with some demure old maids,
 Who vowed, as I was taking off their sandals,
 That all their sex were most confounded jades.
 You may be sure they didn't spare the goddesses ;
 They mauled your mother Maïa black and blue ;
 They said that women should be cased in bodices
 Laced tightly from the bosom to the shoe ;
 And as to men, they swore they all were rascals,
 Deceivers, liars, dandies, drunkards, beasts —
 I've not enjoyed myself so much since Pascal's
 Delicious letters about nuns and priests.

Hermes.

I wonder what you find in such society,
 So stale, so mouldy, and so sour, to please ;
 For *my* part, of the sex I've had satiety,
 And shun them as I would the Scotch disease.

Mephistopheles.

I scarcely know, except it be variety,
 And that *is* something in dull times like these ;
 I also like the sickening cant of piety
 With which they sprinkle o'er their cups of teas.
 Old maids and tom-cats !—did you ever fancy
 That I, the wildest of our seraph race,
 Should seek amusement in a source so base ?
 But so it is.—Oh ! days of necromancy,
 Astrology, crusades, and revolutions,
 New Popish plots, ghosts, witches, saints in pickle,
 Long parliaments, quick trials, executions—
 Would ye were come again our nerves to tickle !
 What with the novels I've been lately reading,
 The poems that have so confused my brains,

I feel a nausea like a woman breeding,
 And think my sufferings greater far than Cain's.
 I wish I were an ass, or goose, or noddy,
 Or any very stupid bird or beast,
 Exempt from mind or thought, with only body
 To care for, and to sleep, and leap, and feast.

Hermes.

A very noble wish, my dearest devil;
 I hope you'll get it some auspicious day.

Mephistopheles.

Amen! But now, to have a half hour's revel
 Here with a piece of crumbling human clay,
 Yclept a Poet—one whose trade was lying,
 Buffooning, sneaking, blasphemy, and cant,
 Us and our Satan-system falsifying,
 And covering many thousand sheets with rant;
 I marked him from the time he said he'd rather
 Be bastard to some lord of high degree,
 Than sprung from any honest humble father,
 Or modest mother, sans a family tree;
 I reared him, schooled him, as a cherished darling
 Destined for me and mine, and taught his mind
 The merest trash, as one might teach a starling,
 The tree will shoot as the young twig's inclined.
 He grew a sycophant of starveling princes,—
 A mere bread-scholar, working but for self,
 Whose whole career, from birth to death, evinces
 But a he-prostitute's for place and pelf.

Hermes.

His name?

Mephistopheles.

Jack Wolfgang Goethe.

Hermes.

The old rhymer?

Mephistopheles.

The very lad that I've come here to grab.

Hermes.

The veriest charlatan that lives in Weimar,
 Worse than that ancient humbug, good Queen Mab.
 A kreuzer to a flask of bright Hochheimer
 We'll find him prating of some worthless drab.

Mephistopheles.

Why, Hermes, bless me! you too seem to know him.

Hermes.

I think I should, for I'm the God of Quacks.
 I gave him some assistance in that poem
 Which so delighted all the Jills and Jacks.

Mephistopheles.

You mean the Faust.

Hermes.

I do.

Mephistopheles.

Ah, scamp and schemer!

Mark how he libelled me his earliest friend,
 Making me duped by such a wretched dreamer
 As Faust, whom, by the bye, we've safely penn'd
 In one of Hell's hot nooks. But what assistance
 Could he receive from you?

Hermes.

How can you ask
 Such a fool's query? Were there any distance
 Between us I'd suppose it was a mask,
 Not Mephistopheles who put that question
 To me, the God of Eloquence and Thieves.
 Pray, how could bards find food for their digestion,
 Did they not feed upon each other's leaves,

As silk-worms do ? they are the paltriest robbers
 That ever plundered on this blackguard globe ;
 They cheat each other like the worst stockjobbers ;
 Ask Marlow, Shakspeare, Calderon, and Job,
 How this old scribbler plagiarised their verses,
 And then ask *me* how oft he begged my aid
 (For which these bards have stifled me with curses),
 Their thoughts divine to dress in masquerade,
 And palm them on the world for his own notions :
 Thus he made cash and fame by what he stole.

Mephistopheles.

Indeed, I fear it is for such devotions
 Of his to you that I'm to nab his soul.
 A paltry prize, God wot—scarce worth the having ;
 Certainly not worth journeying for it here :
 I don't believe that for the sake of saving
 Ten billion such I'd shed a single tear.

Hermes.

I've come on the same errand ; but *my* duty
 Is to release the spirit from its cell :
 Which done, we'll gang together with the booty,
 If you'll permit, the shortest way to Hell.

Mephistopheles.

With all my heart—'twill give me special pleasure
 To have your company upon the road ;
 Conducting such a precious priceless treasure
 As the Old Sneerer to his last abode.
 I fear he'll make a very sorry figure
 Before the Court below.

Hermes.

I think so too :
 And when he's judged, you'll roast his soul with rigour
 For slandering such a sovereign lord as you.

Mephistopheles.

Leave him to me ; I'll teach him to write slander
About my compacts with such fools as Faust.

Hermes.

He makes your Highness but a kind of pander.

Mephistopheles.

My imps shall have him for a holocaust.

What—dare to libel me and my enjoyments,
Make me with Pluto's lowest mobs be class'd,
Give me a thousand mean and vile employments,
And to be swindled of my own at last !
Faustus himself shall see his poet roasted
As some revenge for such audacious lies.
Nay, he shall baste him ; when he's nicely toasted
The Witch can feed her cat-apes on flesh pies.
But we've delayed too long—suppose we enter
And take our station by the bard's bedside.

Hermes.

Most willingly—lead on, right reverend Mentor ;
To a damned soul I know no better guide.
But softly—softly—who comes floating hither
With gentle heavenly eyes and wings of light ?

Mephistopheles.

DEATH, by the Lard ! I feel my marrow wither
Within me when that Spirit comes in sight.
Let us be off—I hate to look upon her.

Hermes.

Immortal beauty shrouds her silent course.

Mephistopheles.

Come, coz, I will not wait, upon my honour :
Away ! or I will drag you off by force.

Hermes.

O dream-like, shadowy Spirit sent by Heaven!—

Mrphistopheles.

Hermes, don't talk and look so like a fool.
 See, the town-clock is hastening to eleven,
 And the day's growing cooler and more cool :
 'Tis almost time that I should grab this minister.
 I'm very glad that Lady Death is come ;
 I hope no accident or bother sinister
 Will interrupt our pleasant journey home.

They enter the house.

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 SCENE IV.

THE SKY.

*Flight of the GUARDIAN ANGEL. The Farewell Song.*

Oh ! and alas for thee ! spirit of splendour,  
 Born in bright heaven, but fashioned to woe ;  
 Long have I watched thee with fondness as tender  
 As only the hearts of young mothers can know.  
 Long, from the first placid hour of thy springing  
 On earth, like an innocent flower in its bloom,  
 Till now when the cold hand of destiny's bringing  
 The mist that shall wrap thee for ever in gloom.  
 Clear shone the stars on their thrones, and serenely  
 Silence smiled o'er the calm brows of the skies ;  
 When, as I watched, came a Presence most queenly  
 Borne on swift lightnings, and bade me, Arise !  
 This was thy Genius, and thus was I chosen  
 Even in that hour thine own angel to be ;  
 Whiter than dew in the winter flowers frozen  
 Was thy young soul when 'twas yielded to me.  
 Gently I stood by thee, guarding thy childhood,  
 Filling thy new life with sweetness and love,

Till, like a lark's happy songs in the wild wood,  
 Rose thy glad thoughts to thy first home above.  
 Fountains of crystal through valleys descending  
 Were not so pure as thy spirit was then ;  
 Like the bright rainbow with earth and sky blending,  
 Seemed thy clear heart ere its mixture with men.

Then came a change o'er thee,—all that was vernal  
 Faded, and wasted, and withered away,  
 Even as young Paradise, when the Eternal  
 Spake, and it vanished, and all was decay,—  
 Gone were the flowers which the angels had planted,  
 Gone the fair sunshine that lightened the scene ;  
 Silent the music that once had enchanted,  
 Silent as though its voice never had been.

Crowds came around thee, the vile and base-hearted,  
 Luring, and lying, and leading aside ;  
 Strong was the conflict, and tears often started  
 Hot from thine eyes, but were lost in thy pride.  
 Oh, that the world should corrupt the undying  
 And seraph-taught spirit of beautiful youth !  
 Spoiling its heavenly lustre, nor sighing  
 O'er the sad wreck of faith, virtue, and truth.

There, where the Virtues had made them a palace,  
 Golden and virgin, and grand and divine,  
 In rushed the Passions,—and each bore a chalice  
 Brimming with poisons that tempted like wine :  
 Till that chaste soul, which I fondled and tended  
 Truly and faithfully, faltered and failed,  
 Spurning the counsels I gave it, and bended  
 Down in the dust to the foes that assailed.

Sadly I wept, and would still fain awaken  
 Visions within thee, aspirings sublime ;  
 Still would I tempt thee to pathways forsaken,  
 Pointing to heights where thy spirit should climb ;

Even while I soared on the wings of the morning,  
 Through those star-realms where the seraphim reign,  
 Hopes would allure, and would paint thee yet scorning  
 Vice and the World and the Flesh with disdain.

Round thee, unseen by thee, like sunshine o'er thee,  
 Morning and night saw me fixed by thy side ;  
 All the winged splendours of thought that before thee  
 Burst like a heaven were the gifts of thy guide.  
 Spirits I brought to thee, Visions and Dreamings,  
 Voices of angels, to win thee once more ;  
 But the dark Idols of Earth whose false seemings  
 Charmed thee, were all that thy soul would adore.

Oh ! and alas for thee ! deep was thine error,  
 Fatal the change to the False from the True,  
 Ever since then the thick darkness of Terror,  
 Known to the fallen ones, still round thee grew.  
 Manhood confessed it—Old Age shrank in sadness,  
 Awed by the prospect of death and the grave ;  
 Now, when thou'rt dying, and owning thy madness,  
 Gladly I'd claim thee, and gladly I'd save.

But the great voice of The One hath forbidden ;  
 I must away, and *thou* too must depart  
 Ere a short hour, and the secret that's hidden  
 Deep in the skies shall illumine thine heart.  
 Oh ! and alas for thee—exiled for ever,  
 Some ray of happiness still o'er thee dwell :  
 I, thy true angel, still love thee, and never  
 Came from my heart more despairing farewell.

CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS IN THE AIR,

Iö —

The destined hour,  
 When he who baffled still the demon-power

Of earth and fire and cloud,  
 The thunder-folded Passions of black Hell,  
 To whose high will he bowed  
 The seraph-soul within,  
     In sin —  
 Lowly as bowed the mother of mankind  
     Before the Eternal Foe,  
 Her primal tempter and our sovereign lord,  
     Shall pass away  
     Ere dies advancing day.  
 Dim and dark tokens in the sky foretell  
     The hour of gloom :  
 The trembling beam, the gently-moaning wind,  
 The cold white eyes of heaven on earth inclined,  
     The shadows of a newly-yawning tomb,  
 The hurried flight of spirits to and fro,  
 The rainbow melting into dream-like snow,  
 The sad and solemn music of the spheres,  
 The muttering thunder's distant, dismal boom,  
 The mountains wreathed in azure mists of tears ;  
 The airs that sigh o'er forest, stream, and sward,  
 The clouds that shed quick drops of rain and flame,  
     Proclaim  
 The fall of one of Adam's race abhorred.

Iö —

As falls  
     An orb of light  
 From heaven, to sink in never-ending night ;  
     So sinks a destined human soul  
     Ere it attains the fair celestial goal  
 That shines aloft on Truth's sun-flashing site :  
     While we,  
 Children whilom of God, but fire-condemned,  
 Exiled from heaven, for Adam's race contemned,  
     Tossing in space's drear immensity ;  
 Cursing the hand relentless that enthrals

In floods of flame, reproach, hate, torment, terror,  
 Spirits that yielded to but one wild error,  
     Catch with infuriate glee  
 The headlong children of the earth, whom He,  
 Baffled in his revenge on us, is fated  
     Still to behold fierce rebels to his reign,  
 Till, hot with rage at mortals thus created,  
     Into our realms of pain  
     He hurls them with disdain,  
     And hate that preys on his own heart unsated.  
 Iö — He made them with his own pure hands  
     To stand around his throne  
     Where once *we* stood alone——  
 He made them for himself—they serve our hostile bands.

Iö —

The wild-eyed charioteers whom men call Hours  
     Have brought the moment hither, when the mortal  
 Shakes off the chain of life to put on ours,  
     Who wait around to form his gay escortal  
 Down to the gloomy Kings of Sense and Sloth,  
 To whom he bound his spirit by an oath,  
     Silent, strong, self-imposed, that never breaketh ;  
 He who serves *them* on earth must serve them there  
     Where starlight gleams not, morning ne'er awaketh ;  
 But all is silence, darkness, arid, bare,  
 Perpetual self-reproach, contempt, remorse, despair.

Iö —

Behold from earth an awful Shadow rises  
 Gloomy and terrible, like a giant fire  
 From flame-exhaling marshes ; night enshrouds him ;  
 Despair is on his brow—he shrieks in madness  
     As one might shriek chained on a blazing pyre,  
 From whose terrific serpent-coiling bite  
     He sees no hope of flight ;



Gone at that sound of spirit-rending sadness,  
 Whose tone a world of speechless grief comprises,  
 Is the dun mist—no longer darkness clouds him.

Iö —

It is the Daimon of the Man who dies  
 The exiled heir of yon ambrosial skies.

Iö — Iö — Iö —

He shrieks again

That scream of deep unutterable pain ;  
 Like a blind Cyclops, see—he writhes—he reels ;  
 His sense already feels  
 The brazen, hissing chain  
 That eats into the life, and poisons every vein.

And there are pale and weeping Apparitions,  
 Some beautiful, and some of heavenly hues,  
 Who came to him in waking dreams and visions,  
 Tempting him in the form of Nymph and Muse  
 To paths of love ; but yet he would not listen  
 To their enchanting voices ;—now they fly  
 Away in woe ; their eyes and features glisten  
 With saddest tears—nor dare they see him die.

Iö —

He served but us alone—to us he gave  
 His spirit as a slave ;  
 We come,  
 Each from his chasmal home,  
 To follow our good servant to the grave,  
 And bear his spirit hence in triumph loud and brave.

Iö —

The ghastly Phantoms of his sins appear ;  
 Youth, Manhood, Dotage—these are they with wings  
 Of harpy, tongues of stench, and fire, and stings,  
 To pierce him through and through for evil done  
 And good omitted in his long career ;  
 Angels they seem to man until his race  
 On earth is run :

With syren songs they lure him on and on,  
 Making him blind to his most dire disgrace,  
 Nursing him with rich dainties, pride and pleasure,  
 For which he stakes his soul's eternal treasure;

While we look on and laugh, nor ever stay

The harpies in their way;

Even as *He* does who made this hapless one:

Man is not ours, nor do we owe him

Aught but revenge, fraud, perfidy, and hate;

Why did not He who formed endow him

With strength to raise above his grovelling fate?

Iö —



## SCENE V.

### THE BEDROOM.

MEPHISTOPHELES and HERMES, GOETHE *lying in Bed*; *Busts, Statues, and Pictures all around.*

Goethe (*very faintly*).

My life is waning

Away like a fading lamp;

My feet are straining

Away to the charnel damp:

In the clouds of the slumber

That never knows waking hour;

In the thoughts that o'ershadow

The soul with their mystic power

In the star-illumined mists

That memory draws from my soul;

In the fires of the hot Simoom

Of Sin that round me roll;

In the gloom that enclasps my Spirit

As it dreams of bright chances lost;

In the wide and moonless Ocean

Of doubt where my sense is tost;

In the slough of regrets and sorrows  
I sink, while the fiend Remorse  
Asks, what shall I be when to-morrow's  
Bright Sun shines over my corse?—  
I care not—I fear not—but blest shall be  
The stroke that my weary soul sets free :  
I fear not—I care not—the all I ask  
Is quittance for ever from Life's dull masque.  
Free, and free as the eagle  
That soars through the silver air ;  
Free, and free as the lion,  
Sole lord in his forest lair ;  
Or the Ocean that owns no chain ;  
Or the Sun in his wide domain ;  
Or the Winds that rush from their cloudy caves,  
And trample the giant oaks like slaves ;  
My soul, life-weary,  
Pants for unbounded space,  
And loathes this dreary  
And viperish dwelling-place,  
And the poison-hearted snake that lies  
Hidden in human lips and eyes.

For Life is a hideous folly,  
A harlot with painted smile,  
And madness and melancholy  
She shoots through the soul the while  
In her baleful arms we dream,  
And drink the venomous stream  
Of her kisses and loathsome breath.  
O Fools! to shun the sweet angel, Death,  
Who with calm and winning eyes  
Courts us to yonder skies.  
Come hither, come hither, and crown my cup  
With the grape's red blood till it sparkles up ;  
Come hither, come hither, and crown it still,  
My soul draws life from the rosy rill.

Scorpions lurk in that heart of thine,  
But none there be in this foaming wine.

Let me drown sadness,  
Here's to thee, Death! sweet friend;  
Come, like a gladness,  
Come and fulfil the end.  
Wrap me up in thy snowy shroud,  
Binding me round like a gentle cloud.

*Sinks back exhausted.*

**Mephistopheles.**

'Tis rather funny to see these mortals  
Dying and breathing out their last;  
Whenever they come to the Grave's dark portals,  
They give such a terrible kick to the Past.  
To hear their prate when the knaves are gasping,  
How full of contempt for the things of earth:  
Yet all the while you can see them grasping  
Hard to stick in their fleshly berth.  
White-livered fools!—I have watched them dying,  
And heard them swear they were *so* resigned:  
Yet the varlets knew they were foully lying,  
And would have lived still—had they had but wind.

**Hermes.**

I never heard truth more truly spoken.

**Mephistopheles.**

Why, how could you think that *I'd* mistake?  
These lies would long since my heart have broken;  
But, alas!—I had no heart to break.

**Spirit.**

Bring the Past hither,  
Its joys and its splendours,  
Its woes and its sorrows,

Its thin mocking phantoms—  
 Before him and round him  
 I see them—the shadows  
 Of rainbows and tempests,  
 Black hell and bright heaven.  
 The lightnings, the Passions ;  
 The star-beams, the Virtues ;  
 The angels and daimons,  
 The gnomes and pure seraphs,  
 The fear-breathing spectres  
 Are near—  
 Commingling and sighing,  
 And laughing and grinning,  
 And scoffing and shouting ;  
 An atmosphere flashing  
 The darkness of terror  
 Enwraps them, enfolds them,  
 Sustains them and holds them—  
 They are here.

*Voices.*

We are here.

*Mephistopheles.*

What laughter ! what bother !  
 They wrangle and jostle ;  
 They're scratching and screeching ;  
 The cat-apes and witches,  
 The angels and seraphs,  
 Are fearfully mingled :  
 Fate grant that they quarrel  
 And tear one another.

*Spirit.*

The bright shapes of childhood,  
 With sweet eyes and voices ;  
 The haggard and wrinkled,  
 And stench-breathing harpies ;

Foul Vices embodied  
 Of Gluttony, Hatred,  
 And Malice, and Lying,  
 And Avarice scrambling  
 With goat-footed Lust:  
 And Genius lamenting,  
 And Childhood's white seraphs  
 Their eyes beaming heaven,  
 Their brows girt with star-beams,  
 Wrapped close in their mantles  
 Of mourning and sorrow;  
 A soul made of splendour  
 Thus trampled to dust—  
 I see them—I see them—  
 In darkness and lightnings,  
 In black mists and azure,  
 In soft gleams of sunlight,  
 Sweet music, fierce howlings,  
 Wild sorrow, hoarse laughter;  
 Two angels are weeping,  
 Like fair statues keeping  
 Watch o'er a soul sleeping  
 The sleep of the Just.

*Voices.*

We are here—we are here.

*Mephistopheles.*

We know it—we see it.  
 O charming young monkeys,  
 And Venus-tail'd witches,  
 And ape-faced old beldams,  
 And cat-hearted hell-dams,—  
 My exquisite children,  
 Bow down to your Master—

*Voices.*

Sir Volland—

## Mephistopheles.

Of No-land.

From Styx I've come faster  
 Than ever before for these ten years or more.  
 Good welcome, glad welcome,  
 To all that from hell come.

## Hermes.

Soft!—he awakes—the swoon hath passed away.

## Goethe.

O ye bright moments of my earliest days,  
 How vividly methinks I feel ye now!  
 How full of life the fair and happy Past  
 Rises from the deep ocean of my soul,  
 Roseate in beauty, freshness, youth, and hope!  
 Fair Frankfort, city of my childhood, dearer  
 To me than all the world beside—thy streets  
 Of ever-lively bustle—thy broad Zeile  
 Thronged with shrewd dealers skilled in gems of rare  
 And matchless beauty, and thine antique towers,  
 The Saalhoff, Römer, and the Virgin's Church,  
 The bright and boat-thronged Mayn, the arching bridge  
 Whose sacred Cross so glitters in the sunshine,  
 The many massive forts and frowning gates  
 That gird thee in, the belt of flower-bright gardens  
 That stretch beyond and round thee; the green trees,  
 Linden and poplar, in whose cooling shade  
 So oft I've gambolled like a happy bird;—  
 Lo! how they pass before my eyes, those old  
 And well-remembered pictures of delight,  
 Freshly as if I'd seen them yesterday.  
 The garden-room of strange and delicate plants,  
 And the large windows, through whose opened panes  
 The sun poured in a rich and luminous flood,  
 Instinct with life and strength, ripening the buds,  
 Until they burst in fragrant splendour forth;—

Here would I sit, a wild yet thoughtful Boy,  
 Gazing beyond the City's walls and ramparts  
 Over the picture-like and fertile plain  
 That leads to Höchst, and here with book in hand  
 I meditated o'er the historic past,  
 Or thought upon the future, painting life  
 In hope's bewitching colours; here I watched  
 The thunder-storms rush down from the far hills,  
 And looked enraptured on the setting sun  
 That made the western clouds to fancy seem  
 A mass of diamond palaces, a world  
 Of faërie structures, and of magical beauty,  
 Built for the gods alone.

O wandering Shapes,  
 That rise in star-shine and in melody round me,  
 Beckoning me on with fond and beaming eyes,  
 Whence have ye come, and whither do ye wend?  
 Pale and most spirit-white your features seem,  
 Like lilies in the moonlight bathed in dew.  
 Whence are these exquisite voices? Whence the hymns  
 Of sad celestial sweetness that ye raise?  
 Who strikes that harp with silver strings so gently?  
 Whose the sweet breath that courses through this flute  
 Of ivory? and whose the hand that draws  
 From this soft lute ambrosial harmonies?  
 I feel an atmosphere of waving light,  
 Brighter than chrysolite more pure than flame,  
 Round me and in me; rapidly ye rise,  
 Ye musical undulations born of fire,  
 That hath a soul within it and a sense.  
 Ye are as off-shoots from the Evening star,  
 Or as the lightnings that enwrap the steeds  
 Of rosy-breathing Morning—but the songs  
 Ye sing are of the saddest, mournfullest strain  
 That ever fell like sorrow on the ear.



Chorus of Angelic Spirits (*vanishing slowly*).

Spirit of splendour,  
Linked to corruption ;  
Star-bright, enshrouded  
Deeply in darkness ;  
Spirit immortal,  
Sphered in the garments  
Woven of earth ;  
Anxious and weary one,  
Year-stricken, hoary one,  
Even now flinging  
From thee thy cerements,  
Spite of endearments  
Painfully winging  
Away from the torment  
Of life and of being,  
That cling round Eve's offspring  
From the sad birth.  
Lo !—from the portal,  
Pure and star-shining,  
Where the Eternal  
Children of Heaven  
Ever inclining  
To the Supernal,  
Joyously render  
Hymns of thanksgiving ;  
We, the bright, living  
Angels selected  
To guard thee and guide thee,  
And wander beside thee,  
Through life and its terrors,  
Its falsehoods, its errors,  
Its vices, its horrors,  
Hither have flown  
Sadly and sadly,  
To see thee once more

Ere the soul shall depart  
 And the struggle be o'er.  
 Fare thee well, fare thee well,  
 Weary one, weary one.  
 Soul of the minstrel,  
 Like the eruption  
 Bursting from Hecla,  
 In flame and in power,  
 When its caverns are riven,  
 Like crystal, asunder,  
 With fire and with thunder,  
 While clouds darkly lour,  
 O'er its fierce, foaming chasm :  
 Even such be the hour  
 Of the final death-spasm  
 That frees thee from life,  
 For the combat and strife  
 With the cohort of Hell  
 That keep guard round thy bed,—  
 Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Mephistopheles.*

Zounds! I never heard such music,  
 It would make Mozart the Jew sick,  
 It has dosed myself completely ;  
 Hollo! hollo! bring a basin,  
 Not indeed to cleanse my face in,  
 But to ——, guess—a feat unsweetly.

*Voices.*

They are vanished—they are banished.

*Voices.*

Dis be thanked! they're gone at last.  
 Who comes hither on her dragons?

*Voices.*

'Tis Witch Conscience, fast and fast ;

Shaking fierce her long grey hairs,  
Rolling wide her black bright eyes.

*Mephistopheles.*

Gad ! she looks intensely savage.  
Now for a long curtain lecture.  
Ma'am, I humbly kiss your slippers.  
Have you come to take farewell  
Of this ancient courtier here,  
Now departing straight for Hell,  
Which he looked to many a year ?

*Witch Conscience.*

And thou art dying—life and strength are gone,  
Faded, as fade the hues of evening rainbows ;  
And the glad thoughts in which thou didst indulge  
Pass like sere autumn leaves ; no more for thee  
The happy sunbeam smiles, nor on thine eyes  
The starry lights that gild the arch of morn  
Shall gleam, nor thy sweet, sorrowing look, O moon !  
The haunted forest, the flower-sprinkled plains  
Thou shalt not tread again, nor look aloft  
On the crystalline clouds that veil from sight  
Of human eye the paradise-thrones of God.

*Voices.*

As the North Wind shakes the Ocean,  
As an Earthquake shivers cities,  
As an Avalanche, descending  
From a heaven-defying mountain,  
Crushes some reposing hamlet,  
So a mighty flash of terror  
Shakes and smites his quivering spirit.

*Witch Conscience.*

Hadst thou won empires, sullyng fame and honour,  
Thou wert a loser by that frantic game ;

Hadst thou gained earth, and lost thine own bright soul,  
 Satan would mock thee for a fool. Behold!  
 Thy days are done, and what hast thou to shew  
 To the Eternal for the trust they gave thee?

*Voices.*

How she sticks her serpent fangs  
 Through and through his harrowed heart;—

*Voices.*

As through some sly knave who hangs,  
 Their black talons vultures dart.

*Hermes.*

Her words are wild and sweet, like mermaid voices  
 Breathed o'er the silence of the Ocean-World.

*With Conscience.*

The soul, like some great chariot drawn by steeds  
 White-winged, celestial, of immortal flight,  
 To Heaven should still aspire. Has *thine* been such?  
 Hast *thou* put off the flesh, the sinful flesh,  
 Panting to soar aloft and wisely study  
 The mysteries sublime of Truth and God?  
 Or, hast thou not consorted through thy days  
 With Hate and Falsehood, those sly imps of hell,  
 Anger and Pride, the children of Sir Mammon,  
 And Power and Wealth, whose jewelled cup held poison  
 That made thee blind or drunk, and wrapped in night  
 Truth's starry image shining o'er thy soul?

*Mephistopheles.*

His long-drawn sighs are laughable methinks—

*Hermes.*

Broken and sad, like a despairing soul's  
 Low plainings at the Gates of Paradise.

## Voices.

This old Witch is ten times fiercer  
Than the Furies with their firebrands.

## Voices.

How she pulls about the sick one,  
Sparing not grey hairs, or sorrow.

## Witch Conscience.

White hairs are signs of age, and not of wisdom.

## Mephistopheles.

And an old goat has more than Solomon ;  
Should he be therefore wiser than the sage ?

## Witch Conscience.

Virtue was cradled in thy virgin soul ;  
I look within, and see her not ; she's fled,  
And fire-eyed serpents clamber round her seat.  
There *was* a time ere *she* had ta'en her flight  
I saw thee, knew thee, revered thee then ;  
The Roman Cæsars in their triumphings,  
With monarchs harnessed to their haughty cars,  
Ne'er looked so great or beautiful as thou,  
Armed thus in honour, wisdom, truth, and good.  
Why didst thou put thine heavenly ægis off ?

## Mephistopheles.

These are rather ugly questions ;  
What on earth will Jacky answer ?

## Goethe.

O Life, warm life, I feel thee passing from me,  
The spirits that are near, methinks are come  
To bear me from this orb upon their wings  
Far to some airy realm beyond the ken  
Of human eye or fancy. Lo ! the gauds

And glittering mists that promised fair, and lied ;  
The purple pageantry of life, the noise,  
Excitement, folly, madness, pomp, and crime,  
That form the world's existence, fade away,  
For ever, into unsubstantial nothing,  
Like thinnest smoke dissolved by mighty winds ;  
And only this remains—a faint old man,  
With wasted limbs, scant hair, and soulless eyes,  
Trembling upon the giddy verge of death ;  
Loathing the stage whereon he played a part,  
Unfit for one who bore upon his soul  
A heavenly impress of the true Divine.  
Is it then come to this?—Is glory nothing ?  
Learning a straw?—renown and power a rush  
Thrown on Time's Ocean to be swallowed up,  
And no man know its fate? Pleasure and pride,  
Ambition, splendour, wealth, and worshipping crowds,  
The smiles of woman, the delights of sense,  
Are they but fantasies and follies all?—  
Mere exhalations of distempered dreams?  
Unreal as hues from many-coloured glass,  
Painted and flattering—but false, most false?  
Man an ephemeron, that lives his day,  
Eats, drinks, dies, rots, like his poor fellow worm?  
Now, by the Gods, I thought this world were true ;  
I lived for it—I loved it—and I gave  
My soul to its vile altar ; bowing low  
Before a Golden Image framed in hell,  
That tempted me, with many a luring charm,  
From the True Beautiful that silently  
Within me spake, and said, Be only mine ;  
I am of God—yon idol is of Evil,  
And courts thee only for thine own destruction.  
But yet I would not—heart and soul were deaf  
To all I heard ; and so I wandered on,  
Deeming applause and power solid goods,  
Not such poor trash as I now find they are,

More worthless than the baubles of a babe.  
 Could I recall my youth, my strength, my days,  
 And walk into the Past of Life, once more  
 Schooled by experience of the paltry prize  
 For which man stakes eternity of being—  
 Alas, I rave, and dream what ne'er can be.  
 As well attempt to stay the flowing tides,  
 Chain up the furious winds, arrest the lightning,  
 Or stop the thunder-march of the lordly sun,  
 As bid our byegone days return and bide.

Is there a soul indeed within this frame?  
 A burning particle of God's own nature?  
 Or is it fancy?—are we but of earth,  
 Doomed for a space to breathe, eat, sleep, laugh, talk,  
 Play insect-gambols, and then die for ever,  
 Furnishing feasts of laughter for the Gods,  
 To whom we swear ourselves so near akin?  
 Or are we heirs of yonder skies; accursed  
 And exiled here for some disloyal deed  
 Done in the days of spirit-life, whereof  
 We in our fleshly robe have no remembrance;  
 Yet fated once again (atonement made)  
 To reach our old hereditary homes?  
 Or have we transmigrated from the forms  
 Of lowliest creatures, by some inward effort  
 Of nature; of development from worm,  
 Fish, reptile, bird, ape, up to human being,  
 For so within the very womb of woman  
 The heart and brain we have, exhibit changes  
 Beginning at the least, and ending man?  
 Prompted by instinct to a higher order  
 Of animal life, but still without the fire  
 Within that links us with the star-bright race?  
 What is this soul, if soul indeed there be?  
 Or what is God, if God there be at all?  
 Is that but *one*, which we call God and soul,

A mixture of four elements, earth, fire, air,  
And water, so combined and knit together  
Into that union which we here call life,  
And which, when Death disperses and resolves them  
Into their simple unities, exist  
Singly, as once they did ere thus conjoined ?  
Thus are these elements the whole of all  
We see exist of Man and God himself ?  
Thus are they too eternal, and the world,  
With all its changes and vicissitudes,  
Eternal likewise—but eternal matter  
Unformed by soul or bright intelligence ?  
Whate'er our destiny may be we know not ;  
But yet, methinks 'tis sad. A strain of music  
Seems borne on mists of sunshine through my soul,  
And million-peopled Dreams, or living Visions,  
Crowd round me, full of life and active passion ;  
And there are beauteous landscapes, and fair skies,  
And genial meetings, and enchanted hours,  
And tones of old and well-remembered songs,  
And spirit-shapes bringing my life before me ;  
And some are clad in beauty, such as crowned  
The angels ere they fell from heaven through pride ;  
And now methinks the lovely phantasm passes,  
And all seems vacant, misty, undefined,  
And dark as Chaos, ere reduced to form :  
They move again—the light streams in—and now  
A broken cloud of fire and darkness rises  
Like the dun smoke of flaming hell ; I see  
A myriad weird, and wondrous things of terror,  
Such as wild Fancy ne'er could picture forth,  
Save to the maniac's wandering eyes of fear,—  
A tremulous purple light, a spectral mist  
Of icy coldness withering o'er my soul,  
Which shrinks within herself ; a cold grey gleam,  
Like the still eyes of wolfish Hate, seems round  
My spirit's form, and drags it down and down.



Away, away, sad phantoms! Hence, away.  
 Still, still they press upon my heart and brain;  
 Methinks I sink amid a sea of groans,  
 And songs, and fire, and lightnings. Yon tall shape,  
 Like a star fallen and blasted—myriad voices,  
 Hissing and mocking—lo! the living waves  
 Of spiritual life, some bright, some black,  
 The thunder peals a wild unearthly peal,  
 Reverberating ever, ever, and ever—  
 Avaunt, Erynnis, Fury, hag, avaunt!

Spirit.

Lo! in mists I bring before thee  
 One of those dim recollections  
 Which upon thy childhood's morning  
 Broke with fatal error o'er thee;  
 Poisoning all thy young affections  
 - Which even then were ripe for scorning  
 All, whose inmost soul and spirit,  
 Thou, poor worm, who didst inherit  
 Thy first mother's curious prying,  
 Could'st not read.—The wild thoughts born in  
 That sad hour I've seen pursue thee,  
 Thence till now, when they undo thee.  
 'Tis so ever—he who doubted  
 Early thus; mocked, jeered, and flouted,  
 Ends at last with all denying.

Goethe.

Hark! heard ye not the sound of rushing waters,  
 Of clouds embattled, of the quivering bolt,  
 Of thunders winged with lightning, of the earth  
 Yawning and gaping wide, till in her maw  
 Of death and darkness a fair city sinks?  
 Palaces, Churches, Towers, all engulfed,  
 And sixty thousand spirits freed by death

In one fierce agonising moment?—Yes,  
 The Giant of the Earthquake! See—He stamps  
 His foot—and men ask where is Lisbon now!  
 Ye Gods, inscrutable in judgment, what  
 Have these, the young, the innocent, and pure,  
 The good and gentle, thus consigned to torture,  
 Done to arouse the terrors of this wrath?  
 Creators of the Universe—Preservers  
 Of heaven and earth, benignant, wise, and good,  
 For such our primal prayers declare ye are,  
 And being prayers of course they cannot lie,  
 How can ye joy in chastisement like this?  
 How can ye laugh at human suffering?  
 How can ye stoop from the star-paven skies,  
 And thrones of ever-beaming sunshine, thus  
 To wreak black vengeance on a helpless worm,  
 Weak as a straw in such omnipotent hands?  
 Is this fit pastime for the glorious Gods?  
 Why do ye punish? Why cause woe on earth  
 Worthy of demons damned not Gods divine?  
 Ye answer not—no heavenly voice responds,  
 And my soul sits in darkness and dismay.  
 They say the ways of heaven are wonderful.  
 Man cannot read them—and he *must* not try.  
 Why must he not? I, who was but a child  
 When these things happened, from that hour to this  
 Have reasoned on them, yet could ne'er discover  
 The force of that parental love which sent  
 The blood-stained Titan forth to wreak this woe.

**Mephistopheles.**

Why, this is the silliest poet-raving  
 That ever I heard since old time began;  
 Only think of this two-leggèd grasshopper craving  
 The soul of the Ancient of Days to scan.  
 The child who scooped a hole near the ocean,  
 And thought the hole would the seas contain,

Was as wise as this numskull, who has a notion  
That Infinity is not too large for his brain.

Hermes.

Yet the proud spirit shrined in man will pry  
Into the secrets of the vast Unknown ;  
And strive to read with quick and curious eye  
The wonders of those worlds beyond his own.

Mephistopheles.

Ay, so he will ; but his aim is stupid,  
For pry as he may, he will nothing find ;  
You know Dame Fortune and Master Cupid —  
Well, Man is ten thousand times more blind.  
That very same earthquake I well remember,  
And could a most curious tale unfold ;  
It happened one day in a bleak November,  
When this hopeful brat was but six years old.  
There were friars, and players, and country cousins,  
And critics, and dandies, and flirts, and duns,  
And poets who should have been damned in dozens,  
In that Catholic city of punks and nuns.  
There were soldiers hired to cut throats for money ;  
There were lawyers ready to prove black white ;  
There were virgins who wouldn't (you'll think this funny)  
Have slept for the world all alone at night ;  
There were bishops in mitre and cope—great schemers,  
With saintly faces and gluttonous maws,  
Who thought religion a farce for dreamers,  
And believed the Apostles were mere jackdaws ;  
There were magistrates trained to all sorts of sinnings,  
And bravos, who stabbed in the public streets ;  
There were elderly ladies whose nightly winnings  
At cards were a series of nightly cheats ;  
There were novelists mighty on rope and gibbet,  
On arsenic, ribaldry, filth, and slang :  
The purlieu of Pluto could hardly exhibit,  
Even in Saints' Corner, a nastier gang ;

There were newspaper scribblers—we'll call them writers,  
 With hearts of reptiles and tongues of toads ;  
 There were Quakers, for purity clamorous fighters,  
 Who went to Sin's haunts by the privatest roads ;  
 There were usurers, tribads, and blasphemous friars,  
 With eight or nine sprouts of the House of Guelph ;  
 There were numbers who thought that that father of liars,  
 The Pope, was a Christian as true as myself ;  
 There were booksellers, Scotchmen, old bawds, and  
 actors,  
 Stage-managers, pathics, and similar folks—  
 The best people there were the known malefactors,  
 Who openly sinned without masks or cloaks ;  
 There were judges who sold the law to the briber,  
 And spitted the weak as young boys spit flies ;  
 There were Jesuits too, from the banks of Tiber,  
 And eight or nine hundred pimps and spies ;  
 There were women whose sole delight was scandal,  
 Who vended their souls like goods in a mart ;  
 Had Diogenes come with his best wax candle,  
 He could not have found out one taintless heart ;  
 Nay, had *you*, my friend, brought your golden apple  
 From Heaven, inscribed, *For an honest man*,  
 You'd have found it a difficult thing to grapple  
 With one, though from end to end you ran ;  
 Yet with all these facts, here's a poet and scholar  
 ('Tis perfectly plain he has lost his wits,)  
 Getting into a fit of poetical cholera,  
 Because this Lisbon was knocked to bits.

Hermes.

I'm glad to hear your Highness, like blind Milton,  
 Thus vindicate the ways of God to man.

Mephistopheles.

The blundering insects always lay the guilt on  
 Where they should not—as if such worms *could* span,

With their small brains, the purposes divine ;  
Like maggots crawling in a world of Stilton,  
That seek to know the nature of moonshine.—  
A goose, the stupidest bird, says old Montaigne,  
Who, though a man, had much of Lucifer's wit,  
Walked out one night, when all the heavens were lit  
With the immortal jewelry of stars,  
And cackled thus : O ever bounteous Jove,  
Accept my thanks for making million worlds  
Blazing with pomp to shed their rays on me,  
The elegant object of your ceaseless love,  
And light me to the worms that are my prey.  
I scarcely know the use of so much sea,  
But feel obliged that you have made the sun  
For my especial pleasure in the day.  
The limpid waters, and the enamelled earth,  
With flowers on which I gambol in goose-mirth,  
Are very pretty things ; yet I feel angry  
You've made *some* very foolish blunders, Jove.  
You should have made our notes a nightingale's,  
And given such noble birds a stately gait  
And step majestic, as if lords of fate ;  
With peacock hues you should have decked our tails :  
Had you done this, you'd have done better, wiser,  
For as it is, you've acted like a miser :  
However, my Old Gentleman, I thank you ;  
And so I'll find as few faults as I can  
With your economy and nature's plan.  
Good night, dear Jove, my benison attend you.  
How was this goose more silly than wise Man,  
Who swears, like her, that the whole Universe  
Was made for his vile ends, and his alone ?  
And when he sees therein a certain something  
He cannot comprehend, vows instantly,  
With rashness worthy of the anserian dumb thing,  
The Gods are in the fault—and not *his* brains ;  
Which know of God what blind men know of light,

The deaf of music, or the toad of heaven.  
 'Twould anger me, but that my rage is lost  
 In deep disgust and hatred of the wretches.

Hermes.

Nay, but these insects play *your* game, my cousin,  
 By their mad dreams.

Mephistopheles.

I grant ye, that they do ;  
 Is that the reason I should close my mouth,  
 Or shut my eyes to their egregious folly ?  
 'Tis not for *my* sake, coz, they do these things,  
 But for their own, for vanity, self-love ;  
 And if they go to hell, I thank them not,  
 Nor am I bound to falsehood for the worms ;  
 The course they take is the straight path to me.  
 They hate each other, and blaspheme their Maker ;  
 Is it for this that I should play the slave,  
 And stand up to defend them ? No. I love  
 The sins, but hate with all my soul the sinners.  
 And when I hear the mites sophisticate  
 Against the Lord, to whom I am a rebel,  
 Even for old times, and old remembrance' sake,  
 I cannot but give utterance to the scorn  
 I feel, and though against my will, confess  
 The omnipotence of Truth thus outraged by them.  
 We pat them on the backs to sin, we laugh  
 At their strange lunacy, and thank them not,  
 But rather loathe them for being fooled by us.  
 This is plain speaking — but I love to say  
 Just as I think — no phrases fine for me,  
 Such as your Miltons, Byrons, and the rest  
 Of the poetic mammals, dream for us.  
 Ye Gods, defend me from poetic speech !

## Spirit.

With a wreath on her brow,  
Like a beautiful bride's,  
Down the blue depths of heaven  
The rainbow-winged glides,  
On a cloud of pure silver;  
A lyre in her hand;  
And the cestus she wears  
Is a bright diamond band.

The splendour of light  
Flashes forth where she looks;  
Her eyes are the crystal  
Of sun-lighted brooks.  
Her smiles are soft music,  
Her breath is the rose;  
Her glance calm and sweet as  
Love's Star in repose.

Fragrant is the air with music,  
Which she wafts around;  
Radiant is the flowing sunshine  
From the amaranth-crowned.  
She—the Darling Child of Heaven  
Hastens hither;  
Does she bring a life-elixir  
With her?

No—the life is fading slowly  
From his face;  
Grave and marble melancholy  
Takes its place.

Ah! his eyes seem newly lighted;  
In a dream he sees  
Crimson sunsets—Orient gardens  
Fountains, thyme, and bees,

Landscapes, lakes, and falling waters,  
 Glades and bowers, and sparry caves ;  
 Isles that seem a part of Aden  
 Sparkling o'er green Indian waves.  
 Once again his spirit rambles  
 In its faërie dells ;  
 Once again he hears thine accents,  
 Queen of Spells !

Comes a vision of the past,  
 Like an angel to his soul ;  
 Till it glitters—till it glows,  
 Like a talismanic scroll.  
 And the characters appear  
 Sparkling, magical, and clear ;  
 With a placid light they burn,  
 Like the lamp within an urn,  
 O'er the dead.  
 The lines of beauty deeply traced  
 By the amaranthine One,  
 Still are fair and uneffaced,  
 And they dazzle like the Sun,  
 When he leapt  
 To the bed,  
 Where Cyrene, newly won,  
 Like a summer evening slept.  
 Thoughts are flashing through his brain,  
 Quick as falls the arrowy rain ;  
 They are pleasure—they are pain,  
 Like a sweet but plaintive strain.

From his trance divine and deep,  
 From his brief but blissful sleep,  
 He awakes—alas ! to weep.

Guardian angel, art thou here ?  
 Ah ! methinks thou shouldst be near,  
 Whispering solace in his ear.



## Goethe.

Well I remember me that blessèd hour  
When first the Muse descended down from heaven  
Into my soul. It was a moonlit eve;  
I wandered by the silver-shining Mayn;  
The stars were in the skies; a melody  
Such as my heart never before conceived,  
In its enraptured dreamings, floated round me  
In the purpureal stillness. As I gazed  
Deep into space with passionate eyes of hope,  
A Vision moved before me:—not the star,  
The golden-wingèd herald of the dawn,  
Nor Cynthia, when she walks abroad at night,  
Nor dewy Spring, nor Summer, when her smile  
Gives life to opening flowers, and paints the meads  
With roses lovely as the Pleiades,  
Equalled the sunbright beauty of that shape.  
Her cheeks, her brow, her majesty of mien,  
The Amphionic sweetness of her smiles,  
Her loosely-flowing tresses, falling free  
Over a bosom bright as noonday clouds  
When the sun fills them; and her footsteps light  
As summer winds, to fancy made her seem  
Fairer than her whose golden glance of love  
Stole from himself the impassioned youth of Troy.  
She came—her coming was like morning light.  
She moved—so moves the cygnet o'er the stream.  
She spake—and Melody herself stood charmed.  
There breathed a perfume from her rose-like lips  
Sweeter than that which woos the passing winds  
In Araby the blest, and courts their stay:  
While her dark silken lashes curtained o'er  
Eyes in whose softness all her soul broke forth,  
Whose look was language, and whose light was thought.  
Lightly she stood, and with a look more soft  
Than wreathèd flowers, sang a winning song

That passed into my soul, and dwells there still;—  
Methinks I hear its eloquent echoes now.

*A strain of sweet soft music heard, in the midst of which  
MNEMOSYNE, the Spirit of Memory, and Mother of the  
Muses, glides towards GOETHE on a silver cloud, and sings  
as follows:—*

Hither, hither, dreamer fair,  
O'er the meadows bend thy way,  
To thine eyes I will display  
Scenes of beauty rich and rare,  
Sparkling with the light of May,  
Such as star-eyed dreamers only  
See in visions bright and lonely.

Palaces with golden domes,  
Marble fanes and silver towers,  
Gardens glittering with flowers,  
Where sweet Aphroditè roams  
All the live-long summer hours,  
With those star-eyed dreamers only,  
Whom I wrap in vision lonely.

Lakes whose bosoms are as clear  
As the emeralds of the mine,  
Trees with rosy fruits that shine;  
Founts that shed upon the ear  
Music like a voice divine;  
Music which the star-eyed only  
Hear in moments sweet and lonely.

Gentle winds whose whispers fall  
Softly through the trembling leaves,  
And a bower that idly weaves  
Its green boughs into a hall—  
Saffron morns and purple eves.  
Gorgeous, glittering, and lonely,  
Made for thee and angels only.

Nymphs that wander through those scenes  
 Like fair Venus every one ;  
 Youths as beauteous as the sun,  
 When from his bright car he leans,  
 Ere his evening march be done.  
 Phantasms all, resplendent, lonely,  
 Thou canst give them life—thou only.

All these wonders I can place  
 Palpably before thine eye ;  
 Lo !—I speak, and they are nigh ;  
 Angel form, and nymphal face,  
 Fairy bower and golden sky ;  
 Shining for the star-eyed only ;  
 Like the star-eyed, bright and lonely.

*Mephistopheles.*

And what is the value, Old Lass, of your teaching ?  
 And what the result to your star-gazing pupil ?  
 Why this—a good flogging, no doubt, for his miching  
 From school, which must make him enjoy his cold  
 soup ill.

And what gains mankind by your labour united—  
 By all that from Æolus to Shelley and Byron,  
 In prose or in poem has e'er been recited ?—  
 The value perhaps of an ounce of old iron.  
 Pooh—pooh, I've an apologue ready this moment,  
 I'll tell it you, Ma'am, if you're not in a hurry.  
 I knew an old noodle who lived in the North ;  
 He sawed down an oak, and he cut it in two,  
 He scraped and he chiselled from morning till night,  
 In making a handle to fit to an axe.  
 He dug up some ore from a deep iron mine,  
 He kindled a furnace, he smelted, he forged,  
 Until he had hammered an axe-head of steel ;  
 He fitted the handle upon the axehead.

And what was the end of this wonderful travail? —  
 Alas but to smash a most pitiful egg!

*Mnemosyne vanishes.*

Goethe.

Nearer and nearer still, ye bright-eyed Shapes,  
 Nearer and nearer still, I see ye come;  
 In heavenly dreamings wrap my visioned soul,  
 And waft it on your pinions to the past.  
 Bear me once more unto those purple hills  
 And meadows vernal with the opening rose;  
 Where blooms the oak, the cyprus, and the lime,  
 The elm, the myrtle, and o'ershining plane,  
 Whose curving branches kiss the emerald turf.  
 There the bees sweetly hum around their hives,  
 That breathe of honey and of summer flowers;  
 There sacred to the nymphs and from their caves  
 Murmur soft crystal fountains, and the birds  
 Sing woodland songs of love; the very shadows  
 Seem softened sunshine, and the pine-trees shed  
 Their nuts upon the sward beneath my feet.

Voices.

Who comes hither, lonely, lonely, lonely,  
 Singing sweetly like a bird upon a ruin?  
 Gazing on him only, only, only,  
 Like a sunbeam lighting up a falling ruin;  
 Sad her smile, and stonely, stonely, stonely,  
 She herself a fair and blasted ruin.

Hermes.

'Tis Lucinda, the sweet Strasburg maiden,  
 Once the vernal sunshine of delight;  
 But her soul, with madness deep o'erladen,  
 Feels the bane of that accursèd blight.  
 Stately, like the golden-sandalled Herè  
 On snow-topt Olympus throned of old,

So she shone—'tis past—and dim and weary  
Still she weeps for one grown icy-cold.

*Phantom of LUCINDA passes.*

Voices.

Human hopes are fleet-winged spirits,  
Lo, they glitter and are gone;  
Or as flowers that bloom, and perish  
In the bleak Euroclydon.

Voices.

Who is this with floating hair,  
Lutrous as the Morning Star  
When he fills the rosy air  
With the light of cinnabar?

With Conscience.

'Tis Emilia, pale Lucinda's sister,  
She is weeping too and veiled in sorrow;—  
Was not *one*, thou false heart, all-sufficient?  
Why from twins in love thy pleasures borrow?  
Soul-incestuous, fickle, dark, deceitful,  
Let thy guilt upon thy spirit press  
With the force and weight of black-winged thunder  
On some bark o'er Océan's wilderness!

*Phantom of EMILIA passes.*

Voices.

Like the beaming daughter of the Sun,  
Flower-tressed Day with steps of music soft  
Tripping o'er the rosy meads of heaven,  
When her father's star shines full aloft—  
Comes the young and sprightly virgin-beauty  
With her graceful flowing train;  
Ah! she stops—she pouts—and queenly feeling  
Lights her blushing face with high disdain.

*Phantom of FREDERICA passes.*

Now she passes—yes—he merits all thy scorn ;  
 Hearts like his could never mate with thine :  
 Sooner shall the pure and heaven-born  
 Mix with those of Satan's fated line.

Voices.

Even as the music of a fountain flowing  
 From woodland rocks into some echoing well,  
 On whose rich marge are fragrant flowers growing,  
 The nymph-like rose and air-born asphodel,  
 She comes—she moves—a child-like gleam of splendour  
 Is round her—o'er her ; she alone, with one  
 Whom the dim Shadowy Ones prepare to render  
 Back to brief earth, were all he loved alone.  
 Exquisite Lilli,—lo ! in all her brightness  
 She stands before him, as in that fond scene  
 So well remembered still, when death enfolds him—  
 Pure as the moonlight on some village green.

*Phantom of LILLI passes.*

Voices.

Yet she fades into oblivion,  
 Short and transient was the vision ;  
 One is coming—*she* is coming,  
 Gretchen, Gretchen comes from heaven ;  
 Look !—he breathes again in wonder,  
 Only she could rouse his spirit  
 From the all-embracing torpor,  
 Which, like brazen chains, clings round him.

Goethe.

O Dreams, delicious Dreams ! whence do ye come ?  
 Methinks I am a boy once more ; methinks  
 I see her now beside me in the sunshine,  
 Or when the evening light is fading slowly  
 Into the glimmering west, and the young moon,  
 whose youth and beauty are a type of Gretchen,

Peeps through the deep blue sky, and one by one  
The stars—night's nymphs—come forth, and o'er the  
forest

In the soft gloaming shimmer down upon us,  
As hand in hand we saunter through the trees,  
And in her ear I whisper fondest words.  
Hark!—hark!—methinks I hear a Spirit's voice  
Bring back that olden melody beloved;  
I sit once more within the accustomed bower,  
And look in those pure eyes that were my heaven.  
O exquisite echoes! what hath brought ye hither?

*A beautiful PHANTOM passes slowly and with saddened looks;  
deep silence and melancholy music. The SHADOWS retire.*

Ariel.

In the green and leafy wood,  
When the gentle sisterhood  
Of stars are bright,  
Wilt thou—wilt thou, lady fair,  
Wander fondly with me there  
By the pale star-light?

We shall stroll beneath the trees,  
Through whose boughs' interstices  
The young moon flings  
Smiles as sweet and pure as thine,  
Or the million rays that shine  
In a spirit's wings.

We shall wander by the stream,  
Gazing on its water's gleam  
Glassing the skies,  
Hand entwined with hand the while,  
And upon me bent the smile  
Of thy loving eyes.

As its waters glide along  
We shall listen to its song,  
Whose melody,  
Though it charm full many an ear,  
Still is far—oh ! far less dear  
Than thy voice to me.

On the turf we'll sit and pull  
Flowers the most beautiful—  
A moonlight wreath ;  
Though their bosoms perfum'd be,  
Have they, love, the fragrancy  
Thy kisses breathe ?

When our garland is entwined,  
I with it thy brows will bind—  
O garland blest !  
Of this flowery diadem  
Every leaf is worth a gem  
On a monarch's breast.

Then, along the turf we'll walk,  
Talking only Cupid-talk,  
And the sweet bond  
Of affection which, methinks,  
Our two spirits closely links  
In *one* spirit fond.

Or, within our own dear grove  
We shall sit and talk, my love,  
Thou, my sweet theme ;  
How I first before thee knelt,  
Wildly, fondly loved, and felt  
Thee my life's dream.

How thou wert within my heart  
Long its bright Star ; how thou art



Still—still mine own ;  
 How unto the paradise  
 Of thy face and shining eyes  
 My whole life hath grown.

As our Eden moments fly  
 Thus beneath the purple sky,  
 The stars shall shine  
 With a sweeter, lovelier light  
 On that bower flower-dight  
 Where thou and I recline.

In the green and silent wood,  
 When the starry sisterhood,  
 With footsteps bright,  
 Trip along the azure air,  
 Meet me, meet me, lady fair,  
 By the pale star-light.

Goethe.

O delicate Ariel!—it is thou, I know thee ;  
 Waft me again in spirit on the plumes  
 Of song divine to those enchanted hours.

Ariel.

It is a lone and gentle walk,  
 O'erarched by moss-grown woodland trees,  
 Beneath whose shade we laugh and talk,  
 And live in soft luxurious ease ;  
 Our thoughts as bright as Indian seas  
 A-sleeping in the golden sun,  
 And rich as that enchanted breeze  
 That blows o'er woods of cinnamon ;  
*Such* thoughts our happy hours beguile  
 With *thee* in sweet Saint Mary's Aisle.

The ash-trees wreathe their graceful boughs  
 Aloft to form an arch of green,

So closely twined it scarce allows  
A wandering beam of sun between ;  
A dim religious vesper light  
This walk of trees and flowers pervades,  
Save only where thine eyes so bright.  
Shed morning radiance through the shades :  
Though dark as night, one witching smile  
From *thee* illumes Saint Mary's Aisle.

Along this silent wild retreat  
The yellow cowslips thickly grow,  
While airs with many an odour sweet  
From yonder beds of roses blow—  
Give me thy hand as white as snow,  
But warm as sunshine, and we'll stray  
Through the green paths with footsteps slow  
Till evening veils the face of Day—  
Oh! what so sweet as thus to while  
The hours in lone Saint Mary's Aisle?

I see thee like some nymph of old,  
Some Grecian nymph with wild flowers tressed,  
Thy silken ringlets all unrolled,  
Loose on thy swan-like neck and breast ;  
I hear thee, and thy language breathes  
Delicious rapture in mine ears,  
Like the bright breath of rosy wreaths,  
Like the rich music of the spheres ;  
For Angels talk and Angels smile  
Like *thee* in sweet Saint Mary's Aisle.

How oft by moonlight have we strayed  
Beneath this Gothic roof of leaves,  
And gazed upon the distant glade,  
With frequent trees and saffron sheaves ;  
How oft in mellow nights in June  
We've rambled through the sleeping shade,

While the soft rays of star and moon  
 Round us like showers of silver played—  
 It seemed some old cathedral pile,  
 And *thou* the Saint of Mary's Aisle.

At times some flute's melodious sound  
 Broke through the silence of the night,  
 Careering round, and round, and round,  
 Like a young seraph's airy flight,  
 Filling our hearts with new delight;  
 Lending new visions to the scene  
 Of Fauns and Nymphs in festal rite,  
 And dancing o'er the moonlit green—  
 Such antique dreams our hearts beguile  
 At night in sweet Saint Mary's Aisle.

O beauteous dreams of faërie time,  
 Of tilt and tournay, knight and dame;  
 Fain would I build the lofty rhyme  
 And give your praise to deathless fame;  
 Fain would I chant the olden days  
 Of Nymph and Oread, Bard and Faun,  
 But other themes demand my lays  
 From purple night till blushing dawn—  
 My songs are *hers* alone, whose smile  
 Makes heaven of dear Saint Mary's Aisle.

Bring forth the lute, whose speaking strings  
 Have oft beguiled the summer hours,  
 And while the wild bird yonder sings,  
 Recline within the acacia bow'rs;  
 And wake once more its wond'rous chords  
 With airs as fond as airs can be,  
 Nor yet disdain the quaint old words  
 Of song that once I wrote for thee,  
 Received with many a gracious smile  
 Of thanks in dear Saint Mary's Aisle.

Or, if thou wilt, sit still and hear  
 The classic tales we love so well,  
 To noble hearts, like thine, how dear  
 The great heroic truths they tell :  
 Spenser and Shakespere, wild Rousseau,  
 The Wandering Bard whose heart grew hell,  
 Or lonely Dante born to woe,  
 Or stern Ferrara's shadowy cell ;—  
 Ah! *these* will win thy tears awhile  
 When musing in Saint Mary's Aisle.

Thus pass our joyous hours away  
 With flowers and music, songs and books,  
 The bright and gladdening light of day,  
 The beauty of thy brighter looks.  
 Why need we sigh for marble halls,  
 Or Eastern pomp, or stately domes?  
 More dear to me one word that falls,  
 And one love-look from her who roams  
 With happy heart, and song and smile,  
 Through thy green shades, Saint Mary's Aisle.

**Stephistophelus.**

Upon my life, a very handsome canticle !  
 It quite exceeds the famous Song of Solomon,  
 Who, in his flirting, heartlessness, and rhyiming,  
 Was somewhat aped by this our false and hollow one.  
 So he made wreaths for thee, Miss Gretchen, did he ?  
 I do remember me an ancient chime  
 That mentions such true lovers and such wreaths :

*Sings.*

*The wreath of roses twined by thee,  
 To bind thy true love's hair,  
 Has thorns within its leaves, I see,  
 That whisper still, Beware !*

Such are the wreaths we value most below,  
 Such are the chaplets these fond lovers twine.  
 But I grow tired. O raven-pinioned Woman!  
 Earth-wandering, idling, sauntering Death! where art  
 thou?

I ne'er before so longed to see thy face.

*Hermes.*

Your presence frightens her perhaps.

*Mephistopheles.*

No, no;

Scarce an hour passes that we do not meet  
 In some death-chamber; she and I are friends  
 Of an old standing. In whatever shape  
 I clothe my majesty, goat, poodle, snake,  
 Franciscan friar, woman, or black dog,  
 (For so I caught the Witch of Edmonton,)  
 The lady knows me, and feels no alarm.

*Goethe.*

Beautiful Gretchen! in an hour like this  
 How sweet to wander by thy side, to clasp  
 Thy folding hand in mine, to watch the glance  
 Chaster than light that sparkles in thine eyes,  
 Or gaze enraptured on thee; while the wind,  
 Laden with breath of hyacinths, blows round  
 Thy musical footsteps, or, in merry mood,  
 Plays with the shining circlets of thine hair.  
 Speak to me—speak!—oh! let me once more hear  
 The heavenly words that from thy lips distill  
 Like notes from some rare exquisite instrument  
 Of pearls and rubies made—speak to me, Gretchen!  
 And I will welcome death for the blest chance  
 That brought thee thus in fancy to my side.  
 Dost thou remember—can'st thou e'er forget  
 The night when first I saw thee—saw and loved

With a boy's sudden, fierce, immortal love ?  
 Dost thou remember—can'st thou e'er forget  
 How my eyes fed on thee, and on thy face,  
 Like bees on nectar-welling flowers, while thou,  
 Handing the wine-cup round and tasting it,  
 Didst seem a heavenly Hebe ? Never, never  
 Hath the scene faded from my passionate soul—  
 Nor thou, who art my worship, even to death.  
 Dost thou remember that bright evening, Gretchen,  
 When at the latticed window thou satst spinning,  
 And I confessed in burning words of love,  
 And poetry, and fear, my secret heart ?  
 How my voice trembled ! how my young limbs shook !  
 How my eyes filled with happy boyish tears !  
 How, when I pressed my face on thy fair hands,  
 I quivered, and my fond soul leapt to thine !

Here, at the casement window with the vines  
 And roses interlaced, once more I sit  
 And see thee, Gretchen, while our friends laugh round  
 In gay companionship—thy distaff lying  
 Beside thy little liliated foot that plays  
 Unconsciously upon the sanded floor,—  
 Watching us with sweet gravity, I see thee.  
 Yet, while thou art familiar with us all,  
 Thou wilt not let thy best friend touch thy hand.  
 Even me—thy lover—when thou art beside me  
 Listening to some old fable of romance—  
 Or leaning on my shoulder as I write,  
 And looking o'er my book—thou wilt not grant  
 The liberty of fond and passionate glance,  
 Or gentle pressure of the hand or lip.  
 And thus we spend the hours in happy talk  
 And happy thoughts ; night passes—we sit round  
 The cheerful fire and share the social meal,  
 Till one by one the guests drop off in sleep.  
 The mother slumbers in the great arm-chair ;

The strangers, travel-stained, are rapt in dream ;—  
 While thou and I, talking in low fond tones,  
 Ward off the mists of drowsiness—anon  
 She leans her head upon my shoulder, blest  
 With the sweet burden while my arms embrace  
 Her nymph-like form—and when I wake 'tis day,  
 And Gretchen stands before the mirror tying  
 Over her starry hair her little cap ;—  
 Lovelier than ever in my eyes she looks.  
 She presses both my hands in hers—we part—  
 And I steal home trembling and truant-like.

Room for the Coronation-pageant ! room !  
 Frankfort pours out her smiling citizens  
 In holiday dress and courtier-like array.  
 The streaming sunshine clothes the streets in gold,  
 The double-eagle fountain pours forth wine,  
 The guards, the courtiers, and the pealing bells,  
 The Marshals of the Empire on proud steeds,  
 And mantled rich in aureate Spanish tire  
 The Emperor in his robes—the King of Rome,  
 The splendid train that follows in procession.

\* \* \* \*

'Tis moonlight—Gretchen hangs upon my arm,  
 And through the dazzling streets of lamps and torches  
 We wander on, and through the linden trees  
 With pyramids of flame and spheres of light  
 Fixed on transparent pedestals, and through  
 A maze of glittering garlands flashing fire ;—  
 Hours of Elysium ! ah, how soon ye pass !  
 I stand beneath the casement once again,  
 And look in Gretchen's eyes and press her hand.  
 She prints one burning kiss upon my brows,  
 A kiss whose magical seal is on them still,—  
 The first and last—'tis o'er—she passes from me ;—  
 Gretchen is gone—I never saw her more !

I tell thee that I loved her—she to me  
 Was a whole world of light and happiness ;  
 Her voice was like the music of my soul,  
 Her eyes were as an angel's to my heart ;  
 She was my dream, my thought, my life, my all ;  
 I knew no joy that did not spring from her,  
 I felt no sorrow that she did not lighten ;  
 Her coming was like morning bathed in dew  
 And scattering sunshine, and her absence was  
 Night to my soul, which felt or knew no brightness  
 When she was gone. I lived but for her smile ;  
 One glance of hers could raise me to high heaven,  
 And one cold look press me beneath the earth.  
 The soul that beamed from her sun-lighted eyes  
 Seemed but the heavenly twin of mine own soul ;  
 And the celestial pureness of her mind,  
 Whose virgin whiteness never knew a stain,  
 Made me love virtue even for Gretchen's sake ;  
 Heaven that had made her like itself, so made her  
 That I might worship it in loving her :  
 Like incense breathing from a precious censer,  
 Or like the fragrance of a moss-twined rose,  
 Or like new honey streaming from an oak,  
 Her thoughts and words—O ever, ever loved,  
 Where art thou now ? Methinks thou shouldst be here,  
 Here, by thine early lover's dying pillow :  
 Together we should pass from life, together  
 Lie on one couch while the funereal strain  
 Was sung o'er both ; together should our ashes  
 Mix in one marble urn, beneath one tomb.

*O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos !*

Oh, that once more I were a happy boy,  
 Imparadised in day-dreams of my youth !  
 Enraptured Dreams ! ah ! whither have ye fled ?  
 There was a time when round my heart ye spread  
 Hopes beauteous as the rainbows, but as fleet ;



Thoughts of enchantment, that like music sweet  
Breathed—but in breathing, died,—so frail—so brief;  
Now ye are gone, and left my soul in grief.  
Dreams of my Youth!

In days of old  
Angels came down from Heaven's starry floors  
And walked on Earth, and knocked at poor men's doors,  
And entered and sat down, in earthly guise,  
But brought bright revelations from the skies—  
So to my soul came Dreams of lovely things,  
Dear Angel-dreams! Alas! why had ye wings,  
Ye days of old?

In those sweet times,  
When o'er me childhood shed its purple light,  
This world seemed some vast garden faërie bright,  
Through which my spirit wandered plucking flowers  
Under fair skies and sunshine-laden hours;  
And many a fancy garland then I twined,  
And many a hope divine employed my mind,  
In those sweet times.

All the long day  
In sunshine would I sit near some old tree,  
Dreaming o'er Spenser's gorgeous minstrelsy,  
Of towers, and silver lutes, and ladies gay,  
Of tilt, and tournament, and knightly fray,  
And songs—old songs, the music of the soul—  
These thoughts across my busy brain would roll  
All the long day.

At other hours  
Beneath some ruin I was wont recline  
Profusely mantled o'er with ivy twine,  
Catching sweet pictured fancies from my books,  
While round me cawed the old monastic rooks,  
And dappled deer and silver-footed fawns  
Flitted like nymphs across the emerald lawns,  
At other hours.

At Evening's fall

By the dark waters I would slowly pace,  
 Watching the star-beams mirrored on its face ;  
 Or stretched along the strand, sedgy and damp,  
 Until the Moon lit up her crystal lamp,  
 Gaze upward to the Heaven, and pray that some  
 Celestial shape thence to my side would come  
 At Evening's fall.

O happy Dreams !

My spirit still is with you ;—in the night,  
 By my lone taper's dim sepulchral light,  
 I sit and weep, and think of early days  
 When *she*, whose eyes were dearer than the rays  
 Of Heaven itself to me, sat by my side,  
 Hand clasped in hand, spirit to spirit tied—

O happy Dreams !

Where is she now,  
 The Venus of my boyhood ?—my sole tie  
 On Earth, whose face, like yonder glittering sky  
 Thick set with stars, made me behold in her  
 A gentle, heaven-sent, heavenly minister  
 To be my happiness—my spirit's mate—  
 But she is gone ! O Heart disconsolate,  
 Where is she now ?

Dreams of my Youth,  
 Will ye not come again to gild my heart ?  
 Ah !—no. I feel that we are wide apart—  
 No more—no more upon my soul shall fall  
 The sunlight that ye shed. Grief like a pall  
 Of darkness sits upon me ; and I clasp  
 The form of Death with fond tenacious grasp.  
 Dreams of my Youth !

Can I forget thee ?—not an hour of life  
 Hath seen my soul untenanted by thee,  
 Or blotted from my memory the sense  
 That thou and I were one, inseparate,  
 Inseparable, as from planets light,

From sunshine warmth, or fragrance from the rose.  
 Can I forget thee? Ours was love indeed;  
 No childish day-dream, but a life intense  
 Within our hearts; we spake not of our love,  
 But in our mutual silence it was felt,  
 In the intense absorbing happiness  
 Of mutual long, long looks, as if our souls  
 Held sweet communion through our passionate eyes.  
 Can I forget thee? All I see around  
 Reminds me of thee--the clear silvery stream--  
 The fresh wild thyme--the silent starry night--  
 A tree--a ruined tower--a grassy knoll--  
 Like those of old, in scenes where thou and I  
 Were once together in our loving time,  
 Can call thine image ever to my soul.  
 Gretchen! where art thou? Come, my soul awaits thee;  
 It cannot wing its flight from earth alone.--  
 Oh, how thou'lt weep when thou shalt know I'm dead!

#### Mephistopheles.

The Gods themselves were drunk or silly  
 When they soused into love with women of earth;—  
 I'd prefer to be whipped from Cologne to Chili  
 Than afford such a feast for the Cherubim's mirth.  
 I would rather bury a wife than marry one;  
 I'd much sooner bed with a serpent or bear;  
 The most certain bother on earth to harry one  
 Is one of those darlings with golden hair.  
 Fire, Water, Women, are well known evils;  
 But the last of the three is by far the worst.  
 When Jupiter rose up and damned us devils,  
 In pity he married us but to the first.

#### Hermes.

You're certainly right when you talk of ladies  
 In the way you do, my most excellent cozen.

The gods must have hoped to make a Hades  
Of Earth when they made them.

*Mephistopheles.*

Thrice ten dozen  
Myriads of blessings be theirs for doing it ;  
Blessings for making an Eve for Adam.  
In pure love of mischief, and zeal in pursuing it,  
Shew me an equal for Miss or Madam.

*Hermes.*

But for the sex, Earth would still be Aden.

*Mephistopheles.*

Wonder not therefore that *I* defend them :  
From the dry grandmother to the soft maiden,  
Still may my warmest wishes attend them.  
But, sir, the matter that most disgusts me  
Is to see *men* like this man here dying,  
Puling and puking, groaning and sighing,  
Like a trout on a gridiron frying,  
Or a big lubberly schoolboy crying,  
A 'prentice girl thus glorifying  
Of beauties she never had, prating and lying,  
Her very small virtues still magnifying,  
And that when they're scarcely worth denying ;  
*His* great soul to a wench's tying,  
Like two swine in a dunghill stying,  
*That's* the matter that most disgusts me.  
Were I a man, do you think you'd find me  
For a sly milliner whimpering thus ?  
Sooner my master and yours should bind me  
By the tail to frosty Caucasus.

*Hermes.*

But what became of this poor little Gretchen  
Whose memory makes this mortal rave ?

**Mephistopheles.**

She died of a horrible fit of screeching,  
 Induced by a fabulous fit of retching  
 (As funny to see as a Ranter preaching,)  
 In the Bay of Biscay, which was her grave.

**Hermes.**

Nay, this is a jest.

**Mephistopheles.**

Pooh! pooh! no matter;—  
 She died, I suppose, but when or how  
 I never inquired—the worms are the fatter;  
 I've no doubt she's a beautiful skeleton now.

**Hermes.**

This thing is plain, my cousin, however,  
 She has had nothing to do with *you*.

**Mephistopheles.**

We've so many millions of women, I never  
 Distract my slumbers for one or two.

**Goethe.**

She is dead!—she is dead!—  
 With a stone at her feet and a stone at her head,  
 She lies in the cold, cold grave;  
 While I weep, and wander, and rave.  
 Ah, me! ah, me!  
 The blossoms are bright on flower and tree;—  
 The lilies and roses come and go;  
 The floral beauty of May and June  
 Fades away like the gentle moon;  
 Their short-lived brightness flies,  
 But summer comes with her sunny eyes;  
 She breathes!—she laughs o'er their graves, I trow,  
 And the fair young flow'rs, like wood-nymphs, rise;

They shine once more  
 With the light of days of yore.  
 But we—the lords of the earth—ah, me!  
 And, oh! good God, that such things should be!  
 Die, and die for eternity.

We rise no more from the silent tomb,  
 We sit in icy darkness and gloom,  
 And the holy priests, they say :

\* \* \* \* \*

O! thou errant flickering beam  
 Of sunshine, bathe me in thy stream  
 Of warmth and beauty, love and light,  
 For, ah!—my soul is black as night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Unto thine ear I will unfold  
 The records of a wild and old  
 Mysterious tale of love and death,  
 And tears and sighs that choke the breath.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I was a lonely wanderer  
 My heart was in the silent wood;  
 I loved to muse by the mountain stream,  
 Bathed in the sunshine's heavenly flood.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gretchen was like a beauteous Thought  
 In a Poet's fancy wrought;  
 Wild and sweet her gentle voice,  
 And like a magic spell it came  
 Through my faint and fainting frame,  
 In even to the innermost soul  
 I could feel its music roll.

\* \* \* \* \*

At thy divine, all-powerful call  
 Memory leaps from her dædal hall  
 Of mind, and straight before me brings  
 The days—the old long summer days  
 Of sunshine, love, and flowers, and lays,

And wandering walks by rippling brooks,  
 And faltering words, and genial looks,  
 And tones of music, and the lute's  
 Low whispered musical voice which shoots  
 Down through my being's deepest springs.

\* \* \* \* \*

The primrose paths, where Youth and Pleasure  
 Gaily dance to music's measure ;  
 The murmur of wild mountain bees  
 Around the fragrant young rose-trees,  
 When summer-showers of sun and dew  
 Have drenched the rose-buds through and through ;  
 And the young choir of laughing hours  
 Upon my road shed loveliest flowers.

\* \* \* \* \*

And slow and sad the fair-hair'd maid  
 Paced the well-known greenwood glade,  
 Her voice had grown a winter wind  
 That moans at night through some old pile  
 Of mouldering towers with ivy twined ;  
 And, oh!—her sweet and sorrowing smile,  
 So cold and yet so purely bright,  
 Was like the moon's on graves at night ;  
 A glad face o'er a heart of woe—  
 Beauty above and death below.

\* \* \* \* \*

The forest swung beneath the blast,  
 The crashing trees fell fast and fast,  
 And to my soul there came a Dream ;  
 I knew her tall and shadowy shape,  
 Bright and thin as the moon's beam.  
 And then she spake such words to me  
 As cling like fire to memory,  
 And gently blamed my marble pride ;  
 And then . . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

The winds on coal-black wings they came,  
 And they flashed from their eyes the lightning's flame ;

They came like terrible desert steeds,  
 They wrapt in the folds of their monstrous wings  
 The giant-snouted cliffs, that seemed  
 To bend beneath them like young reeds.  
 They shrouded the sky, and they blackened the sun :  
 O frowning winds ! are ye spirits of hell ?  
 Ye flash from your hearts an unearthly fire,  
 And now ye clash with a dreadful roaring.

\* \* \* \* \*

His brow was garlanded with flowers  
 More bright than ever bloomed on earth,  
 Through which the sportive zephyr wandered,  
 And all around its fragrance squandered ;  
 While a low voice . . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah, well-a-day !  
 Cold, and dead, and cold,  
 She lies in the frigid fold  
 Of the horrible serpent, Death.  
 She sucked his poisoned breath,  
 Till the rose on her cheek that gleamed  
 Like a withering lily seemed.  
 Her silver laughter, her smiling eyes,  
 The music of her words,  
 Sweet as a singing bird's  
 On the merry greenwood tree,  
 Live but in memory ;  
 For, oh ! my own dear love is dead,  
 And in her coffin cold she lies,  
 Shrouded in white from foot to head,  
 While over her grave the grass doth grow.  
 Ah ! whither hath her spirit fled ?  
 That spirit as white as snow.  
 Is it in heaven, or in the sky ?  
 Or in the grave where my love doth lie ?  
 Oh, no—sweet Heaven !—no.  
 Her beautiful spirit is here in my heart,  
 Never—never—never to part ;



It came to my heart in the hour she died,  
 Over the mountains broad and wide,  
 Over the land and over the tide,  
 And my soul knew then that my love was dead,  
 And welcomed the angel-guest love-led ;  
 And deep in my soul *her* spirit dwells,  
 Like a lily embowered in its woodland dells.  
 Hast thou not seen the evening star  
 Shining from its blue home afar,  
 Down on the breast of a mountain-lake  
 When the winds their slumbers take ?  
 Fixed and still its beam appears ;  
 Even so, from the stellar spheres  
 And the halls of heaven ordained for her,  
 She came like a wingèd wanderer  
 Into her own true lover's breast,  
 And there my love hath built her nest.  
 Ah, well-a-day !—well-a-day !—  
 That *thou* shouldst lie in the cold black clay !  
 What is the sunshine of heaven to me ?  
 I feel not its heat, nor its beauty see ;  
 Or if, then I pause and weep the while  
 For the death of thy soft and sun-bright smile.  
 Ah, well-a-day !  
 My heart is broken for ever and aye.

Hermes.

Is this raving moonstruck madness ?  
 Is this love not feignèd woe ?

Mephistopheles.

Yes, in truth and sober sadness ;  
 Now he feels it, now he owns it,  
 When his tide of life runs low.  
 Pride and folly, love unholy,  
 Ruled him ever until now ;  
 Is he not a gallant lover ?

Hermes.

Gallant! no; a beast, I vow.  
 Why, my cousin, did he never  
 Use the very least endeavour  
 In his pomp of days to find her,  
 If he really loved her so?

Mephistopheles.

Because, my excellent sage soul-driver,  
 The rascal didn't intend to wive her;  
 And to anything else she'd have thundered, No.

Hermes.

And what is the reason that now, when dying,  
 And life like the dream of a shadow is flying  
 For ever, his soul is still testifying  
 The passionate love that it bore for her?

Mephistopheles.

Because though in heart he loved her dearly,  
 Yet coldness and vanity touched him more nearly;  
 Never but once did he feel sincerely,  
 And that was for Gretchen—you're answered, Sir.

Goethe.

The hour is come that will not be deferred;  
 The ravening bloodhound Doom is on my path,  
 I feel his hot fierce breath, and fain would court  
 The gentle dews of slumber, but they come not;  
 Nor will they till eternal sleep enfolds me,  
 And life has passed like a dull acted play  
 That leaves no thought of gladness or content;  
 Even such as mine, alas! too long has been.  
 O Nature! give me back my youth once more.

Is, then, the world to which I fly a world  
 Of souls, or do we perish in the instant

Life quits the body? No; some instinct tells me  
Our minds are then expanded to perfection,  
They can see farther into the dim past,  
They can think farther into the wide future  
Than we can here imagine; free from all  
The uneven combinations of gross matter  
With fire ethereal that on earth confound it,  
Making it now a god and now a beast;  
So 'twill be likewise then, exempt from all  
The evil changes which it here endures  
That tell it it is linked to earthly stuff,  
And make it pant to burst its prison-house.

The wonders of the Universe are boundless,  
The space illimitable;—as the mind  
Cannot conceive Eternity of Time  
That no beginning had, and fears no end,  
So the small human eye is blinded, lost,  
And valueless, when peering into Space  
That seems itself as vast as Time or God.  
Lo, the astronomer with his glass! he sees  
In one short hour before his field of view  
An army of bright stars, as vast and countless  
As the thronged millions of the Xerxean host,  
March on before his dazzled eyes, and light  
The wide celestial vault with splendour; each  
A world itself, or centre of new worlds,  
Larger than man's small earth as *it* exceeds  
A grain of sand; and who shall say that these  
Marvellous realms of glory, order, beauty,  
Are not the homes, the happy, innocent homes  
Of spirits great and noble, wise and good,  
Proportioned to the spheres in which they dwell,  
Archangels, Seraphs, Cherubim, or Gods?

They are not wrecks of worlds—they gleam all perfect;  
They are not germs of worlds, but orbs complete  
For happiness and life. The God who makes

Even on our earth, our feeble, shadowy earth,  
 Nothing but what to use and beauty tends,  
 Has not designed and clothed such mighty mansions  
 Simply for show, to taper-light small men  
 To feats of gallantry, or theft, or blood ;—  
 All earth is full of life, land, sea, and air ;  
 Why should Death reign in god-like space alone ?

Time's coursers, meteor-maned and fiery footed,  
 And lashed by spirits invisible, hurry on  
 The light car of our destiny ; all that we  
 Can do is hold the reins with hand unflinching,  
 And guide the hasty wheels, now here, now there,  
 Shunning the mounds or rocks that cross our path :  
 We know not whither we hurry. Who can tell ?  
 We know not whence we started, or for what ?  
 And lo ! behold, the ethereal steeds are here,  
 Waving their snowy wings of heavenly birth.

*Voices.*

Vanish ! vanish ! Sprites and Daimons !  
 Water-wolves give over howling ;  
 Hence, Seghuirim ! rough and hairy,  
 See, the dark-winged One is coming  
 Like an infant's dream from Aden ;  
 Lo !—her presence is as moonbeams,  
 Or the sapphire eyes of daylight  
 When they greet the heaving ocean.

*Voices.*

Duergars, Brownies, Gnomes, and Fairies,  
 Bright-haired Mab, and Spirits elfin,  
 See—the blue-eyed One approaches,  
 Gently, softly, like a planet  
 Sailing through the boundless heavens.  
 Silence, beauty, love, are round her,  
 Like the morning which Aurora

Scatters from her rosy tresses —  
Vanish! hence! — it is commanded.

*A Voice.*

Whither hath the Guardian Angel  
Of this mortal lone departed?

*Mephistopheles.*

Ha! — ha! — ha! — a silly question;  
Why she's almost broken-hearted.  
Half an hour ago, or better,  
Up the chimney flue she flitted,  
Weeping very, very sadly,  
Something like a swan when dying,  
If one may believe the poets.  
Ah! — poor thing, she's to be pitied;  
Even I was almost crying  
When I heard this mortal's follies  
In such moving rhymes bedittied.

*The SPIRIT OF DEATH entering silently, becomes visible to  
GOETHE.*

*Goethe.*

Beautiful Spirit, whom I see beside me,  
A rainbow rising from an ocean stream,  
With thy blue eyes like childhood's violet eyes,  
And look that seems to wake within my soul  
A lonely, dream-like feeling of delight,  
A paradise of mystical loveliness —  
Whence hast thou come on flower-like pinions hither?  
From what rapt solitude and invisible home  
Of winds, whose voices are wild harmonies;  
Of stars, whose beauty is but as the picture  
Of thine own spirit radiant ever with love?  
Art thou of God? Or hath thine essence flowed  
From the dark source of Him whose fate forlorn  
The Ancient Prophets sang in mournful dirge;

That Son of God, beauteous but sin-begrimed ?  
 Have I not seen thee in my slumbering hours ?  
 Thy look, and eloquent gesture, and mild eyes  
 Seem all familiar to me, and I gaze  
 Upon thee as I would on one whom I  
 Had loved from early childhood as a friend.  
 If thou canst speak, and if my mortal ears  
 Can drink in thine immortal words, oh, speak !  
 And I will listen to thy voice as once  
 I do remember me I used to listen,  
 Wandering in childhood by the lonely streams,  
 To the soft whispers of the silver waves,  
 Until I found in every note that breathed  
 From broken billows on the strand a tone  
 That seemed to find an answer in my soul.  
 A moonlike splendour floats around thy form  
 Like the pure dreams of heaven that fill my thoughts  
 When musing on Eternity and Space.  
 My tablets ! quick ! my tablets ! I would write.  
 The pictures passing o'er my mind's clear mirror  
 Deserve eternal memory—quick ! my tablets !

O Light, where art thou ? Light ! Darkness, avaunt !  
 Open the shutters, and let in more light !

Art thou the Spirit of the Spring come hither ?  
 Oh, then I'll welcome thee, celestial Spring !  
 My spirit drinks new life from Spring's approach.  
 My tablets !—quick ! my tablets ! I would write.  
 More light, I say !—Darkness, what dost thou here ?

And yet methinks, fair Shape, thou art not Spring.  
 The beautiful flowers that enwreath thy brows  
 Are faded all, and in thy gentle smile  
 There's more of sadness than of vernal mirth.  
 And the still dazzling light of thy blue eyes  
 Is not the light of life, nor tells of aught  
 That appertains to sunshine-bringing Spring.

Pale Splendour!—calm and ghostlike Presence!—proud  
 And mighty as a Queen, but statelier far  
 Than any majesty that ever trod  
 Upon our earth, answer me ; speak ! oh, speak !

Spirit of Death.

Goethe !

Goethe.

I hear thee ; what would'st thou with me ?

Spirit of Death.

I see no Guardian Angel standing near thee,  
 But one dark Shape, and One who should be here,  
 The heavenly messenger of Gods and men.

Goethe.

I know not who is here, I see not any  
 But thee, all-shining and celestial Spirit.

Mephistopheles.

His Guardian Angel hath long since left him,  
 Such creatures are ne'er to be found at court ;  
 The fate that sent him to Weimar bereft him  
 Of her, which afforded us wonderful sport.  
 For seventy years he has served King Mammon  
 And neglected poor penniless Lady Truth ;  
 So I bear a warrant from Jupiter Ammon  
 To bring him away, for he loves the youth.

Spirit of Death.

I grieve to hear it ; but the hour is come  
 When he must render up his soul to Death.  
 Goethe !

Goethe.

Fair Spirit, what would'st thou with me ?

Spirit of Death.

Twice have I called thee. When I call again  
 Thy soul will leave thy body. Art thou ready ?

## Mephistopheles.

Rather a useless question ; whether ready  
Or whether not, there's no refusing *you* ;  
Certes his thoughts must have been most unsteady  
If he's not well prepared at eighty-two.

## Hermes.

Come—we've been waiting long enough ; despatch him.  
Hark ! the clock tells eleven—it is told.

## Mephistopheles.

You see me, Madam, quite prepared to catch him,  
And shield him from the slightest draft of cold.

*Hymn of a SPIRIT faintly borne on the echoes from farthest  
Heaven : soft and plaintive Harp-music.*

Lord have mercy, Lord receive him  
In the mansions of thy blest ;  
Cleanse the stains of sin that grieve him,  
Till thy light illumines his breast.

*Alleluia !*

From thy throne sublime of splendours,  
Reared on suns divine, look down  
On thy servant, who surrenders  
Life, yet fears thine awful frown.

*Alleluia !*

By thy life, and mystic passion  
On the Cross, and boundless love,  
Stretch thine hand of sweet compassion,  
Raise him to thy realms above.

*Alleluia !*

## Goethe.

*Fædè hunc mundum intravi—anxius vixi.  
Perturbatus egredior, Causa Causarum miserere mei.*



## Mephistopheles.

These were the last sad words of Aristotle,  
 Except that they were spoken in good Greek ;  
 Were *I* a man, and dying, what I'd seek  
 Would be a flask of wine, or brandy bottle,  
 Like a bold English thief at Tyburn tree.  
 Such gay contempt of death more taketh me  
 Than the last horrible howlings of the pious,  
 From Doctor Johnson back to Ananias.

## Spirit of Death.

Goethe !

Goethe.

I come.

*Dies.* SPIRIT vanishes.

## Hermes.

At last I have his lordship.  
 Baron Von Humbug, you are truly welcome.

*MEPHISTOPHELES appears suddenly in the guise of a beautiful Angel, and introduces himself to the Spirit of GOETHE as one of the heavenly host sent by the GODS to conduct him and HERMES to the ELYSIAN Fields. They depart. Women enter and weep over the dead Body.*

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## SCENE VI.

## THE AIR.

## Chorus.

Mount with me the golden Steeds,  
Soaring high on wings of splendour  
Over sunbright seas and knolls,  
And the whitely-foaming main,  
And the dewy plains whose flowers  
Glisten far from beauteous trees ;  
'Through Bavaria rich in wine,  
Cattle, wheat, and pastures broad,  
See the Three like meteors pass,  
Fleeter than the car of triumph  
Drawn by terror-snorting coursers :  
Lightning clothes their rushing wings,  
And the eagles scream in horror :  
And the elements deep roaring,  
Fire and Air and Water tremble,  
And the thunder-wielding Spirits  
Lowly kneel before the Imp  
Cloven-footed and cock-feathered :  
And the solemn stars grow dark.—  
Now they pass the mountain vineyards,  
And the gentle hymning waters,  
And the Austrian plains below,  
Emerald, brown, and red are seen ;  
And the palaces and towers,  
Churches, prisons, convents, forts :  
Woe is me ! woe is me !  
They are wending, fleetly wending  
To the dark and dread Abyss,  
There to sit in night unending—  
Onward, onward, Magic Steeds !

Through the blest ambrosial heaven,  
While the dews of song and music  
Bathe my brows and throbbing temples,—  
Flashes by a thunderbolt  
Followed quick by cloud on cloud,  
Black and horrid, gorged with night.  
Hark ! the merry oaten pipe  
Mounting upward with the songs  
Of the lark from yonder lawns,  
And the breathing fields enchant me  
With the perfume that ascends.  
See—below, the vine-clad hills,  
Haunts beloved of sylvan Pan,  
And the ocean fair and faithless  
As its child fair Aphrodite.  
Yonder woodlands crowned with oaks,  
Yonder gardens swarming thick  
In the May with humming bees,  
And the fountains, firs, and poplars,  
Valleys, glens, and heathery mountains  
Of the Styrian please me well ;  
Fleecy herds and pastoral swains,  
Goats milk-dropping, sheep and kine.  
Onward still, my Steeds of wonder !  
Woe is me ! woe is me !  
They are wending, fleetly wending,  
To the dark and drear Abyss,  
There to sit in gloom unending.  
Lo !—the hoarsely-dashing Danube ;  
Hungary is now beneath us,  
Beauteous as a heavenly Muse  
With immortal fillets crowned ;  
Lovely child of shame and sorrow,  
Where are thy great lion-souled ?  
Roses sweeter than the breath  
Of Cytherè waft their fragrance  
Upward through the amber air.

Grass grows on its streets and towers,  
Desolation sits upon them.  
Curses seize ye, bloody vultures!  
Leagued against the graceful fawn.  
Trident-bearer, sitt'st thou moveless?  
As a thunder-blasted oak,  
May the fire of heaven fell ye,  
Till ye totter headlong, hellward.  
We have passed the Servian limits;  
Turbanned Turkey smiles beneath,  
Fair as some eye-mocking Syren  
Warbling to her ivory flute;  
And its spicy odours mount  
The thin atmosphere around.  
Lo! the land renowned for horses,  
Land of crescent, star, and cypress!  
Once thy soul burst like a war-steed  
Fiercely to the battle-field;  
Now art thou a lordly lion  
Tortured by a feeble kid.  
Death and Terror float beside me,  
And the Fates in mighty dance,  
And my steeds, like wild sea-monsters,  
Rush along the sounding air.  
Whither, whither, are they flying?  
Whither bend the meteor-Three?  
They are wending, fleetly wending,  
To the dark and dead Abyss,  
There to sit in chains unending.  
Woe is me! woe is me!  
As a cork is tossed and tossed  
On the boiling water's rage,  
So the fiery mist, cloud, thunder,  
Flame, and tempest, hurl me fiercely  
Through the elemental strife.  
Onward, on, my panting Steeds!  
Onward through the howling heavens,

Now we pass the marble ocean,  
Margined with steep hills and castles.  
War's red dogs no more unleashed,  
Rave and roar upon thy shores;  
Discord hides her bloody brand,  
Murder doffs her robe of gore,  
Havoc veils her crest of pride.  
See the mountains lift their helms,  
Dazzling sight with gleaming snow.  
We are o'er the Asian realms,  
Far and wide they stretch below;  
O thou lark, wild-singing lark,  
Cloudland hermit pouring songs  
To thy god, what dost thou here?  
Would'st thou reach the starry ramparts  
Of the heaven? Fare thee well;  
Thou art mounting still, and mounting  
High o'er earth, sweet-chanting lark.  
We are o'er Armenia's plains,  
And the stellar-mantled rainbow,  
Flashing far unnumbered splendours,  
Spans the whirling orb beneath.  
Rainbow, rainbow, take me heavenward,  
Let me mount thy glittering arch,  
And fly upward to the Sun.  
Mist enclouds it—it is swallowed  
Up in darkness, even as youth  
By the monster jaws of Orcus.  
Onward! on, my Magic Steeds,  
After these the meteor-Three.  
Ah—they stop—they stay—they veil  
In thick mist their shining brows;  
Woe is me! woe is me!  
They are wending, fleetly wending,  
To the black and cursed Abyss,  
There to sit in fire unending,

Woe is me! woe is me!  
 Who are these? infernal phantoms;  
 Tortured spirits sent from hell?  
 Ah! what do they? whom await they?  
 Is this, then, the Sacred Mountain  
 Ararat?—the Mount of Noè?  
 Rest ye here, my sunbright Coursers,  
 Ye have better borne me hither  
 Than a witch's greasy broomstick,  
 Than the Dædalæan pinions,  
 Or the fabled golden arrow.



## SCENE VII.

### MOUNT ARARAT.

ABADDON *and the* LOCUSTS.

Abaddon.

HILLIHO! hilliho!  
 Lo, the hour of noon approaches,  
 When Squire Voland folds his cattle  
 In the caves immense of Hades.  
 Hilliho! hilliho!  
 Mighty Locusts, ye who go  
 Without ceasing to and fro  
 O'er the wrinkled, blood-besprinkled,  
 Bread-and-butter-bard-betinkled,  
 Rusty, musty, fusty, dusty,  
 Face and form of Madam Terra.  
 Hilliho!  
 Hilliho!  
 Man-faced, horse-shaped, woman-haired,

Lion-toothed, and scorpion-tailed,  
Golden-crowned, sharp-stinging, winging,  
Iron-breasted, smoke-spawned Locusts !

Hilliho !

Hilliho !

East and West and North and South.

Hilliho !

On this mystic spot your monarch  
Takes his daily stand, awaiting  
The due muster of his forces,  
With the souls that bear imprinted  
Satan's seal upon their foreheads.

Hilliho !

Hilliho !

Bring them hither, high and low.  
In five minutes more the trumpet  
Of the Hours will noon proclaim ;  
In five minutes more Sir Voland  
Will be here in mist and flame ;  
Cursing, swearing, shouting, fuming,  
Million oaths from hell exhuming,  
If he misses one of mine  
Absent without leave or license.  
Trust me, ere his lordship hies hence,  
He will have him dragged before him,  
Though ten thousand clouds hung o'er him ;  
And will bang the hapless creature,  
Body, bone, limb, tail, and feature,  
Into softest gelatine.

Hilliho ! high and low,  
To the Devil's raree-show !

#### Locust.

Here's one whose religious maxim  
You may read upon his wine-bag,  
*Sine Venere et Baccho*  
*Friget vita.*

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Locust.

Here's another,  
Paunched like holy Father Luther.

Locust.

Here's a renegade Franciscan,  
With his spectacles on nose,  
And with Judas-coloured eyes,  
And with heart more black than Styx,  
And with tongue more false than hell,  
And with smile more foul than Cain's,  
And with form more base than toad's,  
Father Frank Sylvester Proteus,  
Full of tricks and lewd grimaces,  
As a monkey when he's wooing ;  
He was once an authorling,  
Till his papers grew so fœcal,  
Not a decent butter-seller,  
Ragman, or tobacco-vender,  
Would disgrace himself by buying  
Them for wrapping up his ha'porths.

Locust.

Here's a crowd, all tongue, no brains,—  
France's most admired riff-raff.

Locust.

Here's a mighty lord of Spain's  
Best noblesse, but worthless chaff.

Locust.

The sun gleams on the mountain's shoulders,  
The serpents hiss, the lions roar,  
But here's a troop of female scolders,  
More desperate to their hapless holders,  
Than fire, or fang, or tusk that thirsts for human gore.



## Locust.

Here's a miser, a monk, a blasphemer, all drunk,  
 A black-bearded dragoon and a Cadi ;  
 Here's a patriot quite willing to sell for one shilling  
 His soul to my lord or my lady.

## Locust.

Here's a big-bellied friar, a scarlet-faced liar,  
 A shrew, and a parliament member ;  
 A justice of peace, who, for turkeys and geese,  
 Did injustice from March to December.

## Locust.

Here's a dandy, a bishop, a wench who cried fish up,  
 A trollop, a trull, and a trimmer,  
 A rabbi, a mufti, a dean so pride-puft he  
 Quite stinks, and a famed fogle-nimmer

## Locust.

Here's a soldier all gashes, whose face bullets flashes,  
 And a nun, but I swear no man kist her ;  
 Here's a bull-dog faced judge, whose decisions were  
 fudge,  
 And a quaker who diéd of a clyster.

## Locust.

Here are Kalmucks from Ural, who robbed in the  
 plural,  
 And prayed in the singular number ;  
 Here's a tinker, a tailor, a duke, and a sailor,  
 Who tumbled dead drunk in the Humber.

## Locust.

Here's a batch of assassins, and makers of fascines,  
 Grenades, bayonets, rockets, and bullets ;  
 Here's a flock of physicians, a mob of patricians,  
 Who lived but for stuffing their gullets.

## Locust.

Here are judges in ermine, and breeders of vermin,  
 False witnesses, thieves, and field-preachers ;  
 Ten swindling stock-brokers, a score of dull jokers,  
 And dandies with paint on their features.

## Locust.

Here are mollahs from Turkey, with faces all murky,  
 And beards full as black as their vices ;  
 Here are tea-table tabbies, and six Hebrew Rabbis,  
 Who need to be wrapped up in spices.

## Locust.

Here's a prince of high station, all rank affectation,  
 With negroes from Freedom's own land,  
 By the stripes on their backs, you can see what fine  
     thwacks  
 Have been laid on their cuticles tanned.

## Locust.

Here's a gambler, a bully, a surgeon, a cully,  
 A lawyer, a hangman, a Brahmin ;  
 A critic, a juggler, a quean and a smuggler,  
 And one who grew rich by a famine.

## Locust.

Here's a parson who curst till his jugular burst,  
 And a vintner who watered his liquors ;  
 Here's a lodging-house keeper, who robbed every  
     sleeper,  
 And hated your mere pocket-pickers.

## Locust.

Here's a merchant from Holland, a pretty French doll,  
     and  
 A blubber-fed beauty from Iceland,

A princess from Russia, an old drab from Prussia,—  
All emigrants bound for our nice land.

Locust.

Here's a spark of high quality all hospitality,  
Famous for wines and fine dinners ;  
I brought him away from a festival gay,  
Where I saw many saints who were sinners.

Locust.

Here's a wise politician, who thought the condition  
Of that fickle rascal the people  
Demanded improvement. He joined a grand movement,  
And hanged was as high as the steeple.

Locust.

Here's a beauteous coquette, so fantastic e'en yet,  
That she almost made love to black Locust ;  
But I frown'd her to silence some five thousand mile  
hence,  
And swore I'd not be hocus-pocussed.

Locust.

Here's a booby from Pindus, a poet from Indus,  
With Cherokees, Chickasaws, Chocktaws ;  
A sack full of fanquis, a bag full of Yankees  
From cities whose names give one lock-jaws.

Locust.

Here's an impudent merryman, food for the ferryman  
Charon, who glowers on brisk passengers ;  
And here's a new journalist, swears the infernalest  
Plays are Ben's, Shakspere's, and Massinger's.

Locust.

Here's a crate full of Japanese, who thought 'twas hap-  
piness  
Last night to rip up their bellies,

To honour some grandees who tippled their brandies,  
And swallowed their puddings and jellies.

**Locust.**

Here's a crowd of Dominicans, swindlers, and finikins,  
Smelling of perfumes profusely ;  
Here's a ton of nuns' flesh, neither juicy nor fresh,  
Whose owners lived rather too loosely.

**Locust.**

Here's a party of gluttons, all pig-brains or muttons,  
A rabble of foul fustilarians ;  
Twelve monks of St. Francis, a deacon who dances,  
And ninety-nine Anythingarians.

**Chorus.**

So here we are mustered ; our governor blustered  
At twelve o'clock yesterday awfully ;  
But he'll surely not blame us, our freight is so famous  
Of mortals who've revelled unlawfully.

**Mephistopheles.**

Gentlemen, thanks, I like such punctuality ;  
I see you've got a famous spirit-cargo ;  
The Fates be praised, we need not very far go,  
To introduce them to complete sodality  
With Cerberus and Pluto. 'Faith, they seem  
Rare samples of the earth's most vile rascality.  
So much the better and the worse. The dream  
Of filth in which they passed their lives away  
Is gone for ever. Henceforth *my* embargo  
Is on their worships. We must off to Hell ;  
Time presses ; I have been this hour detained  
With an old gentleman whom life enchained  
Longer than I expected. No delay  
Is needed now ; see Hermes and the stranger  
Waiting for us apart. Old bald-pate knows not

As yet the gentleman with whom he travels,  
 Nor shall he till the time arrives. Too soon  
 By several hours for him, or much I err.  
 At present he believes he's out of danger,  
 And hops, as hops the sun on Easter-day ;—  
 So—so—immerse them in this thunder-cloud,  
 And guard them well ; each visible to each,  
 In any shape that will the senses mock  
 With hopes fallacious. So, good-bye, Abaddon ;  
 I'll tell Lord Satan something that will serve you,  
 And raise you higher in his sovran favour.

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SCENE VIII.

HEAVEN.

The ELOHIM. In the distance the SONS OF GOD.

The First Archangel.

O Lord ! who art our Lord, perfection's splendour,
 We bow before thy thrones of cloud and fire ;
 To Thee, whose footstool are the heavens, we render
 The joy and worship that our hearts inspire.
 As leap the rills from the eternal mountains,
 As the streams seek the ever-flowing sea,
 As runs the fawn to the bright cooling fountains,
 So turn our fainting spirits still to Thee.

The Second Archangel.

Thou hast thy chambers in the Vast Unbounded,
 Thine are the Keys of Life and Death and Hell ;
 The myriad stars on which thy thrones are founded,
 And the sun's daily songs thy glories tell.
 Thou gavest the moon her seasons, to the ocean
 Thou didst assign the bounds that chain its might ;
 Strength to the thunders, to the lightnings motion,
 Flowers to the earth, and to the planets light.

The Third Archangel.

At thy command the lordly sun upriseth,
 Quick at thy bidding the fierce storms grow tame ;
 Thou speak'st—an earthquake follows—death chastiseth
 The impious scoffers of thine hallowed name.
 Yet gently as a hen her chicks will gather
 Beneath her folding wings of love and care,
 Dost thou the Ancient and All Loving Father
 Thy prodigal children in thy mercy spare.

Chorus of Angels.

How shall our faltering tongues declare thy praises?
 How shall we hymn the gladness of thy ways?
 Language and music yield not tones or phrases
 Worthy of Thee, the Ancient One of Days.
 Read in our inmost souls the unbounded treasure
 Of faith, obedience, reverence, love, and awe ;
 And make our duty form our greatest pleasure
 While humbly walking in thy Holy Law.

The First Archangel.

O Lord, thou art our Lord ; behold, before Thee
 The Darkness and the Elements bow down,
 The lightnings lick thy footstool and adore Thee,
 The whirlwinds shudder in thine awful frown ;
 Yet girt with power, unbounded and eternal,
 Thou dost not spurn the humblest, lowliest rite ;
 But seest with equal eyes of love paternal,
 The monarch's offering and the widow's mite.

The Third Archangel.

The kings and lords of earth whose proud dominion
 Spreads over empires, oceans, peoples vast,
 Are weak against Thee as a sparrow's pinion
 Against the fierce and headlong thunder-blast.
 Yet breathes no slave of theirs—the feeblest, weakest,
 And most despised, who shares not in thy love ;

There is no outrage practised on the meekest,
That arms not heavenly vengeance from above.

Chorus of Angels.

Lord, 'tis for this thy justice that we bless Thee,
For this we bend in love before thy throne ;
For this that all created things confess Thee,
True Sovereign Power, in earths and heavens Alone.
Smile on thy sons, that, clothed in thy protection,
Before thy heavenly glance we still may shine,
Secure from evil in the pure affection
That emanates from Thee, the One Divine.

Gretchen.

Lord! wilt thou hear the lowliest of thy servants,
Prostrate before the footstool of thy thrones?

The Elohim.

What wouldest thou, Margaret?

Gretchen.

Mercy, mercy, mercy!

The Elohim.

Hast thou not had it, Margaret, else why here?

Gretchen.

Not for myself, I ask it, but for *him*.

The Elohim.

Thou meanest my servant Goethe, whom even now
The Spirit of Death hath loosed from earth.

Gretchen.

I do.

The Elohim.

He hath not done the mission that I gave him ;
He bowed his soul to human lusts—and died.
Who spares the wicked wrongs the man that's just.

Gretchen.

Alas! the Tempter is too strong for Man.

The Elohim.

Man may subdue the Tempter if he will;
The Soul *he* had was equal to the task.

Gretchen.

Lord! I did love him—for *my* sake have mercy;
Or if thou wilt not, join my soul to his;
Where'er its destined home may be I care not.

The Elohim.

Is, then, thy love so strong?

Gretchen.

Alas! it is;

I never felt in heaven while Goethe lived;
But still I cherished hope that time and change
Might make him worthy of Almighty mercy;
And so I dreamed, and dreamed that we should meet:
But now that dream is gone—he is condemned,
And I am lonely even here in heaven.

The Elohim.

Margaret, this man forgot—deserted thee.

Gretchen.

No—not forgot; I know he did desert me;
The pride and vanity of his high place
Raised him above me; but I know that still
I dwelt within his innermost heart and soul.
Forget me!—no—he never could forget me.

The Elohim.

What! if I took thee at thy word, and sent thee
Down to deep hell?

Gretchen.

Not hell if *he* be there ;

Where'er he be to *me* can ne'er be hell.
 Place me but by his side, and I am blest ;
 Let me but look upon him once again,
 And whisper to his soul one little word
 Of the undying love I feel for him,
 And then do with me as thou wilt, for never
 Can I be happy while he sits in sorrow.
 What ! shall that noble soul that so loved Nature
 Perish because it erred as Man must err ?
 What ! shall that thought divine that loved all Beauty
 Die for the transient errors of an hour ?
 What if he did not give his life for Men,
 Did he not make his soul a thing of majesty
 By contemplation of thy wond'rous worlds ?
 The glory of the Universe, the splendour
 Clothing Creation in ineffable grandeur ;
 The innumerable spheres of life and light and order,
 Stars, planets, suns, shining, advancing onward
 Beyond the grasp of thought through boundless space ;
 The wond'rous word Eternity, that runs
 Backward for million centuries of Aïons,
 And forward—forward—forward—forward still,
 Until the soul, in speculation lost,
 Returns to God the Maker—and repose ;
 The magical dream of woods, the virgin morn
 Lighting the shades with loveliness ; the bees
 Humming o'er flowers, or by the sylvan springs
 Whirling in silver circles ; May-day hours,
 Whose innocent eyes shed spring and sunshine round ;
 The gentle whispers of the breathing air,
 The unseen lyres that breathe from forest trees,
 The meadows with fresh roses gaily pranked,
 The sheep-bells' tinkling, the deep silent vales,
 The wild goat browsing on the mountain's side,

The torrent tumbling down the rocks, the pine
 Waving its green head in the spectral wind,
 The pale stars mirrored on the woodland brook,
 The moonlight streaming through the diamond lattice,
 The lordly eagle's scream, the birds' blithe songs,
 The proud tall yew trees tranquil in their beauty,
 The starry-wimpled skies, the nymphal winds
 That o'er the flowers with printless footsteps dance,
 Nor brush away the dews ; the rustling leaves
 In summer-time, when flute-like airs are breathing
 Kisses amid the boughs ; the shepherd's pipe,
 Whose music woke the startled forest Echoes
 In their green bowers of shade ; the murmuring stream,
 Soft as the song-like laughter of a child ;
 The swallow skimming round her covert nest,
 The hawthorn's flowers of snow :—to sights and sounds
 And things like these he gave his thoughts,—in these
 He found the happiness for which he sighed ;
 In loving these, he loved and worshipped Thee ;
 And thus he grew inured to high desires
 And aspirations such as Poets feel
 When soaring high in Fancy's boundless worlds.
 Oh, must a soul divine as this be lost ?

The Elohim.

I will not punish thee for this despair ;
 How can I punish thee for loving well ?
 But go—and if thou canst, persuade the Judge
 Before whose seat he stands to pardon him
 (For I have long resigned what claim I had
 On his immortal spirit, and have yielded
 Him up entirely to the Gods he served).
 The time may come, after purgation done,
 When he may yet rejoin thy soul in heaven.

GRETCHEN flies off.

How wond'rous in its strength is woman's love ! *Sometimes*
 Through the long years since Margaret's spirit left

The earth, and dwelt in that blest sphere of light
 To which her beautiful life of virtue led,
 I've watched her well, and saw how much she pined
 For him who was not worthy of her truth.
 He in his pride of place despised the girl,
 For which I made his heart grow hard and cold
 As marble, till it felt no sympathy
 With any thing on earth, and thus he grew
 Wretched, as all unsympathising hearts
 Must ever be.—How say ye, Sons of God !
 Hath she done well to pardon and pray thus ?

The Sons of God.

She hath.

Satan (on the right of the Thrones).

I did not think so, Brethren—no ;
 The woman is a fool, as all her sex
 Have ever been since God with mighty arm
 Laid the foundations of the world for man ;
 To pluck such brands from hell's hot belly argues
 A mean and crawling spirit.—Yet I think
 My lieutenant Mephistopheles a match
 For all the arguments with which she'll tease
 The hapless judge of Hades.—We shall see
 Who wins.

The Sons of God.

Behold, she stands by him already ;
 Her angel soul illumines the black abyss
 With rays celestial in their purity,
 And the dusk Shadows gaze on her with wonder
 Mingled with awe, but cannot hurt, for, lo !
 The snowy armour of pure innocence
 In which she always walked protects her now.
 Blest and successful be her mission thither,
 While we, rejoicing in the Father's love,
 Chant a new hymn amid the heavenly realms.

Heaven closes.

SCENE IX.

SPACE.

MEPHISTOPHELES, HERMES, and GOETHE *flying rapidly along.*
A Troop of weird-like Shapes and Spirits before, around,
and after them. Distant thunder.

Mephistopheles.

Onward still, and ever onward,
 Like three shooting stars, we go ;
 Space around us—space beyond us,
 Space above, and space below.

Hermes.

Yonder swings the globe : how little
 Seems that deity of man !
 Hardly even its loftiest mountain
 From this distance can we scan.

Goethe.

Brighter, bolder grows my spirit
 Since it left its mortal mould ;
 This is the true sphere of freedom
 I so panted to behold.

Mephistopheles.

Who that gazes on that fragment,
 Like a mote in broad blue space,
 E'er would dream that for its atoms
 Hate should move the human race ?

Hermes.

Lo ! for this the conqueror murders,
 Despots slaughter, robbers slay,
 Statesmen perjure, virgins sell them
 To the spoiler day by day.

Goethe.

Fraud and slander, lust and lying,
Theft and cheating, base deceit,
Falsehood, blasphemy, and bloodshed,
Give its tiny mites their meat.

Mephistopheles.

There the rank and lewd seducer
From the mother buys the child ;
There the felon smiling husband
Sells and sees his wife defiled.

Hermes.

There the bloodhound priest of Error
Prays and preaches plague and pest,
Shooting falsehood's venom'd arrows,
Till they poison every breast.

Goethe.

There the strutting pigmy princeling,
Thinks mankind his slave and tool,
Robs, oppresses, smites down thousands,
And they let him !—which is fool ?

Mephistopheles.

There the black and viperish lawyer,
Robs, protected by King Law ;
Widows, orphans, men, and infants,
Daily fill his dragon maw.

Hermes.

There the monied man grown fetid
With the pride of wealth and state,
Thanks his God so many people
Yearly starve to make him great.

Goethe.

There the fat adulterous courtier
 Daily whores his very soul,
 That some dozen knaves may see him
 In a gilded chariot roll.

Mephistopheles.

There the fawning false physician,
 Hired to stay his friend's disease,
 Gives him poisons to increase it,
 That he may increase his fees.

Hermes.

There the staid and portly merchant
 Cheats and lies in myriad ways;
 Cent per cent by trick;—on Sunday
 See how piously he prays.

Goethe.

There the mitred saintly prelate
 Preaches meekly to the town;
 Step behind the scenes, and see him
 Knock a starving curate down.

Mephistopheles.

There the gross and greasy glutton
 Spends on one luxurious feast,
 What would keep a wise poor scholar
 For a twelvemonth at the least.

Hermes.

There the grey and rat-like miser
 Squeezes from the poor their all,
 That his heir may spend it gaily
 On a harlot, pimp, and brawl.

Goethe.

There the parasite who spaniels
 At some beastly rich man's knees,
 Swears that in his lord and master
 God personified he sees.

Mephistopheles.

There the empty perfumed dandy
 Finds in his sweet monkey air
 Graces that might make a seraph
 Clothed in heavenly light despair.

Hermes.

There the false and filthy-hearted
 Swears affection, faith, and truth;
 Look within—you see a scorpion
 With false eye and deadly tooth.

Goethe.

There the judge, who should be honest,
 Makes the very devils blush,
 That his son may have another
 Footman clothed in lace and plush.

Mephistopheles.

There the venal cut-throat soldier
 Struts in purple and brocade,
 Gold and silver—people never
 Think that murder is his trade.

Hermes.

There the scorpion-tongue of woman
 Stings the life of life to death;
 Honour, modesty, and virtue,
 Wither in her poisonous breath.

Goethe.

There the slanderous slime of envy
Slavers all that's good and true ;
More are done to death by falsehood,
Than the plague-spot ever slew.

Mephistopheles.

What a very curious fancy
Made the Gods create mankind !
For what purpose, earthly, heavenly,
Could the knaves have been designed ?

Hermes.

Some say men are merely demons,
Sent for torture to the earth ;
Others think them speaking ourans,
Made to yield the immortals mirth.

Goethe.

Men and monkeys merely differ
In the faculty of speech ;
Though I think we might be better,
If each were not wolf to each.

Mephistopheles.

Onward still, and ever onward,
Like three shooting stars of light ;
Through the blue empyrean heaven,
Have we made our magic flight.

Hermes.

Nearer, nearer, still and nearer,
We approach the wond'rous goal.
Where the judgment-seat of Pluto
Stands and awes the guilty soul.

Goethe.

Ha! what horror makes me tremble?
 What new fear—what place is this?
 Liar, traitor, now I know thee—

Mephistopheles.

(Who having thrown off his disguise, appears again as Devil.)

This is Pluto's Bower of Bliss!



SCENE X.

THE WORLD OF FAËRIE.

Nisses.

Weep, weep for the fallen spirit,
 Who bowed to the beauty of clay;
 Who, destined to soar through the splendours of heaven,
 Crouched down like a beast in the way.

Netks.

Woe, woe for the erring spirit,
 Our gold harps are tuned unto woe;
 From our emerald caves in the foaming waves
 We weep, while the sad winds blow.

Strömkarl.

Waken the voice of the golden viol,
 Breathing the soul of sorrow and shame;
 Curse on the demons of dark denial,
 Bliss to the Spirit who weeping came.

The Tylwith Teg.

Weep, lonely hills; lament, enchanted waters,
 Break into tears upon the silent shore;

Tell to our bright-eyed sisters, wives, and daughters,
The Heaven-souled is no more.

Oh, were it ours to bear thee, and enthrone thee,
Chief in the diamond halls and emerald domes,
Far in the Cymric mountains, midst the gardens,
Fruits, flowers, and music of our raptured homes.

Trows.

To the deep ocean dells the blast of thunder
Sank, while it howled the Doomed One's fatal fall ;
Through the crystalline elements the lightning
Flashed, while it sighed, and in that sigh told all.

Alfs.

Splendid halls and golden mansions,
Ye have gloomy grown as night ;
Since the flame-clothed soul of heaven
Sought the Dark, and left the Light.

Fairies.

We rode through the air on our fleet white steeds,
While music and light and song
Shed flower-sweet dews of beauty around
The least of our gleesome throng.
But the Angel's sorrowful, saddening strain,
Smote us in full career ;
And its tone of wild reproach and pain
Still rings in each heart and ear.

Brownie.

My new cloak and hood,
My honeycomb and cream,
My old tree in the wood,
Beside the singing stream.—
Gladly would I give
Each of ye and all,
To save the mighty Master,
Lest evil him befall.

Lurley-Nymph

Lament, lament, shape-haunted towers that crown
 The bacchant Rhine ;
 Lament, lament, grey clouds that wistly frown
 Over its dells divine,
 Of Undine, Sprite, and Fay ;
 The saddening sunset of so fair a day.

Duergars.

Night gathers round the mountains, stars are peeping
 From the blue vault, the birds are rocked in dream ;
 We forge gold armour for the knightly-hearted,
 But none for him who mocks the Gods supreme.

Adr.

Death hath seized him, Sister Nornir.

Verthandi.

And he stands before the Judger.

Skulld.

But the doom is not eternal.

Morgue la Faye.

O Avalon ! fair Avalon !
 Thy lodestar walls and vales of light
 That gleam for ever, pure and bright,
 Since Enoch and Elias shone
 Within thy towers, fair Avalon ;
 Gladly to thee I would have borne
 Upon the wings of dove-eyed morn
 The prophet soul, fair Avalon.
 The hour is past, my tears are vain,
 I dare not, if I would, complain.
 Ah, me, my hopes are dead and gone,
 O Avalon, fair Avalon !

Elve Kings.

Over the sea in our black-horsed chariots,
 Trampling in spray its foaming billows,
 Terrible Elve Kings whirl like lightning
 Into our forests of living elder ;
 Summon our soldiers changed by faërie,—
 Follow the demon who enthrals him.

Trolls.

Ride on the lay, and not on the clay,
 On, ye dragons, that guard our gold ;
 A ransom of kings to the Troll that brings
 The spirit of him now dead and cold.

Leprechauns.

On from fair-hilled, pleasant Ireland,
 Grassy lawns, and lakes of foliage,
 Sacred mountains, warbling valleys,
 Hasten to the minstrel's grave.
 Breathe the hymn of spotless sorrow
 Over him whose stately harp-strings
 Sang the fallen Queen of kingdoms,
 Prostrate, trampled, chained,—a slave.

Benshee.

Uch ! och ón ! och ón ! he dies,
 The star of life wanes from his eyes,
 The bloom of hope fades, falls, and flies,
 And all is dark within.
 The angels bright and amber-tressed
 That round him wept, and scared unblest
 And glimmering phantoms from his rest,
 Have left the haunts of sin.
 Uch ! och ón ! och ón ! he dies,
 A star of light hath left the skies,
 And *I* am sad and lone.

Gallitena.

He hath perished as should perish
 All who leave the heavenly shrines
 Of celestial Truth and Beauty
 For the ordure of the mines.

Gorics.

Up and away, my merry men all,
 Up and away to the dance of stones ;
 And merry to-night shall our meeting be
 In the music of angel moans.

Courils.

Up and away in the twilight gray,
 To the Couril dance which no maid comes near ;
 And sing ye the Devil's vesper lay,
 And gallop around Old Bogie's bier.

Night-Washers.

Tu-whit, to-whoo——tu-whit, to-whoo——
 So sings to the moon the hornèd owl ;
 So singeth Sir Volland,
 When some soul and
 Body fall into his fingers foul.

Teus.

Soul of the Poet ! art thou then departed ?
 Would I were near to shroud thee in my mantle,
 Ere into darkness and its monsters hurled.

Monatiello.

We merry monkitos, who dwell in the woods,
 With plenty of money and plenty of goods,
 Though we often shew stores of gold treasure to people,
 Which make them the tables of Moses to keep ill,
 Ne'er light on fat windfalls of souls, such as now

Mephisto bears off in his budget, I vow.
 O Italy, Italy, hast thou no poet
 For *me* to play waggery on—and to shew it?

Bride of Corinth.

From tottering fanes, and woods of olive,
 That sleep beneath the gentle moon ;
 And from the wimpling waves of Corinth,
 That softly hymn like sweet kanoon ;
 The Bride of ancient rhyme and fable
 Floats through the breathless air in tears ;
 Flings o'er thy pall and mouldering grandeur
 Fair faded flowers—and disappears.

White Nymphs.

Like an Archangel exiled for dark crimes,
 His spirit walked the earth in scorn and gloom,
 And where it smote, it smote like the Simoom,
 Deadly though beautiful. Yet there were times
 When his great soul shone out upon the world
 In all the primal glory of her light,
 Ere from her starry throne to darkness hurled.
 His songs were sweet remembrances of heaven,
 Dashed with the scoffing spirit of Sin and Night,
 In which he sate, and lived, and moved. Yet even
 In his most mocking moments you could trace
 The beauty of the seraph, and the grace
 Which once beamed round him. Ruin could not blight,
 Nor Sin the original marks of angel-birth efface.

Fate.

From Demogorgon's palaces of wonder,
 Deep in the Indian mountains, we have flown,
 Drawn by the wild and melancholy moan
 Chanted by angels, till the rocks asunder,
 And the deep ocean chasms, were cleft in twain ;
 We come, alas ! to find our flight was vain ;—

The Olympic-soul'd is gone ; the sun is set,
 The earth with heaven's dearest showers is wet ;
 O Soul ! O Sun ! O Might ! alas ! alas !
 Thy life is done.

Brats.

As glide these waters, so glides life away,
 These seek the ocean, this the eternal goal,
 And both absorbed, are lost in their new sphere ;—
 Poor waves ! poor human kind ! thrice happy they
 Who bear no stains imprinted on the soul,
 But yield it back to heaven, bright, pure, sincere.

Fadas.

The golden fountains of his being dried,
 The fiat passed—the Ancient Minstrel died ;
 Did good preponderate, or evil deed ?
 What the ripe fruits from such a mighty seed ?
 Only is known unto The One above,
 Who tempers justice with unbounded love.

Fays.

From the womb of morning we,
 On the airy sunbeams flee ;
 Is the mighty Master dead ?
 Rests he in the narrow bed ?—
 All on Earth is vanity.

Stille-Volk.

Like the beam of emeralds, gems, and rubies,
 Is the light of him who walks with virgin Truth ;
 Like the poisoned slime of snakes and adders,
 Is the soul of him who leaves her in his youth.

Kobolds.

But what will become of his Guardian Angel ?
 What will the Gods bestow on her ?
 Will they change her to stone,

Body and bone,
 And leave her alone ;
 As they did to the Angel they set over Adam,
 Who slept while The Snake was a-tempting poor
 Madam ?
 Ho, ho—ho, ho,
 The Kobolds will know.
 We'll find out what happens above or below.

Mazikeen.

Weep not, oh, weep not the immortal parted,
 Truth will redeem him in the fitting moment ;
 For lives like his are twain, the out and inner ;
 Not by the first, but by the last God judges.

Portunes.

O winds, could you waft us a flaggon of ale,
 Stout English ale ;
 You'd surely do better than howl as you're howling
 The Old One whom idly you weep for and wail,—
 Go bring us the flavour of English ale.

The White Lady.

In the harp's rich music floating,
 From the ruined halls of eld,
 Take these laurels green, denoting
 Fame, for which thy bosom swelled.
 Ah! the gift is vain and thankless,
 Life and all its gauds have passed,
 And the Worldly-souled, whose Aden
 Was of earth, is earthward cast.

Paras.

Like the white lily of the field he flowered,
 The wind passed over, and the flower lay dead.

Filas.

Or like the purple rose in light embowered,
 Fierce blew the storm, and all its splendours fled.

Elle-Maidens.

The mountain-rushing winds, they sweep
 Along the swanlike sea ;
 The sea-nymphs o'er the sounding deep
 Wake lonely minstrelsy.
 Away—away to join the choirs
 Of silver-glancing light,
 Beneath the Moon, whose vestal fires
 Invoke the elfin rite.

Wilde-Frauen.

Ululu! Ululu! Ululu! Ululu!
 Sad is his doom,
 On earth or in tomb,
 Who lives but for self,
 And riots in pelf ;
 Gloomy his passage, despairing his knell,
 He roosts in the fire-ensnaked trees of deep Hell,
 Ululu! Ululu! Ululu! Ululu!
 Ride, ride—sisters, ride
 Wildly over the land and tide,
 Screaming aloud in choral crowd,
 Ululu! Ululu! Ululu! O!

Heinzelmännchen.

Merrily sing, little Men of the Hills,
 Merrily laugh and sing,
 The scoffer, the mocker, the man of the world,
 Whose lip at the old dreams of soul ever curled,
 Lies low in the shroud, like a poor sunless cloud—
 And oh! by King Ob, 'tis a laughable thing.

Rusalki.

Hearken, sweet sisters, 'tis the voice of death
 Wandering in sighs upon the lonely heath ;
 Away, away to yonder sparkling rills,
 Melting in music from the azure hills,

And chant a chorus full of strange, sad woe
Over the light-eclipsed that sleeps below.

Cluritauns.

In faith it were better to sing to the streams
Than to listen to screams,
Or bother our beautiful noddles with dreams.
The arrow is sped, and the Minstrel is dead ;
Then away to our own island lakes,
And list to the song of the thrush in the brakes,
Who melody wakes,
When the cold chain of silence hangs o'er
The fair Child of Genius no more.



SCENE XI.

THE MARKET-PLACE AT WEIMAR.

TOWNSMAN *and* COUNTRYMAN *meeting.*

Townsman.

Good morrow, neighbour! any news to-day?
How go the crops, and how is Madam Plitt?

Countryman.

The crops are middling, and my wife is well ;
The only news that stirs is, *he* is dead.

Townsman.

What, dead at last ! he lived a merry time ;
I do remember him these forty years,
A pleasant gentleman, who loved to have
His will above all things ; I'm sorry for him ;
His name brought many to our town who never
Would have come here to spend their English gold
Had he not lived among us. 'Tis a loss

To be lamented. We shall see no more
 Those everlasting Wandering Jews ; I mean,
 The travelling English, who're so rich, 'tis said
 They eat bank-notes for dinner, and would drink
 For breakfast molten guineas, if their throats
 And lard-lined stomachs could endure the draught.
 Certes, I'm very sorry that he's dead.

Countryman.

And so am I, the visitors were rare
 And generous customers, flinging cash like chaff
 Among us farmers ; paying us for eggs,
 Cheese, cream, and butter fifty times as much
 As the Grand Duke gives in his happiest moods.
 'Tis a great loss to all the world indeed.

Townsmen.

Not that the man himself was much to speak of ;
 He never gave a pfennig, I'll be bound,
 To any man that wanted it.

Countryman.

Gadzooks!

And so he never did ; he talked most finely,
 As I've been told ; but deeds not words for me.

Townsmen.

No doubt he'll have a very splendid funeral.

Countryman.

They say he will, but for *my* part I think
 'Twere better to give the poor the cash 'twill cost,
 Than waste it on a carcass useles now.

Townsmen.

And how is Jack, and Martin, and small Fritz ?
 Come, shall we have a bottle of brown beer ?
 When will they bury him ? We'll see the show.
 The beer they bottle here is excellent.

Countryman

I know it. We shall have a crust of bread
And cheese. A terrible loss to all the world.—
Get me a pipe, I long to have a smoke.

Townsmen.

What a great loss he is! And how are oats
To-day? You'll buy a riband for your wife.

Ballad-Singer.

A choice new song of Cupid.—Buy, sirs, buy.

Sings.

A fair lady once with her young lover walked,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;
Through a garden, and sweetly they laughed and they
talked,
While the dews fell over the mulberry-tree.

She gave him a rose—while he sighed for a kiss,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;
Quoth he, as he took it, “ I kiss thee in this,”
While the dews fall over the mulberry-tree.

She gave him a lily less white than her breast,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;
Quoth he, “ ’Twill remind me of one I love best ;
While the dews fall over the mulberry-tree.

She gave him a two faces under a hood,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;
“ How blest you could make me,” quoth he “ if you
would,”
While the dews fall over the mulberry-tree.

She saw a forget-me-not flower in the grass,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;
Ah ! why did the lady that little flower pass ?
While the dews fell over the mulberry-tree.

The young lover saw that she passed it, and sighed,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;
 They say his heart broke, and he certainly died,
While the dew's fell over the mulberry-tree.

Now all you fair ladies, take warning by this,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;
 And never refuse your young lovers a kiss,
While the dew's fall over the mulberry-tree.

Countryman.

All Europe, Asia, Africa, America,
 And Australasia, will lament his death.—
 Come, let's make merry o'er our cakes and beer.



SCENE XII.

TARTARUS OF HADES.

MEPHISTOPHELES, HERMES, GOETHE. *A countless multitude
 of Shapes and Shadows.*

Mephistopheles.

So we have crossed the famous river Acheron,
 And Styx flows by within a score of toises ;
 So far at least we've wended safe and sound,
 Our brows with garlands of white poplar crowned.
 The screaming Shadows and infernal Voices
 That hovered o'er our path have passed away ;
 We're near our journey's end—sing and be gay ;
 Don't be afraid—your soul's safe yet—I'll back her on
 Until she stands before that Judge profound,
 Wiser than any now on earthly ground,
 Who strips men's hearts of all the burnished lacquer on,
 And shews them bare and naked to the day ;
 Exhaustless mines of lust, hate, filth, and falsehood,
 A sight enough to make black hairs turn grey.—

Here is the Styx—a brown and stinking river.
Yonder's Cocytus, echoing deep with groans
Enough to melt the hearts of stocks or stones,
Priests or hyenas :—you can smell the stench ;
They've buried in't that famous King of the French,
Louis Quatorze, whilom so grand and flourishing ;
That powerful monarch's fetid heart and liver
Pollutes this pleasant atmosphere around you,
And makes the waters loathsome, dark, and rotten.
Plug up your nostrils with this lump of cotton—
Quick—or the royal fragrance will confound you.
There is Canaan, whom angry Noè curst,
When filled with wine enough to make one burst.
There is Pharoah, and the wife of Lot,
A woman of whom Rabbis old relate
Scandalous tales, which I would rather not,
Calumny being a thing I fiercely hate.
Here is the wanton wife of Captain Potiphar,
Ox-eyed like Juno, stately in her beauty,
Large and majestic. Would you wish a knot of her
Dark flowing ringlets ? They no more owe duty
To her bold husband, who was one of those
(Millions on earth, although you never knew
The thing before) whom God, in His omnipotence
And multiform divinity, creates
In shape of man, but soulless. While they live
They have earth's pleasures ; when they die, they die ;
Passing at once into Annihilation.
The great majority of human kind,
Dear Sir, are animals of this dull order ;
Only a small minority have souls.
A lucky thing ; for were they all immortal,
They'd soon exhaust our Tartarean coals.

The Eastern Doctors tell a curious story.
Believe it, as you will, or don't believe it,
I care not with what faith you may receive it.

When Adam dwelt in Aden, throned in glory,
 He saw one morning at a single glance
 His whole posterity, as small as ants ;
 Who, when they swore dependence on the Lord,
 Were gathered up again in Adam's loins,
 Just where the pelvis with the column joins.
 The tale is found in many an old record,
 With several thousand others just as true
 Which the grave Rabbis mention ; they will swear
 ye'em,

If you look doubtful ; and some sages say
 It quite agrees with that profound brand-new
 Discovery made by Liebig t'other day,
De animalculis in semine marium.

Gods ! what a drove of ghosts, men, women, children,
 Sweep through this starless atmosphere of death ;
 Lurid and purple like the poisonous breath
 Of plague-corrupted wretches, gasping, dying.—
 What deep and rending screams ! what wasps and
 hornets !

Borne headlong on the impetuous blasts of Hell ;
 Lycanthropi and Wolf-men from weird Thrace,
 Hither and thither with winged serpents flying,
 Hunting the damned in diabolic chase,
 Rending their shrieking ghosts with fury fell ;
 Darkness streaked o'er with gleams of coppery light,
 More horrible and monstrous than the night
 Of Afric deserts, when the Storm-Fiend raves ;
 Rain, snow, and hail, that swell the Stygian waves ;
 And dusky vapours. Blasphemies obscene
 Against the name of God, themselves, and all
 The race of mortals.—Swift, St. Patrick's dean,
 Ne'er drew such scenes as this with pen of gall,
 And flame-clothed spirit. Curses, such as cornets
 Swear in their drunken mess-rooms ; groans bewildering,
 ing,

All mixed together in one gross hotch-potch,
Like haggis, prized so much by the savoury Scotch.

Hermes.

I ne'er approach these dark, detested regions
Without disgust; although by this well used
To see and hear the gloomy glimmering legions
Of demons, ghosts, and damned all round diffused.

Mephistopheles.

You're far too fine a gentleman, my cozen,
For such lewd company as meets us here.
See, how our precious charge is white with fear;
Nerveless and senseless the old humbug trembles,
Mumbles the creed, and sweats at every pore.—
What will you wage? I'll bet a rump and dozen
Flasks of red Rhenish he no more dissembles;
The days of trick, and scheme, and fraud are o'er;
Dichtung und Wahrheit.—Truth o'erlaid with Fiction
Won't do in *this* place—mark! 'tis my prediction.
We'll hear confessions soon, more true, less polished,
Than those sad revelations, crammed with lies,
He published in his time, to win the sighs
Of male and female boobies. What a pity
That such a Babel-book—so neat, so witty,—
Should be so very ruthlessly demolished
Here in old Lucifer's truth-telling city!

SINGS.

*There was an old woman went mad when she saw
Her black wrinkled face in a mirror of steel;
They hanged up the hag in the skin of an ass,
And trounced her all day from the head to the heel.
With a heigho! and a heigho!
Tira la la, tira lee!*

Charon.

Why how now, Mephistopheles?

Mephistopheles.

How now, Charon!
My dainty friend with eyes of living charcoal,
Here's a new comer to your hellish dark hole.

Hermes.

Well, I'll be off; here ends, thank Heaven, *my* duty;
I give the ghost up; take him; keep him; bind him;
When next I come to Hell I hope to find him.—

Mephistopheles.

Nay—but our dinner, and the gipsy beauty,
The blasphemies of Toland, Wilkes, and Tooke.

Hermes.

Will scarce come off to-day. The Stygian journey,
The tedious speech of Pluto's learned Attorney,
The trial, verdict, sentence, and confinement,
Will long outpass the hour when we to dine meant.

Mephistopheles.

Granted. We'll feed by moonlight, which you know
Assists digestion. I have *such* a cook.

Hermes.

Cozen, good bye—shake hands, sweet bully-rook!

Charon.

Now then, to cross the Styx—hilloa! hilloa!
You rascal dead who wish to pass this way!
Hilloa! hilloa! hilloa! hilloa! I say.

Mephistopheles.

Lord, what a crowd! they scramble to and fro
In shoals since there's no obolus to pay;
Blackbeetles scared by candle-light and brooms

Could not run quicker in confused pell-mell
 Than these poor shadows to the Gates of Hell.
 Numerous as leaves that fall when autumn winds
 Rattle amid the faded forest branches,
 Or wild birds seeking isles where summer blooms,
 When hoary winter, fraught with rage, unbinds
 His nipping gales, and o'er the æther launches
 Eurus and Boreas, huntsmen of the skies.—
 And what a motley mixture! Kings, thieves, grooms,
 Cobblers, pimps, soldiers, nobles, bishops, tinkers,
 Scavengers, cabmen, duchesses, deep thinkers,
 Pensioners, courtiers, aldermen, and harlots,
 Lords of high lineage and the lowest varlets;
 Monks, misers, Calvinists, and millionaires,
 Brahmins and opera-dancers, judges, bullies,
 Gamesters, fat butchers, procuresses, cullies,
 Bankers and usurers, quakers, bulls and bears,
 Cardinals, actors, maids of honour, clowns,
 Fools, misers, bawds, prime ministers, hard drinkers,
 Felons in grey, and lawyers in black gowns.

Charon.

Hilloa! hilloa! hilloa! Now then, ye rabble,
 Strip to the skin; no articles of dress
 Must come on board. The king must cast aside
 His golden cap and robe, the dame her shift,
 The beggar his old rags, the priest his cloak;
 The virgin—if there be such a phoenix here—
 Her long and cherished ringlets; and the clown
 His painted grin, and laugh-provoking daub:
 Bare as ye entered life so leave ye life;
 Dustman and king are equal here in hell:
 Such are the stern commands of Death and Fate.

Mephistopheles.

When will you take my bardic friend on board?

Charon.

Not now—first come first served is the rule I make ;
I will not break it even for you, my lord.

King.

Fellow, make way—what ho !—where are my guards ?

Charon.

What bullying knave is this with portly air ?

King.

I am the mighty King of—

Charon.

Six foot length
Of earth by two in breadth ; your majesty
Will meet scant loyalty on the river Styx.

King.

Am I not then to cross in royal state ?
Is majesty in Hell a thing of nought ?

Charon.

Enter at once, or else I'll break your head ;
I have no time to bandy words with you.

King.

What, how ! vile slave, dare you thus talk to me ?

Charon.

Ho—hangman !—you with the halter in your hand,
Cast it around this king and haul him in.
So—so, well done ; now gag and handcuff him,
And if he dares to murmur, baste his head
With this tough thong of leather. Who are you ?

Coxcomb.

A man of fashion travelling to Elysium ;
I'll teach the saintly sumphs the art of dress.

Mephistopheles.

But they wear none in the Elysian Fields;
Virtue and purity need no disguise.

Cortomb.

Then, if you please, I'd rather go to hell,—
London or Paris; for this place——

Charon.

Won't do

For folks like you. Who told you, sir, 'twas yours
There is no room, but don't look blank; *we'll* take you
Where you shall have most noble company,
Popes, emperors, czars, fine women, and fair men,
Smug dandiprats that will delight your eyes.

Cortomb.

And tailors?

Mephistopheles.

Several millions at your service,
Our many-mansioned palaces contain
Ladies and gentlemen of all degrees.

Cortomb.

Fellow, don't prate; you tire me,—let me pass.

Statesman.

I don't think death so hideous after all;
'Tis not so pleasant as our palace though.
I wish, indeed, I had lived to cheat Prince B.
In that long treaty which the fool would sign,
Hoping to trick me by ambiguous phrase.
I've missed a brilliant order. Is it vain
To sneak for rank and honour in this place?
Why should it be so? Spirits are but men
Quit of their bodies; men are knaves and asses,
The exquisite tools with which we do our work;

Doubtless I'll find sufficiency of both
In this broad land to serve my purposes.

Thief.

A rummy place is this, but dark enough
For very pretty filchings ;—no police,
No gaslight, and no telegraph to tell ;—
I find no fault with it, if this be hell.

Virgin.

Snatched in the beauteous morning of my years,
Fate bore me hither, veiled in saddest tears ;
But yon bright angel-choirs, whose lips and eyes
Salute me sister, turn to bliss my sighs.

Shepherd.

Farewell ! sweet country-life of health and ease,
Sunshine, and dance, and song, and flowers, and trees ;
Day-dreams beside the cool and whispering brook,
And flocks obedient to the guiding crook ;
Hours of delight and innocence enjoyed,
Of toil that tired not, bliss that never cloyed,
Farewell—a long farewell ! whate'er may be
My lot in death, my thoughts will turn to thee !

Lover.

Let me kiss those shining eyes,
Where thy soul of beauty lies !
Let my lips of love alight
On those eyelids lily-white.
Oh, sweet heaven, that thou wert mine !
How my soul would grow to thee !
Thou, á gentle golden vine,
I, its fond sustaining tree.

Let me kiss that budding mouth,
Sweeter than the fragrant south ;

Let me nestle on the rose
 Round thy teeth of pearl that grows.
 Oh, sweet heaven, that thou wert mine!
 Soul to soul in fondness bound;
 Thou, a bright and starry sign,
 I, the air that clasped it round.

Fold me as the stellar zone
 Folds its much-loved earth, mine own;
 Or the rainbow, bright and clear,
 Folds the smiling hemisphere.
 Oh, sweet heaven, that thou wert mine!
 Ne'er in life or death to part;
 Thou, a spirit in its shrine,
 And that shrine my faithful heart.

Mephistopheles.

A very honeyed love-song. Yonder Phantom
 Inspired the youth with memories of the past,
 And painted on his soul a beaming image
 Of her who was his mistress. See, he flits
 Beside her, fancying it is she—a notion
 Wild and fantastical. The lady-love
 For whom our rhymer sang these melting strains
 Lives, laughs, eats, dances, sleeps, and has hot dreams,
 And quite forgets her gallant, who departed
 Life in a fit of sentimental bliss,
 Hoping she'd follow him to heaven or hell.
 I look into the vistas of the future,
 Some thirty years from this mild day in March,
 And see a fat old woman, pimple-faced,
 With dugs for breasts, and elephantine legs,
 And waist as graceful as a dromedary's,
 Thick calves, beef cheeks, and brandy-smelling breath,
 Grog-nosed, with some fifteen obstreperous brats,
 And awkward hoydens. What a change is here
 From our poor lover's soul-spun metaphors
 Of shining eyes, white teeth, and rose-sweet lips.

Misanthrope.

I'm not surprised that men love dogs so much,
 For dogs, like men, are pitiful sneaking rogues.
 There lives no man who has not in his breast
 Some secret locked, which, if revealed, would make him
 Despised and hated by all humankind.

Mephistopheles.

Two maxims first propounded by our friend
 From Weimar, learned, no doubt, from his own heart.

Misanthrope.

And is this hell? 'tis not half black enough
 For the best man I ever happed to know.
 Weak as they seem, those mortal worms have oft
 Made a worse Hell than this on their own earth.
 Does Pluto lack invention? Let him go
 To Rome or Spain, and ask the Inquisition;
 They'll teach him how to torture two-legged knaves.
 Few men know all the evil that they do;
 Their greatest actions are the effect of chance,
 Caprice, or passion, not heroic will;
 The grandest would seem villainous, did we know
 The secret motive-power that gave them birth;
 Things of mere affectation are all mortals;
 The world's a stage of bare appearances,
 Of masks and robes, and infamy beneath.
 Cunning and treachery are their cherished gods,
 Envy their daily thought; self-interest
 The harlot for whose smiles they barter Truth,
 Religion, Justice, Honour, Virtue, Heaven.

Courtier.

There's something pleasant in this change of scene;
 I'll try what I can do in Lucifer's court;
 His Highness, whom I worshipped, as I'm told

The Gebirs worship sunshine, grew a beast,
 A very brutal filthy beast, at last,
 And turned me off for that sly flatterer
 Who pampered him with new-invented soups,
 While *I* could ne'er gain audience, though I brought
 The loveliest maidens for his regal hands.
N'importe—n'importe—for men of *my* desert
 Success is sure with palaces and kings,
 And both are plenty in these spacious worlds.

Ambassador.

This is an ugly embassy—no pay,
 No honours—no fine tricks and polished lies,
 No plotting, no disguises, no deceits ;
 I do not like the look of it ; I would
 I were again alive. I have a plan
 Now in my brain would change a dynasty,
 And drive a kingly race to utter ruin.
 Perdition catch me for a stupid lout,—
 Why did I never think of it before ?

Stephistopheles.

Princes and statesmen are most godlike fellows ;
 Power is their justice. Private men must keep
 Their own, but those are surnamed “ Great ” who seize
 The properties of others ;—epic thieves.
 To ravage, slay, and plunder, is to reign,
 And desolation is called glorious peace.

Painter.

Heir to the glories of the glorious past,
 Raphaël, Guido, Titian, live and shine
 Methinks once more in me ; the starry trine
 In whose bright moulds my poet-soul was cast.
 See, fire-eyed Fancy guide my glowing hand,
 And Beauty soften, and young Grace refine,
 While near me Truth and Skill and Genius stand ;

Bright was my pathway on to pelf and fame,
And bright the garlands that enwreathed my name.

Charon.

Who was this fellow ?

Mephistopheles.

Oh ! an obscene painter.
His sisters were two prostitutes, so he thought
He'd make a third ; her husband radished him,
And in despair the sneak descended hither.
Read in his worthless heart, that dunghill seed
Produces nothing but rank dunghill breed.

Traveller.

Wonders on wonders ! ocean, earth, and sky,
Have nothing equal to these shadowy realms,
Interminable, boundless, vast, cloud-zoned ;
The tumbling cataracts of flame from high,
The frowning mountains on whose awful peaks
The Titan Phantoms of the Past sit throned,
Solitude, silence, sadness, solemn gloom,
And death-like coldness—all proclaim the Eternal
Tomb.

Old Man.

Since the rosy garlands of my life
Long have withered, children, friends, and wife ;
What have I to do with being ? Nought ;—
Life itself was but one saddening thought.
Blest since in Death's arms, I find once more,
Fresh and youthful, all I loved before.

Critic.

In this infernal, stupid place,
God-fashioned for the human race,
So many glaring faults I find
As must disgust a critic's mind.

Student.

Be silent, railer ; why shouldst *thou* pollute
With ribald tongue the Mysteries of Death.

Scholar.

Nay, let the carping creature prate—poor brute !
How can he else disgorge his noisome breath ?

Critic.

Nay, but hear me first ; be civil.
Here's confusion worse confounded ;
Pagan, Christian, god, and devil,
In one stupid mess compounded.

Mephistopheles.

Cease your vile, æsthetic ranting,
Critic's cant is worst of canting.
Here's a pretty sneaking fellow,
Who must needs complain and bellow,
If Hell don't, to his vexation,
Suit *his* notions of damnation.

Artist.

A scene for Rembrandt—darkness vast yet visible.
Oh, that I had my brush and pallet here !

Mr. Merryman.

I'll cap that with a wish as quaint and quizzible :
Oh, that *I* had a foaming pot of beer !

Maniac.

Henry, thou knowest for love of thee I died,
For thee I stained my young and virgin pride ;
Thou wert my life, my soul, my more than God,
The star of heaven, to which through fire I trod,
And trembled not.—Thou'lt not forget me.—No,
'Twas love of thee first brought me to this woe ;

May'st thou be happy now when I'm away ;
 Alas, thou wilt not—old, and sad, and gray
 Has grown thy Spirit, once as roses bright ;
 Darkness has fallen upon thee ; cold and blight
 Have nipped thy soul ; and thou art pale and sad
 Even as poor I, but yet not wholly mad !
 Alas ! I did not think that love was this,
 That grief like ours should spring from what seemed
 bliss

Like heaven on earth—that *thou* shouldst still live on
 In speechless woe, and I be dead and gone ;
 But yet—Alas ! where runs my wandering brain ?
 I know not, but I writhe with grief and pain ;
 Here in my heart of hearts, where once I saw
 Thine image only as my rule and law.

* * * * *

Tinker.

Here I am, a jolly tinker,
 Travelling always, and a skinker
 Of full flagons. Maids and lasses,
 If you've any thing that passes
 Water through it, I will mend it,
 And from breakages defend it.
 Heigho ! the jolly tinker,
 Ever toper, never thinker.
 No one ever saw before
 A dead tinker in these regions ;
 We and donkeys never swore
 To the King of Styx allegiance.
 I'm the first that ever died. —
 Heigho ! the jolly tinker ;
 Yet I am not puffed with pride,
 Welcome, then, the flagon skinker.

Millionaire.

O Christ ! restore me to loved life once more ;
 I cannot bear the misery of this night.

My soul is maddened, tortured with despair.
 The splendid palaces, the bowing train,
 The tapestried rooms, with gold and silver bright,
 Mocking the glories of the sunny skies ;
 The marble wonders from Ausonia fair,
 The forest, garden, steed, and bower, and hall,
 And gems that might have formed a monarch's prize ;
 Women and gold—whatever sense, or sight,
 Or touch, or smell could covet, once were mine ;
 Restore me to them, thou whose hand benign
 Holds pardon ever for poor man. Lo ! all
 My treasures weep for me, and still my soul recall.

Mephistopheles.

Why, what a false and sneaking knave is this !
 He calls on Christ, who never gave a cent
 To Christ, a bit of bread or cup of water.
 Old Dives was a saint to this lewd sinner.

Charon.

Aye, let him howl ; 'twill exercise his lungs
 For the loud shouting which the flames of hell
 Will train him to within a little time.

Mephistopheles.

Can any wonder, when a wretch like this
 Is million-worshipped on the earth, that men
 Wise, noble-hearted, great, but poor in purse,
 Should grow, like the sage Greek Diagoras,
 Atheists, when they see such perjured cheats
 Prosper, get rich, and spend delightful days ?

Charon.

You're too severe, Sir, on this Christian age.

Mephistopheles.

Christian forsooth ! Why yes, it bears the name ;
 They laugh at the Pagans for the worship paid

Dumb wooden idols, things of clay and stone,
 And dross of mines ; such senseless image-worship
 Provokes contempt, while they themselves, good men,
 Illumed in spirit by the faith of Jesus,
 Nurtured in knowledge of the true Divine,
 Prostrate themselves, and prostitute their souls
 Daily to things of flesh and rottenness,
 God-Money, God-High Rank, God-Lust, God-Lies.

Charon.

Aye, sir, they rail at Judas, who sold Christ
 For thirty shillings, while the cozening knaves
 Sell Him and God each day for thirty pence.
 Had not the faith He founded been Heaven's truth,
 It ne'er could have sustained the shame and scandal
 Brought on it by its holy-robed professors.

Horatian.

*Mors et fugacem persequitur virum,
 Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
 Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.*

Lucretian.

*Licet quot vis vivendo vincere secla,
 Mors æterna tamen nihilominus illa manebit.*

Englishman.

Talk honest English, comrades, if you please,
 Not pedant.saws and sentences like these ;
 You, who quote Horace, sir, would aptlier say,
 In homely speech, *Death smites the runaway,
 Nor spares the faltering stripling's coward limbs ;*
 While you, who chant Lucretius' sibyl hymns,
 Might tell the mob, *Live long as e'er you will,
 Nathelesse eternal death awaits you still.*
 An atheist maxim, sir, which you and I,
 Who find we still exist, must needs deny.

Antiquary.

A dredging-net to drag the Styx would draw
 Rare wonders of old times to light. I wish
 My nurse had wrapped one round me when I died.

Charon.

What Acarnanian hog comes floundering on?

Glutton.

Venison, turtle, whitebait, punch,
 Turbot, pheasants, brawn, champagne,
 Gorgeous breakfast, dinner, lunch,
 Shall ye ne'er be mine again?
 Grapes, pines, puddings, strawberries, pears,
 Almonds, raisins, figs, and jelly,
 Lost for ever!—or my heir's;—
 Oh, my soul is racked with cares.—
 Would I ne'er had been but belly!

Hephistopheles.

This is a worthy visitor—a son
 Of Gryllus, the companion of Ulysses,
 Whom Circe changed into a sow, but who
 Refused to be restored to human shape,
 Preferring to high thoughts and noble feelings,
 The squalid indolence of a filthy pig.

Burgomaster.

What ho, there! clear the road; a man of rank
 And civic dignity sublime approaches.
 Vagrants, keep off; let none molest my path;
 Beware, I say; tremendous is my wrath.

Charon.

Know you this strutting alderman, my lord?

Aphistopheles.

I know him well ; he comes from Hardenburg,
 Where they elect their mayors shrewdly thus.
 On an appointed day the burghers sit
 Around a table ; each man bends his chin
 Well bearded on the edge ; a hungry louse
 Is placed exactly in the central point,
 And equidistant from the several beards ;
 Whatever beard the omniscient louse selects
 To burrow in, they choose its owner mayor ;
 Yon burgomaster was the last elected.—
 You smile incredulously—'tis a fact,
 And happens yearly just as I relate it.
 They choose as well as the wise men of London.

Charon.

Who is this knave with broad, square, brutal face,
 Eyes like a beast's, and fiendish smile that gloats
 On thoughts of blood, hypocrisy, and fraud ?

Aphistopheles.

A truly British judge, whose Stygian look,
 Dropsied by poison welling from his soul,
 Is but a faint reflection of the foul
 Cocytian passions of his black bad heart.
 Baron, come on, we've room for you with Scroggs.

Fine Lady.

A horrid place ! no mirrors, no fine balls,
 Ridottos, masques, amours, or theatres ;
 What could Jove mean by making such a hole ?
 O world of lace, cosmetics, and tight stays,
 Delightful scandals, exquisite intrigues,—
 I'd give a thousand years of Charon's realms
 For one dear day and night of gallantry.

Charon.

I rather like a woman when she sins
 In public ; she at least *one* virtue has,
 The virtue of sincerity : but Pluto
 Defend me from the sily-sinning dame ;
 Satan himself is not a match for her.

Liar.

I feel delighted since I came to hell ;
 I met the Decalogue upon my way
 (A portly gentleman like the Lord Mayor),
 Who told me I was sure of perfect bliss.
 He seems a very fine old hearty fellow,
 And shook me warmly by the hand, and swore
 That he would bring down Moses and Elias
 To sup with me, and drink a stoup of wine
 With old Sir Jonah Barrington, who lived
 For three days in the belly of a whale.

Child.

For six short years with gay and flower-like heart,
 The only joy of my fond mother's eyes ;
 Stern Death stepped in, and tore our souls apart,
 Heedless of her sweet prayers, or my sad cries.

Toper.

Oh, could I but barter my soul for a bottle
 Of brandy or gin, rum, whiskey, port, claret, or punch,
 I'd lose not a moment, but moisten my dearly-loved
 throatle,
 And give to Sir Cerberus body and spirit to munch.
 Ho—ho !

Moralist.

In all our actions life still passes on.
 We die, while doing that for which alone

Our life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing,
 Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast
 In idleness as in employment. Whether
 We play or labour, sleep or dance, or toil,
 Or lift our souls in high commune with God,
 The sun posts on, and the sand glides away.
 One hour of wickedness is just as long
 As one employed in virtue, but the difference
 Between them both is infinite indeed.
 The first is vicious waste, the last lays up
 Treasures of bliss for all eternity,
 Of which not Fate itself can rob the soul.
 The husbandman who sows, but is content
 To wait until he reaps, is like the man
 Who lays his goodness out, with certain hope
 That Heaven prepares him an abundant harvest,
 Which will a hundredfold repay his toil.

Tommy Twaddle (reading).

O'er the white urn that held the sacred heart
 Of great Isocrates of old was placed
 The marble image of a Syren, graced
 With all the loveliness of Grecian art.
 Emblem of eloquence, whose music sweet
 Won the whole world by its enchanting spells.
 Oh, with what type shall we our Tommy greet,
 What image shall portray the spirit that dwells
 Within his soul? An angel from the skies——

Charon.

Pooh, fool, how can you gabble in this guise?
 Self-praise like this is most offensive carrion.

Mephistopheles.

And therefore worthy of this Jackanapes,
 Once a most drunken Judge, half-louse, half-lawyer,
 Who crawled, and crawled, and crawled, until he
 wriggled

High on the bench, where common sense seemed tipsy,
 When she was represented by this fellow.
 The verses he repeats were written once
 By a young dreamer, who, like several others,
 Believed him noble; but who peeped within
 The dingy cellar where his soul lay stying,
 And found him worthless, envious, false, and mean.
 Thus is the lynx-eyed world deceived by rascals,
 Who strut upon the stage, and learn stage tricks.
 And thus most wisely Epictetus likened
 Fortune to a fine woman, who bestows
 Her choicest favours on her footmen. Look
 At yonder fellow, was he e'er designed
 By Destiny to be aught else than washer
 Of greasy plates, boot-cleaner, bottle-rinser?
 But fortune interposed, and changed the fates,
 And raised him to the board he should have wiped.
 By day and night the world's a monstrous show-box.

Lecher.

O God! the torturing madness of desire
 Raves in my blood, fires every burning vein,
 Leaps through my heart, and I am powerless.
 Annihilation—oh, annihilation!
 So spake expiring Hume, and wisely spake.
 Hurl it on me, thou torture-loving God.

Mephistopheles.

Women, the bait with which we devils catch
 The little vermin of the globe, mankind,
 Have sent this satyr to our grasping mesh.
 His very look must have profaned the chaste
 And virgin light of heaven whereon he gazed.

Stage-Manager.

Gaslight and lamps, and loose-clad ballet-girls,
 Would grace this theatre, which seems well-fitted

For melodrama, pirouettes, and twirls.
The stage is large enough for pimps and earls ;—
One might make money here if 'twere permitted.

Indian Slave.

To the same goal we hasten ; each in turn,
Sooner or later, from the fatal urn
Draws the blest lot that sends him to the tomb.
The eternal exile of the boat and stream,
Crowns the sad drama of that weeping dream,
Which seems too slow how fleet so e'er it spoom.

Generalissimo.

An excellent spot for ambuscades, methinks :
Gods ! what a beautiful defile is here.
I'd undertake, with but one staunch brigade,
To kill ten thousand of the foe with ease.

Assassin.

Hide thy diminished head, poor Venice ; hide
Thy brows, imperial Rome ;—thy colonnades
And sombre ruins ne'er possessed such fine
And tempting corners for stiletto work,
As in these beautiful nooks I see around.—
Oh, for a purse of gold, a man, and knife.

Princess.

Thank heaven, my tiresome husband is away ;
I'll have a love affair with Thetis' son,
Or brawny Hector, or the gallant swain
Who cornuted Atrides.—Doubtless they
Are in Elysium, and will be too glad
To revel in such beauteous arms as mine,
Till some of my own stalwart lovers come.

Courtesan.

Blest be the gods, thrice blest, sweet virgin Death,
The only friend the poor possess on earth ;

Gladly I seek the death-stream of repose,
Gladly I fly that worst of hells, the world.

Miser.

O Gold, my gold, sweet glittering musical gold,
Shall I indeed enclasp thee never more?
Never again those chests shall I behold,
Brighter than God himself with Indian ore?

Pauper.

Now that all my cares are fled,
And I'm numbered with the dead,
Merrily, merrily, all the day,
I will dance, and sing, and play.
Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily,
Dance, and sing, and laugh, and play.

Italian.

O Liberty, immortal child of heaven,
Once more I taste thy boundless blessings, freed
From chains, and Spielberg's dungeons, hell on earth;
And him, the devil-hearted Emperor Francis,
Who held me, like a beast immured from light,
From friends, home, parents, brethren, children, wife,
And the sweet commune with soul-charming books,
In solitary bondage, till I grew
A moping idiot, laughing, howling, weeping,
Cursing the God that gave me to the world,—
A brute in shape of man. And what my crime?
Murder—Theft—Blasphemy—Adultery? No;
My crime was Virtue.—Can there be a crime
More odious in the eyes of tyrants? Mine
Was vicious in the extreme. I loved the land
That gave me birth, the land of fatal beauty,
My Paradise, mine own fair Italy,
The Vesper-Star amid the world of nations,
That gaze but feel not. With a holy love

I felt her like a passion in my brain,
 And laboured for her freedom from his gripe
 Remorseless, like the Arch-Fiend's on a soul
 Innocent, beauteous, young, but weak and frail ;
 I lost—he conquered—chained me—I am here ;—
 O God eternal, free my much-wronged land !

Irishman.

I too am of an isle whose emerald plains
 Have been thrice wet with heroic blood of men
 Who loved her, as Christ loved mankind, to death.
 The scaffold, dungeon, gibbet, gyve and stake,
 Have not subdued us, nor our holy hate
 Of the oppressor. Grant, omnipotent God,
 The day arrive, when, armed from head to heel,
 Her sons may rise, and, like the princely lion
 Of Judah's fold, go forth and crush the head
 Of the Old Serpent in whose coil she writhes.

Hungarian.

God of the warriors of Arpad, look
 Upon thy servant, from thy throne of stars,
 Who humbly owns the omnipotence of thy love :
 And, as I died for mine own noble land
 By rack and steel, have mercy on me, God,
 Whose sun is radiant o'er the earth that holds
 The bones of my heroic brethren fallen
 In fight for Hungary. The blue heavens are smiling
 Above the fields red with the sacred blood
 Of us and of our fathers ; send, O Lord,
 Thy genial rays, that flowers divine may spring
 From that all-hallowed stream, too grand to flow
 In mere corruption. Holy drops like these
 Sanctify earth, and purge it of all sin ;—
 O God, great Father of my father, God
 Of Heaven, of Earth, and of the Sea, I ask Thee
 Mercy for thy frail servant in the flesh ;
 But, oh, whate'er the fate ordained for me,

Show down thy light upon my land beloved,
That she may rise and take her stand once more,
A Queen amid the nations of the world !

Pol.

Mercy for Poland, with my dying breath
I cried, but stern revenge upon the hands
That tore her beauties piecemeal ! Here in Hell
If they be prisoned, send me too to Hell,
Omnipotent Ruler of the Universe !
Set me but face to face and hand to hand
With Russian, Austrian, Prussian ; my revenge
Shall be so great, I ask no other heaven.

Charon.

Silence, we do not suffer roistering here ;—
Here comes a grave and stately gentleman.

Alephistopheles.

One of those things they call Philosophers,
Wise in their speeches, fools in very deed,
Like noodle Anaxagoras, who preferred
A grain of wisdom to a ton of gold :
Or that old numskull Chrysippus the Wise,
Who held that fathers should espouse their daughters,
And the cold bodies of the dead be eaten
In place of being buried. He it was
Who died of laughter when he saw an ass
Eating ripe peaches from a silver plate.
At eighty years the sage should have known better.

Charon.

When Cicero was crossing here, the fellow
Said one good thing, while whining o'er his head,
Which he brought with him in a greasy napkin :
Nihil tam absurdè dici potest,
Quod non dicatur ab aliquo philosophorum.
Since such are wise men, I will mate with fools.

Philosopher.

Heaven, how I thank thee for this boon divine
Of death, that frees me from the chains of life,
And sends my spirit like an eagle forth,
To soar into stupendous worlds, with gaze
Fixed steadfastly upon the sun of Truth.
How have I prayed for this eternal change,
At morn, at noon, and in the silent night,
When my thoughts wandered to the burning stars,
And I grew purer, nobler, better, wiser,
By gazing on them, till my spirit leapt
In fancy up, and walked amid their light.
Freedom—the boundless freedom of the mind
Henceforth is mine for ever, and I live
With those whose souls were my soul's worshipped idols;
Socrates, Shakspeare, Plato, Dante—all
Who trod the earth like gods, to make men gods.
Eternity of Rapture, to behold
Their spirits daily, hourly, wandering free
Beneath the ambrosial heaven, and in the scenes
That make Elysium rival Paradise;
Beauty, repose, light, music, perfume, joy.
Reverently bent to catch from their bright lips
The words of wisdom, virtue, faith, and truth,
That lift their natures almost up to God's.
The jarring strife that forms the daily world
Of man, his bickerings, passions, vices, crimes,
Removed for ever from my aching sight,
Were bliss itself;—but commune such as this,
With the sublimest souls that earth e'er saw,
Makes my soul drunk with rapture, and I feel
All heaven within the sphere of my glad thought.

Mephistopheles.

I know that fellow, Charon, very well;

He passed his life in reading and in moping :
I tempted him for several years in vain.

Charon.

These bookmen seldom fall into your nets,
Unless, like your stout friend there, they abjure
The priesthood Nature gave them, and fall down
Before the grinning idols, Wealth and Power.

Mephistopheles.

Well, it is pleasant when they *do* recant,
And worship me as George Buchanan worshipped.
There is a famous English bard at present,
My Poet Laureate, whom you'll see some day
Snug in the Hell of Arch-Apostacy,
With several of his brethren. Who comes here ?

Priest.

A reverend priest ; I died in sanctity ;
St. Paul himself is not more sure of bliss.

Charon.

I'm glad to hear it, holy sir ; I hope
You were most tolerant to your erring brother.

Priest.

I should indeed despair, sir, if I thought
That those who held a different creed from mine
Had any chance of mercy ; *my* religion
Alone is right, all others damned deceits.

Mephistopheles.

Charon, for *my* sake let that spirit pass ;
I find from what he says that he is mine.

Charon.

'Tis very true,—he bears your lordship's badge.

Boat.

For Pluto's sake, old master mine,
 Take in no more, my sides are cracking ;
 My bottom's breaking, and the brine
 Of Styx my way-worn ribs is racking.
 I'd not complain if 'twere good wine,
 But this stale bilge is worse than blacking.
 I've several thousand souls on board,
 Who'll sink me to the river's bottom ;
 I ne'er before conveyed a horde
 Of souls so very foul—Od rot 'em.

Charon.

Be quiet, Baris, you must bear
 The burden meekly ; this great lord
 Must cross, although, upon my word,
 I scarce can stow him anywhere.

Mephistopheles.

Oh, as for me, I easily can pass ;
 My friend here was a worshipper of kings,
 And will not like perhaps to sit astride
 That mighty monarch's shoulders ; but I see
 No other place for him in your well-crammed boat.

King.

What ! that old brawny fellow sit on me !

Hangman.

Be silent, friend, or you shall taste this cat ;
 It has not nine tails, but 'twill make you smart.

Charon.

I really don't see how the man can cross.
 Hilloa, are you dumb ?

Mephistopheles.

He's paralysed with fear.

Charon.

Well then we'll keel-haul him across ; there is
No other way.

Mephistopheles.

No, Charon, that won't do ;
Keel-haul this priest,—the fellow's greasy paunch
Usurps the place of two, and this my friend
Was in his time a very noted man,
And even in death more worthy than this guts.

Charon.

Your lordship's wish is mine ; the priest is gone—
I've pitched him overboard, and tied him neck
And heels to the helm ; there's space now for your
friend.—

But who is here ? What beautiful Shape is this ?

Mephistopheles.

This is the spirit of his earliest love,
Whom he forgot, despised, and wronged, but who
Comes even now from Heaven to plead for him.
We'll have a merry trial, Master Charon.
See, she is there already—the grim Judge
Grows genial in her presence. Row away,
We have no time to lose. How very bad
This river smells—our priest has made it worse.

Charon.

The fellow will look sulky by the time
We get to shore.

Mephistopheles.

But where's your pretty troop
Of choristers, who warble from the slime
Of Styx ?—I mean the frogs.

Charon.

Oop, oop, oop, oop !

Frogs.

Brekekekex, coäx, coäx!
 Brekekekex, coäx, coäx!
 O Father Charon, to your call
 Your children come, and croak and squall;
 We heard your "oop" in the innermost marsh,
 And here we are with our screamings harsh.

Coäx, coäx.

Swimming in millions around your boat,
 Each in his speckled brown great coat;
 With lantern jaws, and shining eyes,
 And purse-like mouth that gapes for flies.

Coäx, coäx.

Mephistopheles.

O musical children of the lake,
 Ye speak as if 'twere an angel spake.
 Come, let me rub your beautiful backs,
 As soft as velvet, or the rose
 Of light that in purple Pæstum glows;—
 Oh, once again your warblings wake.

Frogs.

Brekekekex, coäx, coäx,
 Brekekekex, coäx, coäx.

Charon.

The strain, methinks, is smooth as flax.

Mephistopheles.

Talk of the Cherubim that play
 Their harps in heaven's symposiacs,
 They never poured forth such a lovely lay.

Frogs.

Brekekekex, coäx, coäx.

Mephistopheles.

Prate of Apollo's enchanting lute,
The booby who did were an ass-eared brute ;
Its notes compared with these were clacks.

Frogs.

Brekekekex, coäx, coäx.

Mephistopheles.

Orpheus was skilled in the harp 'tis true,
The minstrel had three or four knowing knacks,
But he never could wake such hymns as *you*.

Frogs.

Brekekekex, coäx, coäx.

Mephistopheles.

The lyre of David was certainly sweet,
And preserved King Saul from the fiend's attacks,
But it never gave *me* such an exquisite treat.

Frogs.

Brekekekex, coäx, coäx.

Mephistopheles.

When Arion escaped on the dolphin's tails,
By the force of song from the thievish packs,
Compared with these, his were ganders' cacks,
Rivalling gold-necked nightingales.
From Adam to Pilate and Marshal Saxe,
Such notes were never heard save from quails.

Frogs.

Brekekekex, coäx, coäx,
Brekekekex, coäx, coäx,
Our voices are exquisite, soft and clear,
Our songs are melody—these are facts :

To Phœbus, the Nine, and the Seraphim dear—
Brekekekex, coäx, coäx.

King.

This horrible croaking makes me sick.

Hangman.

If you whine any more, you shall feel some whacks
Of my one-tailed cat—take *that*, my chick.

Frogs.

Brekekekex, coäx, coäx.

Ballad-writer.

Good Gods! I never heard noise like this;
'Tis worse than a drake's discordant quacks.

Mephistopheles.

'Tis sweeter than airs from the Land of Bliss.

Frogs.

Brekekekex, coäx, coäx.

Several Ghosts.

O Charon—Charon—spare us, Charon!

Charon.

Silence, you critical Jills and Jacks.

Several Ghosts.

This grunt, like a bag-piper's wheezing, makes us—

Frogs.

Brekekekex, coäx, coäx.

Mephistopheles.

Ah, me! the beautiful beasts are going;
Won't they swim to these billowy tracks?—
Back to their marshes see them rowing.

Frogs.

Brekekekex, coäx, coäx.

Ballad-writer.

Would we could hear the music of a nightingale,
After this horrid hubbub.

Charon.

Do you wish it?
Warble, my pretty poet of the woodlands.

Nightingale.

Tiouou, Tiouou, Tiouou, Tiouou.

Shpe, tiou, tokou,

Tio, Tio, Tio, Tio,

Kououtio, Kououtio, Kououtio, Kououtio,

Tso, Tso, Tso, Tso, Tso, Tso, Tso, Tso, Tso, Tso,
Tso, Tso

Tsisi si, Tosi si, si, si, si, si, si, si.

Tsatn, Tsatn, Tsatn, Tsatn, Tsatn, Tsatn, Tsatn

Dlo, dlo, dlo, dla, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo.

Kouioo trrrrrrrrtzt.

Lu, lu, lu, Ly, ly, ly, Li, li, li, li.

Kouio didl li loulyli.

Ha guour, guour, koui, kouio,

Kouio, Kououi, Kououi, Kououi, Koui, Koui, Koui,
Koui.

Ghi, Ghi, Ghi.

Gholl, Gholl, Gholl, Gholl, Ghia, hududoï,

Hets, hets, hets, hets, hets, hets, hets, hets, hets,

Hets, hets, hets, hets.

Tourrho hostehoi,

Kouia, kouia, kouia, kouia, kouia, kouia, kouia,

Kouiatl!

Ballad-writer.

What, sir, is this the angel of the night?
Your name is Merry, sure you're jesting with us.

Charon.

Merry!—I ne'er was graver in my life :
 If you wont credit me, consult Herr Bechstein
 The well known ornithologist, who'll swear
 By Styx, if you like, they're Philomela's notes.

Voices (from the River).

Mercy, Gods, forgiveness, pity,
 Unto us who writhe and shiver
 Buried in this noisome river,
 Dark and deep and fiery-burning,
 Rolling in its waves of flame,
 That our secret sins proclaim :—
 Still we sigh for that Blest City,
 From its shores our spirits spurning.—
 Mercy, Gods, forgiveness, pity.

The Angel.

Ye are doomed and damned for ever !
 Down, Seducer, Drunkard, Glutton,
 Ye who revelled in the waters
 Foul of your own beastly passions,
 Tempting virgins to destruction ;
 Purchasing a moment's pleasure
 By a maid's undying anguish ;
 Giving up your souls to brutish
 Lusts and longings that debased it
 Lower than the lowest creatures,
 Toad or viper ; dare ye murmur ?
 Dare ye hope to reach that City
 Where the pure and sunny-hearted
 Only enter ? Never—never !

Voices (on the River).

Mercy, Gods, forgiveness, pity,
 Unto us who float in terror
 On this river's frightful mirror ;
 Where we read, in lightning written,

The black pictures of our vices,
 Till we groan with anguish smitten.
 Still we look to yon Blest City,
 Which in rainbow grandeur rises,
 Where our souls may never dwell.
 Mercy, Gods, forgiveness, pity !

The Angel.

Ye are doomed and damned for ever,
 Weavers of deep schemes, and artists
 Of deceits and frauds and ruins.
 Lo !—while tossed upon these waters,
 Black and deadly as the plottings
 Which in life employed your spirits,
 Ye behold the horrid symbols
 Of that wickedness so fearful,
 Which seemed then all clean and honest.
 Dare ye hope to reach that City,
 Where the crystal-hearted only
 Knock and enter ?—Never—never !

Voices.

Mercy, Gods, forgiveness, pity,
 Tortured phantoms of these waters,
 Oh, condemn us not for ever.

The Angel.

Ye are Hell's own sons and daughters,
 Exiled from that Holy City
 By your crimes—Hope—never, never !

HYMN OF THE LOST SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

Pilgrims of life are we !
 We have trodden our toilsome path through tears,
 We have walked amid thorns and flowers ;
 We have lived in a world of hopes and fears,
 Bleak wilds and beautiful bowers.
 Misery, oh, misery !

Impassioned desires and dreams,
 And the paradise-glimpses of bliss,
 Were ours, for an instant ours ;
 Who thought of no night like this.
 But they faded away like the fabled streams
 Of the desert, and mocked us with falsest gleams ;
 And we woke to wander thus hand in hand
 In the Still and Shadowy Land.

Misery, oh, misery !
 Sorrowing Pilgrims of Life are we,
 Who flit by this gloomy shore,
 Despairing, like one on a boundless sea,
 Without helm, or sail, or oar.
 Darkness, cloud, and terror
 Still hang o'er these solemn isles,
 On whose misty coasts the gliding ghosts
 Still dream of the past and gone,
 Dreaming and dreaming on,
 In a night that sees no day,
 To illumine its horror with smiles,
 But is darkness still away.
 Ever we wander,
 Ever we ponder,
 Cursing the madness that tempted astray.
 No sunlight to gladden our eyes,
 No rose to delight with its breath ;
 No lute to wake with its silver sighs
 The thoughts that are lulled by death.

Misery, oh, misery !
 Sunshine and garden and dulcet strain,
 Oh, shall ye never be ours again ?
 Sparkling goblet and violet band,
 Smile ye not here in the Shadowy Land ?

No ; Beauty and Bliss have fled
 From the Pilgrims of Life, alas !
 Like the shapes in a wizard's glass

O'er the cold hard souls of the Dead.
 Bright thoughts of their bygone pleasures pass,
 Till Despair effaces
 The rosy traces,
 As lightning withers the vernal grass ;
 And sorrow and darkness reign
 In our silent souls for ever,
 That wildly desire to regain
 What the Destinies yield them never.
 And we wander about, like accursed and banned,
 In the Dark and Silent Land !

Pilgrims of Life are we,
 But sons of Eternal Night ;
 The Future that looms in the distance afar
 Of remotest times and ages opes
 No heavenly vista of cheering hopes,
 That a day may come when the stain and blight
 That darken us now, oh, misery !
 May vanish, and each shine out like the Star
 Of Morning washed in the emerald sea.
 No—no,
 Woe ! Woe !
 We are Despair's
 Unhoping heirs ;
 Souls of the Dead for ever lost,
 On our own anguish tempest-tossed,
 Cursing the ever existing flames
 Of God's great essence that glow within,
 Bearing wherever we go hot Shame's
 Deep-set brands as the Sons of Sin.
 Oh—oh,
 Woe ! woe !
 Ever and ever we wander wailing,
 Such is the just Divine Command ;
 Grief for the Past is unavailing,
 When we are once in the Shadowy Land.

Mephistopheles.

This river Styx is like the Thames at London,
 That every day grows dirtier and more stinking.
 Quick, Charon—lose no time—row quick, and quicker,
 I feel inclined to faint, my pulse is sinking.
 Oh, that I had a flask of strongest liquor,
 Such as they sell at Auerbach's in Leipsic,
 Which many a time has saved me from being gripe-sick.
 Row on, you rogue.—Why, Charon, you seem thinking,
 Rapt in a reverie—a thing uncommon
 In one of your hard nerves.

Charon.

I don't deny it.

Do you remember to have seen a Phantom,
 Lovely and young, beside the river weeping,
 As we put off from shore?

Mephistopheles.

I recollect her,

She seemed a very charming sort of spectre ;
 She sought the boat, and for a time stood by it,
 But did not enter.

Charon.

Does your Highness know her ?

Mephistopheles.

I cannot say I do ; she moved me greatly,
 A thing that's rarely done by any woman.
 Seldom indeed I've seen such sweet eyes steeping
 Their starry light in tears that spake more sadness.
 Deep must have been the grief could thus affect her.

Ballad-writer.

I think I know the story of her madness.

Charon.

Do you, Sir Minstrel?—tell it.

Ballad-writer.

Sir, with pleasure,
 'Twill entertain us on our gloomy voyage ;
 And yet it is a tale of truth and sorrow
 Might make the stoniest-hearted melt in pity ;
 For she was stung to death by a base viper,
 Whose name was something like the river Jordan.

Charon.

Out with it, quick—we want no further prologue ;
 And if it pleases me, I'll speak to Minos
 To overlook the fact that you're a Poet ;
 For that alone in these discerning regions
 Is proof presumptive that you are a knave,
 And well deserve damnation sevenfold.

Ballad-writer.

Nay, sir, but why condemn all poets thus ?
 Poets are God's interpreters on earth.
 They soar aloft as if on angels' wings,
 They bring us tidings of eternal things ;
 They mould our souls to beauty, goodness, truth,
 And train them for their new ethereal birth
 In that star-world where dwells unfading youth.
 Dreamers of dreams, divine and pictured scenes
 Of heroes, love, the knightly sword, the lance,
 Sports in the greenwood, faërie, ladies fair,
 Enchantment, sylvans ; all that Queen Romance
 In olden tomes of legends rich and rare
 With rainbow pencil paints, the Poet gleans.
 Whate'er with skilful hand the Bard portrays,
 Forth like quick life, the perfect pictures stand,—
 Genius that gifts and guides his well-trained hand
 In all her splendid hues each scene arrays.
 Angels themselves attend his high career,

Prompting him ever thus.—Awake, arise !
 Evoke the voice of song, that sleeping lies
 In the gold lute, and charm heart, spirit, soul, and ear.

Charon.

Do they indeed ? I never knew an instance ;
 You'll find it rather hard to humbug Minos.
 He hates all poets, as they say the Devil
 Hates holy water—nathelasse I'll befriend you,
 And save you from some years of Purgatory,
 Provided what you tell is worth the hearing.

Mephistopheles.

Nay, we can't hear this nonsense, 'twere a bore
 As bad as Druso's, the rich stupid poet
 Who forced his debtors when they could not pay him
 To hear and praise his tedious compositions.

Charon.

Pardon me, my good lord, the way is long,
 The journey melancholy, and this fool
 Will joyously buffoon the weary hour,
 Provoking laughter at himself or theme.

Ballad-writer.

Most humbly, sir, I thank you for your kindness,
 And thus commence the Story of the Ladye,
 Whose name was no true omen of her life.

STORY OF THE LADYE.

There late lived One, a fair and wondrous creature,
 A being all enchantment, from whose soul
 Flashed such a beam as lighted up each feature
 With mind's pure essence ; like the stars that roll
 Over the heaven when the solemn stole
 Of night hath wrapped it. She was young and fair,
 And in her heart, like some white virgin-scroll,

Dwelt nymphal Innocence ; and still where'er
 She turned Delight was near, and round her, like the
 air.

'Twas said the Muses danced about her cradle,
 And played on their gold harps their sweetest lays ;
 Apollo fed her from a diamond ladle,
 While Love stood by, and fixed his rosy gaze
 Right on the Infant slumbering in the blaze
 Of glittering sunshine and Hymettian flowers ;
 And, oh, be mine the welcome task, he says,
 To watch and tend this crescent born for hours
 Of love, and innocent joy, and blest Idalian bowers.

Venus herself came down from heaven, and brought her
 The charm-conferring cestus that she wore ;
 And take, she says, this magic gift, my daughter ;
 Take it, and all who see thee shall adore ;
 The sleeper's marble limbs she bound it o'er,
 Till, like a sunbeam in a shady place,
 Or Hesper imaged on the glassy floor
 Of the broad ocean, when the sky's embrace
 Hath veiled the Moon, appeared the Infant's form and
 face.

The Mountain-nymphs, the Fauns and Dryades,
 Zoneless and golden-sandalled, and rose-crowned,
 The blue-eyed train of Thetis from the seas,
 The white-armed Naiads, with their locks unbound
 And rustling in the Zephyrs, flocked around ;
 And silver-shafted Dian from the plains
 And leafy valleys where the streams resound
 Brought her bright nymphs — those beauty-breathing
 trains,
 While sweet Euterpè played, and Phœbus sang his
 strains.

And flower-encinctured Dreams, and Visions golden,
 With stars for eyes, and lips more red than rose,

Such as from high Olympus to the olden
 And god-like Poets, wandered to disclose
 The thought divine, whose burning splendour glows
 Still in their songs; all these were there, beside
 The woodland bed whereon, in soft repose,
 Reclined this favoured babe, her thoughts to guide
 Up to the heavenly homes to which she was allied.

Beside her stood the snowy-bosomed Graces
 With arms enwreathed, and smiled upon her sleep;
 While Faunus made a thousand gay grimaces,
 And wild with mirthfulness was seen to leap.
 Meanwhile the Infant on a fragrant heap
 Of violets, roses, and green eglantine,
 Slumbered as in some dream radiant and deep,
 And ever and anon, like sweet sunshine,
 A laugh lit up her face, which seemed indeed divine.

And light-winged birds, and humming honey-bees,
 And wandering echoes catching all sweet sounds;
 And flowers and fruits are there, and emerald trees,
 Olive and myrtle on their grassy mounds;
 A babbling stream from rock to rock that bounds,
 Making delicious music in its way;
 An atmosphere like perfume, that surrounds
 This sacred spot; an ever-living ray
 Of heavenly light dwells there, and changes night to
 day.

Thus passed her infancy, 'mid happy scenes,
 Companionship divine, and sweet delight;
 Years roll on year, and girlhood intervenes;
 And then the Woman steps serene and bright
 Forth to the world, nor dreams of aught to blight
 The blissful visions that her youth beheld:
 A voice came down from heaven—Belovèd, write
 The things that thou hast seen and known of eld;—
 Then proudly flashed her eye; her beauteous bosom
 swelled.

And then she did obey the great behest,—
 This heaven-eyed Ladye touched her sounding lyre ;
 Songs flow like sunbeams from her throbbing breast,
 While her looks glisten with celestial fire ;
 Lo! with what ecstasy her tones inspire
 The hearts of old and young ; how sweetly fall
 The swanlike harmonies that never tire,
 The breathing words and burning thoughts that all
 Who stand within their spell, like magic straight enthal.

Her soul was Music's temple ; it was filled
 With all ethereal, all enchanting lore,
 With dazzling thoughts and pure, as if distilled
 From morning sunshine : still and evermore
 Her spirit mused on deeds and days of yore ;
 Goodness and gentleness their starry veil
 Of brightness round her threw ; like golden ore
 Her eloquent discourse, or like the gale
 That blows o'er groves of spice, and bids their sweets
 exhale.

And to this soul was given a fairy form,
 Fawnlike in lightness! fawnlike were her eyes ;
 A beauteous rainbow shining in a storm ;
 A star that glitters in tempestuous skies
 Could scarcely win more wonder and surprise
 Than this fair Woman in a stormy world,
 Still in her own pure radiance ; Frauds and Lies
 Came forth like toads, and their vile venom hurled,
 Still like a Star she shone, with light undimmed,
 unfurl'd.

The faërie-dreaming Painter from whose hand
 Falls splendour, poesy, and breath, and thought,
 The Bright, Sublime, the Beautiful, the Grand,
 Into his canvass like quick life enwrought,
 Came, and unto her shrine his offering brought ;
 The Scholar skilled in many an ancient tongue
 With reverent feet her classic altar sought ;

The Northern Minstrel his wild garland hung
Above her head, and wept, while sadly still she sung.

And hers were songs of other scenes and lands—
The Golden Violet, the Chivalric Vow,
Proud knights and frowning forts and armoured bands
And kings and empires, all departed now ;
Till Glory came, and o'er her laurelled brow
Shed rays immortal ; and the wondering throng,
The Wise, the Virtuous, and the Great that bow
Before the priestess of so sweet a song
Her praises like wild echoes still and still prolong.

And love was in her hymns, undying love,
Spirit and heart-absorbing, passionate, wild ;
Such as Immortals feel in realms above,
Such as on earth, alas ! but seldom smiled.
In dreams like these her lone hours she beguiled ;
For sorrow dwelt within her soul, and when
Her laugh, like the clear laughter of a child,
Was loudest and most silvery, even then
A cloud came o'er her thoughts, and made her weep
again.

Much had she struggled from her ripening years,
With the cold world and worldly wants and cares ;
Her path to fame had been a path through tears,
The flowers that round her grew were choked with
tares :
But Genius never falters or despairs ;
But like a King wends onward in its march ;
Immortal lightnings in its hand it bears,
Seas that oppose, or deserts wild that parch,
It braves, and wins at length triumphal bust and arch.

And it was so with her ; the world that first
Hailed her with welcome and delight and praise,
Now frowned upon her ; like hot thunder burst

Its angry voice, while sadness and amaze
 Consumed that heaven-eyed Ladye many days ;
 Her soul, her clear bright soul must never more
 Shine out in all its primal strength and blaze ;
 Never again shall pass from her heart's core
 The vulture Grief that now her inmost vitals tore.

For there was one on whom that Ladye's smile
 Of innocence had fallen. O wretch accurst
 Of God and Man ; hell-doomed—thou viper vile,
 Spawned from foul poison, on foul poison nurst !
 The chasms of hell that for thy carcass thirst
 Never before received, nor ever again,
 Shall they receive within them, since their first
 Pale, cowardly tenant, murder-spotted Cain,
 A baser, bloodier wretch—well matched the miscreant
 twain.

With glozing tongue, true copy of Iscariot,
 This lewd and cogging villain, like a fiend
 Whispered away her fame ; on foot, in chariot,
 On wingèd steed, the festering falsehood gleaned
 From his foul lips and heart with lies obscenèd,
 Rushed through the multitude, from one to one,
 And thence to thousands ; at its outset screened
 In secresy, and seeming light to shun,
 It grew apace, and then—the heaven-eyed was undone.

Oh, weep ! oh, weep ! the sharp envenomed shaft
 Of vilest slander hath been foully shot :
 A wound whereat the very devils laughed,
 To see their latest child in hell begot
 So deftly weave and wind his fiendlike plot ;
 The caves of Erebus resound with glee ;
 The triple-headed dog to bark forgot,
 And thought a pleasant thought in his heads three :
 This is a man indeed after mine heart, quoth he.

Oh, weep! oh, weep! oh, what a wound was there!
 The graceful, glorious creature sits and weeps;
 Ah me! that grief should torture one so fair;
 She hath sown beauty, blight and death she reaps:
 She sits alone and lonely; Sorrow steps
 Her spirit-lighted eyes in briny tears;
 Her breaking heart its maddened vigil keeps:—
 This honest world believes whate'er it hears,
 Except the truth; it hails the lie that blasts and sears.

Her heart is broken—time and tide move on;
 The slander lives, the slanderer is gay;
 Pining alone still sits that weeping one,
 Her heart is broken now; to dust and clay
 All her bright hopes are turned; her hair is grey:
 Oh, weep! oh, weep! sweet Heaven, to see thine own
 Thus done to death by boasts and lies that slay;
 All her fair hopes to madness turned or flown,
 Her rose-like beauty crushed ere it was fully blown.

Where are her gentle dreamings? gone for ever!
 Her innocent hopes and wishes? gone, all gone!
 A rainbow imaged on a crystal river
 Was not more frail—it shines—and now *has* shone.
 Present and Past seem blended into one,
 So quickly faded happiness away:
 Such is thy life, poor walking skeleton
 That callest thyself Man. Alas the day!
 And thou wilt smile, and wed, and war, and kill, and sway.

And years roll on, and she hath given her hand
 To one who wooed her; but no heart she gave;
 Her heart was dead within her; her own land
 She leaves, and o'er the dark and boiling wave,
 To where Lionè's crags the ocean brave,
 The heaven-eyed Ladye goes—three short months pass,
 And she is sleeping in her lonely grave;

And there are tales abroad—the poisoned glass,
And wild revenge, and hate, and scorn, and death—alas!

She sleeps on Afric's shore; the purple billow
Dashes its crest beneath her silent tomb;
And the bright stars smile o'er her earthly pillow;
But no fresh flowers about her bud or bloom;
No rose from her own land sheds sweet perfume
Over her mouldering beauty; all is bare,
Arid, and tinged with some funereal gloom,
Like her own dark career of grief and care;—
Sad fate reserved for one so innocent and fair.

The wandering night winds o'er her head that blow
Make mournful music like a spirit's wail;
Alas! to the bright heart that sleeps below
How little can such requiem avail!
Many have wept who hear her tragic tale,
And thousands yet unborn for her will weep;
The eyes drop tears, the cheek grows ashy pale,
And icy shudderings o'er the spirit creep—
Who sent her beaming youth to its eternal sleep?

Thou, Murderer, 'twas thine envenomed lips;—
Thou by thy villainous falsehoods didst the deed;
To *thee* we owe this beauteous star's eclipse;
'Twas *thou* who mad'st her heart and spirit bleed;
Suffer for it thou shalt, thou and thy seed
Unto all generations; like red flame
The memory of the Dead shall leap and feed
About thy slanderous spirit, and thy name
Become to after-times the synonyme of Shame.

O thou Eternal God, in thunder throned,
Look down from heaven, and with thy vengeful wrath
Pursue this leprous villain—cursed, disowned,
And howling let him die; make smooth his path
To flame eternal; if he daughters hath,

Let Infamy and Want sit by them ever ;
 Plunge them accursed into the fiery bath
 Prepared for Satan and their sire ; and sever
 Their triple serpent-spirits never, never, never.

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SCENE XIII.

PHLEGETHON.

*An impenetrable gloom. WILL-O'-THE-WISP rises, and, after some fantastic flutters in the air, sings.*

Helter-skelter, how they're running,  
 Devils cruel, old, and cunning,  
 Headlong down the banks of Styx to Charon's vasty  
 barge ;  
 Like wing-footèd English racers,  
 Like wind-pinioned steeple-chasers.  
 Why does Minos let such wicked demons run at large ?  
 Up, Will-o'-the-Wisp !  
 From your dense morass,  
 And see the pageant  
 Of Pluto pass.  
 Up, Will-o'-the-Wisp !  
 In your flickering dance,  
 And light my lords  
 O'er the air's expanse.  
 Chamos, Moloch, Adramelech,  
 Arza, Meni, Anamelech,  
 Nergal, Orimasda, Rimmon, Remphan, Thartak, Baal,  
 Asteroth, Esch, Saturninus,  
 Asdod, Dagon, Nechustinus,  
 Chunos, Benoth, Draco, Chium whirling on the gale.  
 Some on steeds of fleetness borne,  
 Which they rein with brazen bridles ;

Some on cars like sunbright morn,  
Painted with exulting idols.  
Some with heads of sheep or peacocks,  
Some like wild goats, some like mules,  
Some like horses, griffins, pheasants,  
All like knaves, and none like fools.  
These are they whom Greeks, Sidonians,  
Persians, Medes, Philistines, Jews,  
Ammonites, and Babylonians,  
Worshipped in their holy stews.  
Here are Succubi—grey women ;  
Incubi, like satyrs, riding  
On red foxes, otters, badgers.—  
Here the Lemures are striding  
Through a roar that drowns the roaring  
Of the wildest hurricane,  
When it lashes the vexed main  
And the waters loud are snoring.  
See, Bellona fight-rejoicing,  
    Heaver of the glowing thunder ;  
Whirling on three azure dragons,  
    How she cleaves the clouds asunder.  
Frown the skies with mighty winter,  
    And the elements with wonder.  
Hell seems shrinking back in fright ;  
    Lo ! Abaddon, saffron-mantled,  
    Gnashing loudly like a tiger,  
Driven from the field of fight.  
Spirits, waving brazen bucklers,  
Ride in thunder, on black eagles,  
Mighty-taloned and snake-braided,  
Followed fast by Hell's red beagles,  
Python, Beelzebub, Belial,  
    Mounted on fire-breathing coursers ;  
    Sin-delighters, truth-efforcers,  
Bearing bale in many a vial ;  
Ploughing through the boundless ocean

Of vain phantoms, which are shrieking  
Curses born of mad emotion.—

Mark sly Maimon softly sneaking,  
Like a sycophant and traitor,  
Vulture-footed, reptile-eyed ;

Wrapping up his narrow shoulders  
In a panther's spotted hide.  
Yet his soul is like a crater

Of hot hate to all beholders ;  
Even the devils turn aside.

Here's Canopus and Næapus ;

Here's one rides an unicorn,

Lifting up his giant horn

With a laugh of snorting scorn.

Who is he? It is Priapus,

Brandishing a forky trident,

While he goads the monster strident.

Hollow-sounding winds rush after,

Curses, groanings, mocking laughter,

Blood-red thunder, deep-toned lightning ;

Croaking ravens, chilling showers,

Iron mist that grimly lowers ;

Ignes-Fatui still brightening

Hell with gleams that make it dimmer,

So terrific their pale glimmer.

And the stars their light have hidden,

Like young stag-hounds, beaten, chidden ;

And the planets have grown pale,

Muffling up their heads in shade.—

Ah!—by Styx, The Renegade

Comes himself, upon a whale,

After his confused brigade.

Horror follows,

Fury hollas,

While her Titan torches swale.

And the fierce Lucifugi

In the rattling midnight fly.

Owls and vultures, spectre-faced,  
 Sweep along in clouds coal-black,  
 And grey-pinioned, witch-like foxes  
 Bark in chorus pick-a-pack.  
 Helter-skelter—how they hurry  
 To give welcome to the ghosts!  
 Won't the strangers feel a flurry  
 When they land upon our coasts?  
 Greetings such as these will give them  
 Will do aught but stir up mirth;  
 Yet they were, and I believe them,  
 Their best friends upon the earth.



#### SCENE XIV.

#### THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

CHATTERTON *under a beautiful tree, playing on a golden lyre,  
 and singing.*

I dreamed a dream  
 As fair—as bright—  
 As the star's soft gleam,  
 Or eyes of light.  
 At the midnight hour  
 The Queen of Love,  
 From her faërie bower  
 Of smiles above,  
 With Cupid came,  
 And with grace divine  
 Kissed me, and whispered,  
 "Henceforth be thine  
 This little child  
 Whom I bring thee here,  
 A willing pupil  
 To minstrels dear.



Teach him to sing  
The strains thou hast sung ;  
Like a bird of spring  
O'er its callow young.”  
She vanished in light,—  
That witching one,—  
Like a meteor of night,  
That shines and is gone.  
The Sprite of the skies  
Remained by me,  
His deep blue eyes  
Radiant with glee.  
His looks were bright  
As roses wreathèd ;  
A wild delight  
From his features breathèd.  
Legends I taught him  
Of nymph and swain ;  
Of hearts entangled  
In love's sweet chain.  
Fables that charm  
The soul from sadness ;  
Stories that warm  
The coldest to gladness ;  
Songs all glowing  
With passion and mirth,  
Like music flowing  
From heaven to earth.  
Such were the treasures  
Of wit and thought  
I gave : yet dreamed not  
My task was nought.  
Cupid listened,  
And clapped his hands,  
And his wild eyes glistened  
Like burning brands.  
Fanning the air

With snow-white wings,  
 He seized my lyre,  
 He swept the strings :  
 He looked, he glittered,  
 Like golden morn,  
 As he chaunted the loves  
 Of the heaven-born.  
 His voice was sweet  
 And perfume-laden,  
 And light as the feet  
 Of dancing maiden. —  
 “ Hearts there are  
 In Heaven above  
 Of wild desires,  
 Of passionate love.  
 Hearts there are  
 Divinest of mould,  
 Which Love hath among  
 His slaves enrolled ;—  
 Love hath been,  
 And ever will be :  
 The might of Heaven  
 Shall fade ere he.”  
 Then the Boy,  
 Nearer advancing,  
 The Spirit of Joy  
 In his blue eyes dancing,  
 Told me such secrets  
 Of Heaven as ne'er  
 Were before revealed  
 But to poet's ear ;  
 Revelings of beauty,  
 That make the soul  
 Like the stars, that on wings  
 Of diamond roll.  
 In song—in splendour,  
 The god departed ;

The spell was o'er,  
 From sleep I started.  
 Thoughts like sunbeams  
 Around me hung,  
 And my heart still echoed  
 What Love had sung.  
 Oh! what could Heaven  
 Deny to us,  
 To whom it hath given  
 Its secrets thus?

*Pausing.*

Well, I think Minos was extremely just.  
 The Devil's Advocate was too severe ;  
 He pressed the case as if he were Attorney  
 For Hell, and not for Truth. The Judge said well ;  
 " Man's life is to be judged  
 Not by his deeds alone,  
 But by the circumstances, times, and seasons  
 Which do accompany those deeds.  
 Nor should we contemplate it but in halves,  
 But as a whole,  
 A great and wond'rous whole ;  
 Contrasting light with dark,  
 As in some picture old,  
 And gathering thence sound knowledge of the entire."

*Aristophanes.*

Why, my bold younker, do I find *you* musing ?  
 What mighty speculation moves your thoughts ?  
 Tell, if 'tis not a secret.

*Chatterton.*

Ah! my Grecian,  
 With the three lovely Graces in your bosom,  
 You are almost the only Spirit here  
 I should have cared to meet just now, except  
 That madcap wag of Meudon ; such a trial  
 As I have witnessed seldom's seen in Hell.

Aristophanes.

A trial!—before Minos, I suppose?

Chatterton.

Minos was judge; the culprit an old poet  
Of whom we've heard so much from German critics,  
Who swear in hendecasyllabic oaths,  
*Donner und blitzen*, Heaven, and Earth, and Hades,  
He was the greatest wit the world e'er saw,  
Forgetting Rabelais, Swift, yourself, and me,  
Cervantes, Butler, Fielding, and Voltaire.

Aristophanes.

This must have been their clay eidolon, Goethe,  
Whose fanatic worshippers have split our ears  
For the last forty years with senseless praise  
Of what was commonplace, obscure, and stale;  
Prepared to prove by fists, and cuffs, and clubs,  
Since Homer stole his plot from old Corinnus,  
The earliest minstrel of the Trojan War,  
This Frankfort rhymer was earth's greatest son.

Chatterton.

The same.—We've all indeed been sadly bored  
With eulogies on him, as once we were  
With goose Du Bartas, surnamed the Divine,  
Cowper, the mad translator, Aretino,  
Boileau, Phil. Sidney, admirable Crichton,  
And creatures of that class, who had their day  
On earth, but who, to ears polite or witty,  
Are never mentioned now except in jest.

Aristophanes.

What was this trial that amused you so?

Chatterton.

Come, sit with me beneath this golden vine,

Clustered all o'er with purple grapes, that bring  
 To memory Attica's delicious suns,  
 And landscapes rife with beauty, music, love,  
 And pastoral life; thus, while we breathe at ease  
 The Elysian atmosphere of rosy light,  
 Melody, fragrance, bliss, and splendour blent,  
 I'll tell you (if I do not change my mind)  
 All that I saw of this new comedy.

Aristophanes.

'Twill pass a pleasant hour away; content.  
 Sit you beneath the vine, while I stretch here  
 Upon this mossy bank with violets starred.

Chatterton.

So many years have passed since last I saw  
 Charon and Styx, that in a merry mood  
 To-day I ventured through the black abyss  
 Of fire and mist that separates this place  
 From Tartarus. The several dangers passed,  
 I stood at last upon the river's brink,  
 Where gaped a multitude of expectant souls  
 Waiting to see the new arrivals land.

Aristophanes.

Man still is man, wherever he may be,  
 The same strange motley and inquisitive fool.

Chatterton.

When the boat came it bore a curious group,  
 All naked; nothing could I learn of those  
 Who filled it, whether kings, or slaves, or knaves.

Aristophanes.

Waste not your breath; the last comprises both.

Chatterton.

But there were two who struck me very much:

One was that devil, Mephistopheles,  
The merriest, bitterest, most outspoken Elf  
I've ever passed an hour with.

Aristophanes.

Was he there?

I wish you had brought him hither; 'tis an age  
Since I've conversed with one that pleased me more.

Chatterton.

I could not tempt him to these classic quarters;  
He had important business with the shade  
Of Goethe, who accompanied him from earth.

Aristophanes.

Ho!—ho!—I see;—these were the two new comers,  
By whom you were attracted from the first.

Chatterton.

They were. Mephisto, calling me aside,  
Told me to slip into the crowd, and pass  
Unnoticed into court, where I should hear  
A very curious trial. Goethe prisoner,  
The Devil's Advocate, accuser, and  
A certain lady counsel for the accused.  
I mingled with the crowd, and by the aid  
Of Mephistopheles stole in; and there,  
Beside the Judge, radiant in heavenly light  
That far outshone the diamond's blinding blaze,  
Stood One, whose beauty was a Paradise  
Of all and every thing that bears the form  
And soul of splendour, loveliness, and youth;  
I'll not describe her—even *you* would fail;  
Not all the roses that you ever spoke  
Could equal her in freshness, light, or charm.

The comedy began: stern Minos rose,  
And in ten minutes sentenced some ten thousand

To several torments: only one proved pure,  
A Ballad-writer, whom they starved on earth,  
As they did me in Brook Street, near Gray's Inn.  
Then Goethe was brought up. 'The Advocate,  
A small thin devil, with a sharp shrewd brow  
And sensual mouth, hyena's eyes and laugh,  
That seemed to chuckle with contempt of God,  
Rose up, and saddling on his short cocked nose  
A pair of spectacles, and sneering much,  
Laid Jack's life bare; recounted all his deeds,  
Committed and omitted: such a list  
Of accusations has not been delivered  
'Gainst any man of literary note  
Since Chancellor Bacon or since James the First  
Was damned; 'twas such as poets seldom have  
To answer; selfishness extreme, disdain  
Of all things human, save the few that tended  
To his own pleasures: Men, the devil said,  
Should be like stars whose beams illume each other;  
But this man's whole existence from his birth  
Had centred only in his worshipped self.  
His life, if marble smooth, was marble cold;  
His songs were rhyme, but in their moral bad;  
His maxims were made up of farce and hate.  
His cold flirtations and sere heartlessness  
To women were unveiled, and vain confessions  
Of the frail many who believed his vows.  
Gretchen, Annette, Lucinda, Frederica,  
Emily, Charlotte, Lilli; a fair list,  
As long as Leporello's in the play,  
Of women duped, and then held up to laughter.  
And when he might have served the human race  
He would not, but preferred to pass his time  
Musing on carrots, analysing dungs,  
Playing the lacquey and the lickspit to  
The paltry court of Weimar and its Log.

Aristophanes.

What followed ?

Chatterton.

This—the Poet was reprieved.

Aristophanes.

Reprieved ?—how mean you ? Was there no defence ?

Chatterton.

Oh, yes, a very splendid speech by Gretchen ;—  
And a most Minos-like amazing judgment,  
Which I forget—

Aristophanes.

Nay, you are jesting with me.

Chatterton.

Of course I am—the whole thing is a jest ;  
It came to me through Virgil's ivory gate.  
And if I am not owl-eyed, there is Virgil  
Reclining yonder by the sparkling waters.  
If you desire to hear the rest, why, faith,  
You'll have a run for it, dear Aristophanes.



## SCENE XV.

### THE COURT-YARD.

*An open space in front of the Judgment-Seat of MINOS.*

Evil Spirit.

Villain, knave, dolt, rascal, donkey !

Devil's Advocate.

How now ?—how now, gentle nunky ?



**Evil Spirit.**

Scoundrel, stinkard, ruffian, booby !

**Devil's Advocate.**

Spoil not those ripe lips of ruby.

**Evil Spirit.**

Dunghill, coward, dunce, rascallion !

**Devil's Advocate.**

Why, you're rampant as a stallion.

**Evil Spirit.**

Vagabond, beast, goose, and blackguard !

**Devil's Advocate.**

Truly, lad, you *do* attack hard.

**Evil Spirit.**

Atheist, sot, thief, Jew, Turk, Papist !

**Devil's Advocate.**

Why, you'll call me soon red-tapist.

**Evil Spirit.**

Swindler, liar, jolthead, bully !

**Devil's Advocate.**

Nay, have done, you crippled cully.

**Evil Spirit.**

Traitor, wretched craven, pig-head !

**Devil's Advocate.**

I shall have to punch your thick head.

**Evil Spirit.**

Own that you're a miscreant shabby.

**Devil's Advocate.**

As there's in Westminster Abbey?

**Evil Spirit.**

Hypocrite, quack, carrion, rebel!

**Devil's Advocate.**

Faith! you're wise as Madam Sybil.

**Evil Spirit.**

Cutpurse, sloven, drunkard, brawler!

**Devil's Advocate.**

Will none stop this caterwauler?

**Evil Spirit.**

Mountebank, cheat, bravo, vermin!

**Devil's Advocate.**

Here's respect to robe and ermine.

**Evil Spirit.**

Snip, bullbeggar, tosspot, schemer!

**Devil's Advocate.**

Gad, your tongue wags like a steamer.

**Evil Spirit.**

Pimp, buffoon, clown, rat, louse, felon!

**Devil's Advocate.**

All my choicest virtues tell on.

**Evil Spirit.**

Lunatic, base mooncalf, noodle!

**Devil's Advocate.**

Cockadoodle, doodle, doodle.

Evil Spirit.

Wretch! I'll grind your soul to powder.

Devil's Advocate.

If you do, you'll bawl no louder.

Evil Spirit.

Then I'll thrust you into blazes.

Devil's Advocate.

Well—I'd like to know its mazes.

Evil Spirit.

Gulligut, boor, filthard, bardash!

Devil's Advocate.

Why your fœces thus like tar dash?

Evil Spirit.

I will tear your heart to pieces.

Devil's Advocate.

All this trash your bile increases.

Evil Spirit.

I will scrape your nasty eyes out.

Devil's Advocate.

Sir, you're pouring all your lies out.

Evil Spirit.

I will fry your wicked liver.

Devil's Advocate.

The rich fat would make you shiver.

Evil Spirit.

I will roast your brains by inches.

**Devil's Advocate.**

I will grind you in hell's winches.

**Evil Spirit.**

I will crucify you, gabbler !

**Devil's Advocate.**

I will hang you up, old babbler !

**Evil Spirit.**

Mangy glutton, drunken royster !

**Devil's Advocate.**

You're well suited for a cloister.

**Evil Spirit.**

Druggel, lubbard, lout, and varlet !

**Devil's Advocate.**

This is wrangling like a harlot.

**Evil Spirit.**

Cozening fox, calf-lolly, milksop !

**Devil's Advocate.**

Cease your flouting, blockish bilk's lop.

**Evil Spirit.**

Nincompoop, lusk, scoffing braggard !

**Devil's Advocate.**

Goosecap, jobbermol, and raggard !

**Evil Spirit.**

Lobcock, loon, slabberdegullion !

**Devil's Advocate.**

Son of a scavenger and scullion !

Evil Spirit.

Let me near him,—I will thrash him.

Devil's Advocate.

Friends, hands off,—I want to smash him.

Evil Spirit.

I will drink your blood, vile fellow!

Devil's Advocate.

I will thump you black and yellow.

Evil Spirit.

I will chop you into thunder.

Devil's Advocate.

I will saw your bones asunder.

Evil Spirit.

I will flog you ten times over.

Devil's Advocate.

I will flay you, goblin-drover!

Evil Spirit.

I will hang and roast you, noddy!

Devil's Advocate.

I will cut you into shoddy.

Evil Spirit.

I will spur you like a pony.

Devil's Advocate.

You're a pretty Macaroni.

Evil Spirit.

I will pull out all your bowels.

**Devil's Advocate.**

I will prick you well with rowels.

**Evil Spirit.**

I will turn you into tinder.

**Devil's Advocate.**

I will roast you to a cinder.

**Evil Spirit.**

I will scalp you and devour you.

**Devil's Advocate.**

'Pon my life, the dose will scour you.

**Evil Spirit.**

Clodpole, oaf, grub, ragamuffin!

**Devil's Advocate.**

Ne'er knew I you had such stuff in.

**Evil Spirit.**

Pig-face, driveller, sneak, imbecile!

**Devil's Advocate.**

Now you're gravelled—now you guess ill.

**Evil Spirit.**

Diddler, looby, wittol, schemer!

**Devil's Advocate.**

Your invention's failing, dreamer.

**Evil Spirit.**

Bugbear, humbug, empty bladder!

**Devil's Advocate.**

Never was a March hare madder.

Evil Spirit.

Idiot, lickplate, Jack-a-dandy !

Devil's Advocate.

Names as sweet as sugar-candy.

Evil Spirit.

Pinchgut, swindler, blackleg, blockhead !

Devil's Advocate.

Save us from your tongue's foul pocket.

Evil Spirit.

Dunderhead, botch, jail-bird, scarecrow !

Devil's Advocate.

Worse did cock on dunghill ne'er crow.

Evil Spirit.

Dare deny that you're a bungler.

Devil's Advocate.

Yes—as much as you're a jongleur.

Evil Spirit.

What induced you thus to flounder ?

Devil's Advocate.

Now your wisdom 'gins to founder.

Evil Spirit.

Is he not reprieved, vile caitiff ?

Devil's Advocate.

Yes, he is, of Hades native.

Evil Spirit.

Was it not *your* stupid 'peaching ?

Devil's Advocate.

No—'twas Peg's confounded screeching.

Evil Spirit.

Get away, to Hell, you ninny.

Devil's Advocate.

And the same to you, my hinnie.



## SCENE XVI.

### THE HALLS OF MINOS.

Gretchen.

Alas, sweet hours,  
 Sweet olden hours,  
 For ever and ever  
 Farewell, sweet hours.

And thou, fond vision  
 Of love and light,  
 Art quenched in gloom,  
 And all is night.

In earth's dim moments,  
 In heaven's pure zone,  
 My dream of sweetness  
 For ever flown.

Like a star in tempest,  
 A smile in grief,  
 A tear in rapture,  
 That one belief.

Alas, sweet hours,  
 Sweet olden hours,  
 For ever and ever  
 Farewell, sweet hours.



My heart a harp  
Of love and gladness ;  
The strings are broken,  
All is sadness.

My heart a harp  
Of silvery song ;—  
The harp is shattered  
Long and long.

Alas, sweet hours,  
Sweet olden hours,  
For ever and ever  
Farewell, sweet hours.

My soul is a-weary,  
Dark with woe ;  
My wild thoughts wander  
To and fro.

My eyes are streaming  
Full with tears ;  
And art thou gone,  
Dear dream of years ?

And art thou vanished,  
Thou mine own ?  
And am I for ever  
Left alone ?

Alas, sweet hours,  
Sweet olden hours,  
For ever and ever  
Farewell, sweet hours.

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## SCENE XVII.

## THE RIVER LETHE.

*Mephistopheles.*

Baffled, duped, tricked, deceived, outwitted, swindled.—  
 By snow-browed Morning, by immortal Day,  
 And by the boundless Air that clasps the earth  
 Within its dewy arms; by Hecat' gray,  
 By Cerberus the eternal foe to Mirth,  
 I swear I am a most ingenious devil;  
 My master should reduce me to the level  
 Of lowest imps who masque as tabbies brindled,  
 And deal with only agèd women and witches;—  
 What!—can it be that I who had fresh kindled  
 The prettiest fire for this old Wag of Weimar,  
 And almost felt his twinges, aches, and twitches,  
 When put down fresh upon the broiling coals,  
 Should now be laughed at by all waggish drolls  
 Who see me schemed by a Parnassian chimer,  
 Skilful in prating, powerless in speaking;  
 And a sly thing from t'other side, who pitches  
 Such heaps of nonsense into Justice Minos  
 (Now grown as silly as the ass-eared judge);  
 The doting fool is flattered by the fudge,  
 And with those sprites to curry favour seeking,  
 Declares forsooth, the sentence is postponed?  
 What could JAH mean, when he would thus assign us  
 A magistrate who should have been dethroned?  
 The thing is moustrous—I protest against it;  
 It is a shame—a desperate shocking scandal  
 Upon all truth and justice.—Goth or Vandal  
 Never pronounced such nonsense, or dispensed it  
 In form of law. Postponed! For what? Or why?  
 For whom? To when? How? What is the reply?

Why this—*it is his will*;—and we must bow ;  
 And then he turns us out of court, and calls  
 Some other ghosts before his worshipped brow,  
 Looking like mustard, or like pungent sauce,  
 Or cayenne pepper, at his *pia fraus*,  
 And damns them all despite their squeals and squalls.  
 How dare he make exception in this case ?  
 The exception is deceitful, harsh, and base.  
 I wonder was he bribed by this mad girl ?  
 These devilish women will do any folly  
 For men—except live chastely and die holy.  
 From this day forth I'll hate the look of pearl.

I feel inclined to drink a brimming draught  
 Of Lethè, and so wash away the bother  
 Entirely from my brains ; the liquor quaffed,  
 Goethe goes free, and I must seek another.  
 No—that would prove me stupid, mad, or daft ;  
 To lose him now would sully my past glory,  
 And offer endless food for fun to chaps,  
 Devilkins of the smallest rank in Orcus,  
 Who envy me, and would parade this matter  
 (As ravens croak against the lordly eagle)  
 From east to west, where'er Fame's trumpets clatter ;  
 Till Satan's rage would prompt him to pitchfork us  
 Into some place unknown to charts and maps ;  
 Where in the thunderbolt's eternal flame,  
 I might at leisure chew the cud of shame.  
 I've acted somewhat like that crowned curmudgeon,  
 The mighty king of — I forget what nation,  
 Who marched with a great armament of soldiers,  
 Elephants, camels, horses, princes, lords,  
 Into the mountains—merely to take physic,  
 Where he might have the benefit of fresh air.  
 O fool, O mooncalf, jolthead, dolt and gudgeon !  
 By Satan, I deserve his thickest bludgeon,  
 For being thus bamboozled after years

Of thought, and months of arduous preparation,—  
 The unreposing wheels of Vengeance seize me  
 If I don't smite this Judge who dares to teaze me.

He's here—I see him coming—sadly, lonely,  
 A noble form, in all his primal vigour.  
 Styx makes amazing changes; fifty years  
 At least have been lopped off since here he came,  
 And he looks now as brave and stout as ever  
 Man in his summer's prime. I feel ashamed  
 Of my base calling, and could hate the hour  
 That saw me fall, as I do Him who framed  
 This Universe and us, and Him who tempted,  
 And all my brethren. Hate, Revenge, fell Hate,  
 Are my sole pleasures now: Evil my god,  
 O'erwhelming Vengeance, Scorn, Crime, Fraud, my  
 being.

By holy Pluto, I could wish 'twere granted,  
 To wrap all Nature in a robe of darkness,  
 And, armed with fire, to play some eftish tricks  
 With men and angels, stars and heaven itself.

Goethe.

Eternal Spirit of the Universe,  
 Boundless, All-Seeing, All-Ordaining God,  
 I humble me before Thee; grant me peace,  
 Or hurl me into deep oblivion's waves,  
 For my soul walks in darkness. O'er the Past  
 I turn my eyes, and shrink dismayed, abashed,  
 As one who gave up heaven within his grasp,  
 And bent to earth, and ought his pleasures there.  
 All are departed—all are lost for ever;  
 One only joy remains amid the wreck  
 Of my lost Paradise—my early love.  
 For vicious pleasures die even in the instant  
 That gives them being. Virtuous moments live  
 Immortal in the soul, and bloom for ever,

As brightly as when springing into birth.—  
The first being joys of sense, but these of soul.

*Evil Spirit.*

Ha!—ha!—ha! my moraliser,  
Where's the good of sage reflection?  
This methinks is disaffection  
To our King, and leaves no wiser  
Jack, albeit his genuflexion.  
Virtue!—you had sense to prize her  
When you strutted in dress coat,  
Bag and sword and powdered hair,  
Riband, star, and solitaire.  
But you gave her not a groat,  
Nor would heed her seraph air.  
All is lost—despair—despair!

*Goethe.*

Some unknown, unseen influence clouds my soul  
With a new horror, and a voice that seems  
To breathe Hell's accents whispers me despair.  
Is there no hope? A moment since my soul  
Felt a new ray of comfort, light, and strength,  
Now she shrinks back, and sits in gloom and fear.

*Evil Spirit.*

I thought that my mission would work some effect,  
I thought this Old Humbug was going too fast  
On the road of repentance; so, true to my sect,  
I breathed on his spirit one desolate blast  
Of the airs that we cherish in Hell.  
Despair—despair—despair—you are lost;  
You can barter your soul at a very small cost,  
To our master who values you well.  
Though you and your leman would fain have escaped  
By the juggles of eloquence, pathos, and tears,  
And the Orphean artifice here would haveaped.

You have failed—you have fallen. We greet you with  
 jeers,  
 And we clamour despair—despair—despair!—  
 You have slipped like a boobikin into our snare.

Goethe.

O my lost love, my Gretchen! have I then  
 Beheld thee but to lose thee evermore?  
 Reft of thee during life, does Death too part  
 Our souls which I had fondly hoped were one.  
 Yet, no—she comes; her rosy presence fills  
 The air with sunshine; from her snowy plumes  
 Such splendour is diffused, as when the Star  
 Of Morning rises in the twilight dim,  
 And beauty flashes from his beaming eyes;  
 Sweetly she smiles, yet sadly, like the music  
 Of an enslaved old nation, that reveals  
 The soul of sorrow in its liveliest songs.

Evil Spirit.

Speak of the devil—they say he is present;  
 Speak of a woman—that moment she comes;  
 Here flies this silly one—this is unpleasant;  
 I must go hide myself, biting my thumbs.  
 While she is with him there's Paradise round him,—  
 Half of my labour she'll crumble to bits;  
 While *we* are near, all his follies confound him,—  
 Would she were off to her heavenly chits.  
 I must away to my dear Mephistopheles,  
 Bidding him part them as soon as he can,  
 If he still hope to make this German offal his,  
 Or he'll be choused by this chaste courtesan.

Goethe.

Once more we meet—once more mine own sweet love,  
 I feel in soul as in those early hours,  
 When wandering blest beside thee, life seemed love,  
 And, Margaret, thou wert all the world to me.

Gretchen.

We meet, alas! to part. The moment comes  
Which the judge gave thee for this sad farewell;  
And the dark Tempter will be here anon  
With myriad plottings to seduce thy soul  
In the strange pilgrimage to thee allotted.  
Alas! alas! that we should part, and thus!

Goethe.

Nay, do not weep, my soul is now herself;  
Tempt as he may, the Tempter shall not triumph.

Gretchen.

Marked you the madness that suffused his brow  
And glowed in his hot eyes when Minos waved  
His golden wand, and the decree postponed  
Which, as he hoped, would give thee to his realms?

Goethe.

I saw it; Hell methought stood there, not he.  
Never before was rage so dire expressed  
In aught created; rage, revenge, and hate,  
Orcus itself grew darker as he frowned,  
The Manes shuddered, and the Dead fell stricken  
With pallid fear, as if that awful trump  
That sounds the general judgment, and the end  
Of all things had sent forth its piercing blast.—  
But what is this strange sentence? Bodes it good  
Or fatal evil?

Gretchen.

Nay, I cannot know.

Whether it be to fright thy soul with scenes  
Of such dread horror as no brain conceives  
Till eye hath seen them, and increase thine agony,  
(Would that 'twere mine to bear it for thy sake!)  
Or whether Minos knows that on thy way  
Some strange blest chance may free thee from the toils,

Some beam of mercy lift thee into heaven ;  
 Or whether the False Tempter hath permission  
 To mock thee by the wizard arts of Satan,  
 And try thee further, who can say ?—it may be  
 That one of these is written, and thy soul  
 Be spared, and rise triumphant o'er his plottings.

Goethe.

Heaven grant it for *thy* sake ; for mine, no hell  
 Could give me tortures more acute than those  
 I feel for having squandered life, God's gift  
 For purposes exalted, in a maze  
 Of vice that fills me with unhoping woe.  
 O Gretchen ! would to heaven we ne'er had parted,  
 My soul had drawn such virtuous strength from thine,  
 That Vice, though giant-limbed, had failed to bow  
 Or break me to his side. That thou and I  
 Had dwelt together in some country bourn,  
 Under a straw-thatched cottage, rose-entwined,  
 And nestling amid trees ; few friends around,  
 A hedge of thyme to tempt the humming bees,  
 An orchard purple with autumnal fruits,  
 Blue mountains circling us, the sky above,  
 Our innocent children prattling at our knees,  
 Our hearts all innocence, content, and peace,  
 Love our sole thought and heaven our final hope.

Gretchen.

Happier indeed a life like this had been  
 Than all the gilded follies of a palace.  
 But see, the Tempter comes ; a mocking smile  
 Lights his dark features and his fiendish eyes ;  
 His mighty wings o'ershadow the bright suns  
 That shine around us ; black and vast and dense  
 As the thick clouds that rush upon the sea,  
 Whelming affrighted ships, eclipsing heaven,  
 Bearing destruction in their sullen wombs,  
 That howl and howl and howl till all is lost.



Goethe.

Farewell—a long farewell: remember me.

Gretchen.

Remember *me* and hope. I fly to heaven  
Prostrate before The Elohim; time itself  
Shall end ere I despair of winning grace.

Goethe.

She's gone—she's gone! Shall we not meet again,  
O beautiful Spirit of my only love?

*Voix (in the distance).*

Farewell, dear love; remember me and hope.

Mephistopheles.

'Tis time that we should enter on our journey;  
The way is vast, the regions without number.  
And though we travel faster than the earth  
Whirls round in space—some seventeen miles a second—  
Yet is it fit to waste no moments here,  
Uselessly moaning by this sluggish river.  
Confess now, didst not think these things were myths?  
That Pluto, Zeus, and Hermes all were fables?  
That old Mythology was incongruous fiction?  
That all the ancient poets were smart liars?  
Thou seest it is not so, but all is real.  
There is no fantasy in minstrel's dreams,  
They are revealings from the spheres of heaven.  
Nay, don't be angry with thy red-cloaked friend.

*Aside.*

This solemn mood of his will never do—  
I'll rouse him by some merry antic joke,  
To fling aside his philosophic mask.  
There are some naked witches dancing yonder  
About a Phallos lately brought from Ireland.  
I'll take him thither, and with friendly hand  
Get him a draught will make him fool again.

## SCENE XVIII.

## THE EMPYREAN.

*The GUARDIAN ANGEL and GRETCHEN meeting.*

## Guardian Angel.

Beautiful Spirit, clothed in sunny splendour,  
 Musing so sadly through the golden air,  
 Why art thou pining? Can thy sister render  
 Aught that will charm away thy fixed despair?  
 Sorrow upon *me* too has ploughed its traces,  
 Tears have but lately streamed from my full eyes.  
 Turn to me, fold me in thy fond embraces,—  
 Whence the deep secret source of those quick sighs?

## Gretchen.

Angel, star-pinioned daughter of delight,  
 In whose mild looks such gentle love is throned,  
 I see thy soul of virtue all unzoned,  
 And hide me in thy bosom soft and white,  
 That throbs to mine responsively with love.  
 Comfort me, loveliest spirit, for such sorrow  
 Weighs on my wounded soul as words can paint not.  
 Strength from thy counsel gladly would I borrow.

## Guardian Angel.

Counsel and love I'll give thee, sister; faint not;  
 Sympathy binds us, for the night of woe  
 Is round me, and but late my lot seemed anguish,  
 For I have seen a bright star's overthrow,  
 A star beloved by me:—I pine and languish,  
 Weeping its fatal fall from highest heaven  
 Unto the hell to which it turned its light,  
 Even as the olden angels, when sin-driven,  
 They mixed with Seraphim in mortal fight.

But *thou*—why weepest thou, fair trembling dove?  
 Why pants thy breast so wildly against mine?  
 Why does thy gaze from those blest realms above  
 To yonder mournful mansions still incline?  
 Tell me, oh, tell me, while thus hand in hand  
 We soar where heaven's bright portals wide expand.

Gretchen.

The home where I was born, the German home  
 Of truthfulness and love, lies far away  
 Amid the mountains, in that grand and gray  
 Old world that shines the nearest to the moon.  
 And there, until my fourteenth year, I dwelt  
 Delightedly, while every month seemed May,  
 Or that sweet time of flowers, bewitching June.  
 And when the vesper hour o'er hill and vale  
 Descended, and the stars shone, and the calm  
 Of blessed peace was in the heaven, I knelt  
 Before the blessèd image of God's Mother,  
 Who smiled on me serenely, with her pale  
 And gentle face, whose beauty was like balm  
 To wounded wayfarers. To her, no other,  
 I gave my prayers; and so my faith grew strong,  
 And my young soul was innocent and pure.  
 They said that I was beautiful, some praised  
 My shape, my eyes, my hair; and many gazed  
 With looks that did not, as 'twas said, belong  
 To heaven; but I was virtuous and secure  
 In conscious modesty that knew no wrong.  
 So, till my fourteenth summer, passed the time;  
 But happiness did never yet endure  
 Within that fated sphere. It happened then  
 My darling mother died. The bell's sad chime  
 Pealed o'er her loved remains, and I was left  
 Alone in that deserted woodland home,  
 An orphan, poor, and weeping sadly, when  
 An uncle, who had known us ere bereft

Of my dear father, came, and said our cottage  
 Was his, and his alone, and I must go  
 Forth on the wide world to seek out my bread,  
 As many a better one had done before ;  
 Idleness was a crime, and milk and pottage  
 Were things that virtue could not conjure ; so  
 He said, and turned me from my mother's door ;  
 And would not let me pluck one little flower  
 Which we had sown together, she and I,  
 One morn in spring preceding : she was dead,  
 And I was friendless. Yet I did not weep ;  
 My heart had been relieved by that sweet shower  
 Of tears that never came, I know not why.  
 I prayed for them ; they came not—parched and dry  
 Were those poor fountains which you late saw streaming  
 With agony and love. I turned and sought  
 The road that led to Frankfort, rapt in thought  
 And terror, ere the morning star was beaming.

The Pastor of our village was my friend,  
 He gave me letters, and, ere many days  
 Had passed, I had a home, where one might spend  
 Contented hours. The toil was slight, my heart  
 Was strong with faith ; the Virgin-Mother's gaze  
 Of love divine seemed printed on my being.  
 I worshipped her in silence and apart.  
 It seemed as 'twere she now fulfilled the place  
 Of my own darling mother, and I never  
 Looked on that mild, angelic, heavenly face,  
 That radiant seemed with love undying ever,  
 Without remembrance of the dead and gone,  
 In my enraptured fancy once more seeing  
 Her who lay hidden 'neath the cold hard stone  
 That shrouded that once warm and throbbing breast,  
 Infancy's, childhood's, girlhood's dearest nest ;  
 Alas ! 'twas then I felt indeed alone.

I was sixteen, and then I met with one

Who was my fate. He saw me, and I knew  
 'Twas love that like swift lightning darted through  
 My spirit ; ere I thought, my heart was won,  
 Spell-bound to his for ever and for ever  
 By ties that not Eternity could sever.  
 His father was a burgher, rich and proud,  
 In the free city of imperial towers ;  
 And sooner would he see him in his shroud  
 And coffin cold, than smile on love like ours ;  
 For I was very poor and friendless still,  
 And had no gold, nor any hope of gold,  
 And he was wealthy, haughty, high of rank,  
 And saw men bow to his unbending will.  
 Love he believed not, starving merit stank  
 In his nice nostrils ; worthless, vain, and cold,  
 A connoisseur of art I think they said  
 He was, which means—I scarce know what it means,  
 But it has always less of heart than head,  
 And coins, intaglios, and prints it gleans  
 From several sources ; while, as I've been told,  
 Its human feelings all are stark and dead.

We loved—oh, never tongue could aptly tell  
 Our happiness, our rapture, our delight ;  
 It was a Paradise of sweetest joy,  
 A sphere of sunshine never clothed in night,  
 A world of golden scenes without alloy.  
 And when we wandered through green grove and dell  
 Under the stars, or silver moon, at eve,  
 Or in the glittering noontide, or at morn,  
 Poësy could not paint, or thought conceive,  
 Such ecstasy of bliss as fused our souls  
 Into one burning spirit ; both seemed born  
 In the same hour beneath one star of beauty.  
 Such was our love, fair sister, still it knolls  
 Like a sweet bell of heaven within my frame,  
 Making such musical thought, allegiance, duty,

Unto the Highest for a time seem drowned  
 In that o'erwhelming trance of transport ; shame  
 Awakes anon, and I arise confused,  
 As one from visions deep ; so strange the swound  
 In which my spirit for that moment mused.

This did not last : the fatal moment came  
 That saw us parted ; 'twere a tedious tale  
 To hear, and sorrowful indeed to speak.  
 He whom I loved alone on earth, with love  
 Such as is seldom felt, more seldom seen,  
 Left me, sweet sister. Why ?—his heart was frail  
 And young, and there were those who dared assail  
 His constancy with frauds, nor blushed to wreak  
 Revenge on me. He raised his thoughts above  
 The sphere in which I moved, a humble maiden  
 Dowered with only truth, and some sixteen  
 Innocent summers ; had my purse been laden  
 With gold, perhaps a different fate had been  
 Ordained for me. But so it happed—we parted,  
 And never met again. He trod the road  
 Of wealth, rank, power, renown ; with kings abode,  
 Lived in the sparkling round of worldly pleasure ;  
 Draining enjoyment's sweet but poisoned measure,  
 Heedless of me, absent and broken-hearted.

I left fair Frankfort ; wandered much, and wept,  
 And sought my native village ; the old pastor,  
 Who loved me from my cradle upward, slept  
 In the churchyard beside my mother dear.  
 I knelt upon the grave, and sob and tear  
 Fell from me like a blinding rain. Meanwhile  
 The news was spread of this my sad disaster,  
 And calumny was rife, and many a jest  
 And bitter scoff were hurled at me. My breast  
 Had not grown hard or cold ; the bad and vile  
 Said I was like themselves—Heaven knew my truth

And purity ; but I endured it still.  
Perhaps, sweet sister, all was for the best ;  
And fit it was to change my stubborn will,  
And bow it down before the only shrine  
Where peace on earth is found—the shrine of Christ.  
I sought it there, and found it ; a divine  
And heavenly feeling bathed my soul in light,  
And shewed what idols had my heart enticed  
From the fair walk of heaven wherein I walked,  
When with my mother dear I sat and talked  
On the carved bench beneath the spreading vine,  
That wreathed above our porch its clusters bright.

With this delicious feeling came another—  
Forgiveness of the past ; I calmly scanned  
The state of him I loved ; I sought to smother  
Within me all that wounded anger fanned ;  
And I succeeded. A bewitching calm  
Stole o'er my spirits, and I knew 'twas fate  
Divided us, not coldness, falsehood, hate,  
Or faithlessness in him : and so my old  
True love came back. I prayed for him all day,  
His image lit my dreams ; encrowned with palm  
And laurels of renown, outglittering gold,  
His name was seen : I shared his joys, was gay ;  
Old times returned, and all my life was May.

My life at length was at its end—I died ;  
My last fond prayer was breathed to heaven for him,  
And God had mercy on me ; I was sent  
To yonder star where happiest spirits bide  
In sunshine everlasting, and in bliss  
Whose heavenly splendour never may grow dim.  
Then came the sadness of my discontent.  
On earth I knew not what was false or true,  
But lived in dazzling mist as millions do ;  
Thinking what men call good was very good—  
Alas ! the word 's on earth misunderstood,

And then I knew my lover was misled  
 Like others, placing his sole happiness  
 In what was truly evil, though it wore  
 The robe and visor of ambrosial truth ;  
 I saw that even in life he was as dead,  
 Poisoned by Pleasure's vile and cankered tooth ;  
 I saw, and anguish wild my spirit tore.

He died—I sought the burning thrones of God,  
 And asked for pardon. The Elohim gave  
 Permission to cross o'er that gloomy wave,  
 And plead for him. I came ; through Orcus trod,  
 And gained brief respite from the Judge sublime,  
 Who sternly told him that his deeds had been  
 A slander on the soul he bore. I climb  
 Once more to heaven to intercede with tears ;  
 For never can I my fond spirit wean  
 From his, to which alone 'tis firmly knit.  
 Hence I lament, from this my sorrow springs.  
 Come, sweetest sister, mount with me on wings  
 Of love, and where The Elohim grandly sit  
 On thrones of thunder, supplicate with me.  
 The Powers will bend when suppliants twain they see,  
 And Goethe be restored to heaven and me.

Guardian Angel.

Didst thou say Goethe ?

Gretchen.

Such the name he bore.

Guardian Angel.

Alas ! I fear thine errand will be vain.

Gretchen.

How canst thou tell ?

Guardian Angel.

His angel stands before

Thy wondering eyes.



Gretchen.

What thou?

Guardian Angel.

I do not feign.

I was his Angel Guardian, and beheld him  
Wilfully treading Error's devious ways.

Gretchen.

Thou shouldst, methinks, have sternly then withheld him  
Ere he was blinded by the Gorgon's gaze.

Guardian Angel.

I tried and failed; I wept as well as thou;  
Fruitless were all my efforts; to the end  
I persevered; hope still; and even now  
Will join thee in thy way and counsel lend.



SCENE XIX.

DARKNESS.

MEPHISTOPHELES *and* GOETHE.

Goethe.

Is this the Hell of which you spake so much?

Mephistopheles.

By no means, friend; the road to hell is downwards;  
We are ascending a bare mountain gorge.—  
I mean to shew you a most dainty spectacle.

Goethe.

With excellent intentions, as you'll swear.

## Mephistopheles.

I fear I've missed the way ; hilloa ! hilloa !—  
 Did you not hear a voice reply to mine ?  
 Or was it fancy, or a mocking echo ?

## Goethe.

I heard a voice that mocked you much indeed ;  
 And here comes one who seems its mocking owner.

## Mephistopheles.

Who is this fellow ? Surely I should know him.  
 Hilloa ! you, sir, who are you ? what's your name ?  
 What do you here ? mousing for moor-hens, eh ?

## Atomus.

I once was a god, dwelling high in Olympus,  
 My father was Somnus, some say he was Nox,  
 I do not care which, but I grew like a fox,  
 Waggish and tricksy, as cunning an imp as  
 Ever sang *la, lalla, la, la*.

I laughed at old Juno, I tripped up young Cupid,  
 I limped, and made faces at Vulcan the smith,  
 I flirted with Venus and nymphs of her kith ;  
 I told all the husbands whom Zeus nincompoop-èd  
 In masquerade, *la, lalla, la, la*.

I mocked at the house built by Pallas Athenè,  
 Because it was not upon wheels to remove,  
 When it got among neighbours one could not approve,  
 Till the vinegar virgin grew snappish and spleeny,  
 And called me a *la, lalla, la, la*.

I went up to Neptune, and nicknamed him noddy,  
 Because in the bull which he made, it was clear  
 He could much better butt, had his eyes been more  
 near,

His horns to direct when he struck at a body ;—  
 The simpleton, *la, lalla, la, la*.

I swore at stout Vulcan, and dubbed him a donkey,  
 Because, when he fashioned a mortal of clay,  
 He had shut up his breast from the light of the day,  
 'Stead of placing a window there; brainless and drunk y  
 He must have been, *la, lalla, la, la.*

I made a foul jest of the nude goddess Venus;  
 Her lily-white loveliness tinged with the rose  
 Shewed nothing at which I could turn up my nose;  
 So I told her, her manner of gait was obscene as  
 A harlot's, with *la, lalla, la, la.*

At last for my truth-telling tongue I was tumbled  
 One day from Olympus and pushed into space;  
 And here I am now with a mask on my face:  
 For many a long year at my downfall I've grumbled,  
 But uselessly, *la, lalla, la, la.*

And now that you've heard all my pitiful story,  
 I think that you may as well peacefully pass;  
 For never before did I see such an ass,  
 Like an open-mouthed, ugly-eyed, grinning John Dory.  
 So pass, Ass, *lalla, la, la.*

Goethe.

This fellow answers you in your own vein.

Mephistopheles.

So much the better; mockery and I  
 Are ancient comrades, and will never fight.  
 Pardon, Sir Momus, but I knew you not;  
 I did not hope to find you in these wilds.

Momus.

Nor I to meet Sir Voland at this hour.  
 But whither go you with your courteous friend?  
 He looks like some young scholar of the Muses.

*Mephistopheles.*

I wish to introduce him to the Witches  
 Who hold their orgies somewhere in these hills ;  
 But 'tis so long since I've been to these quarters,  
 I scarcely know the route. Can you direct me ?

*Momus.*

Turn to the right—then down to the left,  
 Then up to the centre, where ten roads converge ;  
 If you choose the right road, and omit the wrong nine,  
 Through a chasm of twelve chasms you'll quickly  
     emerge,  
 Where the witches are dancing and drinking witch wine.

*Goethe.*

This Grecian god can juggle like yourself ;  
 The road he speaks of seems extremely clear.

*Mephistopheles.*

I see a wandering gleam of pale blue fire  
 Cresting yon craggy peak, and can discern  
 Dark phantoms whirling in the Bacchant dance.  
 These are the ladies surely—hence, away.

*Goethe.*

Well—it can be no harm to see the farce  
 Before the tragedy ; but schemes are useless—  
 You shall not dupe me.

*Mephistopheles.*

Nay, upon my honour,  
 I don't intend to use the slightest cunning.  
 I'll treat you in the friendliest possible way ;  
 And while I go sweet music shall escort us,  
 Making us think we're not in Hell but Heaven.

*As they ascend the mountain, a SYREN, invisible to GOETHE,*

*sings the following song, accompanied by delicate music. Naked Nymphs, of extreme loveliness, and in tempting attitudes, seem floating in the atmosphere around both.*

A Spirit with starry eyes and wings  
 Comes to me oft in dreams ;  
 Her face is as fair as the sweet young spring's,  
 Her laugh like sunshine gleams.  
 Her cheeks are a garden of flow'rets rare,  
 Sweet music is in her sighs ;  
 Her smiles illumine the golden air,  
 And heaven is in her eyes.

*A pause—music.*

Her beautiful neck and breast of snow  
 Are as bright as the milky way,  
 When its thousand stars shine forth, and shew  
 A lustre exceeding day.  
 Her dark-brown tresses and little hands,  
 And feet of exquisite mould,  
 Make her seem, as she walks on the silver sands,  
 Like sea-born Venus of old.

*A pause—music.*

She treads the earth as angels tread  
 The bowers of bliss above ;  
 And such beauty and goodness are round her shed,  
 That I think she's the Spirit of Love ;  
 But ah ! when she ought to be warm, I find  
 That she's colder than winter snow ;  
 How *can* she look so winning and kind,  
 And tease a poor dreamer so ?

*The naked phantoms hover around GOETHE, wreathing him with garlands, fragrant and splendid, courting and tempting him with the most bewitching movements. Young CUPIDS, waving torches and pelting each other with roses, flutter in the air.*

Mephistopheles.

These are words of gems and flowers.  
Wouldst thou wish to hear another ?

*Aside.*

Do no fig-leaves flourish here ?

Syrén.

Lonely on the verdant side  
Of the crystal-springing Ide,  
Gazing on the towers of Troy,  
Lay the princely Shepherd-boy.

On a bank with flowers o'ergrown,  
Carelessly his pipe was thrown,  
Like a singing-bird asleep,  
When the stars their vigils keep.

Though around him sunshine lay,  
Little heeded he the ray,  
Or the fragrance of the rose,  
On whose lips the bees repose.

Though a fountain murmured near,  
With a music soft and clear,  
Little recked he its sweet sound,  
Buried in his thoughts profound.

Love alone was in his dreams,  
Tincturing with Elysian gleams  
All the fancies fair that roll  
Through the amorous Shepherd's soul.

While thus rapt in golden thought,  
On a beam of sunshine wrought,  
Four Immortals from the skies  
Wafted were before his eyes.

On the flowers descended there,  
Juno, Pallas, Venus fair,—

Stately all, and bright of blee,  
Each a very galaxy.

Hermes fourth was in the band,  
Bearing in his godlike hand  
A gold apple—the bequest  
Destined for the loveliest.

From the green and dewy lawn,  
Like a startled forest fawn,  
Jumped the boy in mute amaze,  
Dazzled by the heavenly blaze.

But before a word he spoke,  
Wingèd Hermes silence broke—  
“ From our own Olympian home,  
Shepherd, to thy fields we come.

Zeus has sent us unto thee,  
Beauty’s happy judge to be ;  
From this gentle choir select,  
As thine eye and taste direct.

This fair gift of brightest gold  
For the loveliest behold—  
Take it, and bestow it where  
Centre charms beyond compare.”

Thus he said, and vanished straight,  
Like the stars when Morning’s gate  
Opes, and young Apollo speeds  
On with lightning-footed steeds.

Then the goddesses prepared,  
Each with snowy bosom bared,  
By the longing youth to pass  
As he stretched upon the grass.

First came Juno, Heaven’s queen,  
Rivalling the sun in sheen ;

In her eyes was Power enshrined,  
On her brow imperial Mind.

“ Thrones and empires shall be thine,  
If thou mak'st this apple mine.”  
Speaking thus, along she passed,  
Like a trumpet's mighty blast.

Next Athenè came, blue-eyed,  
With that mild and gentle pride  
Which on Wisdom always tends,  
Elevates, yet ne'er offends.

“ Knowledge, which is Power,” she cries,  
“ Shall be thine, if mine the prize!”  
Like some old delicious song,  
Gracefully she moved along.

Lastly Aphroditè came,  
With an eye of sapphire flame,  
With a cheek which rosy hues,  
Lovelier than the Morn suffuse.

With a breast more lustrous far  
Than the glittering Evening star,  
And a form than snow more white,  
Sleeping in the cold moonlight.

“ At my feet the apple throw,  
I'll on thee a Nymph bestow,  
Whom all hearts confess to be  
Only less divine than me.”

Gaily on the Goddess moved,  
In her hand the prize beloved ;—  
Who would not for Beauty bright,  
Crowns and Wisdom gladly slight?



## Mephistopheles.

I spare no pains, you see, to give you pleasure,—  
 The flowery accents of sweet song, the light  
 Of stars divine that gem the Olympian air  
 Through which we're treading to soft music's measure,  
 The Dorian lute's enchantments, that invite  
 To dreams, like those that honey-breathing sleep  
 Wafts through the frame, and when we reach the end  
 Of this fine tour, I'll treat you to a feast  
 Of nectar-dropping cups, more rich than any  
 The dome sublime of Father Zeus contains.

## Goethe.

By heaven, I feel once more a man.

## Mephistopheles.

Of course

You do ; the nonsense that they preached has passed,  
 And like the swiftly-dying race of mortals,  
 Leaves nought behind it but—I'll show you scenes  
 Where my own favourite children such as you  
 Pass very happy hours, as blest as gods ;  
 They know no night ; an ever-gleaming Sun  
 Shines o'er their homes ; the sunbright meads are green,  
 And damasked o'er with roses, fragrant, red,  
 And white, like the rich breasts of Aphrodite.  
 The land is shaded with thick groves of trees,  
 Glittering with gold and rich with fragrancy ;  
 And there they wheel the chariot o'er the plain,  
 Or tame the prancing steed, or strike the lyre  
 When blue-eyed Dian's light illumines the eve ;  
 The ocean breezes fan those blessed isles,  
 Where flowers of gold glisten from emerald trees.  
 While jocund plenty blooms all round, and perfume  
 Is scattered from the altars of their gods,  
 That blaze for ever with star-glancing fires.

And all these glories shall be thine for ever,  
If thou wilt but fall down and worship me.

*Aside.*

If this poetic nonsense don't subdue him,  
I know not what will make his wine-bag mine.

*Goethe.*

More music—let me hear the voice of song,  
And the flute's sweetly-flowing breath again.

*Mephistopheles.*

Behold two lovers seated on that hill,  
A youth and female; she is violet-tressed,  
And purple-zoned, and in her milky hand  
She holds a silver beaker; they are those  
Of whom the Voice invisible late hymned;  
He courts her to his arms—I think, indeed,  
If we but listen, we shall hear his strain.

THE SONG OF PARIS TO HELEN.

Come hither, come hither, and sit by me,  
Under the shade of the greenwood tree;  
I've a secret, Dearest, to murmur to thee,  
On those twin lips dewy and tender;  
And thus while I sit, to thy bosom prest,  
With all thy love in thy look confest,  
Oh, wonder not if I feel more blest  
Than kings on their thrones of splendour.

Thy voice has a music to stay the hours,  
Thy smiles are as sweet as those garden bowers,  
When broidered by May with the rosiest flowers  
That summer skies ever beamed on;  
And in those eyes, as the morning bright,  
Is sitting a Cupid—a sunlike sprite,—  
Oh, never hath Bard, in vision of light,  
A lovelier Image dreamed on.

The books, the songs, I loved so well,  
The evening walk in the leafy dell,

The midnight planets, whose radiant spell  
 Could cheer my solitude lonely,  
 Are changed—and no more their joys impart  
 When thou art away, who my angel art,—  
 There stands a Temple within my heart,  
 And thou art its idol only.

A Phantom of Beauty, more bright than May,  
 Flits round me like sunlight, and gilds my way—  
 Her smiles, her glances, wherever I stray,  
 Like showers of roses fall o'er me ;  
 Come tell me, dearest, come tell me true,  
 The name of this Phantom that meets my view,  
 Or need I declare that while sitting by you  
 The Real of this Phantom's before me ?

*Mephistopheles (aside).*

The acrid poisons of dark human passions  
 Dye the white soul so deeply, that it grows  
 Even of their own nature ; and when death  
 Resolves it from the body, still desires  
 The idols which it worshipped in the flesh.  
 So he, who for so many years has dwelt  
 In contemplation on mere worldly things,  
 Or if he mused on heaven, mused on it  
 Only as theme for curious speculation,  
 Still is enticed away, as in his life,  
 From the ideal-lovely to the actual.—  
 Sing on, again, my pretty wanton Syren.

*To GOETHE.*

See, the young Shepherd courts his love again ;  
 While archer Cupid lies in both their looks,  
 Ready for mischief. Ah, poor Menelaus,  
 I'd pity you, but that I shake with laughter.

*Syren (still invisible).*

Those tresses, soft and beautiful as morning ;  
 Thy teeth that with the pearls may vie in whiteness ;

The rosy buds thy milky cheek adorning ;  
 Those sweet fond eyes, insphering sunny brightness,  
 Shall not be always so, Beloved !—but render  
 Up to the grasp of Time their dazzling splendour.

Go, seek the garden in the time of roses—  
 Of Beauty, in her prime, a type portraying ;  
 Pace it again, when Winter there reposes,  
 And the once lovely flowers are all decaying.  
 So shall it be with *thee*, when Time shall scatter  
 Years o'er thy head, and all thy roses shatter.

Swifter than hinds, along the meadows flying,  
 Fleeter than pards from hounds and hunters leaping,  
 Time rushes onward, in pursuit undying,  
 His track of death with stricken mortals heaping ;  
 Will he who crumbleth monarchs, warriors, nations,  
 List to a gentle woman's supplications ?

No !—fierce, relentless, blood-stained, on he hasteth,  
 Gorged to the throat with spoil of youth and beauty !  
 Ere then, Beloved, thy gentle charms he tasteth,  
 Hearken—oh ! hearken unto love's sweet duty !  
 Fondly thine arms of snow around me twining,  
 Enjoy thy May of life while May is shining.

Goethe.

Will she consent ?

Mephistopheles.

Did Helen e'er refuse ?

See—she is folded in his arms ; away,—  
 The scene grows rather warm ; methinks a cloud  
 Of roses should spread o'er their happy transports.

*Aside.*

Thus am I fooling him—he gives consent  
 By silence to my promises : methinks  
 When he has seen the comical sights of Hell,  
 And is, in turns, abused, cajoled, or laughed at,  
 Now scornfully repulsed, and now stroked down,

As they stroke cats, this brass-cheeked brandisher  
 Of the Phœbéan lyre will sign the deed,  
 And, to escape a fancied Hell, fall in  
 To one that's anything but fanciful.  
 But till he sees the Witches, the strong magic  
 With which I magnetise him will not work ;  
 Virtue and Vice are fighting in his heart,—  
 I rather think poor Virtue's faint already.

*As they depart, the Phantoms, and the ideal scene,  
 vanish, and the place is again enveloped in horrible  
 darkness.*



## SCENE XX.

## A RAINBOW-CLOUD.

Ariel.

The cloven-footed Imp forbids my presence,  
 Lest I may turn the heaven-born Child to truth.  
 But I can sing, and warn him from the danger  
 By an old fable.—Will he grasp its meaning?

*Sings.*

Lightly through the forest glancing,  
 Like an arrow sharp and fleet,  
 Flies a Doe of milk-white beauty,  
 With black eyes and twinkling feet.  
 O'er the glades that laugh in sunshine,  
 Through the dells that sleep in shade,  
 Darts the Doe of milk-white beauty,  
 Trembling like some frightened maid.

Quickly rose Fingal the mighty,  
 Calling loud his faithful hounds  
 Bran and Sgœlan, and they hurried  
 When they heard the well-known sounds ;

Through the forest, far outspreading,  
 In pursuit the monarch hies,  
 While the milk-white Doe of beauty  
 Still before him onward flies.

Oh! the morning sun shone sweetly  
 When the wond'rous chase began,  
 Yet the evening sun descended,  
 While still followed dogs and man ;  
 Through the many woodland windings,  
 O'er the forest's grassy floor,  
 While the milk-white Doe of beauty,  
 Flashed before them evermore.

Till they came to old Slieve Guillin,  
 The white Doe before them flew ;  
 When they came to old Slieve Guillin,  
 Then she vanished from their view.  
 East and west looked anxious Fingal,  
 North and south the monarch gazed,  
 Sweet and broken was the baying  
 By his sad hounds wildly raised.

From the deep heart of a valley,  
 By a silver-bosomed lake,  
 Strains of plaintive sorrow wander,  
 And the forest echoes wake ;  
 Wild and mournful was the music  
 As it struck the monarch's ears,  
 And the voice to which he listened  
 Seemed a voice of sobs and tears.

By the still and gentle waters  
 Where the weeping willows twined,  
 He beheld a beauteous Ladye  
 On the lonely bank reclined ;

From her wild blue eyes of sweetness  
 Fell the big tears of despair,  
 And adown her neck of lilies  
 Swept her long dishevelled hair.

Like the car of morning sailing  
 O'er the ocean's glassy breast,  
 Like the rosy light of evening  
 When the sun is in the west,  
 Like a freezing star of brightness  
 When the heavens are fair to see,  
 Was the sad and beauteous Ladye  
 As she sang beneath that tree.

And, "Oh, say, thou beauteous Ladye,"  
 Thus outspake the noble chief,  
 "Whence proceeds thy great affliction?  
 And whence comes thy song of grief?  
 Hast thou wandered in this wild wood—  
 Hast thou wander'd from thy way?  
 Or can knightly succour aid thee,  
 O enchanting Ladye, say?"

Then outspake the lovely Ladye,  
 Smiling through her tears of woe,  
 "Gentle chieftain, noble chieftain,  
 Since my sorrows thou would'st know,  
 In the deep well of yon lake there lies  
 A jewel rich and rare,—  
 A ring of gold with diamonds set,  
 Which once my finger ware.

A ring of gold more dearly loved  
 Than I do love mine eyes,  
 A ring which more than aught on earth  
 My foolish wishes prize.

Since rose the morning sunlight  
I have wept the lake beside,  
Gazing like a maid distracted  
On its waters deep and wide.

Gentle chieftain, valiant chieftain,  
Wilt thou find my ring for me?  
Wilt thou dive beneath the sleeping waves  
And search them curiouslie?"  
Scarcely spake the beauteous Ladye,  
When the brave and noble king  
Plunged beneath the shining waters  
Of the lake to find the ring.

On the sands that beamed like crystal  
Lay the jewel glittering bright,  
And it shone as shines a golden star,  
Or gleams the moon at night;  
Gladly seized the gem the monarch,  
And he clutched it in his hand,  
O'er the sparkling azure waters,  
Swimming fleetly to the land.

And alas, alas! what languor  
Seizes on the monarch's limbs,  
His brawny shoulders shrivel  
In the moment that he swims;  
He crawls into the valley green  
With footsteps faint and slow,  
His eyes grow dim and glassy,  
And his hairs as white as snow.

Far away that lovely Ladye  
Hath departed, far away,  
And beside the magic waters  
Sits the monarch old and gray.



Ah, the cursèd spell of sorcery !  
That fate like this should fall  
On Erie's noblest warrior,  
On her chief, the great Fingal.

In the Hall of Spears at Alwin  
There is festal joy and mirth,  
The wine-cup sparkles brightly,  
Brightly shines the blazing hearth :  
Oh ! where tarries our brave monarch  
From the feast of cups and shells ?  
And why stands his gold chair vacant  
While the harp's proud music swells ?

Sadly rise his noble chieftains—  
To the wild wood forth they wend,  
Where the green and drooping willows  
With the lake's blue waters blend ;  
In the valley, bent and withered,  
Still the sorrowing king repines ;  
Like a famished way-worn wanderer,  
His weak limbs he reclines.

And, "O weak and weary wanderer!—  
Oh, hast thou seen to-day  
A mighty king with two fleet hounds  
Come coursing by this way ?  
A milk-white Doe of beauty  
Through these glens the monarch chased,  
And we follow in his footsteps  
O'er the lonely wooded waste."

Deeply sighed the stricken monarch  
As he saw his chieftains bold,  
To their wondering ears his story  
With slow faltering tongue he told ;

Long they cursed the vile Enchantress,  
As their much-loved king they bore  
On their well-bound golden bucklers  
To the Witch's cavern-door.

For three whole nights they laboured,  
Till they burst the living tomb ;  
For three whole days they clamoured,  
Till they pierced the deadly gloom.  
In the middle of the caverned rock,  
Upon her fiery throne,  
Frowned the crafty vile Enchantress,  
Sitting balefully alone.

Loudly shrieked the vile Enchantress  
As the chieftains all rushed in,  
With clanging spear and falchion,  
And with fiery javelin.  
From her throne of magic terror  
She descended, trembling, pale,  
Shivering like a frightened spectre  
On the gloomy northern gale.

Then she moved unto the monarch,  
Bearing in her snowy hand  
A Cup of strange Enchantment,  
Which he drank at her command ;  
The spell passed off like darkness,  
And the monarch stood confessed,  
In the light of all his beauty  
And his former splendour dressed.

In the olden lay I sing thee  
Lives a lesson wise and deep,—  
It would teach thee, it would rouse thee  
From thy dull voluptuous sleep.

It would warn thee of the fearful  
 Magic net that waits thee there,  
 Where thou'rt wending,—oh, distrust it,  
 Though most seeming mild and fair.

*Mephistopheles (aside).*

Beware, beware, Ariel ; I say, beware !

*Goethe.*

What is this music ?

*Mephistopheles.*

Some concealed deception.

I hate this place, it is so full of falsehood.



## SCENE XXI.

### ANOTHER PART OF HADES.

*Darkness, occasionally streaked with vivid flashes of lightning.  
 The Phallos surrounded by twelve brazen caldrons. Dance  
 of the WITCHES around the Phallos. MEPHISTOPHELES  
 and GOETHE.*

*Mephistopheles.*

Ah, methinks you're looking better,  
*Merrily round the Witches dance ;*  
 It is like that gay French letter,  
 Which they worship so in France.  
 See that young one how she wriggles,  
 See that old one how she grins ;  
 How that hairy beldam jiggles,—  
 Pluto save us from her sins.  
*Merrily round the Witches dance.*

Midnight dark as in the ark,  
 When the beasts were housed with Noè ;  
 Stink and gloom as in the womb  
 Where mad Jonah slept, while blowy  
 Winds disturbed the ocean snowy.

*Merrily round the Witches dance.*

Now they kick their heels lascivious,  
 Now they shake their horrid dug,  
 Playing nasty tricks, oblivious  
 Of wild shame as slugs or bugs.  
 How they caper—how they tumble  
 Head o'er heels, and heels o'er head,  
 Sorely must the Apostles grumble,  
 If they ever chance to stumble  
 Where these naked witches tread.

*Merrily round the Beldams dance.*

I could almost love them for it ;  
 Were a saint here he'd abhor it,  
 Like a noddy, goose, or doddy,  
 As those are who feed on porret,  
 Thinking more of soul than body.

*Merrily round the Witches dance.*

### Canidia.

Once there was a jolly Pope,  
 With a hey ho nonny, nonny ho !  
 Dressed his monkey in a cope,  
 And crowned him with the triple crown,  
 Hey ho nonny, nonny ho !  
 Then made his cardinals bow down,  
 And kiss the monkey's sacred toe ;  
 While loud he laughed, ha, ha ! ho, ho !  
 Before him danced, sans shift or gown,  
 His harlots, whereat none dared frown.

*Hey ho nonny, nonny ho !*

Oh, never was St. Peter's chair  
 More aptly filled than then I swear,

When Monkey his toe gravely gave  
 To every purple-stockinged knave,  
 And looked like God's vicegerent ho.

*Hey ho nonny, nonny no!*

Goethe.

Was it to shew me Satan's Saturnalia  
 You brought me hither? I am sick to loathing;  
 You should have left me on the Idæan Hills.

*Mephistopheles (aside).*

And yet I think I see your wisdom fleeting.

*Young Witch (extremely beautiful).*

Ah, come here, you pretty fellow,  
 Wondrous sights I'll shew you; charms  
 Such as ne'er, since earth was mellow,  
 Stooped to any mortal's arms.

Goethe.

Can'st thou read the hidden Future?  
 If thou canst, and wilt expound it—

*Mephistopheles.*

This is nonsense, man, confound it,  
 Do not ask her—'twill not suit your  
 Purpose;—be advised by me.

*Old Witch (aside).*

Artfully Sir Voland acts it,  
 Feigning anger to excite him.

*Young Witch.*

Yes, I know it; will your lordship  
 Let me shew what must delight him?

*Mephistopheles.*

Since he presses, I agree.

## Young Witch.

This is the sole true art of divination,  
 Taught to us by Pythagoras of Samos.

## Mephistopheles.

Whose Romish doctrine of the Transmigration,  
 Makes his name here, as in Crotona, famous.

*She takes a mirror, which she inscribes with blood; and bidding GOETHE stand behind her, she shews the mirror to the Moon, which appears cresting the distant mountains. GOETHE looks steadfastly, and perceives his own name written on the Moon's disk in characters of blood, and a motto, importing that, act as he may, his soul is now eternally lost.*

Mephistopheles (*aside*).

'Pon my word, this witch has finely  
 Done the very thing I wanted;  
 Where in hell she got the Moon though,  
 Even without a *nomine Domini*,  
 I know not—the fool's enchanted.  
 This will sure destroy his visions  
 Of Miss Peggy and of Aden,  
 And persuade him to make any  
 Bargain with me while he's able.  
 Fal, lal, lal, resume your dancing,  
     *Merrily round the Witches dance—*  
 Nay, Old One, restrain your prancing,  
 Trust me, that 'tis not enhancing  
     Perfect charms like yours, which never  
     Can require the least endeavour  
 To fill all with love entrancing.  
     *Merrily round the Witches dance.*

## Goethe.

This Phallic dance is singularly quaint.

## Mephistopheles.

I thought it would amuse you ; you're not downcast.  
 If you're indeed condemned, I'll make the matter  
 Most easy to you, if you will but worship.

*Aside.*

His eyes are riveted on the scene, for some  
 Of these sweet witches brighter are than angels ;  
 And Paris did not gaze on more enchanting  
 Creations of fine beauty than are now  
 In naked witchery set before our minstrel.  
 Arise, false form and shape deceitful, rise,  
 With unreal splendour mock his dazzled eyes.

*A phantom-picture ascends from the caldrons, stretching  
 away to a great distance in airy splendid colours. The  
 whole atmosphere seems illumined with sunshine. He be-  
 holds the GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES.*

## Goethe.

A Garden pranked with flowers of loveliest hues  
 And fragrance is before me. Who are these  
 Three wondrous goddesses, with charms all bare,  
 Who bring me this gold apple, and entreat  
 That I may give it to the fairest one ?

## Mephistopheles.

Know you not Venus, Juno, and Athenè ?  
 They come from Zeus to you, as erst they did  
 To Alexander in Mount Ida's dells ;  
 Begging you to bestow the golden gift  
 Upon the loveliest ; see, it is inscribed  
 In graceful Greek.

## Goethe.

Then, Venus, it is thine.

## Mephistopheles.

The Aphrodisian goddess thanks you much,

And will bestow in recompense for this  
Immortal apple one ambrosial kiss.

Goethe.

O Gods! I dream—an ecstasy of madness  
Seizes me as I fold within my arms  
The cestus-bearing Queen. Away—away!  
Another moment—press me—press me yet.

Mephistopheles.

Come, sir, I wait you.

Goethe.

Wait me? how now, fool?  
Was it to mock me, then, you brought me hither?

Mephistopheles.

Mock thee, indeed—I'd rather die than mock thee;  
But there are certain matters which thou knowest  
Preface the Paradise I promised thee;  
For instance, thou must first fall down and worship.

Goethe.

Worship! I will not—

Mephistopheles.

Then I'm very sorry  
But I must do my duty, and escort thee  
To the Abyss, and through it.

Goethe.

Nay, but pause:  
Is there no other way?

Mephistopheles (*fiercely*).

There is not, fool;  
And though there were I would not now bestow it,  
Nor would I take thee. Hence, away, away!  
Thou hast refused the proffered boon of heaven;  
*My* heaven which I would then have given thee.



I were a rascal, shame to all my tribe,  
If I allowed thee to play fast and loose.

*Aside.*

I have him sure. I swear it by the Goose  
Of Socrates, and that anserian bird  
On which wise Lacidas the Cyrenian sage  
Bestowed a funeral, whose trappings vied  
With those of kings; the sot is drunk already  
With the mad honey from the witch's lips;  
The frenzy seizes him. Avaunt! mild Wisdom,  
This disappointment will but whet him more;  
And I've another little witchery waiting  
To crown the bent of these ensnaring potions.  
Gretchen, methinks thy prayers are idle air.  
Now to the hells—I'll shew him fire and smoke,  
Caldron and pit and ocean, rack and wheel,  
And with fine promises, such as lovers swear  
To credulous maids by moonshine, win his soul,  
And mock old Minos when we meet again.

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SCENE XXII.

THE ABYSS OF HELL.

MEPHISTOPHELES *and* GOETHE.

Mephistopheles.

The ancients thought that it was the same distance
From heaven to earth as 'twas from earth to hell;
Greatly they erred; but they had not the assistance
Of an Apocalypse, so could hardly tell;
Vulcan, although he met with no resistance,
Took ten whole days when down from heaven he fell;
Whereas I've seen some millions, nay, have reckoned,
Who, dead on earth, were here within a second.

I've known it take five thousand years to get
To heaven from earth—nay, more. The greater part

Of saints do not reach sooner ; even yet
 I don't think Adam's there, with all his art
 Of magic, though his heart on heaven was set.
 If *you* could back from this to Weimar start,
 'Twould occupy a space of time, I fear,
 Very much more than that which brought you here.

The thing's a miracle beyond explaining,
 Why people should come here so very quickly,
 And go so slowly hence ; I'm not complaining—
 I leave it to the sentimental sickly ;
 But strange it is that Virgil, who, in feigning,
 Confined himself to facts and fiction strictly,
 Makes the remark, descent to hell is facile,
 Ascent is difficult for the most gracile.

We'll not dispute, however, on the matter,
 Enough for you and me that we are here ;
 I'll shew you things that might suggest a satire,
 Could you get back again to your own sphere ;
 But as you can't, and as you love to chatter,
 And above all, at man to laugh and sneer,
 You'll find rich food for mirth in this our journey,
 Provided for you by Hell's Baron Gurney.

Passing these Iron Gates, that like twin Titans
 Rise up in front of us, and frown like night,
 We come to Acheron, no stream for Tritons
 To sport, or blow their horns of margarite ;
 I wonder whether Cleobis and Biton's
 Fond mother lost her sacred appetite,
 When she reflected 'mong what noisy neighbours
 Her sons were sent for their fine filial labours.

We saw this river when we first descended,
 Or part of it, at least ; upon its banks
 Poplars and platans planted thick protended,
 While scritch-owls howled in chorus and in ranks ;

Its waters bear so many poisons blended,
Disease comes here to fill her numerous tanks
With the corruptions which on earth she rains
On town-bred bucks, who scorn the rustic plains.

I know not if you've heard that all diseases
That sweep your hapless race from life to death
Ascend from hell, winged on the poisonous breezes
That roar along this blasted Stygian heath,
But so it is ; there's not an old hag wheezes,
Or patient young who skips to Satan eath,
That has not for some crime inhaled a blast
From hence, and thus to dogs and birds gets cast.

Styx you've already seen ; its course lies yonder :
I should not like to swear by it, for those
Who do, and break their oaths, are sent to wander
A hundred years, through which they writhe in woes
And soul-consuming pangs ; a vagabonder
And sorrier crew ne'er put on shirt and hose,
Or crawled about more desperately despairing,
Than those who're exiled thither for false swearing.

Styx leads directly down into Cocytus,
Another river which we've crossed already,
Tenanted chiefly by the Jews whom Titus
Hanged, crucified, or starved, to make them steady ;
There also dwell such drunken sots as Clitus ;
The cold rank waters keep them from growing heady ;
Irish, Scotch, English, Russians, Danes, and Dutchmen,
Who drink too hard are there—'twas made for such men.

We're standing now upon the threshold dark
Of very hell and its ten thousand mansions ;
The harpies scream, snakes hiss, and bloodhounds bark
In chorus not so musical as scansions
Of Homer's verse ; the fires roar up and chark
The soul to cinder, curbing its expansions,

And making it a very squalid "fragment
Of air divine," such as the ancient wag meant.

Goethe.

But how can fire material harm the soul,
Which is immortal — an ambrosial air ?

Mephistopheles.

You think it can't be crisped into a coal ;—
That was the nonsense talked by old Voltaire ;
A sophism sly, contemptible and droll,
Worthy of sages smart and débonnaire,
And always shallow ; but I think you'll feel
Yourself ere long that even souls can squeal.

'Tis not for me to expound to you theology,
Or chemistry, or cards, or divination ;
Or preach the recent theories on geology,
Which carry back so far the world's creation,
Proving by proofs well founded on conchology
That Moses drew on his imagination ;
This, Baron most renowned, is not my business ;
The very thought has made me feel a dizziness.

Nor will I meddle with frail Eve or Adam,
The Arian or the Athanasian creed,
Abel or Cain ;—and why their parents had 'em
Outside of Aden—not within : a deed
Regretted much by every man and madam ;
Or why the Jews were not allowed to feed
On wholesome ham ; or by what odd command
The sun that does not move was made to stand.

How old was Abel when his brother slew him ?
Whether fifteen, or fifty, or five hundred ?
When Eve conceived by Adam ? where she knew him ?
How often, when he named the beasts, he blundered ?
Was he an androgyne ? Did God imbue him
With several sexes ? If so, why they sundered

To two? What means the rib Jehovah took
From Adam? and was Eve a clever cook?

Or whether the vast ocean called Atlantic
Flowed from her tears for hapless Abel's fate?
(If so her eyes must have been most gigantic,
Whether Cain struck him in the guts or pate?
Was't jealousy or envy drove him frantic?
Did widow Azrun marry him, or wait
Till Eve produced a husband for her? these
Are Gordian knots 'twere vain for us to feaze.

I'll not deny omnipotence, like Paine,
By saying an island can't be made without
Water around it; nor waste time in vain
By reasoning which might make a baby doubt;
The Origin of Evil and of Cain
Are not such themes as I intend to spout;
My mission simply is to shew you Hades,
And name its tenants, gentlemen and ladies.

For you and your vile race I feel such scorn
As souls like mine, the Sons of God, must feel
For creatures who, like toads and apes are born,
Fit only to be trampled under heel;
You doubt of God—poor worm—and would suborn
The intellect He gave, your hearts to steel
Against Him, and rise up in fierce denial—
Pray tell me, don't you merit wrath's full vial?

We pamper you on earth to this conceit,—
Pride and revenge compel us to these things;
But when we have you here our work's complete,
We let you loose from all false-leading strings:
Blasphemy here is dull and obsolete;
We tried it once against the King of Kings,
And failed—We want not here such imitators,
Enough for us that, living, you were traitors.

He conquered us—the day was his ; but ours
 Has been revenge indeed ; the world he made
 For you has left his worship for The Powers
 Infernal ; we alone are there obeyed.
 If the great soul I bear stoops, crawls, and cowers
 Before your race, 'tis that it may degrade
 You—them, and all, beneath the vilest beasts ;—
 We do so—on your souls our vengeance feasts.

On earth we did your work, and were your slaves,
 Here, in our own dominions, we are lords,
 And rule supreme ; the cheated fools and knaves
 Who form our prey, despised and bondaged hordes,
 Tremble beneath our bloody swords and glaives :
 The game is won—things rule with us, not words ;—
 Truth, Mercy, Justice, God we fight, scorn, hate,
 But to *deny* is not allowed by Fate.

Therefore, my dear companion, 'tis no use
 To be a sceptic here,—we're all believers ;
 The devil who doubted were indeed a goose,
 Or mad as men when raving in brain fevers.
 I love a little laughter—no abuse
 Of what's above us ; I and mine are weavers
 Of pleasant mockery, jibes, and jests, and jokes,
 Which we play off upon terrestrial folks.

Goethe.

Well, certainly for one who lately bragged
 So much about his temper, it *is* funny
 To hear tirades like this ; had you been dragged,
 As I have been, from scenes and gardens sunny,
 You might have roared with reason ; but unsagged
 At present, as you are, with lots of money,
 And nought to anger you but one sly jest,
 You cannot say your temper's of the best.

But I'll keep *mine* untouched, and eke unroused ;
 Proceed, Herr Voland, with your smart description
 Of the poor devils whom you here keep housed,
 Like prowling beasts by old and long prescription ;
 You never hinted, when the fools caroused
 On earth, that o'er their cells the drear inscription,
All hope abandon ye who enter here,
 Should burn in fire—never to disappear.

Mephistopheles.

It makes me glad to see you bear damnation
 So pleasantly, Herr Baron, but I think
 Until you've gone through the first mild probation,
 And found yourself so tough as not to shrink,
 You may as well defer your jubilation ;
 For *my* part, I'll rejoice to see you wink
 And hold your iron out, mine ancient Pistol,
 Trampling the flames like some suspected Vestal.

I think, however, ere I've shewn you over
 These fruitful plains, which you must know will be
 The future home of such a wayward rover
 As you have been, you'll sign and seal with me ;
 You could not always hope to live in clover,
 Worshipped with such insane idolatry
 As wise Egyptians lavished upon cats,
 Crocodiles, monkeys, weasels, worms, and rats.

I told you, nay, my Paradise I disclosed,
 Although I did not shew you all its stages,
 That is a duty which I've not imposed
 Upon myself until I get my wages ;
 Had you agreed to what I then proposed,
 You should have lived there pleasantly for ages
 In pastime grave or jovial, wise or learned,
 Better by far than this mere wild-goose errand.

But since you would not bargain, why you know
 My mind, that's all ; I don't mean to deceive you,
 Or under falsehood work your overthrow ;
 The Furies very quickly will relieve you
 From *my* companionship ; I'm not your foe,
 Nor did I ever while you lived aggrieve you ;
 I hate *all* men—but you, who are my friend,
 And therefore 'twas I wished some aid to lend.

If you're still bent on dreaming that some stroke
 Of Fate or Fortune waits us when we reach
 Our journey's end—dream on : I will not joke
 Or interrupt you by sarcastic speech.
 I have you firmly like a pig in a poke,
 However *you* may scold or Peggy preach ;
 And so we'll re-commence our dismal tour—
 The scene grows blacker than a blackamoor.

Here are the jaws of Orcus ; Griefs, Diseases
 Horrent, cadaverous, spectral, black and pale,
 Famine with wolfish fangs that garbage seizes,
 Mad Discord howling in her iron jail ;
 And squalid Want whose icy aspect freezes,
 And viper-folded Madness breathing bale,
 And Murder robed in blood, and ghastly Fear,
 And Nightmare scattering portents far and near.

Here also is the frightful prodigy Fame,
 Than whom no fouler breathes the infernal air ;
 Pigmy at first, she hides her head in shame,
 Anon she swells to size beyond compare,
 A million watchful eyes encase her frame,
 Which seems indeed all eye, but that where'er
 She turns her gaze, a million tongues and ears
 Drink in, and spread hopes, frenzies, lies, and fears.

She whispers—nations tremble and bow down ;
She shouts—an empire totters, swoons, and dies ;
From this she robs—to this she hands a crown,
Her voice enwraps the globe and fills the skies ;
Restlessly gadding on from town to town,
Sleep binds no golden fillet o'er her eyes,
Nor labour tires her tongues, nor noise confounds
Those ears that gape for all deceitful sounds.

Near her sits Envy, skeleton-limbed and pale,
Covered with eyes that ne'er look straight ; a scowl
Grins on her brows ; an ear for every tale
Of Calumny, a tongue those tales to howl ;
Black clots of poison mark her gall-dewed trail ;
She never smiles but at some treason foul,
Such as her darlings plan when she instils
The self-tormenting hate that beauty kills.

She has a nook in every human breast,
Till Virtue drives her out ; the statesman grave
Receives her in his holy heart a guest ;
The lawyer feasts her, and the soldier brave
Wears her at times upon his waving crest ;
The reverend priest, whose soul no sins deprave,
Takes her at church-hour to that hallowed shrine,—
“ And, oh, that yonder greasy stall were mine ! ”

The atmosphere all round is thick with Cares
And wild Suspicions ; Vengeance stained with gore,
And deeply gashed with wounds ; black Hate that tears
Even her own vitals ; Avarice clothed o'er
With gold that looks like blood ; fierce Lust that rears
His savage front ; Ambition—Falsehood hoar,
And many-changing Malice with snake-smile,
Anger blood-venomed and fair-seeming Guile.

And mixed with these are Spectres without number,
Not to be named and nameless ; black and hideous,
Such as on earth pollute the sick man's slumber,
Rendering the sleep that should refresh him tedious
And horrible ; false Phantoms that encumber
The waking reveries of the mad religious
With maniac vision and confused sorites,
Making such things as Southcote and Stylites.

Dreary vacuity, never-ending gloom,
And pestilential clouds of thick obscure,
Hot copper-coloured mists that dimly loom,
Like dark miasmas from a wide-spread moor ;
A charnel-vapour, worse than aught the tomb
Exhales, of all that's odious and impure ;—
Such is the general aspect of this quarter
Where we roast fools who soul for body barter.

Terror and Horror, deadliest Melancholy,
Forgetfulness of life, disgusts, and dread,
Vague nightmare fancies, phantasms wild, unholy,
And blasphemous distract the heart and head
Of each descending ghost ; the herb called Moly
Would be a blessing to these maniac dead ;
But none grows here, and opium is not sold,
To lull their ravings dark and manifold.

The massive gates of bronze that frown all round,
Lifting their mighty arches mountains high
And oceans wide ; clanging with brazen sound
As the damned droves within their shadows fly,
To sleep henceforth in flame and gloom profound,
Are graven each in fire that blinds the eye :
Lust carved on this, on that Ambition ; there
Gluttony, Gaming, Theft in lightning glare.

All the sweet vices which you mortals practise,
 Have each a separate gate and separate road,
 So that when any comes no doubts distract his
 Clear brain how he may reach his new abode ;
 It burns in flame before him ; and the fact is,
 They never *do* mistake—the way is strowed,
 As you may see, with thousands in distress ;—
 You and I pass through this marked Selfishness.

I orce supposed we'd pass through gate Ambition,
 The gate of Infidelity, or Meanness,
 All of which lead to the same goal—perdition,
 By several long dark alleys of uncleanness ;
 But since you've stood before our Inquisition,
 I've scanned you with such eyes of eagle keenness,
 I entertain no doubt the gate I've named
 Is that which your own instincts would have claimed.

Right in our pathway fronting yon dark Cavern
 Stands Cerberus, the horrid dog of hell ;
 Courteous as some spruce waiter at a tavern
 To all who're entering in, but fierce and fell
 To those who would go out ; he casts his slaver on
 Their sneaking souls, which makes them leap and yell,
 Like Pantaloon in horseplay pantomimes,
 Or readers of good taste o'er Twaddle's rhymes.

The dog has fifty sharp-fanged heads you see,
 With which he's ever gaping for fresh food.

Goethe.

He has, and greatly it perplexes me
 To see him, for I always understood
 That Cerberus had never more than three,—
 Bards are such barefaced liars.

Mephistopheles.

Don't be rude ;

We all knew that before ; say something new,
'Tis scarcely fair to hear such words from you.

The dog has fifty heads, no more no less,
And fifty brazen throats through which he bawls,
And fifty double rows of fangs to mess
On such stray game as to his portion falls,
With fifty serpent necks of ugliness,
Maned with fierce snakes, whose hissing sense appals—
A worthy whelp of Erebus and Nox,
And more destructive far than great Pethox.

Virgil and Ovid, Sophocles and Horace,
Four sons of—drabbish Muses, who ne'er saw him
(The dog, not Pethox), *aut domi aut foris*,
Which means in earth or hell, presume to draw him
Only with three snake-heads ; I'd wage the orris
With which my cloak is fringed, that if we jaw him,
He'll tell us in dog-language how the lie
Arose, and who invented it, and why.

Hesiod's the only tell-truth—his theogony
Relates the fact as with your eyes you see it ;
The fine old Ascræan scorned to do the dog any
Harm, nor would bate a single head, albeit
Others who knew no more than my mahogany
How the thing was, yet ventured to decree it
At three instead of fifty, which was doing
The beast a wrong, and leaves themselves a-rueing ;

For scarcely had these minstrels set foot here,
And come within the Cerberean grapple,
When they were seized, and spite of groan and tear,
And even our Lady, of Loretto's chapel
(Who was in heaven perhaps about a year
Before the three from Italy), mishap ill
Befel them in the shape of sundry bitings,
As punishment for their deceitful writings.

Horace and Ovid have not yet recovered,
 But limp about on crutches ; Virgil, who
 Seems by some heavenly light to have discovered
 The birth of Truth which made his gods look blue,
 And seen The Immaculate Word of Heaven that hovered
 Brightly on earth, and sang its splendours too,
 Was almost well when he escorted Dante,
 And by this time has grown young, brisk, and janty.

Cerberus.

Ough ! Ough ! Ough ! Ough ! what news from earth,
 old Rabbi ?

What ragamuffin's that with coat all rusty,
 Who roosts upon your tail ? Ough ! Ough !

Mephistopheles.

Sweet babby,

Don't bark so loudly ; this my friend's a trusty
 And faithful one, who, though his air be shabby,
 And his soul's odour rather rank and musty
 To heavenly nostrils, is resolved, from love
 Of you and me, to quit the realms above.

Cerberus.

Ough ! Ough ! Ough ! Ough ! we've rogues and scamps
 enow ;

Our realms are chockfull. Ough !

Mephistopheles.

They are indeed.

Cerberus.

'Twas scarce worth this one's while to come, I trow,
 So far to see 'em. Was he of the breed ?

Mephistopheles.

He was a Poet, on whose broad bald brow
 His countrymen stuck bays—a worthless weed.

Cerberus.

And starved him ?

Mephistopheles.

No ; he sold his soul for money,
Even as your dogship might for cakes of honey.

Cerberus.

Well, he did right ; for godlike mortals treat
Their bards so badly, that they're fools indeed
To spend so many years with nought to eat,
Contented, like wild beasts, with abject need.

Mephistopheles.

They live like Irish, happy if roast meat,
Once in their time, supplies a first, last feed ;
The greatest of their minstrels, old blind Homer,
Was all his life a beggar and a roamer.

Menander drowned himself in proud despair ;
Dogs tore Euripides ; the Ascræan sage
Was murdered ; Socrates drank poison ; fair
And lute-souled Sappho felt the public rage ;
Theocritus was hanged ; the mighty pair,
Demosthenes and Tully, in old age
Died one by poison, one by steel ; the knife
Cut Lucan, Brutus, Seneca from life.

Empedocles and Pliny burned in flame
Volcanic, and the Stagyrite self-drowned ;
Hannibal poisoned ; Naso sent with shame
To Tomos ; Galileo blind and bound
In chains by knaves who dare themselves proclaim
God's viceroys ; pure Lucretius, rainbow-crowned,
Struck by his own right hand—such things as these
Shew how Fate loads the best with agonies.

Plautus and Terence were unhappy slaves ;
And so was Æsop ; sage Boëtius died

In gaol ; Camöens, whose Parnassian staves
 Are his accursèd nation's only pride,
 Begged in her streets ; o'er Tasso's, Dante's graves—
 Massinger's, Dryden's, Chatterton's, have sighed
 Thousands, who on past ages bawled out " Shame !"
 Then went their way and did the very same.

Butler and Savage, Spenser, Goldsmith, Lee,
 Cervantes, Marlow, Otway, Drayton, Forde,
 Chapman and Shirley, Fletcher, a bright Three
 On eagle-wings to heavenly heights who soared ;
 Burns whose great soul outshone the galaxy
 In splendour——lived and starved, and died abhorred,
 Or what is worse, despised by human things
 Who scorn the gods, and worship lords and kings,

Who own that Genius is the Child of Heaven
 Sent down to earth to beautify its ways ;
 Like living Revelations born and given.
 How does Man hail it ? Like a fiend, he prays
 Upon its loveliness. While some are driven
 Into despair, and stalk in Frenzy's maze ;
 Others are crucified ; the murderous Jews
 Of old, could they come back, would greatly muse
 To see good Christians walking in their shoes.

Rome trampled Scipio ; Florence trimmed the stake
 For Dante ; Cork its weeping Curran scorned ;
 London expelled its Byron ; Bristol brake
 The soul of Chatterton ; Rousseau, pain-thorned,
 Was hissed from France ; base England like a snake
 Stung Shelley : thus the world wags ; while adorned
 With fame and fortune move the hell-born tribe
 Whose names upon our books the Fates inscribe.

But time spurs on.

Cerberus.

The cates ?

Mephistopheles.

I've brought you plenty ;
 Here's a full packet moist with virgins' sighs
 Breathed forth in forests green for rakes of twenty,
 Seasoned with widows' tears and lovers' lies,
 Made up besides of the most choice frumenty, —
 Pluto ne'er tasted more delicious pies —

Cerberus.

Ough! Ough! Ough! Ough! gob, gobble, gobble,
 gobble.

Goethe.

Heavens! how his jaws and belly swag and wabble.

Never before saw I such monstrous cramming, —
 His fifty throats like air-blown bladders swell ;
 I've seen artillerymen with ramrods ramming
 Thirty-six pound shot down a cannon's well ;
 I've seen fat bishops skilled in cant and shamming
 Gorging green fat through throats as deep as hell,
 But ne'er before in things of fact or fiction
 Dreamed I of jaws with such a power of friction,

Or gullets with such mighty force of swallow,
 Or belly capable of such distension.

Mephistopheles.

I thought you'd stare—the beast delights to wallow
 Thus in a slough of gluttony ; invention
 Were dull to find his like ; he beats out hollow
 All the gross eaters whom the poets mention
 In veritable history, or the sages
 In their fat lists of stuff-guts of all ages.

He's sleeping now, and so we'll pass him by
 Quickly and quietly.

Goethe.

Nay, I'm rather vext
You dosed him off so soon.

Mephistopheles.

Pray tell me why?

Goethe.

He might have solved a doubt that much perplexed
Me in my youth about the Delta Lie.

Mephistopheles.

The Delta Lie!

Goethe.

Yes, sir, the doubtful text
That posed me could be cleared by him alone,
For which I'd give the beast a mutton bone.

Mephistopheles.

The Delta Lie, my dainty, doubting friend,
Is one that puzzled wiser beasts than this ;
Though he had heads and brains withouten end,
He could not drag it from the deep abyss
Of mystery, humbug, scheming, that defend
It round about, as pins defend some miss
From man's embraces. What of dark divinity
Could the dog know, or baptism, or Infinity?

Little cares he for Adam, John, or Moses,
The Witch of Endor, transubstantiation,
Nor is it likely when the savage dozes
He dreams of Shem, or of the world's formation ;
Nothing he thinks of Slawkenbergian noses,
Less of the Flood, and Jonah's navigation :
He cannot solve the mystical Delta Lie,
Nor any other—so we'll pass him by.

Goethe.

Well—since you say it *must* be so, so be it ;
 This and the Psyche of the Ovarian Bottle
 We'll learn elsewhere.

Mephistopheles.

May all the Gods decree it.
 Meanwhile look here ; the soul of Amos Cottle
 Changed to a tadpole spitting venom ; flee it ;
 Not all the nostrums known to Aristotle
 Could cure you, if a drop of what he spews
 On all who're near him should your skin suffuse.

Here at this Gate is seated One in white,—
 A Saint I think—we'll not inquire his name ;
 Beside him stands a black and sneering Sprite,
 Whose nostrils vomit a Tartarean flame.
 One of the mouths of hell opes to the right,
 Ready to gulp down deaf and blind and lame,
 Ancient and youth, as children swallow plums,
 For all is grist that to our millers comes.

A nicely-balanced scale is swung between,—
 The Saint has weights of gold, the Devil of lead ;
 Soon as a trembling soul's approaching seen,
 Shrinking back like the coward letter Z,
 His deeds are weighed : the Saint and Imp, as keen
 As rats about a piece of bacon-shred,
 Watch how the tongue inclines, and save or damn
 Quicker than you could pen an epigram.

This landscape's not enchanting ; mountains, hills,
 Rocks, caverns, chasms, great whirlpools, and deep dens,
 With thick brown marshes fed from putrid rills,
 Exhaling the worst odours of worst fens ;
 Smoke, flame, mists, soot, and all the other ills
 The damned are heirs to in these ghastly pens,

Where Pluto folds his flocks like some good shepherd,
Or butcher rather, till they're burned and peppered.

The dens and caverns hide these savage beasts,
Whose whole delight in life was lust or blood ;
Such as the Nero's or the Italian Priests,
Such as Tiberius formed of gore and mud,
As Theodorus said ; their feats and feasts
Are masques of madness, like Deucalian's flood,
When frantic millions raged against each other,
Sire against son, and sister against brother.

Those who sojourn here seldom wish to stay
For any length of time ; an hour or two
Is quite sufficient ; few would spend a day,
Fewer a week, and none a twelvemonth through.
The bore is *this*—they cannot get away,
Although they labour for't with much ado ;
Our emperor likes their company so well,
He won't consent that they should go from hell.

Sometimes they take to flight with hopes to 'scape
Their term of torture, scampering many a mile,
But all in vain ; to elude the devil's chape
Is hard indeed, however versatile
Their talents—demon-dragged by heel and nape
They soon return with looks of bitter bile,
Cursing the moment of their late vagary
Instead of praying to the Virgin Mary.

Our catalogue of punishments is endless,
Frying-pans, spits, great worms with poisonous fangs,
Stink baths of pitch and sulphur, which offend less
Than the steel traps which give such awful bangs ;
Added to which each ghost feels sad and friendless,
For talking's not allowed among the gangs.
The silent system borrowed from the Yankees
Prevails—for which they've got our hearty thank ye's.

Our thieves are punished by beholding jewels,
 Sardonyx, diamond, emerald, heavens of light
 Within their reach—they grasp them : hell's worst fuels
 Of hottest fire they grasp, not treasures bright.
 Drunkards drink boiling lead and water, gruels
 By no means pleasing to their appetite ;
 The tongues of liars are cut off with shears,
 And hypocrites weep molten brass, not tears.

Though I had several thousand iron tongues
 To prate untired through lips of hardest steel,
 And numerous bodies filled with brazen lungs,
 And were moreover red with burning zeal,
 To speak in language drear as Parson Young's
 The penalties undying which we deal
 Upon our damned disciples, I should never
 Get through the list, what time I took soever.

Those whom we ne'er forgive are unjust judges,
 Like Jeffreyes, Mansfield, Buller, Norbury, Scroggs ;
 Scoundrels who act on earth as devil's drudges,
 Wallowing in filth too foul for sottish hogs,
 Who wreak, in form of law and justice, grudges,
 Envy, and hates, when bid to't by King Logs,
 Or King Log's basest lacqueys, called prime ministers,
 Whose friendship is a prize that always sinister's.

Their features once demure, grow black and direful,
 And void of life, like those of corpses ; some
 Pimpled and ulcered, whose expression ireful
 Would fright the boldest knight in Christendom ;
 Some have no face at all ; see yonder pyre full
 Of howling dicasts, a large hecatomb,
 Who've neither form nor shape,—a tortured heap
 Of bone and hair and worms that never sleep.

Goethe.

What light gleams yonder, like a star of gold,

Amid the encircling darkness? Does it move?
Or am I dazzled by what I behold?

Mephistopheles.

By no means, Jack ; I'm glad your eyes improve :
That is the Ram of which such tales are told,
The Golden Ram of Phryxus and his love,
Who gave a name to Hellespont—the beast
Is, as you see, indeed superbly fleeced.

This Ram renowned, the pride of ancient story,
Galloped amid the crystal heavens so well
The winds could not o'ertake him ; so his glory
Has been the theme of many a poet's shell ;
Who sang his fame in flights as high and soary
As those he took, when beauteous Hellè fell
From his gold back, and sank into the Ocean—
A fair-faced thief, who robbed her sire Bœotian.

Phryxus, more lucky than his sister, landed
At Colchos, being advised by the sage Ram,
And locked his treasure up ; then basely handed
The gallant beast on which through air he swam
Up to the priests, who burned him, but demanded
The gorgeous fleece ; they gave it with a damn
And looks ill-omened. The ungrateful miser
Was murdered ; thus was Nemesis chastiser,

Of an abandoned wretch whose thirst for pelf
Made him commit a vile and treacherous deed.
The gods, who loved the Ram and loathed the Elf,
Threw Phryxus to him as a worthless weed.
Aries since then has well avenged himself,
And tears the wretch as wild wolves tear some steed
That wanders from his herd, and sees too late
The wolfish pack with eyes and fangs of hate.

What has become of Hellè is not known ;
 She dwells no doubt with other thieving wenches,
 Where she pours forth her melancholy moan
 Mid fires and devils, worms and snakes and stenches ;—
 The Ram's a bachelor still, and lives alone,
 His sole amusement the terrific wrenches
 He gives his former rider through the air,
 And thus you have the story of the pair.

Goethe.

O ruthless Avarice, blindest thirst for dollars,
 Guineas, Napoleons, banker's books, and notes,
 Who taintest all the world save priests and scholars,
 And wearest such a multitude of coats ;
 Now throned in castles, hiding now in sollars,
 Now with the youth, and now with him who dotes,—
 The king, the soldier, lady fine, and flirt,
 In turn are thine. What giv'st thou them ? mere dirt.

Mephistopheles.

O noble, godlike Avarice, whose coffers
 Are lined with gold and silver, gems and plate,
 Diamonds and pearls and amethysts ; let scoffers
 Rail at thee as they may, because they hate ;
 Smile upon *me*—I'll not reject thy proffers,
 But take thee willingly to be my mate—
 Kings, queens, popes, emperors bow to thee, and why,
 My Frankfort moralist, should not you and I ?

Cash rules the world, and Avarice gathers cash ;
 But for that thrifty lady there were none.
 To say the least of it, 'twas strangely rash
 In you, whose fate it never was to run
 From bailiffs, thus the potent dame to lash—
 You'd have thought otherwise had bum or dun
 Ever pursued you ; then you'd own perhaps
 That Avarice is a real true friend to chaps.

But you know nought of this. You ne'er were schooled
 By grave Adversity—a worthy dame,
 Whose terror many a trembling dunce has fooled,
 But who, in fact, is dreadful but in name.

Gothic.

Dare you deny that those by Avarice ruled
 Are wretches void of honour, truth, and shame?

Mephistopheles.

I don't; but when I heard a spirit damned
 Like you cry out on vice, I thought you shammed.

But moralise, pray, preach—'tis useless all,
 You never can escape the devil's clutches;
 To see you now a late repentance drawl,
 Awed by the hellish flame that burns or smutches
 Whate'er we see, provokes my very gall,
 And makes me splenetic as Marlborough's Duchess;—
 You're damned—that's clear, but I am open still
 To any honest bargain if you will.

What think you of this place? a pit it seems,
 In length and breadth like some outspreading sea,
 But deep as hell, for so the ascending gleams
 Of flickering flame would make it seem to be;
 Boiling up from beneath in scorching streams
 That roar and howl like devils at jubilee;
 While the broad flanks of this infernal vale
 Are lashed by storms of deadly snow and hail.

The summit towers amid the clouds; dark, deep,
 And terrible is the valley down its side;
 Girt in by naked rocks which form a keep,
 Where thick as locusts the stark shadows hide;—
 Lo! the volcanic fires that blaze and sweep
 Tumultuously along with angry tide
 Of red-hot lava, spouting, fuming, stinking,—
 Even at this distance I can see you shrinking.

The sides are covered o'er on left and right
 With screaming myriads of damned human souls,
 On whom the hurricane, like some withering blight,
 Descends, till o'er them a fierce whirlpool rolls
 Of coldest ice ; from such an awful plight
 They ask of heaven a peck of blazing coals,
 And heaven grants their wish, and flings them down
 Deep in the flaming pit to kick and drown.

Engulfed within the seething waves of fire,
 They wish once more to feel the dreaded cold,
 And heaven most kindly yields to their desire,
 Flinging them back to their ice-haunts of old ;
 Scarce are they shivering in that frosty mire,
 When love, more fierce than the fierce love of gold,
 For their late lodgings in the burning pit
 Seizes them next, and heaven grants them it.

Thus are they tossed for ever, from hot flame
 Into as burning oceans of sharp ice ;
 And then from ice to fire :—a pleasant game
 For those who hold the reins in Paradise :
 No interval of rest have they ; the same
 Quick alternations come as fast as dice
 Leap from the box in some experienced hand,
 In, out—out, in—in this the promised land.

The pit itself abounds with hungry caymen,
 Exhaling fire accursed from tristful jaws,
 Their monstrous throats gorge clerics, monks, and
 laymen,
 As rapidly as whirlpools swallow straws ;
 Malicious demons whip them on like draymen,
 So that their scythe-like grinders never pause,
 But still *chop chop*, they snap up souls, *chop chop*,
 Faster than winter raindrop follows drop.

Goethe.

But who are they on whom this horrible fate
 Has fallen, and what their mortal sin in life ?

Mephistopheles.

Oh, waverers merely—those who hold debate
 Between the good and bad ;—in constant strife
 Whether they'll pass the broad or narrow gate
 To hell and heaven ; their souls like man and wife,
 Though one in name, are generally two,—
 Half loves the False—the other seeks the True.

And so they live in a perpetual squabble,
 Not knowing how to choose, or when, or why ;
 Now right, now wrong, now midway—thus they hobble
 Along the road with feet and hearts awry ;
 Vainly the priests attempt their souls to cobble,—
 Masses and prayers are useless—so they die ;
 And having been on earth the slaves of doubt,
 Are punished thus, and tumbled in and out.

Englishmen, who are strange but knowing fellows,
 Call folks of this kind, trimmers—that means knaves ;
 They hang suspended, as old legends tell us
 The tomb of Mahomet does in Mecca's caves,
 Between the earth and heaven—the Gods get jealous
 Of such divided 'legiance in their slaves,
 And in ill humour ram them down in hell,
 A thing which pleases me and Pluto well.

We do our best to please them, blowing hot
 And cold, and hot and cold, and hot again ;
 But neither satisfies—the scalding pot
 Of fire displeases ; so does ice and rain ;
 Creatures so discontented with their lot
 I never met ; you see they still retain
 Their ancient fickleness, as much as ever,
 Though Pluto use for them his best endeavour.

Chief among these is Marlborough's famous duke,
 A compound strange of avarice and cunning ;
 Behold his well-patched coat and old peruke,
 And valpine eye, *your* eye so sily shunning ;

True to no side, but deaf to all rebuke,
 Between two similar schemers, Shaftesbury, Dunning,
 His grace is chained; howling for blood and gold,
 His gods, while in the alternate torrents bowled.

Down in yon fiery trap is Jupiter's eagle,
 Condemned for taking off the Dardan boy.

Goethe.

He should have disobeyed the mandate regal,
 Nor done a deed disgraceful to old Troy.

Mephistopheles.

Here's Warren Hastings, Britain's bloody beagle;
 And here's your friend, forced by his lady coy
 To Luther's maxim, in his country villa:
Si nolit uxor veniat ancilla.

Here's Figg the prize-fighter; here's Mary Blandy,
 The English poisoner; Tofts, the rabbit-breeder;
 Captain Maclean, the highwayman; Scotch Sandy,
 A very celebrated Northern pleader,
 Hanged up for forging, at which he was handy;
 Here's Bamfylde Moore Carew, the beggar-leader;
 With Mormonites and Mugglestonians, brothers
 In blasphemy, whom righteous Pluto smothers.

Read here their names whom God ordains to swing
 Some few years hence; Courvoisier, Maria Manning,
 Greenacre, Rush;—the Eleusinian string
 Of Ketch is spun for these, all murder-planning,
 And cursèd felons; in the self-same ring
 With these, and such as these, most fitly clanning
 You can observe a pit for Sir John —,
 A wretch who spent his life in Satan's service.

One of the Locusts brought a nasty knave,
 Francisco hight, whom once the Jesuits hoped

To make one of themselves ; but found the slave
 So like a slippery pig, whose tail was soaped,
 There was no holding him to gay or grave,
 Or true, or decent ; even though you roped
 And chained him up, the sot reverted still
 To blasphemy, until he had his fill.

He lived 'twixt Rome and London, being a spy
 For Pope and Palmerston ; but he sold both ;
 You might as well call spirits from on high,
 As hope to bind the villain by an oath.
 At last he died, and here you see him lie,
 So chanced, that the very demons loathe
 The brimstone oven which his soul pollutes,
 And where he herds with slander-loving brutes.

Francisco.

O stranger, stranger, shew some mercy to me,
 Dip but thy finger's tip in cooling water,
 And moisten my swoln tongue, still black with lies,
 Obscenity, and blasphemy's pollution,
 For lo, I am tormented in this flame.

Goethe.

You speak unto the winds ; down, hell-brat, down,
 There's a great gulf between us ; roar in hell ;
 A place too good for you.

Mephistopheles.

You've answered well.

Here is that man of most capacious swallow,
 Jacobus de Voragine ;—don't faint,
 You are *not* destined to fill up the hollow
 Within his gullet ; here's Gennaro Saint ;
 Here is the grave Von Helmont, who saw wallow
 His soul within him, luminous like blue paint,
 In size and shape a perfect Lilliputian—
 So sages lie from Leibnitz back to Lucian.

Here's your friend Faustus, who, you see, is burning
 In quarters not so very cool or pleasant
 As those you gave him in your fictions, turning
 The moral into nonsense ; like a pheasant
 The cooks here roast him, *your* inventions spurning ;
 I should lament to see' you thus at present,
 Or any future time ; for fires red-hot
 No mercy have, nor ever shew a jot.

Here is Abdallah, called the Hypocrite,
 Who on his deathbed humbly asked Mohammed
 To let him have his shirt (a shroud unfit
 For such a rogue, who always used to sham it).
 The prophet stripped, and lo, he lies in it ;
 It saves him not, however close he cram it
 Round his red carcass, as if it were armour—
 Dalilah's near him, Samson's treacherous charmer.

Goethe.

What ! is that Twaddle roasting there ?—the Judge
 Has shewn the drunken ermined beast no pity ;—

Mephistopheles.

The sniveller looks as if he longed to budge,
 But can't—he'll swill no more in London city.
 The sot's fine sentiments were artful fudge ;
 Harken, dear Jack, unto the blackguard's ditty—

Twaddle.

Filth, Envy, Meanness, Drunkenness, Avarice, Lies,
 The Devils I worshipped—

Mephistopheles.

Keep you in their sties.

Here comes a splendid steed in strength rejoicing,
 Whose mane like lightning glitters on the blast,
 Pawing the air in pride ; his neigh outvoicing
 The thunder's boom ; his neck and shoulders vast ;

Armed with white wings, his motion equipoising,
 He flashes on with swiftness unsurpassed
 By any horse since Pegasus or the Griffin,
 Which bore Rogero when he flew sans tiffin,

Or lunch, or dinner, to the silver moon,
 In search of some one's wits ; but what seems queer,
 This beast has human feet—a wondrous boon,
 Whose use, however, does not seem so clear.

Ceres o'ertaken one hot afternoon
 By lusty Neptune, when no help was near,
 Produced, some ten months after, this brave horse,
 Which caused that virtuous woman great remorse.

Bursting with shame she hid herself ; the earth
 At once grew barren as old Sarah's womb :
 Mankind were perishing in the awful dearth ;
 The sterile globe seemed one huge yawning tomb,
 Till Pan told Zeus, who, in no mood of mirth,
 Saw his lank shrines without an ox or coombe
 Of corn ; and Zeus the solemn Parcæ sent,
 Who changed her mind by force of argument.

The horse had several masters—first his father,
 Whose chariot wrought with pearl he drew with speed
 O'er the crystalline seas, producing lather
 So thick, a cook might from it puddings knead ;
 Copreus—then Hercules—but you would gather
 But little pleasure were I to proceed
 Enumerating names ; suffice 't to say
 Arion (that's his name) came here one day.

His sister Proserpine has given strict orders
 That none molest or mount him ; so he roams
 At will along regardless of the sworders
 And desperate ruffians who have here their homes.
 Their shrieks, like songs of flutes and soft recorders,
 Delight the beast, who calls them dolts and momes
 For hoping to ride one of such high family,
 Too grand to fall into their shackles trammely.

The Læstrygons, who fed on human flesh,
 Are here: I think they must have been quack doctors,
 Surgeons, or critics, who like food that's fresh,
 And have as brazen bowels as tithe-proctors;
 We set the livid cannibals to thresh
 Statesmen and princes, who being war-concoctors,
 And fond of spilling blood as if 'twere naught
 But worthless water, by our imps are caught.

Here's beauteous Laïs, Corinth's courtesan,
 Who loved Diogenes, dirtiest dog of all
 The ancient sages—more a beast than man:
 But female fancies always make me squall.
 Here is De l'Enclos flirting with her fan,
 And thinking of a new intrigue or ball;
 Here are the mistresses of England's Kings,
 All fat and frowsy porpoise-looking things.

Here's that Right Honourable man, Earl Nelson,
 The clerical swindler of poor Lady Hamilton,
 A shabby weasel from the deck to kelson;
 Here is the family depraved of Campbelton,
 Here's Cobbler Gifford, whom we've christen'd Hell's son,
 Shelley's base slanderer; and here's that sham Milton,
 Sir Richard Blackmore; here lies Sir John Hawkins,
 Without, as in his epitaph, shoes or stockings.

Here is Macpherson, whom they surnamed Ossian,
 Because he forged some rhapsodies ridiculous,
 The fellow tends Alecto's dogs Molossian,—
 Beside him whimpers Diodorus Siculus.
 Here are some preachers from the towns called Goshen
 In the United States—they seem vermiculous:
 No wonder that they should, for 'twas their creed
 That saints of soap and water have no need.

The Larvæ, those grim ghosts or apparitions
 Which come from graves at night in flowing sheets,
 And brimstone eyes, and horns; and raise seditions
 In people's bowels, till they make retreats

Far off from these accursèd inanitions.—
Those creatures dwell in yonder misty streets,
Where they hang out their grinning masks all day,
To frighten curious travellers away.

We pass this region now, and reach another,—
A vasty interval of darkness this ;
Rises a sulphurous stench enough to smother
An angel crossing o'er the foul abyss.
Luckily few come here ; the Blessèd Mother
Keeps the sweet babes from danger ; so they miss
The desperate chance of getting nicely stifled,
Besides the certainty of being rifled.

For there are rascally demons in these quarters,
Who shew no mercy to a seraph strayed ;
Sometimes they pound them in gigantic mortars,
Sometimes the males from malehood they degrade,
Sometimes they serve them as the Khan of Tartars
Serves those who fall into his ambushade,
And send them back with circumstance disgraceful,
Weeping such tears as I've seen fill a casefull.

Thick globes of murky flame from yonder chasm
Ascend, like bubbles from a schoolboy's pipe,
Each bearing in its sphere a shrieking phasm,
Held firmly bound within its fiery gripe.
Lo ! how it writhes, as if in deadly spasm
Beneath a terror-breathing Fury's stripe,
They rise and sink again like exhalations,
And much, methinks, against their inclinations.

Here's Peter Aretine, surnamed Divine,
Who libelled every man on earth below,
But spared his God, because—so runs the line—
His God, the blackguard said, he did not know ;
Here's Julio Romano in the brine
Of thickest fire that folds him round like dough ;

And while he welters in the flame, the brood
Of grinning goblins hand him filth for food.

Here is the Jesuit Aler, who first wrote
The *Gradus ad Parnassum*, which the Nine
Must often curse, for setting verse afloat
As rugged as the gruntings of hoarse swine ;
Here is the Vicar of Bray, who changed his coat
So often ; here that famous Florentine,
Salvino degl' Armato, who invented
Spectacles, looking rather discontented.

Here are the Three Impostors, who have fooled
The sons of men since men had silly sons,
And bowed the neck to caitiffs devil-schooled,
Whose preachings have slain more than swords or guns ;
Empires have worshipped what these scoundrels stooled,
Taking for gods the merest poupetons.
We laugh and dance while every day brings troops,
Or millions rather of their frenzied dupes.

Like a fierce wind that scatters burning embers
In clouds of smoke along the dusky air,
The demons tear them, severing limbs and members,
Deaf to their cries of terror and despair ;
Each in his terrible torment well remembers
(It flashes on him with a lightning glare,)
The evil deed done in his days of flesh ;
The limbs rejoin—they torture him afresh.

Their greatest worry is the devilish laughter
Of mockery and spite, contempt and hate,
With which the imps salute their misery, after
They did their utmost while in mortal state
To serve them ; bad ambition, lust, theft, craft, or
Hypocrisy, have brought them to this fate
Of fire, dismemberment, and choking vapours,
And well the rogues deserve it for their capers.

Sometimes they tear the wretches into pieces,
 And stick the quivering limbs on fiery prongs ;
 Sometimes they strip them of their skinny fleeces,
 Beating them all the while with leathern thongs ;
 Sometimes—for there's no end of their caprices—
 They make them sing obscene or comic songs,
 In which they took delight when clothed in flesh,
 Nor thought them baits for Satan's iron mesh.

Sometimes they melt them as if they were metal ;
 The melted fragments reunite once more ;
 Sometimes they stew them in Megara's kettle,
 Until with agonies intense they roar ;
 Sometimes they whip them with a Stygian nettle,
 That makes the blood gush out at every pore.
 Ho—ho—well punished ; ye with souls like sewers,
 Or, dirtier far, like Quarterly Reviewers.

Mercy, they cry ; have mercy, spare us, Lord !
 They may as well be silent—He'll have none ;
 I don't see why He should ; in deed, thought, word,
 The Knaves did all the vice that could be done ;
 The angels whose sad task 'tis to record
 The courses which my dear disciples run,
 Have prayed more earnestly than any priest,
 From such disgusting work to be released.

Murder, adultery, scandal, perjury, rape,
 Swindling, theft, arson, blasphemy, frauds, lies,
 Seduction, killing men by law or grape,
 Pimping for lords through whom one hopes to rise ;
 Playing the wolf, the jackal, or the ape,
 Defying heaven for some three-farthing prize,
 Are crimes of every-day occurrence, which
 Must make these angels' books as black as pitch.

So that I do not wonder they petition
 The Gods to whom they bend their seraph knees
 For new employment, or complete dismissal
 From labour, where they've not a moment's ease ;

'Tis quite enough to drive them to sedition,
 Particularly as they get no fees,
 But are obliged to toil by law and duty ;
 We've no such taskwork here with wronged Old Sooty.

See how these demons gallop o'er their bodies,
 Trampling them with their red-hot hoofs to jelly—
 'Tis pitiful to see the knaves and noddies
 Kicked, mauled, maimed, cuffed, and tomahawked so
 felly ;

You are a disbeliever, and your god is
 What English bishops venerate, the belly,—
 What do you say to this, Herr Baron ? *you* know
 On earth you swore 'twas all as false as Juno.

In yonder boundless lake of blood, behold
 Those things called " heroes " by the sons of earth,
 Cæsars and Alexanders, murderers bold ;
 Thurtell, Napoleon, Frederick, hell's own birth
 Cast in the self-same fiery bloody mould,
 Sent on the world to make the devils mirth,
 Not cursed, but worshipped by insane mankind,
 Who seem to pride themselves on being stone blind.

The fathomless ocean of red gore in which
 They swim, is that which while on earth they shed ;
 The common stabber in the street or ditch,
 The grand assassin for whom millions bled,
 Conqueror, bravo, bandit, poor and rich,
 The wretch in rags, the villain with crowned head,
 Are classed together in the ensanguined sea,
 With a sublime contempt for pedigree.

The dazzling Corsican whose word seemed fate,
 The Turk whose arm aspired to shake the world,
 The Gaul who fulminated at the Roman gate,
 The Greek who saw his flag o'er Ind unfurled,
 The Egyptian king-drawn in his throne of state,
 The Persian, Roman, Tartar, Frank—all hurled

Down in the waves of human blood, lie stretched
Mixed with the shabbiest creatures e'er Jack Ketched.

The Macedonian madman and the Swede,
Jonathan Wilde, the bloodhound Wallenstein,
Timour the Tartar, the all-conquering Mede,
With several cut-throats from the yellow Rhine,
Lie in one bloody sewer. Could Adam's seed
Now living see what meets *your* eyes and mine,
They'd form a strange but true idea of glory,
"Conquerors" and "heroes" who shine forth in story.

The Powers sublime enthroned on countless stars
Judge men by motives ; conquerors who win
Empires by blood, and drive their fiery cars
Of death o'er millions, sons of hell and sin,
And thieves, who, braving handcuffs and jail-bars,
Prig watches, fogles,—a gold ring or pin,
Are all the same to them, whose eyes divine
Between the guilt of each discern no line.

To them a watch and kingdom are as one,
The world itself is but a mote in space,
A drop of sweat thrown from the central sun ;
So small, I wonder that it holds a place
In thought Omnipotent—I don't mean fun
Or jest, so smooth your courtly faithless face ;
The Godhead in these men no difference sees,
No more than you in million lice or fleas.

A pound of Stilton cheese o'errun with mites
Would seem an atom in a Titan's hand ;
Yet these, like men, feel love and love's delights,
And some obey, and some too have command.
Hatred and gluttony, and feasts and fights,
They have in that immense and boundless land ;
Think you the mighty Titan sees one shade
Of difference 'twixt their Cæsar and their Cade ?

Lo, where the Centaurs ride in troops, like towers
 Of moving brass, and trampling as they come,
 Half horse, half man ; as pitiless lightning scours
 The affrighted earth, and men and beasts lie dumb,
 They hurry onward ever ; Vengeance lowers
 In every eye ; the devils themselves succumb
 Before those marvellous children of old time
 Clothed in thick darkness, magic, might, and crime.

Conquerors and conquering, forth they go, commanded
 To wreak God's vengeance upon tyrants slain,
 The heroes brazen-hearted and steel-handed,
 Cæsars, Napoleons, Tillys, in whose train
 Famine and Fire and Plague and Hell were banded,
 Are ranged before them on yon murky plain,
 Fettered like wolves.—The Centaurs charge—behold,
 The chained are crushed to atoms ere 'tis told.

This is the daily torture of these scoundrels
 Whom your mad simial race exalt to fame,
 To thrones, and why ? because they can propound drills
 And teach new stratagems in war's dread game.
 The labouring hind who channels through his ground rills
 Of water, to support himself and dame,
 And toils with sweating brow and horny hand,
 Is nobler than the lord of serried band.

Here's Attila the Hun ; there's Zinghis Khan,
 Urban the Second, Charles the Fifth of Spain,
 Saint Bernard's ruffian rabble, who o'erran
 The East with Lust and Murder, to regain
 The Holy Temple.—Genseric, the ban
 Of God, with Bajazet and Tubal Cain,
 Peter the Hermit, Herod, hangman Ketch,—
 All charming subjects for an artist's sketch.

Here's fiery Sylla, tortured till he's mad
 With agony ; here's Xerxes madder still ;

Here is Pizarro, worst of all the bad
 Bold brutes whose deeds the heart of manhood chill.
 Here's Charlemagne, in flame undying clad ;
 Marius, Philip, Crassus—names that thrill
 The hardiest with disgust and dire abhorrence ;—
 How well they grace the hot ensanguined torrents !

How handsomely they look when right arrayed
 They stand in order for the Centaur's charge !
 In fire and thunder-cloud the cavalcade
 Shoots down upon them—a convenient targe
 The wretches offer for the stern brigade,
 Who 'mind them of the past, when laurels large
 Adorned their brows, and idiot millions bowed
 To thieves who gave them glory—and a shroud.

Amongst the other tenants of this lake
 Is Serpent Python, born of muddy slime,
 But quite deserving place and rank to take
 With the most regal reptiles of all time.
 His conduct's good, albeit I've seen him make
 His dinner on his comrades in red crime ;
 But this slight sin is pardoned for this reason,
 They're *all* devoured as each seems most in season.

And so there's no complaint : 'tis funny too
 To see how jovially the lads are swallowed
 Down those gigantic jaws, that ne'er eschew
 Bravo or conqueror with glory collowed ;
 The Gods themselves must laugh to see him screw
 The heroes who in human slaughter wallowed,
 While they must praise the beast as most impartial,
 Gorging a cut-throat or a laced field-marshal.

Goethe.

The rascal race of conquerors moves your anger
 More, as it seems to me, than they deserve.

Mephistopheles.

They do not.—I would creep from this to Bangor
 Upon my knees the ruffians to preserve,
 They do our work so well. We'll bide nae langer
 Among them, but salute these men of nerve,
 And take our leave.—I think you've seen enough ;
 So—come down here, my pretty chirping chough.

Goethe.

Who are these ugly creatures with boar's ears,
 The wings of dragons, human arms and feet,
 Grim female features, which red gore besmears,
 And bellies like a festering winding-sheet ?

Mephistopheles.

Nay—don't be angry with the pretty dears,
 But let them cheerfully their dinners eat :
 They're feasting on a famous English parson,
 Whose madcap life religion was a farce on.

They are called Harpies—virgins of renown,
 Who figure handsomely in old mythology ;
 The perfume that they shed would knock you down,
 Even though surrounded by a whole anthology.
 A curious compound they—black, white, red, brown,
 And many-limbed, like nothing in zoology ;
 Their talons are like scythes, and these they dig
 Fondliest through those who've fattened on tithe pig.

Ocypetè, Cœleno, and Æello,
 Daughters of Neptune and of Terra, famed
 In ancient myth ; that burly brutal fellow,
 Zeus, who was always bent on mischief, named
 The creatures his she-dogs ; they bark, and bellow,
 And clap their claws, which thousand souls have maimed,

And spurt pestiferous breathings through Hell's full pit,
As bad as any from Jack Calvin's pulpit.

Their favourite food is, as I said, fat clerics,
Whom pride, ungodliness, and gluttony nursed.
I've laughed myself at times into hysterics,
Seeing how they lacerate the knaves accursed,
Who come to hell crammed to their mesenterics
With fat enough to make a lord mayor burst ;
Fat gleaned from hungry curates and poor clerks,
Through which they dig their teeth as sharp as dirks.

Goethe.

Have they got any special predilections
For priests, monks, parsons, friars, or Scotch saints ?

Mephistopheles.

Oh, no—they all have share in their affections,
And all as idly make their pious plaints.

Goethe.

When the last trumpet sounds, and resurrection's
Wonders begin, and Satan's Grand Attaints,
'Twill be a puzzle to find out each relic
Of flesh digested by these birds angelic.

Mephistopheles.

Here is a party fastened over flames
Of burning brimstone by hot iron chains,
Heels up—heads down ;—to tell you half their names
Would waste a year, and quite confound your brains,
The multitude's so great of knights and dames ;
You might as well expect to count the grains
Of sand on the sea-shore, as count these spirits
Who're hanging here, rewarded for their merits.

Others suspended are by arms and hands,
Some by the hair above the brimstone steam,

Hot iron hooks through those—through these steel bands,
 That chain them firmly, loud as they blaspheme.
 With whips of fire and serpent-wreathing bands
 My people lash them, while they yell and scream,
 Like frightened rats, confined in iron traps,
 That see grimalkin lick her ravenous chaps.

Look on this red-hot adamantine wheel,
 Whose spokes are like some giant's awful chisel,
 Crammed o'er with howling souls that seem to feel
 The torture run through artery, bone, and gristle;
 Each, as you see, is wriggling like an eel
 Skinned by a cook; 'tis paying for one's whistle
 A rather costly—don't you think so?—price
 For practising on earth one's favourite vice.

The flame of brimstone bubbling from below
 Grievously roasts them, while the imps, with bars
 Of iron, something like a miner's crow,
 Except that they are sharp as scymitars,
 Keep the wheel still revolving; screams of woe,
 Such as Tydides drew from wounded Mars,
 Resound on every side, and pierce the skies
 (But there are none);—the demons mock their cries.

The monster wheel of flame revolves so rapidly,
 You only see a fire—a whirling mass,
 But can't distinguish a soul there; and vapidly
 The rolling furnaces burn as on they pass.
 Fixed and dead heat it seems; nor sweet nor sapidly,
 But like the stench from some most rank morass,
 Smells the thick savour of the roasted souls,
 Who're frying, hissing, wriggling here in shoals,

Yonder you see at least ten billion spits,
 With souls whom devils baste with boiling metal;
 They kick like men in fierce convulsive fits,
 And there are none to cure them when they get ill.

Turn to the right—you see the imp that sits
Astride upon the funnel of that kettle,
Which, fifty thousand times as large as Athos,
Holds twice ten hundred millions in its bathos.

A horrid darkness looms within ; the creatures
Confined have human life, and swim about ;
Each in the other sees an enemy's features,
Whose stare is far more hateful than the knout ;
They fight with rancour, heedless of the Preacher's
Trite saw that "all is vanity ;"—the rout
Is ended by a hydra swimming up
And crunching both, as caymen crunch a pup.

And very soon they are disgorged again,
To swim and flounder, dive, and fight new fights,
With the same happy termination : vain
Are all their strivings at escapes and flights.
A den of serpents famished and insane
Would shew a lot of very curious sights ;
But, if you'll take my word, not half so pleasant,
Because not half so deadly, as the present.

For what are serpents', tigers', wolves', hyenas'
Passions compared to men and women's ? What
Order of horridest beasts for blood so keen as
Man for his brother's when his rage is hot ?
Trace back his history hence until Mecænas,
And thence to Adam, who the race begot ;
Men are such brothers as was Cain to Abel ;
That part of Holy Writ is fact, not fable.

Their mutual hate is worse than hell itself :
Its hydras, boiling water, pitch, and smoke ;
Its lakes of fire, its strife of elf with elf,
Which can inflict the most tormenting stroke ;
Its wheels and racks more merciless than the Guelph
Who strove the sun-born eaglet's wings to yoke

To the foul chariot where the tyrant squatted,
And drained the life-blood from his slaves besotted.

In these steel ovens there are several millions
Baked till their brains boil out through their skull-
bones.

Here are about ten thousand imps—postillions
Who sit upon the dead like huge millstones
Around their necks ;—this novel sort of pillions
Amuses them, so, maugre kicks and groans,
They spur them on along a pathway bristling
With lances for a pavement, gaily whistling.

The first are bakers, who are baked with us
Because on earth they never gave good measure ;
The next, the headstrong fools who storm and fuss,
Making damnation round them 'stead of pleasure :
Here we bestow on each an incubus,
Who makes him curse his stiffnecked pride at leisure,
Giving him moral lessons—with steel spurs
That pierce him through whenever he demurs.

I scarcely need point out those monstrous caldrons,
With liquid copper, pitch, and sulphur filled ;
The fire beneath exhausts some million chaldrons
Of coal, supplied by gnomes, an ancient guild
To whom we're much indebted : it would scald one's
Liver to see how those within are grilled,
And so you'll take my word, of all who died
On earth than these are none more hotly fried.

Some of them, as you see, are rammed downright
Into the bowels of the lava liquor,
Having a load of sins which ears polite
Were never made to hear ; these sink much quicker
Than those whose necks and breasts and knees you
might
Discern, if you were near enough : the vicar,

For instance, does not sink so deeply down
As master dean or him in lawn-sleeve gown.

But thus for ever they must lie immersed,
Crying and howling in infernal chorus ;
From morn till night, from night till morn, a cursed
And horrid gang whose owl-like screechings bore us.
The only thing amusing is at first
To see the new comers with tears implore us,
Like Dives, for a drop of water, which
We hand them scalding hot from the next ditch.

We sometimes send one of our archest imps,
Tricked out with snowy wings and mild blue eyes,
Like angels ; when these howlers catch a glimpse
Of the sly rogue, with desperate haste they rise
To catch him ; not so zealously do pimps
Pursue young maids as these to grab the prize ;
Who, after teasing them a thousand ways,
Flies off, and leaves the germs of awful frays.

For after he has vanished, there begins
A sanguinary battle between those
Who thought he came to rescue them from Sin's
Close stocks, and would have, had not some, their foes,
Stood up to claim a chance ; from kicking shins
They come at last to rounds of bloody blows,
And tear each other's quivering limbs to atoms,
As I've seen Walpole by a speech of Chatham's.

These are Egyptian priests, whose life was but
A motley mass of lying and blaspheming,
Cowardice, lewdness, ribaldry, and smut,
Gluttony, bestial appetites, and scheming.
For these pure pranks the hierophants are put
Into these pots ; and you can hear them screaming
Loud to Osiris, Apis, Pan, and Isis,
In whose high names they practised all the vices.

'Tis a strange thing, and 'funny too, to find
 Men from the earliest age to this, the best
 And purest ever seen among mankind,
 Committing deadliest crimes with purest zest,
 When they can o'er them throw a holy blind,
 Which they call true religion; north, south, west,
 And east we see them in the name of God
 Doing the Devil's dirtiest work—'tis odd.

Tell me a crime that has not been committed
 Under the heavenly sanction of God's name;
 Shew me a wretch that has not been acquitted
 By men and devils, both being much the same,
 If he could prove his guilty deeds were fitted
 To advance his church to wealth or power or fame,
 Whether for mosque, or triple crown, or mitre,
 Or lama, or plain gown, he played the smiter.

I'll not particularise—'twould be invidious;
 I'll name no names—Mahometan, Pagan, Jew,
 Christian, Chinese; there are no more religious
 On earth but who belong to either crew;
 But this I say, that there is nought perfidious
 Which some of their most holy would not do
 For sect or creed's sake—pity in return
 Nor sect nor creed can save from hell's hot bourn.

Phæa, the savage sow which long infested
 The lands of Cromion, slaughtering, like a Turk
 Or Frenchman, all who crossed her path detested
 Is here at last after life's fitful work;
 Her iron bowels millions have digested
 Of holy hypocrites, whom, like fat pork,
 She mashes underneath her brazen tusks,
 As hungry ploughmen grind delicious rusks.

Her rider, as you guess, is Harry Tudor,
 Who wages war with popes, priests, nuns, and monks,

Than whom a beastlier, falser, grosser, lewder
 Battalion breathed not in your world ; pimps, punks,
 Bawds, procuresses, catamites, (*proh pudor !*)
 And pathics, swell their tribes, whom our old hunks,
 Having a very eagle eye for such,
 Selects, and throws into his good beast's clutch.

In his fat hand he holds the rod that Moses
 Wiielded in land of Egypt, which discovers
 The game he hunts ; a single touch discloses
 The secret vices of those sacred lovers :
 However fraud conceals, or force opposes,
 Avails them nought ; he knocks them down like plovers,
 Fattening his furious sow, and laughter shaking
 His swollen paunch till every limb is aching.

This kingly butcher had been damned indeed,
 With Nero and the rest, in fire eternal,
 But that his hunting of the piggish breed
 Won favour for him with The Powers supernal ;
 And as he little cared for church or creed,
 And spurned the scarlet matron's kiss maternal,
 Preferring mine, they backed him to this sow,
 To do the work we see him doing now.

There is an old and popular tradition,
 That when the Devil fell down from heaven he fell
 In England's isle, and liking his position,
 He vowed henceforth within that land to dwell ;
 If he e'er roams abroad, to take cognition
 Of other lands and isles who serve him well,
 He always comes back to its capital city,
 Where he dwells with its wicked, wealthy, witty.

You've never been to London—'twas a fault
 Immense : you'd there have learned the newest ways
 Of Sin ; all other cities limp and halt
 Behind this modern Babylon in its maze

Of wickedness ; a planet all of salt
 Would not keep off corruption, which so preys
 Upon its vitals, that I greatly wonder
 Why Pan so long is idle with his thunder.

If he knocked down Gomorrah, fit and fair
 It were to tumble London into Styx ;
 If he destroyed Jerusalem, I swear
 He should not let this stand upon its bricks ;
 If he smote Nineveh, and Tyre, and Cair'
 Of Egypt, I'm amazed he don't transfix
 This worse than all their bagnios put together,
 Or why he lets it have such sunny weather.

But since he does, of course he has his reason :
 We'll not pry into what is deeply hidden,
 Like the veiled nymph of Saïs ; 'twere high treason,
 For which, perhaps, we gapers might be chidden,
 Though I've no doubt he'll knock it down in season ;
 Till then we'll wait.—While prating thus we've ridden
 In clouds across that chasm where England's glory
 And our choice child hunts clerics green and hoary.

Come, and ascend this mountain. What a rabble
 Of naked men and women here are waiting !
 What is it for ? They gibber, grin, and gabble,
 Like monkeys when they're solemnly debating ;
 It brings to mind the nonsense talked at Babel,
 When every man in different tongues was prating :
 They seem in dreadful terror of some awful
 Impending fate which fills with groans each maw full.

Scarce have I said the words—a pestilent blast
 Of fiery whirlwind folds them in its clutches,
 Bearing them quick as lightning to a vast
 And stinking lake, whose waters whoso touches
 Ulcers enough to make God look aghast
 Break out upon him ; nightman, slave, or duchess,

Washed in these noisome streams of Stygian colour,
Could scarcely have increase of rage and dolour.

The devils you see first plunge them deeply down,
So that no inch of flesh escapes being wetted ;
And when they rise they crack them on the crown,
And sink them in once more, albeit much fretted—
But where's the use of anger here or frown ?
At these choice sports they play till, wholly fetid,
The souls emerge, encased in ulcerous clothing,
Which fills the most conceited with self-loathing.

These are the dandies, belles, and pretty fellows,
Coquets and coxcombs, fops and dancing-masters,
Whose only care on earth, old legends tell us,
Were paints, cosmetics, ribands, wigs, court-plaisters,
Paddings, and perfumes—yet they never smell us
In these fine toys, nor dream they are Alastor's
(That is the Greek name of their demon), till
They find themselves thus pitchforked from the hill.

Descending now into the plains, we come
Right on this stinking flame, which from a well
Steams up : the sight's enough to make one dumb,
The nose rejects the vile infernal smell.
Here are some spirits suffering martyrdom,
But with no hope of martyr's crown to tell
How valiantly they battled for the right,
And died to kill their torturers with spite.

I say these are no martyrs—would they were !
But we have none in these outlandish places ;
I'd not regret if Heaven would here transfer
A few, to teach our youthful imps some graces,
To guide them to the right path when they err,
As jockeys put young coursers through their paces :
'Twould be a charity in Heaven to send 'em,
I will not say to *give*, but only lend 'em.

Those in the stinking steam you see, quite nude,
 Red-hot, and baked, are shot up like sky-rockets
 From out the infernal well ; completely stewed,
 They tumble down again like heavy blockheads ;
 These were all politicians—'twould be rude .
 Perhaps to class them with low-bred pickpockets,
 But after long experience of them both,
 To name the greater rogue I should be loth.

Imprimis, common thieves are seldom liars,
 A statesman tells ten thousand lies a day ;
 Thieves run the risk of being tried by triers,
 The other's safe although in guilt grown grey ;
 The first filch handkerchiefs—the last are buyers
 Of human souls, which used, they fling away
 Remorselessly, as though they were but trash,
 And scarcely worth the sum they cost in cash.

Look at these wretches lying on their backs,
 And made soft cushions of by fiery dragons,
 Who tear them with their teeth as sharks tear blacks ;
 Toads perch on others huge as farmers' wagons,
 And stick their beaks into them like an axe,
 Sucking their black blood out like wine from flagons ;
 Round others snakes are coiled, and with their fangs
 Fixed in their vitals, cause unpleasing pangs.

Wise politicians these, who played their parts,
 Vicious and criminal, in Virtue's mask,
 Veiling in smiles of beauty hellish hearts,
 Like poison in a finely-painted flask ;
 The next are those who, good by fits and starts,
 Sometimes receive relief from their worst task,
 And are put here to make the torment greater
 Of their next neighbours in the boiling crater.

Phorcey's and Ceto's white-haired monster daughters,
 The Grææ, or the Empusæ, serpent-bodied,

With breasts and bosoms bright as crystal waters,
 And faces splendent as the glorious Godhead,
 Are here ; 'twere hard to find their friends or fautors,
 Although we searched among the most tomnoddied ;
 So ravenous are the vile stench-hissing witches,
 One would not take them with their weight in riches.

They are four sisters, Enyo, Pephredo,
 Dono, and Eryto ; one tooth, one eye,
 They have for each and all ; a camisado
 By Perseus made, that warrior stout and sly,
 Destroyed them ;—magic art or barricado
 Availed them not, they merely bawled out, “ Fie !”
 And were squabashed ere you could number three ;—
 Since then the lovely females live with me.

When they were on the earth the food they liked
 Was children's flesh—we've none to give them here ;
 We therefore put into their jaws tooth-spiked
 A wild beast called a workhouse overseer,
 Indigenous to England ; those who piked
 The babes on Saint Bartholomew's feast of fear,
 And hoped to extirpate in fire and blood
 Christ's word, we give the witches for their food.

Their forms and features change so very quickly,
 The gazer can't believe his eyes : a lynx,
 A lion, bear, a wolf, with glances sickly,
 A snake disgorging blood, an ape, a sphinx,
 A fell hyena clothed in bristles thickly,—
 They wear all shapes, and while the eyelid blinks,
 They pass into a class of new mutations,
 Leaving him bothered by their transformations.

When Alcibiades to hell descended,
 These crones, who liked that dazzling blackguard har-
 lequin,
 As fickle as themselves, their grace extended,
 And took him to their haunts. The heaps of garlic in

His soul, however, their nice beaks offended ;
 And though the handsome traitor was a carle akin
 To them in many things, they gave him over
 To the fell Harpies, who still keep the trover.

Their present pets are Rochester the Poet,
 Wharton the duke, Wilkes, Ashley, Spencer Perceval,
 And several more ; a list—'twere vain to shew it—
 Of damned, to whom, I fear, they're most unmerciful.
 Wharton will 'scape them soon,—I chance to know it,—
 He died a monk ;—Peter and Paul disperse a full
 Litany daily in his favour ; so
 The ladies will be forced to let him go.

You'd scarce believe the influence of St. Peter
 With those above,—*that* saint's indeed a trump ;
 He prays all day and night, in prose and metre,
 For all true Roman Catholics in a lump.
 Had *you* been one, your soul would smell much sweeter
 Than now it does, and would have mounted plump
 To heaven, instead of being condemned for ever,—
 A wretched fate for one so mighty clever.

It suited you to mock the Church of Rome ;
 The scoff made Weimar's duke laugh ; 'twas a silly
 And rascally part you played in deed and tome ;
 That Church yet stands, sublimely, grandly, stilly,
 Compounded not of earth's but heavenly loam,
 As you shall yet confess—ay, willy nilly ;—
 Your other sins might be forgiven—this
 Will never be—you're doomed to the Abyss.

So you had better bargain with me ere
 It be too late. I'll give a capital price
 For your *no* chance of getting hence elsewhere ;
 Do it—I'll take you with me in a trice
 To a green maze built by those 'witches fair
 Whom you so leered at ;—your besetting vice

(If vice it be) you can fill full ;—you frown
Refusal—nay, you need not knock me down.

You're scarcely worth the pains sincere I take
To lighten your damnation ; but I'll not
Get angry—you are doomed to fire, and stake,
And flaming dragon, and the seething pot ;
That's quite enough—I won't arouse the snake
That never dies to wound you more. Your lot
Is cast, and if you had a grain of sense,
You'd close the bargain, and say, Bear me hence.

And so I would to Paphian groves and places,
Where with the witches you might pass your time
Unknown to Minos, all your past disgraces
Effaced from memory even like your own rhyme ;
Or join the charmers in their grave cinque paces
Round the tall Phallos, or its summit climb :
If you fall down and worship me, 'tis done.
You won't—a sillier mooncalf ne'er was spun.

Aside.

I would not like to bet a heavy wager
That he'll not change before ten minutes more.
'Tis hard to fathom such a hackneyed stager,
But I can see he shudders o'er and o'er ;
And when I shew him Sphinx, that spirit-cager,
I'm sure my work is ended—he'll adore,
However now he may pretend he won't,
From affectation, sham, or *mauvaise honte*.

Aloud.

And here, as we have wandered far and wide,
And half our hellish task's not yet complete,
I've no objection for an hour to bide :—
There is a very cosy, cool retreat
Hidden in yonder star, to which I'll guide
Your baronship, if you'll but risk the feat ;
The Witch of Endor lives there—it looks distant,
And so it is, but *I* am your assistant.

And leaning on *my* arm our flight will be
Immediate to that flashing orb of fire.

Goethe.

I won't object where'er you carry me,
Provided you and she do not conspire.

Mephistopheles.

Pooh, pooh, dear sir, *do* cease this raillery,
I thought you knew me for a faithful squire ;
I've had you now with me for several hours,
And brought against you no infernal powers.

Come, then, the lady will be glad to see us,
She has not seen a man like you since Saul ;
I will not promise that she'll dine or tea us,
But she'll be flattered by our evening call.
Perhaps we'll see Calypso ; be as free as
You possibly can shew yourself. . Don't fall,
But cling to me. Hey !—presto !—we are there ;
A very handsome mansion, I declare.

Aside.

More and more wavering this minstrel grows,
I look within and through him, though he bears
No glass-case o'er his bosom to disclose
The thoughts that work, and fill him deep with cares ;
Calypso's beauty, breast, and golden hairs,
Will mesh his spirit ; the bewitching rose
Of mild persuasion, bright Armida's smiles,
Will certainly ensnare him in *my* toils.

Will he withstand her ? No.—Were *I* a man,
I solemnly declare at once I'd yield,
And put myself with pleasure under ban
Or bale of grim St. Peter and his guild.
Courage, Mephisto ! that and those I wield
Will be enough to win him from wise Pan.

Aid me, oh, aid me, then, ye erlish Powers.— *Aloud.*
Welcome, dear comrade, to Dame Endor's Bowers.

SCENE XXIII.

THE WITCH'S STAR.

MEPHISTOPHELES *and* GOETHE.

Goethe.

A strange and shadowy place it seems, but full
Of marvellous beauty, of departed worlds,
Mysterious wonders, and Thessalian magic.

Witch of Endor.

Hail, Mephistopheles; young stranger, hail.

Mephistopheles.

Who have you with you? Any one, my Venus?

Witch of Endor.

Only Calypso and rose-cheeked Armida.

Mephistopheles.

Then bring them hither; this young spark of Frankfort
Longs to behold their beauty.

Witch of Endor.

As you please.

MEPHISTOPHELES *and the* WITCH *converse apart.*

Goethe.

Who comes here with Bacchal train,
Waving his vine-circled thyrs?

Mephistopheles.

Comus, Comus, tipsy Comus,
A most noble boon companion.
These will teach our gallant finely.

Aside.

Comus.

Beauteous nymph with virgin face,
 Why refuse my fond embrace?
 Art thou not my bosom's queen?
 Wert thou made but to be seen?
 Amalthæa's horn divine
 Wakes no longings in my mind;
 In one smile, Beloved, of thine
 I a world of plenty find.
 All the years and all the state
 Of the throned Olympian King
 Would not make me so elate,
 As to kiss thee, little thing.

Pipe-music by a FAUN

faun.

I sent thee late a flowery band
 Of roses culled with cunning hand:
 The paleness of the moon-white rose
 Thy lover's wasted features shews;
 And in the red rose thou may'st see
 A type of how he burns for thee.

Chorus of SYLVANS.

Faun.

If 'twere mine thine eyes to kiss,
 Honeyed eyes that well with bliss,
 Ten thousand times I'd kiss them o'er,
 And kiss again, and sigh for more;
 Nor be content until I'd drawn
 From thine eyes, softer than the dawn,
 More numerous kisses, long and sweet,
 Than th' ears in a crop of yellow wheat.

Dance and Song of FAUNS and SATYRS.

Cupid.

A beauteous flower was blooming
 In the fields in summer blithe ;
 A wanderer passed and saw it,
 And clipt it with his sharpened scythe.
 My heart was like that beauteous flower
 That brightly blushed in sunny May ;
 And Fortune like that wandering hind,
 Cut, used, then threw my heart away.

A Dance of CUPIDS.

Comus.

Pile up the grapes and peaches,
 The luscious honey cake,
 The wine, in golden beakers,
 Our summer thirst shall slake.
 And then, like some young lutanist,
 A song of love I'll play,
 While thou shalt smile and kiss me—
 Thus glide my hours away.

Soft voluptuous Music.

Faun.

Wreaths of lotus-flowers around
 Their white breasts the women bound,
 And the men twined chaplets three ;—
 One the leaves of Naucraty,
 And the other two were made
 Of roses fresh from Pæstum's glade ;
 While a young Hebe, blushing bright,
 Poured from a shining crystal urn
 Wine that laughed with crimson light,
 And served each smiling guest in turn.

He drinks. Flute- music.

Contus.

I stole two rosy kisses
 From Phyllis wantonly ;
 I suffered for my blisses ;
 She stole my heart from me.
 When I drink wine,
 Gladness fills my soul,
 Methinks I see the Muses
 Dancing round the bowl ;
 When I drink wine,
 Fly my cares away,
 Sad thoughts and grave thoughts
 To the winds fly they.
 When I drink wine
 Bacchus bold untwines
 My spirit, and he tosses it
 On flower-scented winds.
 See—the youths present the draught,
 Hail, glorious Bacchus ;
 See, the winds our sorrows waft
 While we pledge Iacchus.
 Where he bideth sorrow flies,
 Gladness lights up weeping eyes,
 Darkness veils the future up,
 Hail, mighty Bacchus ;
 Life's uncertain—fill the cup
 Once more to Iacchus.
 With the women let me dance,
 Whose star-eyes around me glance.

Dancing and drinking.

Satyr.

Friends, behold within this glass,
 Sparkling clear the ruddy wine ;
 Let Mankind, that o'ergrown Ass,
 Fight, so long as Myrto's mine.

By her side with wine like this,
 I my destiny fulfil;
 In her eyes perpetual bliss,
 Rapture in the rosy rill.

Comus (The scene described passes in panoramic show).

Fill freely up the nectar cup—
 The lily-kirtled Spring's at hand,
 And stretched on flowers enjoy the hours,
 While Wit and Mirth your brows expand.

With garlands crowned we'll dance around,
 Our ringlets floating in the breeze,
 To winds we'll fling our cares, and sing
 Like nightingales in sweet rose-trees.

To forests wend, my faithful friend,
 And drink the daughter of the vine;
 From urns of gold, whose bosoms hold
 Rose-bright Delight and Joys divine.

Behold this rose whose purple glows—
 To-morrow comes, its beauty fades;
 So life flits by—then gaily lie
 On rosy beds with laughing maids.

Aphistopheles.

Here's another boon companion,

Silenus (with a goblet of wine).

Bring us the purple liquid
 Of sweetly smiling wine,
 And bring us cups, and crown them
 With clustered leaves of vine;
 The grape alone the passions
 Of wild youth can assuage,
 And shed a charming lustre
 O'er the miseries of age.

The wine it sparkles brightly,
As shines the sun in June ;
The silver goblet glitters,
As beams the gentle moon.
Fill up the silver goblet—
It and the wine shall be
Like sun and moon commingling,
And shining gloriously.

As thus we scatter round us
The glowing sparks of wine,
We seem like brave enchanters
Of some ethereal line ;
If rosès fade in winter,
No care corrodes our souls,
A thousand liquid roses
Float in our silver bowls.

The nightingale sings sweetly,
But when she flies away,
Our clinking cups breathe music
Sweet as her sweetest lay—
Hence with lament or sadness,
Let sorrow's voice be mute ;
Or, should it wander hither,
We'll drown it in the lute.

Sleep sits upon our eyelids
Like some refreshing dew,
Fill up the magic goblet,
And court kind sleep anew.
Delightful is the madness
From brimming bowls that flows,
And blest the sweet oblivion
Of life's eternal woes.

Renew our crystal beakers
With rosy wine once more,

And bring us flowery chaplets
 Like those we had before ;
 If wine-cups be forbidden,
 Or lawful, what care we ?
 We'll revel until daybreak
 In wild ebriety.

Cupid.

What shall I do, my pretty Psyche ?
 I burn in heart and soul for thee ;
 I know not how, or when it happened,
 But feel how fierce love's flame can be.
 I scarcely dare to gaze upon thee ;
 Those bright eyes kill me while they shine ;
 My heart itself has proved a traitor,
 And, sweetest Psyche, now is thine.

How shall I act, my pretty Psyche ?
 My soul for comfort flies to thee ;
 I fear a *no*—for *yes* I'm longing,
 Ah, well a day ! which *shall* it be ?
 Am I deceived ?—or, heart, oh, tell me,
 Dwells not sweet pity in her eyes ?
 Oh, yes ! and cruel tyrant coldness
 Far from her gentle bosom flies.

Wilt thou not speak, my pretty Psyche ?
 Oh ! wouldst thou love as I love thee ;
 Tell me, oh, tell—nor leave me wretched,
 Pining, still pining anxiously.
 Quick—quick—or soon my soul, despairing,
 Will sink beneath its weight of woe ;
 See, how I pant and shake all over—
 Speak to me, dearest, yes or no.

Goethe.

Sooth ! these gentlemen are merry.

Mephistopheles.

So are all who dwell with me, sir.

Comus.

Whither, sweet light o' love, this early morning?
 Whither, away, thou sunshine of mine eyes?
 Not yet Thaumantia, her white steeds adorning
 With roses, wheels along the opal skies.
 I spake—the nymph replied, Thou'st heard the crowing
 Of Chanticleer, and from Tithonus' bed
 The goddess hath arisen, light bestowing—
 I must away—our happy hour is sped.
 While she thus sighed, the morning dawned in splendour;
 Alas! alas! I sighed, in low sad tone;
 Light to mankind, mild goddess, thou dost render
 Midnight to me—for Aphroditè's gone.

Music and dance.

Cupid.

Now the Rose has unveiled her beautiful head,
 Come hither, come hither, sweet choir of pleasures;
 Ere Youth and its time of delight be dead,
 Let the dance and song and bowl be our treasures;
 And wine, wine, nectar-like wine;
 Oh! better by far than priest or shrine.

Send me hither the maiden with laugh of light,
 And eyes—fond eyes like my wine-cups glowing,
 To kiss me, and fold in her arms milk-white,
 While the zephyrs are softly around us flowing.
 And the lyre—the sweet-voiced lyre,
 Oh! better by far than bead or friar.

The Rose is the queen of all flowers o' the field,
 Wine quenches at times the torch of passion;
 O bird of night, be thy voice unsealed,
 Sing forth once more in thine angel fashion;

The roses—my lute—and glass,
Oh! better by far than monk or mass.

Chorus of NYMPHS and CUPIDS.

Silenus.

Bathe your sorrows in the bowl,
Brimming o'er with laughing wine,
Or when moonlight gilds the pole,
In some rosy grove recline ;
Stealing raptures from the maids
Who frequent the leafy glades.

When the nymph with footsteps light,
Dances o'er the meadows fair,
Bind a garland, golden bright,
Round her hyacinthine hair ;
Cupid sometimes sits inside
Roses thus for maidens tied.

When the softly-sounding lyre
Breathes its music sweet and low,
To some flowery cave retire,
Where the silver waters flow :
Lulled in happy visions deep,
There securely rest asleep.

Purple spring brings joys like these,
With its laughing atmosphere ;
Oh! be mine Elysian ease,
In this season of the year.
All the joys for which I've prayed,—
Wine-cup, cave, and dancing-maid.

Dance of COMUS, NYMPHS, and CUPIDS.

Mephistopheles.

Now shalt thou, such priceless treasures
Of rare excellence beholding,

Own that I'm of friends the truest.
Eyes whose glances are bright heaven,
Breasts, whose roses hold all pleasures,
Arms in whose embrace enfolding,
Live the true Elysian raptures ;
Words more sweet than Lydian measures ;
Charms like these are rarely given,
Nymphs like these one rarely captures.
Lo ! a wind like lovers' breathings,
Wafting here Sabœa's richness.
See, the first is bright Calypso,
Ireland's Queen of spell and faërie,
Known as golden-tressèd Cleena
In that mystic Isle of Sadness.
She it was who loved Ulysses
In Ogygia's lonely island
(So was Erie known to Homer).
She it was, whose magic ringlets
Twined around his heart like jesses :
From her eyes the stars drink lustre,
As the Ind bird drinks the moonbeams ;
Blest is he who, by her ringlets,
Draws her to his glad embraces.
Blest is he who in her sweetness
Vermeil-tinctured tastes enjoyment.
O'er her queenly robe translucent
Shines her neck like brightest sunbeams,
Her red lips are rowan-berries,
Brilliant, melting, warm, and dewy ;
And her teeth are showers of pearls ;
Or like pure white honeycombs :
Branching hair with beryls braided ;
Did an Anchorite behold her,
He might take her for the Virgin ;
But she's not the Queen of Heaven,
For she wears the cest of Venus.
Wilt thou dwell with her for ever ?

See who follows—'tis Armida,
 The rose-smiling Fay of Tasso ;
 On whose liliated breasts Rinaldo,
 Lapped in love as in some bower
 Of red roses and white hyacinths,
 Felt on earth the bliss of heaven.
 O'er the asphodels she gambols.
 Since my kinsman Angel Gabriel
 Greeted lovely Ladye Mary,
 Ne'er saw spirit finer creature.—
 Witching woman like this wonder
 Won the angels erst from heaven.
 If *such* fell—why we should pardon
 Mortals who do nothing blacker.
 'Tis a wise man's act to gather
 Roses when they grow around him ;—
 Or to pluck the melting vine-grape,
 When it lies across his pathway.
 Wilt thou dwell with her for ever ?

Goethe.

O Beauty—Beauty ! I am dumb with wonder.

Mephistopheles.

These ambrosial nymphs are better
 Than the fires we late stood viewing ;
 Even the kiss of melting Venus,
 When you handed her the apple,
 Was not half so spirit-thrilling
 As the violet eyes and ringlets
 Of the green-robed Queen of Erie,
 Floating Cleena or Calypso.
 See, in young Armida's eyelids,
 What a naked Cupid trembles :—
 How he shoots their magic through you !
 Blithe his laugh of silver cadence ;

Don't you feel these contemplations
 More delightful than the rigid
 Stoic nonsense you would have me
 Think you're bent upon—I wonder
 You have not quite soured my temper ;
 But I learned from Job true patience,
 When I saw my master Satan
 Kick him out upon the dunghill,

Calypso.

Who is this stranger whom you would present.

Mephistopheles.

Ah, voluptuous Lady Cleena,
 Through thine Emerald Home I've sought thee
 Many a time, from fair Knock Greine,
 Knock-na-Rae, and green Ben-Bulbin,
 Keis-Corainn to wild Ben-Echlann,
 And Lock Dáën and steep Slieve Guillin,
 Thence to Mourne and bold Slieve Donard,
 Ballachnéry and Knock-na-Feadala—
 All these haunts to thee were sacred.
 I have asked the swans and salmon,
 And the silver-singing blackbirds,
 And the flute-voiced bright-eyed thrushes,
 And the larks whose chant Elysian
 Is of heaven's soft airs the echo,
 And the cuckoo whose sweet cooing
 Bids rejoice the waving forests,
 And the honey-making clusters
 Of gold-girdled bees that rifle
 Flowers and fruits of their choice essence ;
 And the red-robed Faërie People,
 Where to find thy viewless dwelling ;
 But till now I never saw thee,

Golden Cleena, Queen Calypso.
Has The Witch revealed?—

Calypso.

I know thee.

Witch of Endor.

'Tis Lord Sathan's secretary.

Mephistopheles.

Yes—he tells me all his wishes,
Secrets and sublime ambitions.
Know my friend—a German statesman,
Wise as your old flame, Ulysses,
When you hid him in green Erie.

Armida.

Well, he seems a knightly gallant.

Witch of Endor.

Saul himself looked never nobler.

Mephistopheles.

We have come, enchanting ladies,
To sojourn awhile, and revel
In these bowers far outshining
The six heavens of Mohammed,
Or the sunbright spheres of Vishnu,
Or the Gardens of Adonis,
Or the viewless Bowers of Irim,
Or the fine Mosaic mythus,
Or the fair Elysian flower-land,
Or the clashing halls of Odin,
Or the cyclop-orbs of Brahma,
Or the marble realms of Siva,
Or the grandly proud Walhalla.

Witch of Endor.

We shall be indeed delighted
 Such fair travellers to welcome.
 Lo!—I wave my wand of magic,
 And a banquet spreads before ye.
 These young Cupids crowned with roses
 And with lilies, in whose eyelids
 Shines the softness of the moonlight,
 And with wings of gold and purple
 Waving melody, will serve ye.
 Sit, brave sir, beside this ladye—
 On this bank of fan-like flowers.
 You, Sir Voland, couch beside me ;
 While we banquet sweet Calypso
 Will with magic lays enweave us
 In a rosy spell of rapture.

Calypso.

Nay, I will not : I would rather
 Thus with arms enwreathed embrace him.

Mephistopheles.

Well, I think you shew your wisdom.

He drinks magic from her bosom.

Aside.

Witch of Endor.

Well then, let us hear the Graces ;
 Golden sisters, wend ye, wend ye,
 Dance and sing around the Fountain.

Mephistopheles.

This surpasses all my magic,—
 Who comes first?—Euphrosynè,
 With her sparkling crown of lilies,
 And red tulips trickling dew-drops.

Goethe.

Tall and snow-bright, she shall sing us
 Into dreams of Paradise ;
 From her tresses breathes Arabia,
 And her pace is moonlike Dian's
 When she hunts amid the welkin,—
 Who comes next ?

Witch of Endor.

Rose-lipped Aglaïa
 With a violet band enwreathing
 The pure moonlight of her temples.
 After her Thalïa, blooming
 Like an ever-vernant garland.

Calypso.

Now they dance around the Fountain,
 Winds of Paradise enfold them ;
 As they dance they gleam more freshly
 Than the May with flowers encinctured.

Goethe.

Blushing faces like the morn
 Where day breeds, yet ne'er is born,
 Or like gardens rich with roses,
 When the sunshine opes their bosoms ;
 How their silver limbs entwining,
 Make the lustre round more lustrous,
 How their eyes and speaking features—

Mephistopheles.

Don't you think them pretty creatures ?
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby.

Calypso.

Now they bring thee from the fountain
 Silver vases crowned with water,

Purer than the Nauplian streamlet,
Which renewed the bloom of Juno.

Armida.

Now they pluck the dewy flowers,
Sprinkling with their light its margin,
And they weave them into crownets
For the strangers—now they crown them.

Witch of Endor.

Lovely sisters, lovely Graces,
Why trip thus in silent beauty?
Waken song's bewitching accents,
Breathe delicious minstrelsy.

Mephistopheles.

They but waited your high wishes;
We shall hear the lovely Three.

SONG OF THE GRACES.

O pure and limpid fountain,
What snow on Alpine mountain
Sparkles like thee?
While on thy turf reclining,
Our features, soft and shining,
In thee we see.
The Zephyrs flitting o'er thee,
O fount! methinks adore thee,
And linger still,
With winglets light and tender
O'er thine eyes of splendour,
And drink their fill.

A thousand sunny flowers
Their fragrance, like rich dowers,

Around thee shed ;
And through the woodbine branches
No breeze its coldness launches
 On thy calm bed.
Sunshine upon thee slumbers,
As if thy rills' sweet numbers
 Lulled it to rest ;
The stars of night and morning
For ever are adorning
 Thy crystal breast.

About thy banks so fragrant
That little rose-winged vagrant,
 Cupid, is seen ;
And in thy silvery waters
Bathe the mild Goddess-daughters
 In beauty's sheen.
The Dryads robed in brightness,
With feet of fawnlike lightness,
 The Graces Three,
Beneath the golden glances
Of Hesper, weave their dances,
 O fount ! round thee.

Pan leaves his rosy valleys,
And by thy brightness dallies
 All day, and wakes
Echo—the forest-haunting—
Up with the notes enchanting
 His wild pipe makes.
Here, too, at times, resorted
Fair Venus, when she sported
 With amorous Mars.
Their hearts with passion beating,
And none to view their meeting
 But the lone stars.

Play on, thou limpid fountain,
 Eternal as yon mountain
 Olympus-crown'd :
 Gush on—in light Elysian,
 As Poet's shape-filled vision,
 Or Apollo's round.
 The smiles of Heaven above thee,
 And the stars to love thee,
 Fount, thou shalt glide
 From thy crystal portal,
 Strong, beauteous, and immortal,
 Whate'er betide.

Mephistopheles.

Well, I think the trifle's pretty.

Aside.

So, I'm sure does Master Jacky.
 Will he this time disappoint me,
 As before with those vile Witches?
 No—the dose is hotter, stronger,
 Fiercer, and more love-provoking.
 Phantoms may be scoffed, derided,
 But the fire-enkindling Cleena
 Is not easily o'ermastered ;
 And the philtre kiss of Venus
 Still is on his lips like frenzy.

Goethe.

Music, music, song and music.

Witch of Endor.

Thou, Armida, wilt thou sing us
 Some of thine Italian triumphs?

Mephistopheles.

Nay, my much respected Madam,
 Let Armida talk to me ;

'Tis a century, I'm certain,
Since I drank such honied kisses.

Witch of Endor.

What! will none oblige me? am I
Slighted in old age, Sir Voland?
Must I sing a song myself?

Mephistopheles (*aside*).

Disforend it! (*Aloud*) Nay, sweet Venus,
For *my* part I'd sooner look at,
In their sweet dishevelled beauty,
The past heroines of story,
Than hear melodies at present.
This my friend his tastes are classic,
Such a spectacle will please him
Better than if Syrinx warbled,—
Bring them hither, Witch all-powerful.

Witch of Endor.

You have but to name your wishes,
And at once behold them granted.

As she waves her wand the Phantoms pass.

Calypso (*to* GOETHE).

See fair Helen, like the bow of heaven
When its lovely head is rayed with sunshine.

See Briseïs breaking like bright morning
O'er the dewy hills when spring is flowering.

See the queenly stepping Bride of Carthage,
Like the world's great Pharos throned in grandeur.

Sappho, with a morn of bright carnations,
Breathing love and fire from her rich features.

And Poppæa, Nero's queen, like Venus
When in Vulcan's brazen net caught blushing.

And love-eyed Bianca di Capello,
All her world-entrancing charms revealing.

And Roxana, Alexander's empress ;
In her form the purple light of beauty.

See fair Rosamond, whose naked shoulders
Glitter like the starry beams of sunshine.

And Campaspè, laughing and entwining
Hyacinthine ropes to wreath her dancing.

See the silver-footed Atalanta
Maid, as sweet and pure as pearly rose-dew.

See the grand Andromachè, an eagle
Soaring up to heaven on flashing pinion.

See Hesione like lightning leaping
From a bowing sky of rose and lillie ;

And Andromeda, with mouth of roses,
Like a swan in limpid waters floating.

And the naked Phrynè, whose dark flowing
Ringlets wave upon the fragrant zephyrs.

And Erminia, whose celestial brightness
Far outshines the cheek of blushing summer.

And the iris-hearted Cleopatra
Waving onward in a cloud of cupids.

Goethe.

Nay, but I see not any half so lovely
As thou, fair daughter of the Isle of Destiny.

Calypso.

Well—thou shalt see one, lo ! Blanaid the fated,
Summer seems sitting in her eyelids sweet.

Goethe.

Beauteous indeed she moves ; but thou to me
Art lovelier than all others. Was she Greek,
Persian, or Spanish, as her sweet eyes say ?

Calypso.

One of my countrywomen. Dost not know
The storied legend of that Ladye's woes ?

Goethe.

I know them not, nor knew of her till now.

Calypso.

Where's the Bard, renowned Cennfaeladh,
Festive son of Garbh the glorious,
From the conquering son of Alil,
Victor o'er the stern Ultonians,
In a princely line descended ?

Witch of Endor.

Well thou knowest he's in Flathinnis,
Throned upon his throne of gold.

Calypso.

Yet the Queen of Erie calls him,
And I know he will obey me ;
If I dream not, here he comes.
Starry-souled Cennfaeladh, welcome ;
Sing a Lay of Ancient Erie ;
Well I know its hallowèd music
Lives within thy shell-like spirit.

Cennfaeladh.

Shall it be, swan-bosomed Ladye,
One of the three weeping Legends ?

Calypso.

Yes, awake your golden harp-strings,—
Sing the sorrows of Blanaida,
Who this moment flitted by us.

Cennfaeladh.

THE STORY OF THE FAIR BLANAID.

The princely chief, Cuchullain,
Our chief renowned of old—
From frowning tower and fortress
He calls his warriors bold ;
From frowning tower and fortress,
With broadsword blue and shield,
And lance and spear, athirst for blood,
They march into the field.

Many a valiant bowman,
And many a swordsman brave,
Thronged where his floating standards
Along the hillocks wave.
His star-bright floating standards
Like pillars tall were seen,
The Yellow Lion rampant
Upon a field of green.
And with these brawny archers
A cloud of spearmen came,
With tufted beards and warlike brows,
And deep dark eyes of flame.

These fierce and fire-eyed soldiers,
These men of old renown,
For three whole days within their tents
Of scarlet cloth sat down.
Like shining stars in winter,
Or waves that lash the strand,

In splendour, strength, and number,
 Beseemed that iron band.
 And loud their war-cries sounded,
 And shrilly neighed their steeds,
 And proudly panted old and young
 For strange heroic deeds.

Then outspake brave Cuchullain—
 “Ye Red-Branch Chieftains, hear,
 We’ve shared in many a battle-field,
 And conquered far and near.
 We’ve crumbled many a haughty fort,
 And many a captive led,
 And side by side, o’er land and tide,
 We’ve stoutly fought and sped.
 Where are the chiefs in Erie
 Of hardier heart and hand?
 Or breathes there on this broad earth,
 Who dares your might withstand?

“ But now our spirit slumbers,
 Our broadswords sleep in rust,
 Our polished spears are blunted,
 Our war-vests mould in dust.
 Our bards sit down in silence,
 Or vainly sing the lays
 Of deeds and men long past and gone,
 Our sluggish souls to raise.
 For ten long months of idlesse
 We’ve wiled the time away,
 Inactive—nerveless—drooping—
 By feasting spoiled, and play.
 Up—up—nor rest ignobly,
 Like women still at home—
 Up—up—to fields where Glory points
 And bids the Red Branch roam.
 The antlered deer and brown wolf

Too long have been our game;
 Once on a time the Red-Branch Knights
 Pursued some nobler aim.
 The game of war with foemen,
 The strife with gallant men,
 These be our ends—Then up with me,
 And share such game agen.

He spake—and from his stout thigh
 His broadsword blue he draws,
 Outbursts from all those chieftains round
 One shout of wild applause ;
 The listening vales re-echo
 The loud and glad hurraus,
 And on their blades those chieftains
 A solemn oath devise,
 To follow still their leader
 To deeds of great emprise.
 From rank to rank, like lightning,
 Ran on one fierce accord ;
 They clashed upon their iron shields
 With brazen spear and sword.

Then spake once more Cuchullain—
 “ In Alba’s isle there stands
 A fortress strong and mighty
 With spoil from many lands.
 Piled up with Asian plunder,
 And Afric’s choicest wealth,
 From olden times collected
 By labour, force, and stealth.
 With bright and priceless jewels
 From Orient empires brought,
 And store of sparkling wonders
 By magic hands enwrought ;
 Large drinking-cups of silver,
 And golden cauldrons bright,

With shining rings, and linen coats,
 Of scarlet and snow-white.
 Sleek dark-grey steeds of swiftness,
 With aureate housings stoled,
 Bucklers with equal portions mixed
 Of silver and red gold ;
 Broad-bladed spears and standards,
 And swords for knightly thighs,
 With daggers and war-axes
 Of temper, strength, and size.
 But brighter still, and brighter,
 And destined for our prize,
 There dwells within this castle's walls
 A maid of soft blue eyes.
 Blanaid, the rarest ladye
 That heaven did e'er behold ;
 Be mine that rarest ladye,
 Be yours the wealth untold."

Loud shouted all those chieftains
 With quick and glad assent ;
 And soon the news was spread about,
 Like fire from tent to tent.
 And all those mighty soldiers
 Swore to the bargain made—
 For them the wealthy fortress,
 For him the fair Blanaid.

Now there was one—false Conrigh—
 A knight renowned was he,
 In fiery plain and ladye's bower
 Gallant as knight could be.
 Fierce in the flaming conflict,
 With martial strength of nine ;
 His swelling soul of battle
 Shewed in his haughty eyne.

But skilled in arts of magic
And wizard schemes of hell,
He swore to win that ladye fair
By sorcery and spell.

He rose and left his castle walls,
And donned his robe of grey,
A robe whose might the stars of light
Must bow to and obey.
In his grey magic mantle
The Red-Branch camp he sought,
In garb a common soldier,
A conquering prince in thought.
The Red-Branch troop he found them,
Upon the white sea-beach ;
They hailed the stranger-soldier
With welcome looks and speech.

They launched their hollow galleys,
Their bending oars they plied,
And night and day with might and main
Rowed o'er the waters wide.
The waves rushed round their black prows,
The winds blew loud and long,
And over the boiling billows
They passed with shout and song.
They passed—and now their footsteps
Are on that fated land,
And Alba's warriors arm with speed
To meet Cuchullain's band.
And there are war-cries sounding,
And shrilly neighing steeds,
And bosoms panting proudly
For strange heroic deeds.

In Alba stands a fortress,
With mighty walls and towers,

But over its brows a threatening cloud
Of mist and darkness lowers.
A fierce and haughty fortress,
A fierce and haughty band,
Well skilled in war, and bristling all
With dagger, spear, and brand.
And in that rock-built fortress
The Lord of that lone isle
Stood stoutly girt with wizard aid
And serried rank and file.
His Magi stood around him,
His armoured guards before,
His flag waved stern defiance
To those who thronged his shore.

Crowned with a muttering tempest
Of cloud and fire and rain,
The towers rose up before them,
And frowned with dark disdain ;
The towers rose up before them,
Like giants grim and grey,
Whose bloodshot eyes and hoary brows
Breathe terror and dismay.
The battlements and bastions
Seemed filled with magic life ;
The very walls seemed raging imps,
Let loose for murderous strife.

Right in the fiery gateway
Whirls an enchanted wheel,
Ten thousand dark and shadowy shapes
Were round it seen to reel ;
Ten thousand dark and shadowy shapes
Of shapeless fire and cloud,
And blazing fronts and flickering heads,
That hissed and screamed aloud ;

And belched their furious blasts of fire
 Down on the Red-Branch Knights,
 Who sorely winced and paled, I ween,
 Before those grinning sprites.

The Lord upon the ramparts broad,
 With all his Magi stands—
 “Why take ye not this fortress,
 With wealth from many lands?”
 With jestings lewd and jeerings
 They taunt the Red-Branch Knights;
 With peals of hideous laughter
 Sore mock the grinning sprites.
 The sun looked black and bloody
 Down on the mailed array,
 And, like fierce wolves, the waters
 Seemed gaping for their prey.
 In front the mocking fortress,
 The swollen seas behind,
 Around them storm and darkness—
 What succour shall they find?

Sore chafed the Red-Branch Chieftains,
 Sore chafed Cuchullain brave,
 While day and night, enchanted shapes
 Of death around them rave.
 “*Beneit, thou battle raging,
 Thou goddess of red war!*”
 In vain for aid they call her
 Amid the spectral jar.
 “*Beneit, thou battle-raging,
 Come hither on thy clouds!*”
 She hears them not—in darkness
 Her flashing form she shrouds;
 Till all those iron warriors,
 Grew hourly more dismayed:

How can they sack the fortress strong?
 How win the fair Blanaid?

Then outspake wily Conrigh,
 Disguised in robe of grey—
 “Methinks it were a deep disgrace
 From hence to turn away.
 Shame on the valiant warriors,
 The recreants from the fight;
 Shame on the Red-Branch Chieftains,
 If hence they take their flight;
 Dishonour dark on Erie,
 If Alba sees us yield—
 We’ve fought her on the wild wave,
 We’ve fought her on the field;
 But never till this moment,
 In land or sea attack,
 Did Erie’s meanest warriors
 To Alba shew the back.”

Then outspake brave Cuchullain—
 “Sir Churl, thy tongue is rude;
 How canst thou dare on valiant knights
 Thy tauntings vile intrude?
 Get hence, get hence, thou brawler,
 Nor dare our deeds to scan;
 Canst *thou* surprise this fortress?
 Wilt *thou* lead on the van?”

Then answered wily Conrigh—
 “All this I swear to do;
 The fort, though girt with fire and cloud,
 I’ll lead our soldiers through;
 The wheel that whirls with spectres
 Shall fall before my hand;
 The frowning cloud of darkness
 Shall fly at my command;

The tower and all its treasures
 Shall be—I swear it—thine ;
 The choice of all the jewels
 Shall be—but swear it—mine.”

He swore by his Hand of Valour,
 By his Arm of Might he swore ;
 He swore by the Winds of Heaven,
 That sweep the mountains hoar ;
 By the silver Shield of the Moon,
 By the Sun and the Sacred Fire,
 By the Ghosts of the Mighty Dead,
 By the Ashes of his Sire.

Then outspake brave Cuchullain—
 A mighty Oath he swore :
 “By the viewless Winds and foaming Waves,
 That dash on Alba’s shore ;
 By the circling Sun and Moon and Dew,
 And all that men adore—
 The choice of all the jewels
 In yon proud tower shall be,
 When taken by thy skilful hand,
 Reserved alone for thee !”
 And all the valiant warriors
 Assented to the oath
 Thus sworn, with due solemnity,
 Of Heaven and Earth, by both.

Calypso (to GOETHE).

How dost thou like this story of old faërie ?

Mephistopheles.

Nay, he has ears and eyes for nought but thee.

This and the Witch’s kiss must needs entrap him.

Aside.

Ceanfarladh.

The morning sun shines brightly
 Above the Enchanted Fort ;
 The wheel of fire still whirls about,
 Still round it spectres sport.
 And a noise like muttering thunder
 Booms from the magic wall,
 While yells and screams of anger
 The stoutest heart appal.

Then up rose wily Conrigh,
 He donned his robe of grey,
 And, like a Spirit of Evil,
 Full loud he laughed that day.
 He raised his magic clarion,
 And blew one mighty blast,
 Whereat the fierce and frowning towers
 Recoil with fear aghast—
 A rending blast like thunder,
 That sounded far and wide ;
 And the black clouds that veiled the heaven,
 In thunder-peals replied.
 Straight from the Fort the pale ghosts
 Passed like affrighted things,
 Away, and away, for ever and aye,
 They sailed on the tempest's wings.
 The wheel of fire no longer
 Revolved the gates before ;
 It screamed like a ghost in torture,
 And vanished for evermore.

Then outspake wily Conrigh—
 “ Ye Red-Branch Knights, advance,
 Give to the breeze your sunburst bright,
 And charge with sword and lance.”
 And onward still and onward,
 Right through the open gate,

False Conrigh thundered onward,
With pride and hope elate.
Like a hawk on a troop of small birds,
False Conrigh led the van—
Of all that bold and battailous troop,
There flinched no single man ;
And the deadly fight seemed over,
Ere it had well began.

They met on the lofty ramparts,
With shield and sword and spear,
Those strong-armed men, with bull-like hearts,
That knew no thought of fear.
Loud clashed their brazen bucklers,
Bright shone their broadswords blue,
They heard no cries, they spared no man,
But still they slew and slew.
Like the fierce and rapid sledging
Of smiths on the anvil broad,
When blows descend like thunderbolts
Hurled by some angry god,
Were the quick and heavy crashes
Of sword on mail and bone—
Were the shrill and hollow blendings
Of war-shout and death-groan.
Till, as the dark-red tempest
Some forest oak lays low,
The Chief of all was seen to fall
'Neath Conrigh's slaughtering blow.

They trampled down the dying,
They trampled down the dead,
The groans that rose from friends and foes,
Ere the sad spirit fled,
They heeded not, but followed still
Where wily Conrigh led,
Until within the Fortress
The Knights victorious stood ;—

Ah, me ! it was a sight to see
The place run thick with blood.

Then rose the shriek of women ;
Their arms the men threw down ;
And the babe grew white with shivering fright
In the nook of its mother's gown.
The young and old they gave them
Up to the ravenous blade ;
For two whole hours those Chieftains
A deadly slaughter made :—
They only spared one captive—
The beautiful Blanaid.

Like the fair Star of Morning,
Or the sweet Orb of Night,
When shimmering forth in splendour,
O'er Gurrane Tual's lone height,
She clothes with silver silence
Valley and forest glade—
So looked that fair-haired captive,
The beautiful Blanaid.

Like a bright rainbow shining
Aloft in southern skies ;
Like a rich garden painted
With flowers of softest dyes ;
Like music in sweet Logh Lene,
By skilful minstrel played—
So looked that white-armed captive,
The beautiful Blanaid.

Her branching gold-bright ringlets,
Fell to her feet of snow,
Her eyes shed tears of crystal,
Her cheeks were wet with woe.

And over her heaving bosom,
 Her lily-white hands she placed,
 And gently, like a spirit of air,
 Before the Knights she paced.

Bent was her moonlike forehead,
 Her rosy lips close set,
 She panted like a blackbird
 Toiled in a fowler's net ;
 Sadly she gazed around her,
 Nor saw one friendly face :
 Ah me !—for the modest maid—
 Gods shield her by their grace.

Oh ! weep, white-bosomed ladye,
 Weep for thy lonely fate,
 A captive in a foreign land,
 Fallen from a high estate ;
 Weep for thy loving kindred
 That slumber round thee cold ;
 Weep for the sweet days passed and gone,
 The innocent days of old ;
 Weep for thy sire departed ;
 For thy gentle mother weep ;
 Weep for thy noble brothers,
 In death's cold arms they sleep ;
 Weep for the loving music ;
 Weep for the dear old songs ;
 Weep for thy little fawn slaughtered ;
 Weep for thine own sad wrongs ;
 Weep for the haunts of childhood,
 Where thy tiny footsteps strayed.
 Ah me ! ah me ! I pity thee,
 Thou lonely-hearted maid.

Away, and over the ocean,
 The Red-Branch Champions speed,

A glorious capture theirs, I ween,
A bold and gallant deed !
And they bore away in their galleys
The ransom of ten kings.
Success attend their galleys,
That float on the wind's black wings !

Three hundred painted chariots,
Three hundred steeds of size,
Two chests of jewels gathered all
Beneath fair Orient skies ;
Breast-plates, all rough with garnets,
And glittering like bright stars,
With well-stitched leathern helmets,
Enwrought with golden bars ;
Six hundred scarlet mantles,
Of hunting spears ten score,
Stout hatchets of black basalt,
Full fifty pair and more ;
Two hundred silver bucklers
With red gold edged all round,
And gems for ear and finger
In white bright silver bound ;
Bracelets and torques and tunicks,
Lances with sharp stone heads,
Blue-coloured swords with ivory knobs,
And robes with golden threads ;
Long ashen pikes that glittered
Like moonbeams on the snows,
And thin swan-feathered arrows,
With quivers and bent bows ;
A hundred fire-eyed falcons,
Well trained to cleave the air ;
A hundred mares for breeding,
And rams with fleeces fair ;
Spear-heads of dark-grey granite,

Two hundred full they found,
 With flint heads for long arrows,
 And many a deep-mouthed hound ;
 A hundred gold-fringed cassocks,
 Ten brazen chandeliers,
 With five score strong and shining reins
 And five score sharp blue spears ;
 And vast uncounted treasure,
 The wealth of many lands,
 Piled up within the castle's walls
 By strong and skilful hands :
 The mighty Red-Branch Chieftains,
 The flower of Innisfoil,
 Bore in their ships from Alba's isle
 To Erie rich in spoil.
 But brighter still, and brighter
 Than gold or jewelled prize,
 The fair Blanaid, the stolen maid,
 With heaven in her soft eyes.

Away and over the ocean
 The curved black galleys sped,
 While wind and wave their thin keels drave,
 And fast as hawks they fled.
 Hurraw—Hurraw—for Erie !
 The voyage drear is o'er,
 The valiant Red-Branch Champions
 Leap proudly out on shore.
 And now they range the prizes,
 To choose as each one may,
 When outspake wily Conrigh,
 Clothed in his robe of grey.

“ Hear me, ye Red-Branch Chieftains,
 Ye valiant warriors, hear ;
 And you, O great Cuchullain,
 Who sware an Oath of fear,

Fallen is the mighty Fortress,
 And by *my* hand it fell ;
 Here stand the gorgeous treasures,—
 Here *I* who broke the spell.

And now, ye noble Chieftains,
 Remember what ye swear ;
 The richest jewel of my choice
 Is destined for *my* share.
 By the Sun and Moon ye swear it,
 By many an Awful Name,
 By the viewless Winds and solemn Waves,
 And by the Sacred Flame ;
 And here, ye Red-Branch Chieftains,
 The richest gem I claim."

Outspake the Red-Branch Chieftains,
 Out spake Cuchullain wise,
 " Choose as thou wilt, O stranger Knight,
 Be thine the choicest prize."
 Loud laughed the wily Conrigh,
 He touched the blushing maid—
 " *This* is the rarest jewel,
 The beautiful Blanaid."

Red flushed the brave Cuchullain
 With still and stern surprise,
 His fiery soul, like lightning forked,
 Flashed from his midnight eyes.
 And all his valiant warriors
 Stood round about amazed ;
 But silent stood false Conrigh,
 As on the maid he gazed.

Robed in the light of beauty,
 And red and white by turns,
 Her blushes seemed like roses
 Budding o'er cold death urns.

She stood like some sad marble,
 By sculptor hands portrayed ;—
 Ah me ! ah me ! I fear for thee,
 Thou beautiful Blanaid.

And still beside the maiden
 False Conrigh, gazing, stands,
 In his grey magic mantle,
 With still and folded hands.
 It was a sight of sadness
 To see that silent pair ;
She like a spirit come from heaven,
He like a fiend of air.

Then from the brave Cuchullain,
 These words like thunder burst :
 “ Avaunt, and quit the maiden,—
 Avaunt, thou vile accurst !
 Take all my richest treasures,
 Gold, jewels, armour, take ;
 All that thy false heart chooses :
 The maid thou shalt not take.”

Then outspake wily Conrigh,—
 “ O perjured prince, beware,
 Before these Red-Branch Chieftains
 An oath of dread you swear.
 And here I claim the maiden
 To be my lawful prize ;
 Accurst of gods and men be he
 Who now my claim denies.

And I will take the maiden
 From thee, false chief, perforce”—
 He said, and placed the maiden
 Right on his coal-black horse.
 Away—away—Cuchullain
 Rushed from his lofty throne,

But ere he reach'd the greensward,
The fair Blanaid was gone.

East and west, and north and south,
The Red-Branch Knights pursued,
Through hill and vale, and lawn and dell,
And sylvan solitude ;
Through shadowy glens they wandered,
And by the sounding shore ;
Through the leafy gloom of the forests,
In vales and caverns hoar.
Night and day, and day and night,
In sunshine, storm, and shade :
But never more those Chieftains brave
Beheld the fair Blanaid.

Calypso (to GOETHE).

Lov'st thou these legends of trim magic, dearest ?

Aphistophelus.

The only answers that he gives are kisses ;—
Alas, poor Maggy, thou art well away !

Cennfaeladh.

And wicked wily Conrigh
Bore off the maiden bright,
The rarest jewel of the fort,
The world's most lovely light.
Ah me ! ah me ! that maid so fair
Should feel his cursèd spell,
That virgin innocence should mate
With hateful power of hell.

Twelve silver moons had vanished,
A year had passed and gone,
But still the brave Cuchullain,
The active chase kept on.

Thrice had he passed the island,
 From bound to rocky bound,
 But yet no welcome traces
 Of fair Blanaid he found.

Twelve birds fly over the ocean—
 Twelve birds with coal-black wings—
 From the wild North Sea they are flying
 Hither like ominous things :
 Hoarse and harsh are their screamings,
 Sharp and shrill they shriek,
 They mutter and croak like guilty souls,
 As they perch on a mountain's peak.

Then uprose brave Cuchullain,
 He drew his elk horn bow,
 And the string whirred loud as the arrow
 Leapt at its wingèd foe.
 And the twelve strange birds screeched wildly
 As up in the air they rose ;
 But home to the heart went the arrow,
 And thick the life-blood flows.

Down to the earth the arrow
 Fell with the stricken bird ;
 Never a single groan he gave,
 Never a wing he stirred.
 Horribly shrieked his comrades
 As they saw him tumble dead,
 Up in the dark deep glens of the sky
 With screams of woe they fled.

Then laughed the brave Cuchullain,
 As the strange birds took their flight,
 Clanked on his back his quiver,
 While he followed them day and night—

Day and night without ceasing,
 Wherever the strange birds flew,
 Till he passed twelve fertile counties,
 And in each a bird he slew.
 And he rested in Momonia,
 In a forest of old Srabh Bhrin ;
 For three whole days the hero dwelt
 Alone in the wild wood green.

On the fourth day Cuchullain
 Rose from his sylvan lair ;
 And whither and whither shall he go
 In search of the absent fair ?
 For twelve long months had he journeyed,
 Yet never the nymph had found ;
 Oh, lives she still on the happy earth ?
 Or sleeps in the cold black ground ?

A little bird sang in the forest,
 Perched on the shaking spray ;
 Sweetly the little bird chirped and sang
 A musical roundelay.
 The little bird lured the Chieftain on
 Till the close of a summer's day :
 " *So follow me still, Cuchullain,
 Nor be thy heart afraid ;
 And I will shew thee the damselle,
 The beautiful Blanaid.*"

By the sweet Fionghlais he wandered—
 That river as crystal clear—
 When he was aware of a soft sad voice,
 That rose from an arbour near ;
 A voice that like heavenly music
 Stole on his anxious ear :—
 And a harp's low gentle breathings
 Were wafted upon the wind ;

And the song was a song of sorrow—
The plaint of a moaning mind.

He looked on a gorgeous palace
Of Orient diamond ;
It was built by the Prince of Air
At a wave of Conrigh's wand ;
More bright than the sun's pavilion,
When he sinks in the western skies ;
Ah me! that a song of sorrow
In halls like these should rise!

And it was a song of sorrow,
The lay of a broken heart,
Murmured to weeping music,
Artless and void of art.
Murmured to weeping music,
And blent with tears and sighs—
Murmured to weeping music,
That drowned in grief the eyes.

Oh! who is the gentle damselle,
That sings such a moving song?
Oh! who is the craven traitor
Hath done such damselle wrong?
Out with thy brand, Cuchullain!
Flesh well thy biting blade!
The traitor he is false Conrigh—
The dame is the fair Blanaid!

The pillars were made of crystal
As white as the whitest snow ;
They girded the magic palace round—
One hundred in a row ;
Of glittering gold the portals ;
The dome of emerald ;
The mangers were made of ivory,
Where fifty steeds were stalled ;

The lakes were of liquid silver,
 On their breasts were golden boats,
 And fountains of purest water
 Gushed from the marble throats
 Of gryphons and wingèd dragons,
 Carved by enchanted hands—
 And under a tree with her golden harp.
 The weeping damselle stands.

Then outspake brave Cuchullain,
 As he fell on his bended knee :
 “ O ladye ! I am thine own true lord ;
 Smile gently down on me,
 And fly with me from this traitor—
 And fly with me from thrall—
 And thou shalt sit in my palace,
 And rule my chieftains all ! ”

Then spake the startled damselle :
 “ Grant Heaven, thou dearest knight,
 That I were with thee on the saddle-tree,
 Equipped for a speedy flight !
 That I were away from false Conrigh,
 Whose love my soul detests ”—
 The tears they fell from her sweet eyes
 Into her roseate breasts.

“ Oh ! where is now my father ?
 My mother that tended me
 When I was a little innocent babe,
 And nursed upon her knee ?
 And where are all my brothers—
 My brothers that loved me well ?
 And where are my gentle sisters ?
 All—all in the narrow cell ! ”—
 Down on the grass the damselle fair
 In swoon of sadness fell.

Then outspake brave Cuchullain :

“ Mine own beloved Blanaid,
Fly hence with me this moment,
Nor stand thou thus dismayed.
Mine shalt thou be—mine only—
In gentle bower and hall,
With valiant knights to tend thee,
And wait on thy gentle call.”

“ No, no,” quoth the damselle, weeping,

“ Not now bethink of flight,
'Twere vain to 'scape false Conrigh,
Clothed in his magic might.

But hearken, dear Cuchullain,

Heed well the words I say—
Gather thy forces far and wide,
And, on the thirtieth day,
Encamped in yonder forest,
Watch well the river clear,

When its stream runs white with main and might,

Charge, as thou hold'st me dear,

For I will lull false Conrigh

To sleep in that same hour ;
And I will hide his mantle grey,
And sword of demon power.

Ten thousand of thy chieftains
Were vain against his charm ;
Ten thousand of thy chieftains
Would melt before his arm.”

She said—and then stood silent ;

He kissed her lily-white hand,
And went his way rejoicing
To the king of all the land.

Thirty days have passed and gone,

And brave Cuchullain lies,
With a band of chosen Chieftains
Concealed from prying eyes.

He lies in the oaken forest,
In the trees and tall thick grass
That grows in emerald richness,
Beside the clear Fionghlais.

Thirty days have passed and gone,
False Conrigh is in sleep,
And by his side the fair Blanaid
Doth anxious vigil keep.
She hath stolen his magic mantle,
She hath stolen his magic sword,
She pants for the happy moment
That will bring her soul's adored.
A little footpage then enters
Softly on tiptoe ;
And he gives her a golden token,—
"Thine errand well I know."
She spake, and swiftly gliding,
On the waters' brink she stood,
And over its banks she poured the milk
Till it whitened the clear cold flood,
And the Knight and his anxious Chieftains
Leapt from the shaggy wood.
On like the rush of a tempest
The mighty warriors came—
On like the sweep of a tempest dark
With thunder girt and flame ;
Into the sleeping palace
Like some wild sea they roll ;
Cuchullain took false Conrigh's life,—
The demons took his soul.

They burned the magic palace,
They burned the magic books,
They left the crumbling towers and walls
To the wolves and kites and rooks.

But the demon sword and mantle
Woven of dusky grey,
A flying dragon bore them
Up through the air away.

And now the brave Cuchullain
Hath carried his fair Blanaid
To his own good moated fortress,
And there the lovers stayed.
In a rosy dream of gladness
Their happy moments flow,
They heed not the coming evil,
The dark impending blow.

Feirceirtne, Conrigh's minstrel,
An oath of dread he swore,
That he would seek the damselle
Twelve times the island o'er.
And if he found the damselle,
He swore that she should die;
Then mutter'd he low a wondrous spell,
And there were sounds of joy in hell,
And tears in heaven on high.

And over the beauteous island
Feirceirtne travelled long,
In the palace hall his harp he struck,
Or poured the bardic song.
To many a knight and ladye
The wandering minstrel played;
But found not yet the one he sought—
The beautiful Blanaid.

Six times o'er the green-faced island,
The fierce Feirceirtne passed,
Sharp and sure wherever he went
His vengeful looks were cast.

Six times he missed the damselle,
Yet never he felt despair—
He followed her like a vulture
That snuffs the blood in the air.

Till, on a summer evening,
In the rich and golden light,
A gallant companie he spied,
On Rinchin Beara's height ;
A troop of fairest ladyes,
With many a princely knight,
And, shining midst these ladies,
As shines the queen-like moon,
Stood fair Blanaid—the minstrel,
Feirceirtne, marked her soon.

Like a fair courteous minstrel,
Feirceirtne climbed the height—
Like a fair courteous minstrel,
He played for dame and knight.
The strain was like the thrush's note,
Heard in sequestered Sgail,
Or like the blackbird's chorus sweet,
In Letter-legh's lone vale.

On the brow of the lofty mountain
Stood beautiful Blanaid,
Rapt in a trance of transport soft,
As false Feirceirtne played.
Slowly he moved to the damselle,
And lowly still he bowed—
So moves to a star of splendour
A thunder-laden cloud.
And now he stands beside her,
And now he clasps her tight ;
The damselle screamed as the minstrel
Leapt from the dizzy height.

The damselle and the minstrel,
 They perished in that day,
 Their bodies are dashed to pieces,
 Their souls are passed away!

Calypso.

Gentle minstrel, noble minstrel,
 Much I thank thee for thy grace.

Goethe.

Who could e'er resist the music
 Breathing from her heavenly face?

Mephistopheles.

What a sparrow is our German ;
 When he folds her, how he fastens
 His eyes on her ; fascination
 Glides like poison through and through him,
 Now she warbles, now she coyly
 By receding woos him to her ;
 Now she whispers something to him,
 Touching with her lips of honey
 The small ear that drinks her accents ;
 Now she points to yonder arbour,
 Woven thick with smiling jasmine.
 " Well-beloved, thy lips are nectar."
 Now, " How many kisses, cousin,
 Are there—in a—little dozen?"
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby!

Ah, that kiss—by Dis, he trembles ;
 He is speechless with love's rapture.
 How she still enchains him, holds him !
 In her soft wild eyes flames beauty.
 I were caught myself. Armida,
 Clasp me still, entice him, fire him
 With an Aphrodisian picture.

Calypso.

See that palace rising grandly,
Marble-columned, with its fountains
Shooting up in rainbow showerings.
Vines are clustered round the trellis,
Grapes as rich as Hebe's bosom
Courting the delighted pressure ;
And the wingèd train of Pleasures
Dance amid its thornless roses.
Balmy-scented flowers are wafting
Hither their transporting fragrance ;
Nightingales with necks all golden
Warble in the branching foliage,
Odorous with voluptuous silence ;
Summer sheds its richest blooming
O'er its bowers, rocks, and waters ;
And a Spirit seems to haunt it,
At her love-thoughts sweetly blushing.
Evening gathers gently o'er it,
Stars light up their vestal cressets
In the purple domes of heaven ;
And the Moon walks forth in beauty,
Cloudless, tranced in virgin dreamings.
At yon lattice stands a Ladye,
While a Cavalier is stealing
Through the rich luxuriant myrtles
That grow underneath her window.
Plays the moonlight on the waters,
Glittering like sweet hope, when boyhood
In its verdure dreams sweet visions.
Who is that love-haunted Ladye ?
It is Estean Leonora.
Who the Cavalier so gently
Wooing her beneath that lattice ?
It is starry-thoughted Tasso.

THE SERENADE.

The waters are sleeping — the heavens are shining
 In light,
 And a planet-wrought crown the fair head is entwining
 Of night.
 The winds murmur music — and lo, from the roses
 A breath,
 Like the fragrance that hangs round a saint who reposes
 In death.
 On her hinds snowy-white the sweet Dian now flyeth
 Through air ;
 And than thee and thy bosom of light nought espieth
 More fair.
 My light boat is waiting, and longs to convey thee
 Afar ;
 Descend, then, and hence with thy lover, I pray thee,
 O star !

I have twined, O my fair one, a garland of flowers,
 Rose-bright,
 Round my boat's silken awning, where pass shall our hours
 Of flight.
 I have brought thee a lute too, which, waked by thy finger,
 Shall pour
 A music like that which made mariners linger
 Of yore.
 With ruin those syren strains, flung o'er the water,
 Were wreathed ;
 In *thine*, love, life, beauty, sweet Italy's daughter,
 Are breathed.
 But than music or garland more valued one present
 Shall be,
 'Tis *my heart*, which is filled with devotion incessant
 To thee.

Oh! canst thou those sweet days of sunshine and dances
 Forget, [glances
 When our souls, passion-fraught, sparkled forth in our
 And met?
 Or hast thou forgotten that moment of heaven,
 Mine own,
 When thou said'st that to me was thy virgin-soul given
 Alone?
 Oh, no!—by those smilings that mine thou'rt for ever
 I know;
 And our current of love pure and bright as this river
 Shall flow.
 Then fly to me, dearest, ere Eos in splendour
 Appear;
 Thou art come—O bright Venus, the lover's befriender,
 Be near!

Goethe.

Does she listen? Yes, by Venus!
 She is folded in his kisses.

Calypso.

It is life's sole stingingless pleasure.

Armida.

See—beside the purple waters
 Of yon sparkling lake a cottage,
 Nestling in the citron blossoms;
 Birds are singing sweetly round it,
 Flowers enwreathè it, as Cytherè
 Wreathèd Adonis to her bosom,
 Laughing in their gamesome radiance,
 Like the eyes of some fair infant
 Filled with sweet and gentle meanings.
 Floral Enna yields in beauty
 To this nook in dream-light mantled.

Who is that fair woman standing
 On the wrinkled sands of silver?
 Does she wait a coming lover?
 Hark the voice of passioned music,
 Mingled with the night wind's perfume.
 And he comes—his eyes are beaming
 Like black grapes when dew is on them;
 And her eyes are Cupid-lighted,
 And her heart beats quickly, wildly,
 For she hastens to embrace him;
 And he sings, ere yet he twines her
 In his warm and wild caresses,
 A sweet song of simple nature.
 How she listens—gladness glistens
 In her large love-darting eyelids,
 Tremulous with passion's music;
 And her bosom white and billowy
 Heaves, as heaves the snowy ocean
 When the wooing wind compels it.
 Listen to his mandoline.

I place not my heart in pomp or power,
 In palace of marble or pillared hall;
 Such pleasures as these are the toys of an hour,
 But treasures more exquisite far than all
Shall be ours if thou wilt be mine, love.

A rustic garden of roses fair,
 A silver stream that glasses the sky,
 The music of birds in the sunny air,
 And bosoms that beat to their minstrelsy,
Shall be ours if thou wilt be mine, love.

And the murmured music of crystal floods,
 And hillocks of verdure and valleys sweet,
 And bowers of jasmine and shady woods,
 Whose echoes thy songs of love repeat,
Shall be ours if thou wilt be mine, love.

And hopes and thoughts of most pure delight,
 And the smile divine that beams in those eyes,
 And the fragrant dawn and star-robed Night
 And bliss like a picture of Paradise,
Shall be ours if thou wilt be mine, love.

Calypso.

Who is she? 'Tis Fiametta,
 And the minstrel is Boccacio ;—
 See they blend in love delighted.

Goethe.

Nay, I am thine ; for ever, ever thine,
 O Love, O Wonder, O Immortal One !
 Take me to thee, and make me all thine own,
 Ever, for ever, ever, and for ever !
A blast of thunder—they disappear.



SCENE XXIV.

THE ABYSS OF HELL.

MEPHISTOPHELES and GOETHE. *The FURIES following far behind.*

Goethe.

What horrible monster sweeps down yonder vale,
 Half bull, half man, with horns of brass and fire,
 And nostrils breathing flame and eyes that swale
 And sputter lightnings ; madness, might, and ire
 Clothe his huge neck ; a rider fierce and pale
 And frenzy-stricken reins him, while a dire
 And loathsome naked woman with red hair
 Is tossed from horn to horn and looks despair ?

Mephistopheles.

That noble brute, sweet bard, is Minotaurus
 A favourite animal of our czar ; the fool
 Who rides him, much against his will, is Scaurus,
 Whom King Tiberius sent to hell to school ;
 The woman, rather say the ichthyosaurus
 In female shape, that moves your ridicule,
 Is Queen Elizabeth Tudor, a snake-fish,
 As cold and bad as any in our dish.

Cruelty, lewdness, hate, pride, envy, meanness,
 Treachery, intrigue, have sent the lady here,
 Tied to the ancient prodigy of uncleanness,
 Who hoists her like a skilful engineer ;
 The ghost behind, whose devilish obscenity
 Shocked even Rome, pricks on the human steer,
 To toss his burthen still from horn to horn,
 That curses the black hour that saw her born.

And so the Three are borne from hell to hell
 Unceasingly, unrestingly for ever ;
 Swift as a cannon-ball or fiery shell,
 That wings along through startled air, wherever
 The shock impels it ; right and left, pell mell
 They drive, and make the affrighted shades assever
 That bad as their own torturers have been,
 Far worse attend her majesty the quean.

The grim and blood-stained Furies, called Eumenides
 Because they are *not* amiable, are hurrying
 Close on our heels ; unlike wise Epimenides
 Who slept a hundred years apart from flurry in
 A pastoral cave, and after lived for many days,
 Until the unsparing Parcæ made a foray in
 His quarters ; and he died ;—these dames, I say,
 Unlike that Sage, sleep neither night nor day.

Their wakefulness and labours are incessant ;
They send on earth wars, pestilence, dissensions ;
In hell they're always flogging ;—prince and peasant
In turn come in for their polite attentions ;
Their whip of scorpions when applied 's unpleasant,
The cleverest liar lays aside inventions,
And after one brief thwacking all confesses ;
They never fail even with adulteresses.

Serpents they have you see in place of hair,
In their hands burning torches, on their brows
Frown terror, paleness, rage, and black despair,
Like a man curtain-lectured by his spouse :
The rogues they most love to hunt everywhere
Are shaven monks who never kept their vows
Of castigation ; but drank, raked, and fiddled,
Until by death's artillery fairly riddled.

And so they whip them to make up old scores,
Until the shavelings sink beneath the lash ;
Reviewers, pathics, pimps that guide to floors
Where modesty and merit starve, they slash
All who through falsehoods float, as boats by oars,
Are whipped and cut and hacked into mere hash ;—
Well for my friends they do not live in London—
Dickens and pimps like Jerrold then were undone.

Tall, beauteous, queenlike, with sweet sad blue eyes,
With lips of rosebuds, yet with such an air
Of sorrow as no living words comprise,
Agnes Sorèl, of France, the mistress fair
Of Charles, before you in her torture lies ;
Beside her, filled with envy and despair,
The Queen who poisoned her and sent her here,
Whose limbs convulsed the imps with brimstone smear.

Here is the horrid empress Theodora,
 With several geese about her—devils I mean ;
 Here is the runaway stupid nun De Bora,
 Whom Luther's heavenly influence could not screen
 From punishment ; the Roman harlot Flora,
 Who left the wealth amassed by ways unclean
 To public use, was several centuries laid
 Here, but some twelvemonth since was hence conveyed

To Purgatory by an angel, who
 Declared her public spirit much atoned
 For what she was so wicked as to do,
 When her bright charms she publicly unzoned.

Goethe.

I thought there was no getting hence.

Mephistopheles.

Pooh, pooh,
 Nor is there for those sprites whom heaven disowned,
 And damned to Everlasting Fire ; but many
 Are purged with us, who do't as well as any.

Whether their sins are cleansed in Hell or Limbo
 Matters not ; in this pit are seven Cæsars—
 We've seen some more beyond ; with arms akimbo
 Moloch himself is here to tease the teazers ;
 The lapdog at his feet is Cardinal Bembo,
 Who holds a sanguinary pair of tweezers,
 With which they've just been torturing Heliogabalus,
 The patience of whose subjects seems most fabulous.

Men are strange animals, most quaintly made ;—
 For what is love, which poets praise so much,
 But a mere filthy recreation played
 O' the sly, when night, or wine, or passion, smutch
 The brain with dark vagaries ; man and jade
 Have nought at which the lowest beasts might grutch,

Nay beasts are happier far—they feel no pothers,
Have no grim fathers and match-making mothers.

And all are subject to disastrous change ;
Beggars grow rich, and spend their wealth to hide
Their former pauperdom ; mad millions range
From clime to clime, for avarice, fame, or pride ;
And when they gratify them full, O strange
And lunatic chuffcats ! to the grave they glide
Without one thought of why The Elohim sent
Their souls to earth and for what purpose bent.

Fame and Opinion, two poor demons rule them,
For both they sacrifice the God of Truth.

Goethe.

Is it not dastardly in you, who fool them,
To mock them for being fooled ?

Mephistopheles.

Why, no, in sooth,
We do but work our work ; their parsons school them,
And tell them about Dives, Job, and Ruth ;
The cross of Christ without their doors they put,
And sacrifice within to groin and gut.

Blind fortune rules their destinies ; some climb
To thrones, and find the diadem a jest ;
Some strut as Popes, and own their joys mere slime ;
Some roll in riches, and find gold a pest ;
Some stalk as sages, some run mad in rhyme ;
But cares corrode them ; solace, sleep, or rest
They seldom know, until within the arms
Of Death they lie, secure from further harms.

Yet mark how rabidly they cling to life ;
More so indeed than any four-legged beast ;
They loathe death as grave Milton loathed his wife,
Or as sage Gibbon hated nun and priest.

Yet what life is, but a strange maze of strife,
 In which the wickedest wins the largest feast,
 I know not—but I know how wisely sung
 Mimnermus old, “ Whom the Gods love die young.”

The Gods conceal from men the bliss of dying,
 Lest they may all make haste to quit earth's sphere.
 'Tis well 'tis so, or else we'd have them flying
 To Styx in millions.—Charon's privateer
 Would have to be enlarged, in size ontvying
 Ark, or ship Argo :—in a single year
 Methinks we'd free your globe of all who had
 Souls in their bodies, leaving but the bad.—

I mean, the soulless sons of living clay,
 The mere dull animal creatures whom I named
 Before, who like poor asses have their day,
 And die, and then, in stout oak coffins framed,
 Fertilise the churchyard, and make fat hay
 For the round parson's horse ; yet men are tamed
 (Men who have souls of light) by those vile creatures
 Who rule the roast by cannon, fraud, and preachers.

The many are ground down to feed the few ;
 The few in splendour lead the life of ease ;
 The many toil from morn till evening's dew,
 To cram the lazy drones with luxuries.
 Millions in rags have scarce a crust to chew,
 Sir Priest, my lord, and king have what they please.
 If this be not a miniature hell on earth,
 You'll own at least 'tis very tragical mirth.

As to those dreamers and disgusting boobies
 Who talk Millennium, and think Man will grow
 Better and wiser, I could curse the loobies,
 But will not o'er their maniac spoutings crow ;

When geese can make from mud fine pearls and rubies,
 I'll then believe in optimism. No—no,
 'Twill never be ; your race must grovel still,
 Fools, rogues, and slaves, and heirs of every ill.

What Providence designed by your creation
 I'd give a halfpenny to be told ; the fables
 With which you're ruled are mere equivocation
 To keep you bound in priests' and rulers' cables,
 And well they work your perfect subjugation :
 How are you better off than beasts in stables,
 Spurred, ridden, whipped to death, to win the plate
 For those who call themselves the "good" and "great?"

Popes, cardinals, archbishops, emperors, kings,
 What are they—nay, what have they ever been,
 But wretches of the vilest, armed with stings
 For men's destruction ? yet your race unclean
 Bows down before them, worshipping the things,
 Making yourselves a mere o'ertasked machine,
 Which, when their work is done, they fling with scorn
 Away, and cram you full with chaff not corn.

This chaff is called "philosophy," and "patience,"
 "Destiny's will"—the "fate ordained for Man,"
 Earth is a place of suffering ; men and nations
 Must all endure, and life is but a span ;
 The world's a pilgrimage—such smooth orations
 As these your race of doltish fools trepan ;
 And so I feel no pity for your state,—
 You are yourselves the makers of your fate.

The Gods from their high places in the ether
 Look down, and think you most benighted fools ;
 And so, in fact, you are ; their godships neither
 Feel nor shew pity for you while you're tools :
 If I said this on earth, I'd be called breather
 Of treason, blasphemy, and bring the schools

Upon my head, in rage, because I say
 What's proved in man's experience day by day.

So that 'tis well we're here, where no indictments
 For treason are preferred, but thought is free
 As air or light; and the soul's fine incitements
 Are not curbed down and clipped in slavery;
 With you 'twere dangerous to talk so, excitements
 Are so eschewed by every dynasty
 That tells its subjects safety lies in rest,
 And robs and gags them with intentions best.

But I grow sick while musing on your follies,
 Yours, my good friend, for this is meant for you,
 Who would rule men as if they all were Mollys,
 And marched rejoicing with the regal crew;
 Who treat their people as the Scotch treat collies,
 Good, faithful beasts, but nothing more—'tis true;
 And so we'll change our quarters and the theme;—
 I'm glad you've heard me with such German phlegm.

You see that troop of demons red and tawny,
 With hairy arms, bleared eyes, and sooty frames,
 Bearing huge hammers on their shoulders brawny,
 That oft have cooled the heat of well-fed dames;
 Stout are the thews of Paddy, John, and Sawny,
 And each have held high place in Lady Fame's
 Bright roll, but there's not one would dare to tell
 His name to these, the hammerers of hell.

To hammer cruel landlords, an employment,
 Which even the angels think a mark of honour,
 Is their sole task; it gives them great enjoyment;
 Woe to the soul, when they lay hands upon her;
 Stroke follows stroke; heart-weariness or cloyment
 They never feel, but like stout Bishop Bonner
 Hunting new victims, hammer, hammer still,
 From year to year with right good arm and will.

Here is a Coliseum, grand indeed,
 Massive and vast, to which Rome's Capitol
 Is like a baby's toy, or as a weed
 Is to a wilderness of oaks ; the wall
 Lifts its proud front to heaven that dares impede
 Its further progress upward ; tower and hall
 And portico and colonnade and dome
 Shine, as if Gods had built it for their home.

Let's peep inside ;—by Plutus ! it is filled
 With millions nailed to steel chairs white with heat ;
 The place with solemn silence hushed and stilled,
 They sit like corpses each within its sheet.
 Voices they have not ; thus their torturer willed,
 So they can neither shout, nor groan, nor bleat,
 But cling immovably consumed with flame,
 The women doubtless swelling with big shame.

Never before did females hold their tongues,
 Never before felt torment sharp as this ;
 But 'tis the law—they cannot use their lungs,
 Chatter or gibber, scream, scold, yell, or hiss ;
 Meanwhile the imps, collecting devils' dungs,
 Pelt them incessantly, and never miss ;
 The place affords amusement to the dears,
 Who grow from practice perfect cannoneers.

These are the odious race of scandal-bearers,
 Who thus are plagued for all their lies on earth,
 Mixed with them also may be seen false swearers,
 Who are akin to slanderers by birth ;
 Nothing delights us more than to see snarers
 Of truth thus seated on Abaddon's hearth,
 Where they must roast for several thousand years,
 Till their foul souls are washed snow white with tears.

Behold yon void—a vast and horrible chaos ;
 Sulphureous smoke, stench, flame, and pitchy blackness,

Vultures more fierce than those on wild Imäus,
 Imps who ne'er let the fires subside to slackness,
 But stir them up as old Ennosigæus
 Stirs the broad earth, when fierce demoniacness
 Preys on his liver, and this King of Shakers
 Produces earthquakes frightening sober quakers.

The Calydonian boar which angry Dian
 Let loose, as God unfolds the monsoon's wing,
 Roams through that mighty chasm; Nemæa's lion
 Bore not such tusks or claws of mortal sting,—
 The triple-headed ogre black Geryon
 Rides the stern beast; fit pastime for the King
 Who fed his flocks on human flesh, and now
 Urges the boar through yonder bloody slough.

The slough is filled with human souls, a food
 On which the hunger-starved wild boar regales,
 Stuffing his famished maws with the base brood
 Of those who ruled in human hells called jails,—
 Policemen, warders, turnkeys, brotherhood
 Of Beelzebub, whose kinship nought avails,
 But who feels rather pleased to see the beast
 Glut himself to the gorge with such a feast.

After him comes the Erymanthian sow
 Bestriden by Goliath the bold giant,
 Whose fate you read upon his bloody brow,
 Hot pride still blazing in his eyes defiant.
 The terrified wretches shriek and cringe and bow,—
 He heeds them not, but tramples lord and client
 Relentlessly beneath those claws of fire,
 That hiss and smoke amid the moving mire.

In his huge hand he whirls a brazen mace
 Large as a battering-ram, broad, thick, and rough,
 With spearlike spikes—woe worth the hapless race
 On whose bare backs descends the heavy cuff.

Rage lights his red eyes, laughter swells his face,
 And echoes in his curses cruel and gruff,
 Like Churchill chuckling o'er the lines he wrote,
 Or Johnson, when the bibliopole he smote.

Here's Julius Cæsar, every scoundrel's wife,
 And every woman's husband ; here's Pope Joan,
 Here's Louis the Sixteenth, who lost his life
 Because he was a very foolish drone.
 Here's Dick of Gloster flourishing a knife,
 And here's King John, who held his royal throne
 And princely kingdom as my lord Pope's fief ;
 And here's Jack Sheppard, London's well-known thief.

Here is the Duke of Buckingham, who died
 Between two common women at an inn ;
 Here's Agamemnon, here is Colonel Pride,
 Here's Tom-a-Beckett, that arch Jacobin.
 Here is Belshazzar, Xantippè the bride
 Of Socrates, and here 's that harlequin,
 The admirable Crichton, who, in fact,
 Was nothing but an empiric half cracked.

Here is Joanna Southcote, John of Leyden ;
 Here is Jack Wesley, here's Archbishop Cranmer,
 Here's Ankerstom, who shot the King of Sweden ;
 Here's Shakspeare's worst of editors, Tom Hanmer ;
 Here's Jacob Behmen, Handel, Arne, and Haydn ;
 Here's Blucher, an old brute, was never man more ;
 Here's Saint Helena's Cerberus, Hudson Lowe,
 And here the infamous traitor French Moreau.

Here's Joan the Queen of Naples, who hanged up
 Her husband Andrew for a curious cause
 (See Bayle) ; and here is Moloch's dearest pup,
 Pope Adrian, who, by a Papat clause,

Sold Ireland, which he could not sell ; his cup
 Of torment never will be drained, his jaws
 Are ever gulping down an odious draught,
 At which the Irish here have always laughed.

Here's William Prince of Orange, Ulster's idol,
 Whose " certain secret vice" (see Bishop Burnet),
 Not to be named, and which he could not bridle,
 Sent him to us, who've soused him like a garnet
 In sloughs of ordure and of virus. Sidle
 With care along this ledge, and shun that hornet,
 The Scotch Buchanan, traitor, bard, and scholar,
 Who valued not his soul at half-a-dollar.

The gluttonous poet Alcman, he who died
 Pediculose, is stewed in yonder pot ;
 Here's Ananias, who so stoutly lied ;
 Here is the scheming wizard, Michael Scot.
 Here's Bishop Burnet ; by his courtly side
 Mortimer, Villiers, Sporus, Vere, a lot
 Of matchless ghosts, transformed to various shapes
 Of rats, toads, lizards, monkeys, snakes, and apes.

Here's Prince Potemkin, Suwaroff, and Nero,
 Three bloody butchers. Here is Messalina,
 Here's Ali Pacha, Byron's favourite hero ;
 Here's incest-loving Madame Agrippina,
 Here's Marshal Saxe in jack-boots and montero ;
 Here's Rupert, hangman Cumberland, and Mina,
 And Irish Grattan, who his country sold,
 And Sarah Marlborough, an old snuffy scold.

Here is the robber Cacus, vomiting smoke
 Pestiferous, and fire from his black throat ;
 As erst when Hercules began to choke
 The scamp well shrouded in his craggy moat ;
 Here are the crafty Cecils, each in cloak
 Of burning brass. Here's Caiaphas, whose vote

Condemned Messiah ; here is Pontius Pilate,
Whose well-washed hands our casuists here all smile at.

Here's Alexander Borgia, the hot Pope,
With his three handmaids (see Machiavelli),
Simony, Lust, and Cruelty ; the cope
Of hell contains no worse within its belly.
Here's Doctor Dodd, who felt the hangman's rope,
And here's the procuress who sold poor Nelly
(The monarch's mistress,) when she was fourteen ;
And here's the wretch who bought her, a sly dean.

Here's Prior's Chloè—a mere frowsy drab ;
Here's Peter Pindar, an obscene buffoon ;
Here's the Pretender, all one cancered scab ;
And here's Lord Clive blaspheming to the moon.
Here's Robespierre, as ugly as a crab,
And here is Marat, tiger and poltroon ;
And here's imperial Catherine of Russia,
And all the kings that ever reigned in Prussia.

Goethe.

What forms are these, one-eyed, boar-tusked, and fierce,
Their hairs entwined with snakes, their hands with brass,
Yellow-winged, serpent-scaled, with eyes that pierce,
And breathe an icy coldness as they pass ?

Mephistopheles.

You'd hardly wish to play at carte and tierce
With Nymphs like these, unless you were an ass,
And destitute of all the mental organs.—
Hats off, Sir Minstrel, and salute the Gorgons.

Stheno, Euryalè, Medusa—sisters,
Daughters of Phorcys, very lovely ladies,
Who teach sour misses all's not gold that glisters,
But torture them when they descend to Hades.

Perseus, whose weapons sharper were than clysters,
 Sent the three hither ; each of them a maid is,—
 At least I've never heard of man or boy
 Who wished their charms bewitching to enjoy.

Goethe.

Nay, pardon me, but Neptune ravished *one*,
 Medusa, in Minerva's holy fane,
 Who, being as chaste as any Roman nun,
 And seeing it was her ringlets snared the swain
 Who wields the trident, changed, by way of fun,
 The lovely tresses to a snaky train,
 Whose grisly horror straight transformed to stone
 All upon whom their viperish frown was thrown.

Mephistopheles.

Oh!—that was Ovid's lie—there's no pretence
 For saying it had a syllable of truth.
 That writer's powers of fiction were immense,
 And here's a shameful instance of it ; youth
 Might be misled by this, but men of sense
 And years like you should be ashamed in sooth,
 To trust a writer of such well-known flights
 Of fancy, who tells lies in all he writes.

He was the first who libelled the sweet maid,
 So Pluto sent him to her when he died.—
 To tell you what she did I'm half afraid,
 But I suppose I must as I'm your guide :
 Short, sharp, and sure her vengeance, none bore aid,—
 The bard was left unfitted for a bride,
 As Abælard was by that cruel canon
 Whose niece the Church has never laid its ban on.

Which shews that poets should indeed beware
 How they write fiction, how they publish slander ;
 They never know what horrid kind of fare
 Is cooking for them by our chief commander ;

Naso is laughed at now by all aware
 Of what has happened as a silly gander,
 Who for the sake of framing one lewd lie
 Bears a disgrace no time can mollify.

The hapless fellow pines in melancholy
 That almost borders upon madness ; but
 There's no redress ; all's o'er ; so sad and slowly
 He wanders by the Styx and damns the slut
 Who worked on him a vengeance so unholy ;
 Or hides his head beneath a wooden hut,
 Lent him by Pluto through the prayers of Isis,
 Who with the mourning minstrel sympathises.

Goethe.

In memory of her hapless lord, Osiris,
 Who suffered similarly ? That *was* kind.

Mephistopheles.

Since then we much respect this new Thomyris,
 And scorn the sufferer, howsoe'er inclined
 To grieve for one whose fancy was an iris
 Of loveliness and light.

Goethe.

The varlet whined,
 I think, too much for one who was a true man ;
 His *Tristia* are unworthy of a woman.

Mephistopheles.

Medusa's serpent-cinctured head, which once,
 While she was breathing the bright upper air,
 Turned into marble cold each gazing dunce,
 Acts differently now on fools who stare
 Upon its horrors ; body, limbs, and sponce,
 Exposed one instant to its ghastly glare,

Are metamorphosed into fire ;—so turn
Your eyes another way, or *you* may burn.

Cold, icy-hearted villains, like King Charles,
Who laughed while men like Samuel Butler starved ;
Or Horace Walpole, that mere mass of snarls,
Or Lady B., that frigid humbug, carved
Of steel or mathematics ; souls like knarles
In toughest oak ; in hell unrobed, unlarved,
Are subjected to fires by Miss Medusa,
Hotter than those that scorched and killed Creusa.

Behold the cannibal birds surnamed Stymphalides,
With human faces dripping o'er with blood,—
Your limbs are trembling, and your aspect pallid is,
As if you feared these guardians of the flood ;
Fear not—while here, you shall escape all maladies ;
You're quite secure while joined with me you scud
Along the air, from every kind of vermin,
Harpies, snakes, Sirens, bears, bulls, hydras, mermen.

We're treading now upon the giant Typhon,
Whom Juno, jealous that her husband Zeus,
With whom she kept a constant round of strife on,
Could from his brain the blue-eyed nymph produce
Without the intervention of that syphon,
Which until then had been in general use,
And fearing women might be superseded,
Swore she'd beget as good a thing as *he* did.

She prayed to Heaven, she supplicated Earth,
And then invoked the gods, and begged the devils
Would kindly help her in her anxious birth ;
For which, she said, she'd ask them to her revels :
Pluto, who dearly likes infernal mirth,
Resolved, despite old Proserpine's grave cavils,
To aid her ; Juno struck the ground, and lo !
Typhon sprung up and shouted loud, Ho ! ho !

A beautiful production seemed the chap,
And ten times taller than the mountain Andes ;
Whene'er he liked he gave the stars a rap ;
He smote with fright Olympus and its grandees ;
His whisper was an awful thunder-clap ;
What he'd have done if fed on beef and brandies,
I do not know ; but when his right hand touched
The North, the South was in his left hand clutched.

A hundred dragons dangled down his shoulders,
A thousand vipers coiled around his thighs ;
His feathered body frightened all beholders,
And fierce volcanoes belched from his big eyes ;
His mother, once supposed the Queen of Scolders,
Was fairly conquered by this youth of size,
Who swore some blasphemous oaths that made hell
quake,
He'd have great Jupiter for a beef-steak.

A fiend so wild and horrible as this
You may be sure caused general hate and flight ;
Yet there was many a matron and chaste miss
Who felt no apprehension of the knight,
But wished him theirs with all their soul ; the bliss
They sighed for did not come ; the gods through spite
Conspired together, and with red-hot thunder
Struck him, and buried him this mountain under.

If he had lived, and if his goddess mother
Compassionating his monastic state
Had only made by similar arts another,
I mean a female Typhon, for his mate,
And they had bred young giants, one or t'other
Of these two things had happed despite of fate,
They would have swallowed the whole tribe of gods,
As easily as boys bolt down peascods.

Or else the gods would have devoured them all,
Father and mother, sons, and stalworth daughters,

Feathers, and snakes, and vipers, great and small,
And washed them down with wines and hot strong waters,
Ending the supper by a heavenly ball
Commemorative of the Typhon slaughters ;
A festival I should have liked to see,
But one that now, alas ! can never be.

Some one proposed when Jove and all his gods
Resigned—that means, were kicked out of their places,
Or thrones in heaven, by One whose least of nods
Shakes every star that lights Creation's spaces—
That Zeus, then suffering sore from emerods
Contracted by devotion to—horse-races,
Should follow Typhon to this gloomy cage,
Where the poor wretch still pined from age to age.

But somebody objected for some reason,
So he, and all his gods of Greek divinity
Were exiled to the Moon ; but what dark treason
That lady, noted for her staunch virginity,
Did to deserve this, I know not—a season
Elapsed, and several ogres, whose affinity
To Typhon was established, were sent down
To join him, men of size and old renown.

The exiled rogues were tortured there some years
In flames volcanic, till that hapless planet
Was burned away to ashes, as appears
To any one who through a glass will scan it ;
When fire had purged the Thunderer and his peers,
And each was cooked like a well-roasted gannet,
Deliverance came, and they now dwell at leisure
In Satan's palace, sentries o'er his treasure.

Hermes and Pallas, Vesta, Ceres, Dian,
The least abandoned of the Olympic rabble,
Were better treated ; modest Maïa's scion,
Still as of old with ghosts is sent to dabble,

And leads a pleasant life ; the star Orion
 Received the ladies, where no doubt they gabble
 Their time away, and pass the pleasant hours
 In sweet repose unmixed with pains or sours.

Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Venus, Mars,
 Apollo, Vulcan, being the other seven
 Who once were throned supremely on the stars,
 And made a brothel of sublimest heaven,
 We'll visit by and by, when Fate unbars
 The glittering halls that to our czar were given,
 Poor recompense for those we lost above,
 When with Saint Michael we were hand in glove.

That perpendicular mountain, where you see
 A headless man labouring with all his might,
 Of muscular arm, bent back, and sinewy knee,
 To roll a bleeding skull to the rough height,
 The dreadful weight still struggling to get free
 Draws gore in torrents from the groaning wight,
 Was once reserved for Sisyphus, a knave
 Who toiled there long till Christ the thief forgave,

And stuck Charles Stuart of England in his place,
 Whom lying priestcraft dubbed a sacred martyr,
 Though rogue more false, blood-thirsting, stern or base,
 Ne'er lived among even those who've worn the garter ;
 Cromwell, the hero who bore off the mace,
 Taught him what Walpole called the Greater Charter,
 Whipped him, and sent him dinnerless to bed,
 For which the English sup still on calf's head.

The monarch was cut short, a lesson which
 All regal humbugs ought to learn by heart ;
 'Tis said, indeed, they feel an ugly twitch
 About the vertebræ, which makes them start
 When January the thirtieth, like a witch,
 Comes round, and grins at them with visage tart,

And straight they swear to right the people's wrongs,
And silence them by justice, not by gongs.

The millstone which old Sisyphus was wont
To roll was given as a forget-me-not ;
The cunning Jesuit stomached the affront,
And humbly offered thanks for what he got ;
The headless Stuart, who looked like a runt
Without his topknot, blessed his lucky lot,
Thinking that there was nought for him to roll,
And feeling rather pleasant on the whole.

But here his majesty was much mistaken,
In place of stone, they gave him his own skull,
Filled with the souls of Wentworth, Laud, and Bacon,
Which served as ballast for the crazy hull
Of sacred bone ; since then such knocks have shaken
The four, I swear to ye, by the Grand Mogul,
That neither brains nor souls are worth a sou—
Fit destiny for the false-hearted crew.

Toiling and moiling still with might and main,
The headless corpse still strives to reach the summit,
Rolling before it with a world of pain,
The skull more weighty than the weightiest plummet,
Rock, fosse, steep, ridge, and gorge, his path restrain,—
They're passed—one trench yawns still—can he o'er-
come it ?

He mounts—he fails—the skull slips, rolls, and falls
Down to the base—the caitiff headlong sprawls.

See yon colossal wheel, a world of fire
Revolving ever ; it was once Ixion's,
Who burned his father-in-law alive ; the Sire
Of Gods and men, with an august defiance
Of what was due to justice, as a hire
For what he did, placed him among the scions

Of blest Olympus, where the murderer passed
A very pleasant period, till at last

He fell in love with Juno, Jove's own spouse ;
The god incredulous dressed up a cloud,
Ixion longing to adorn the brows
Of his fat friend, and not a little proud
To see the Queen of Heaven, sans shift or blouse,
Present herself before him, while he vowed
Ten thousand oaths of love, was taken napping
By Jove, who knew a trick or two of trapping.

Fired with revenge, he hurled him down to hell,
And tied him up to yonder wheel of snakes,
Where for more years than I have time to tell,
The knave was twisted into pains and aches.
At last, when Jove himself from heaven fell,
And went the way of all the Pagan rakes,
Ixion was released, and Judas, who
Sold Christ, succeeded him—behold the Jew.

With foxlike head, small eyes, and visage spare,
An aspect like a weasel's or an ape's,
The yellow traitor writhes ; a savage glare
Of ravenous avarice in his face, that gapes
For gold, amid the fiery, stifling air
Of hell itself ; and see—the sparks he scrapes
With his long fingers, thinking them red gold,
And yells to find 'tis flame that they enfold.

Goethe.

Judas ! good heavens—why sure it can't be he,
Whom late divines have proved to be a saint ?
Did he not sell the Incarnate Deity,
To free him from the modest, mild restraint,
In which he wrapped omnipotence ? I see
How much they erred, who thus presumed to paint

The traitor, swearing hard the slave abhorred
Did it but to make manifest the Lord.

Visions of glory, loftiest aspirations,
Tempted him to the deed, not thirst of gold,
The grandeur of Messias, and his nation's
Sway o'er the earth, as had been long foretold ;
The legioned angels, bright as constellations,
The truth fulfilled, he panted to behold ;—
And when he saw the blighted, blasted hope
Sublime that filled him, used the friendly rope.

Hence they say Judas was a proper man,
And almost venture to make out he's saved,
As but for him had failed the heavenly plan,
Whereby the Word made Flesh blessed man enslaved :
To see him then on yonder caravan
Of rolling flame, persuades me that they raved,
As theologues most usually do,
When speculating about False and True.

Mephistopheles.

General George Monk, first Duke of Albemarle,
Reynolds and Armstrong, hellish-hearted spies,
Sinon, the perjurer Oates, whose currish snarl
Frights cut-throat Castlereagh, by whom he lies ;
Julian of Spain, a vile rude-fashioned carle,
Traitors of every clime and time and size
Take rank round Judas, forming such a gang
Of villains as the Devil himself might hang.

The vacant corners, labelled as you see,
With names of destined owners, yet alive,
Will soon be filled—this gapes for Lady B.,
That beacon unto all who wish to wive ;
Cold traitress, in whose heart, like the Dead Sea,
No warmth or life was ever seen ; this hive

Holds Shrewsbury's Countess, with a gang unreckoned
Of beauties from the court of Charles the Second.

The damned ones you see passing, herd in flocks,
But hate each other ; royal eunuchs these,
And those, vile demagogues ; see black-leg Fox,
Whose soul all over seems one foul disease ;
Sejanus next ; old Wharton, like an ox
In size, young Gracchus, Aristocrates,
Cleon, Wilkes, Hunt, Cade, Tyler, Burleigh, Bute,
Liverpool, Danton, growling like a brute.

Another friend of Jupiter's—his brat
By Madam Plota, Tantalus, I mean—
Was once the tenant of this verdant plat
Of moss, where much he suffered from the spleen,
Because he stole his father's favourite cat,
And looked on Ganymede with glance obscene,
And was a very saucy, blackguard fellow,
Whose petulant tongue seemed only made to bellow.

Admitted to the banquets of the gods,
He scorned all decency and shocked all eyes,
Spite of his father's friendly winks and nods,
He spewed forth oceans of such beastly lies,
As would disgust the dullest country clods ;
No wonder that they served him in this guise,
And sent him here to thirst and hunger doomed,
Mid food and drink ne'er meant to be consumed.

Trees loaded with the most delicious fruit,
Nectar, ambrosia, grape, and purple peach,
Waters that murmured like the Orphean lute,
And clear as crystal gushed within his reach,
But ever and anon a hellish hoot
Of laughter scared him, as he grasped at each,

And food and water vanished from his lip,
While he fell howling 'neath Alecto's whip.

At other times he saw a monstrous rock
Suspended o'er his head, and almost falling,
A sight that gave the wretch so dire a shock
That Hell's extremes re-echoed with his squalling ;
But yet it fell not—'twas the fiend's arch mock
Placed it there, for he loved to see him sprawling
Low like a beast and striving to escape
The weight terrific toppling o'er his nape.

After long years of torment, respite came
At last, and he was suffered to go free :
I know not what blest company can claim
His presence now, or what is their degree.
He was succeeded in his seat of shame
By one of Sodom's sons—the wretch you see,
King James the First of England, note him well,
A fouler miscreant breathes not now in hell.

He strives you see to dip his burning tongue
Into the cooling wave, but as he bends
The jagged rock that o'er his shoulders hung
Down on his head with crushing weight descends,
Now he puts forth his scraggy hands among
The tempting fruit that sweetest odour sends,
But a grim Fury hales it from his gaze,
Or hands him poison in a bloody vase.

He drinks, he drinks, his entrails are on fire,
The murderer drains the poison that he mixed,
His eyeballs glare with more than fiendish ire,
His inmost life with madness is transfixed,
His bursting pores envenomed sweat perspire ;—
This beast is like a fool that falls betwixt
Two stools ; for whether agonised by thirst
Or quenching it, he is completely cursed.

Goethe.

Do my eyes err, or do I really see
 In yon tall phantom a familiar face?
 Hofrath Huisgen! by the gods 'tis he,
 I never thought to find him in this place—
 Naked he stands, bound to a cypress tree,
 And locked within a massive chain's embrace,
 While a small imp is flaying off his skin,
 With many a waggish gesture, jump, and grin.

Mephistopheles.

You do not err, it is your friend, no less
 A personage indeed; he's suffering here
 The punishment reserved for all who guess
 Presumptuously of God and Heaven, nor fear
 To combat Deity through foolishness;
 But, like smart Marsyas, prate, and flout, and jeer.
 Your friend said "he found fault with God"—don't stare—
 If God found fault with him, and sent him where,

With sundry other similar folks, he's flayed,
 Kneller the painter, Toland, Thomas Paine,
 Enceladus, Scotch Hume, who drove a trade
 In atheist lore for sacred thirst of gain;
 'Tis not for unbelief that here they're laid,
 For human thought is free and spurns the chain,
 But for their brags which never did nor could
 Do any human thing one grain of good.

These nine black acres of morass which once
 The giant Titivus covered with his carcase,
 When the wild vultures fed upon the dunce
 Who grew as fast as eaten—(faith, a hard case,)
 Because it entered in his silly sconce
 To strip Diana chaste to her cymar-case,

Are covered now with cardinals and popes
Tied back to back, and hand to hand with ropes.

Cormorants, vultures, hawks, and hungry owls,
Devour their sacred vitals, hearts, and livers,
Tongues, lungs, and other parts that fatten fowls ;—
See how they tear their flesh away in slivers,
They evidently have no fear of cowls,
Or else they'd hardly munch those sin-forgivers,
Who having raked, raped, robbed, crammed, drank, and
 lied,
Into owls' meat most properly subside.

The papists, when they come to hell, at first
Think what they see is all a base delusion,
And won't believe that popes in paradise nurst
And cardinals could come to such confusion ;
Fired with the sight for vengeance dread they thirst,
Till slowly by degrees, their brains' obtusion,
Or dulness rather, wears away, and then
They find their Holinesses were but men.

I wish to Styx you mortals would read history,
Sacred, profane, and eke ecclesiastical,
'Twould serve to clear up many a scheming mystery
That makes you act like knaves or dupes fantastical ;
At present, all that's done in courts consistory,
Vaticans, churches, makes enthusiastical
Or mad the great majority of people,
Who think that God dwells only in a steeple—

Who think if men write Rev. before their names,
They're straight transformed from sinners into saints,
And that when nuns are made of giggling dames,
They're blessèd virgins since they don't use paints ;
Egad ! they little dream what waggish games
They play to make amends for some restraints,

Dante, Erasmus, Rabelais, who knew well
Their wanton tricks, unscrupulously tell.

Atheists who made war with heaven lie here,
Crushed under mountains by the flaming bolt
Of God, as once the sons of Cælus were.
And just it is that he who thus writes dolt
Upon his brows, and meets with mock and sneer
The Omniscient Pan, should for his false revolt
Suffer as well as us who did no worse,
And bear the brands of The Eternal Curse.

Their horrid blood produces vipers, snakes,
And many other wormlike crawling things,
More nauseous than Fleet Ditch, or fever jakes,
Or than the souls of all the Stuart kings:
I see your face grow pale, your body quakes—
In all your voyages and wayfarings
You ne'er such slimy monsters saw before
As these, produced from unbelievers' gore.

Goethe.

Where are the Titans? where the lordly Giants
Who once possessed these regions? Is the race
Extinct, or exiled?

Mephistopheles.

No—where yon star lightens
The purple sphere, you'll find their dwelling-place;
As vulgar minnows do not rank with Tritons,
Or great leviathans consort with dace,
So—'tis ordained, the pigmies of these times
Should dwell apart from them in separate climes.

The bridge close by, that arches o'er the river,
Whose whirling eddies, black and foul, roll on,
Till, lost in utter darkness, is receiver
Of many confident knaves, that tread upon

Its paths delusive, till they sink for ever
Into the boiling billows, and are gone
The way all spirits go who try to cross,
Forgetting that their souls are so much dross.

Under that river's bottom lies deep hell,
Over the river hangs the mystic bridge,
Thin as the weakest web that forms the cell
Of the poor spider ; weak, the smallest midge
Can shatter it to fragments ; strange to tell,
I've seen ten thousand spirits on its ridge,
Standing securely ; but they were of those
To whom not Lucifer's self dare shew his nose.

But the choice knaves whose fall I named at first,
Secure in pride, with faith perhaps in masses,
Buoyed up too by their priests, whose lies accurst
Send here a number that belief surpasses,
Rushing across, with a most holy thirst
For paradise and pleasure, slip like asses
Into the murky gulf, and, shrilly squalling
For angels' aid, are caught by devils falling.

Here's a catastrophe most truly quizzical,
The rascals' rage is lost in their amazement ;
Nought in creation, spiritual or physical,
Can give you an idea of their abasement :
They talk at first, but suddenly get phtisical,
The brimstone stops their breath ; a kind of casement
Opes in the river, letting them drop through it
Into a fire that quickly melts their suet.

The daughters of Danäus stand before you,
Who killed their husbands on the wedding-night ;
But with the bloody tale 'twere vain to bore you :
The beldames blush at their disgraceful plight,
And look as if they would, but can't, implore you,
To free them from the toil which Hecat's spite

Imposes, to draw water in deep buckets
Bottomless, and for which they get no ducats.

They stand exposed to view upon a hill,
From which the water is discharged; and never
Can they descend until their tubs they fill,
Which seems, in truth, a very vain endeavour;
However, 'tis commanded — they must swill
The bitter draught for ever and for ever;
I wish some earthly wives were here, to take
A lesson, ne'er their husbands' hearts to break.

This is a very pretty punishment
For these, and for such ladies as infringe
The sixth commandment, who are likewise shent
With every vileness that can cause a twinge
In their lewd spirits; madly they lament;
The Furies with their horsewhips soundly swinge,
And urge them on to fill unbottomed tubs,
Protesting loudly their gallànts were scrubs.

Here is the Lernæan Hydra, which Alcides
Slaughtered, well-armed with many a serpent-head;
Here are the mares of Diomede (not Tydides),
All upon women, men, and children fed;
Here's the wild bull of Crete, whose dearest pride is
To toss those souls of Mammon, and of lead,
Who pay no reverence but to gold and rank,
And scorn Messias' want of cash in bank.

Crossing this river, branching from the Styx,
And black and putrid like its parent stream,
We see an island, bright and shining; fix
Your eyes upon it — start not — 'tis no dream.

Goethe.

Mephisto, this is one of your best tricks.

Mephistopheles.

No trick at all, good sir.

Goethe.

A golden gleam
Plays on the water's surface from that isle,
Where three enchanting virgins sing and smile.

Their hyacinthine hairs in fragrance flow
Adown their necks, as silver pillars white ;
Their pouting bosoms outshine mountain snow,
Or lilies opening to the morning light.

Mephistopheles.

Nay, my good fellow, turn your eyes below
Their waists, and see what meets your anxious sight :
A feathered belly, ending in a tail,
Large as a line-of-battle ship's foresail.

Goethe.

'Tis false — I see a waist and tapering limbs
More dazzling white than ivory, or the moon,
When sailing in the purple heaven, she dims
The brightest stars ; the rosy light of June
Beams from their slightest motion ; heavenly hymns,
Breathed to the music of the sweet kanoon,
Salute my ravished ears — they smile, they sing ;
Oh ! bear me hither, on thine outspread wing.

Mephistopheles.

'Tis certain, sin has mystified your eyes,
Or else you'd ne'er commit mistakes like these ;
The witches whom you thus would idolise,
And worship, doubtless, upon bended knees,
Are monsters, fed on blood, who thus disguise
Their bestial ugliness 'neath masques that please :—

They are the Sirens—oh, sweet sir, you start!
The blood runs frightened to your panting heart.

They live alone upon this barren island,
Seeming to sinners as they seemed to you,
Maids of immortal beauty; shameful guile and
Besotted ignorance tempt the gazing crew
Of dead voluptuaries—they leave the high land
Where we now stand, and make for yonder stew,
Gloating already in a dream of rapture—
They wade across, and form an easy capture.

These gentle virgins, who have talons sharper
Than swords or halberds, welcome each new comer,
And clasp him round; the one who acts the harper
Lays by her cithara, and, like a drummer,
Belabours him with blows; the veriest carper
Against humanity must laud this thrummer
For using every art, and trick, and knack,
That torturers love in making her attack.;

Next comes the gold-haired lady with the flute;
She seizes the poor wretch, and so bethumps
The shrieking booby, bent on amorous suit,
Instead of love he falls into the dumps;
Meanwhile the third, that blue-eyed looking brute,
Sings merrily her song, and laughs and jumps,
And when the visitor is hacked to bits,
She simpers, and demands her perquisites.

You know, of course, the story of Ulysses,
Told by that wandering beggar, blind old Homer,
When he passed by those naked wicked misses,
They sang a song to win that wily roamer,
Inviting him to share their dainty kisses—
When he, whose name of “wise” was no misnomer,
Waxed his men’s ears, and tied his body fast,
Both arms and legs, to the swift galley’s mast.

And so he heard their beauty-breathing strain :
 “Glorious Ulysses, honoured star of Greece,
 Turn hither your light bark”—they sang in vain,
 The charmers might as well have held their peace ;
 Enraged at being thus treated with disdain,
 The silly ladies soon threw up their lease,
 And drowned themselves, and so descended here,
 Where they’re no better off, I greatly fear.

Scylla, the ugliest prodigy of all
 The monsters, male and female, we have seen,
 Stands right before you, covered with the scall
 Of leprosy, which Circè the venene
 Infused into the crystal waterfall
 Where the poor beauty bathed ; for, like a queen
 Of loveliness, she trod the earth, until
 Doctored by Circè’s powerful poisonous pill.

Scarce had she leaped into the silver bath,
 Letting the shining waters kiss her waist,
 When she perceived her rival’s mortal wrath,
 Who feared she felt inclined to grow unchaste
 With one she loved herself ; to close the path
 To such proceedings, and to keep straightlaced
 Poor Scylla’s modesty, from head to feet
 She changed her to a monster most complete.

Her body was transformed to fierce black dogs,
 Which barked incessantly with maddened jaws ;
 Twelve legs instead of two, shaped like a hog’s,
 She then beheld, with nails as sharp as saws ;
 Six heads grew next, each uglier than a frog’s,
 Protruding slimy serpents from their craws,
 And hissing dreadfully their venoms round——
 Whereat dismayed, she plunged in, and was drowned.

Since then the lady helps to punish those
 Who poison people through revenge or lust,

Or avarice or hate ; her fury grows
 Fiercer the more into her den we thrust :
 When Circè fell into her last repose,
 And came to hell, we gave her, as was just,
 To Scylla, who dissected her all over,
 More cruelly than any Smithfield drover.

Goethe.

This punishment, Mephisto, seems unfair ;
 Unhappy Scylla guiltless was of crime
 But that of suicide in sheer despair.

Mephistopheles.

And that is quite enough at any time
 To damn for ever those who rashly dare
 To rush unsummoned to the thrones sublime
 Of Him who pardons not such reckless deed ;—
 And therefore wisely have the Fates decreed,

That self-destroyers for a time should learn
 They have no power of life and death ; the right
 Belongs to God alone, who can be stern
 As He in mercy is most Infinite ;
 If you were pure, I think you might discern
 From Scylla's looks a certain appetite
 For certain vices, which I need not mention,
 But which have brought about her long detention.

'Twas not her suicide alone that brought her
 Into our clutches, and has kept her there
 For all these centuries ; acts of mere self-slaughter,
 Through hunger, terror, madness, love, or care,
 Like Chatterton's, for instance, or the daughter
 Of Cato, Portia, noble, wise, and rare,
 Do not entail the miseries of damnation,
 But take some years to bring about mundation.

Her body lay near Sicily many a year,
Gifted with horrid motion ; those who passed
The place, if vigilant helmsmen did not steer,
Were wrecked, or drowned, or (worse) were tempest-cast
Into her arms ; and, shrieking mad with fear,
Were torn by dogs, or swallowed down those vast
Six heads of woman, lion, gorgon, dragon,
Grampus, and dog, while one might drain a flagon.

Her triple rows of shark-like teeth made quick
And certain execution of her men,
While her eyes flashed with fires as catholic
And hot as those they used in Lisbon, when
They burned lewd infidels ; but I grow sick
Even as I gaze upon her, and her den
Of yelping dogs, that shriek around her womb,
And growl and kennel in that living tomb.

How she came here I know not ; some say Peter,
Pitying the many holy Roman souls
Whom she devoured, became the chief entreater
Of Pluto, whom he bribed with good pistoles
To take her to himself ; to make it sweeter,
He threw into the bargain several shoals
Of lazy mendicant monks ; the compact pleased
Satan, and travellers are no longer seized.

See Cardinal Bellarmine, who his soul bequeathed
One half to Mary and one half to Christ ;
Both shunned the legacy ; so the prince is sheathed
In yonder frozen lake, and gently iced.
Here is the emperor's consul-horse, enwreathed
In fire ; and here's himself, completely spiced
And stewed ; here groans poor Peter Vander Aa
Of Leyden, who wrote volumes every day.

Ascending farther up these slimy banks,
We stand upon a bleak broad ocean shore,

That stretches onward, outward ; shrilly twanks
The hoarse and sable wave, whose ceaseless roar
Resounds like wild hogs muttering in their franks ;
The strand is dense with poisonous hellebore,
Mephitic fumes boil up from the black waves,
That howl like she-wolves 'gainst those iron caves.

And myriad million boats of every size
And shape from Noah's ark to Nelson's ship,
Loaden as thick with men as earth with lies,
Over its moaning billows tack or clip
In darkness ever ; winds blow, tempests rise,
And like lashed demons the deep whirlpools rip,
Letting their fury forth, and rather frightening
The pallid ghosts, who pray to heaven for lightning.

But lightning comes not, so they toss and toss,
Wrecked, sunk, o'erwhelmed, and frantic ; never
drowned,

They could no more be lost than the true cross,
Which, luckily for Christian Rome, was found ;
These fellows form the very scum and dross
Of human kind, with which all creeds abound ;—
But 'twas not to see *them* I brought you here,
But two sea-monsters which are floundering near.

The first is that which, after having eaten
Some thousand Æthiopians, fixed his glance
At last upon Andromeda, to sweeten
The former dinners he had had ; but chance
Brought Perseus by, a hero never beaten
By any knight that wielded sword or lance,
Who changed the monster into a cold rock,
And hastened then the lady to unlock.

A formidable beast the creature seems,
Ten leagues in length his spiral tail extends,
Making amid the watery waste such seams
As Boreas does when from the north he bends ;

From his wide blowers tuns of brine he steams,
 Which, when it on some hapless barque descends,
 Upsets them right into the monster's throat,
 Whose belly forms thenceforth their sole great coat.

Goethe.

How came he here, if he was changed to stone?

Mephistopheles.

A silly question—'twas his flesh was changed.
 How came *you* here? Your muscle, blood, and bone
 Are from your soul and spirit now estranged,
 And lie in Weimar. Who said men alone
 Lived after death? All beasts, both sound and manged,
 Have souls, and occupy their proper station;
 You doubt—go, sceptic, read the Revelation.

The other water-snake, with horrent main,
 And eyes like furnaces, and brazen teeth,
 Hooked like a huge and iron chimney crane,
 And strong enough to grind a rock beneath
 Their weight o'erwhelming, was that beast profane
 Who hoped the nymph Hesione to seethe
 In his deep pot that yawned for savoury pelf,
 Only that Hercules——jumped in himself.

On a tall mountain jutting o'er the sea
 Alcides stood; and as the monster swam
 Towards the fair maid in armour cap-à-pie,
 He hurled himself as one might hurl a dram
 Down the dry gullet; much amazed was he
 (The beast, not Hercules) with such a cram;
 But the bold hero tore him like a Turk,
 Remaining three days in to do the work.

On the fourth day, like Jonas, he came out
 The water-dragon soon gave up the ghost;

The hero who was very glad, no doubt,
 To quit the belly of his hydra host,
 Married the maid to Telamon, his scout ;
 Who took her home to Greece with many a boast
 Degrading to the stately Trojan pride,
 Which made rake Paris steal an Argive bride.

And so the siege of Troy from this took rise,
 Which ended in there being an end of Troy ;
 A price too dear for such an hackneyed prize
 As Helen was to Ida's shepherd boy.
 The beast remained with us to exercise
 Its talents, to smell blood and eke destroy ;
 And, with its comrade, now infests this ocean,
 Hunting to death false traders in devotion.

A monster, sprung from Typhon, dwells not far
 From this ; we'll take a short cut down the cave
 To visit him.

Goethe.

These quarters smell of tar
 And brimstone and the ordure of the grave.

Aphistopheles.

Pshaw ! here's some aromatic vinegar ;
 I thought you were more dare-devil and brave,
 Than thus to mind a very common stink,
 No worse than what proceeds from any link.

Here stands the prodigy we came to visit—
 Renowned Chimæra, vomiting flame ; three-headed,
 A lion, goat, and dragon ; one might kiss it ;
 I wonder how it came to be so dreaded.

Goethe.

Then seize the lucky moment—never miss it ;
 You and the monster would look well if wedded.

Mephistopheles.

Nay, 'twas for *you* that pleasure I intended.

Goethe.

No, do't yourself—I shall not feel offended.

Mephistopheles.

Bellerophon was certainly a varlet
To kill so beautiful a beast, so mild
And gentle ; but from such a shameless harlot
As queen Eurymedè, whom all defiled,
Nought good could come ; the Woman clothed in
scarlet

Was innocent as any little child
Compared with her ; and so Chimæra thought
When swallowing her, although a thing of nought.

I wish you'd touch the animal : he looks
As if he knew you, loved you ; prithee do ;
You can't believe how partial he's to books,
He reads the German authors through and through ;
He dives into their darkest, deepest nooks
Of mysticism, as one bores bamboo,
To turn it to some use ; and always finds
Some wonder worthy of Teutonic minds.

Goethe.

How you can hope this sycophantic prate
Will bend me to your purpose makes me wonder.

Mephistopheles.

Well—if you *won't* shake paws we shall not wait,—
I almost weep to tear such friends asunder ;
You and Chimæra thus to separate.
Believe me, John, you've made a stupid blunder.

Goethe.

Sir, if I have, there's no one else will rue it.

Mephistopheles (*aside*).

Yes—but *I* will, who failed to make you do it.

Aloud.

However we sha'n't waste our precious time
By quarrelling on the matter ;—on then, on,
There is no arguing with you men of rhyme,
No more than with a haughty Spanish don.

Goethe.

What odious place is this knee deep with slime?

Mephistopheles.

It leads us down to Cyclop Street, dear John,
Where you shall meet the giant one-eyed pack, man,
Brontes and Polyphemus and Pyracmon.

Steropes, Harpes, and some hundred others,
Tall as Norwegian pines, and stout, and fat,
Although in hell ; the huge Cyclopean brothers
Endure no punishment, but feed and chat ;
Exempt from care and all terrestrial pothers,
They have but one employment here, and that
Is to repress such spirits as might grow
Inclined to raise rebellion here below.

When Tyler, Cade, and patriots of that kidney
Came down to hell, they had not been here long
Ere they declared 'twas villainous to bid knee
Bend to The Powers of Hell, they swore 'twas wrong,
And would not do't ; Vane, Hampden, Pym, or Sidney,
Never declaimed as did this blatant throng
Who raised a furious rabble such as Peter
The Hermit led, described in Tasso's metre.

The off-scourings of all Hell's vilest alleys,
Pimps, prostitutes, pickpockets, burglars, bums,
Hangmen, assassins, monks, and slaves from galleys,
Of all the damned, the very dregs and scums

They summoned to their side from caves and valleys,
 And marched along with bagpipes, fifes, and drums
 To Satan's Palace, threatening fierce sedition,
 Demanding freedom—or his deposition.

Satan, who knows a trick or two of fence,
 Had learned by spies the nature of the movement,
 Too wise to treat it with indifference,
 But nobly scorning the proposed improvement,
 He called the Cyclops, in battalion dense
 They came—by no means to the great approvement
 Of the base bragging demagogues who swore
 'Twas tyrantlike to shed the people's gore.

The Cyclops, some five thousand, formed in line,
 And charged with long terrific ashen spikes ;
 The greasy rabble, like their kinsfolk swine,
 Awed by the glittering of those bristly pikes,
 Fled in dismay ere one could number nine ;
 Their mangled bodies filled the streams and dikes
 For miles around, and never since that day
 Have they done aught but tremble and obey.

Satan since then his body-guard retains :
 Behold the one-eyed warriors and bow down ;
 These are the troops with which to make campaigns,
 These are the soldiers to storm fort and town ;
 Oh, for one hour of these on Poland's plains,
 Or Ireland's or Italia's, and a crown
 The conqueror's prize ! a crown of light and glory,
 For which I'd leave " the first Whig," and turn Tory.

But I'll not chatter politics, we'll talk
 Of something else : how Polyphemus eyes you,
 As if you were a dove and he a hawk ;
 Were you alone his conduct would surprise you ;
 Taking you for some strayed and silly gawk,
 He'd probably knock down and sacrifice you

To his dear belly, which he worships now
As much as when Ulysses bored his brow.

There's no use waiting further ; he's a neighbour
Whom it is rather dangerous to be near,
Especially since he assumed the sabre,
And o'er his giant troops 'gan domineer ;
He never dances now or plays the tabor,
Or flute, as once for Galatea dear,
But spends his time in flogging, swearing, drilling,
Reviewing, hunting rebels down, and swilling.

Besides, he is so very old a friend
Of mine, that if he asked me to give *you*
To him for lunch, I'd scarcely wish to offend
The general by refusing. What to do
I should be puzzled, for the gods intend
A different fate.—We'll cautiously slip through
This cypress grove, where all is drear and dark
And still, save echoes of the hell-dog's bark.

Continual quarrels, enmities, and blows,
Strifes, butcheries, robberies, and depredations,
Employ these spirits ; foes engage with foes
In deadlier fight than those of fiercest nations.
Hot lusts arm others when their frenzy glows,
And whirls them on such strange untold stuprations,
As even I, with all my devil wit,
Would rather from my narrative omit.

Perhaps you'll ask me why it is The Elohim
Permit such monstrous scenes, or damn at all ?
Such queries might become an Epic poem,
Lucretius-like, or Atheists when they scrawl.
The Eternal Powers—omitting further proem—
Cannot themselves the Destinies enthrall.
Necessity constrains them ; Sin and Crime
Must be atoned for somewhere, at some time.

Omnipotence itself is bound by laws ;
 It cannot pardon hideous vice ; its soul
 Is virgin pure ; and hence you trace the cause
 Why of necessity it feels control.

It does not thrust those knaves to Hell's hot jaws,
 They thrust themselves into the Hadean hole ;
 The devils they worshipped while on earth they follow
 From habit still, until they reach Hell's hollow.

God sends not any man to Hell, no more
 Than Law sends desperate criminals to jail ;
 Their own base natures send them—'twere a bore
 To lengthen further such a plain true tale.
 We've now seen all ; 'tis time to make for shore ;
 I'll shew you next, my Weimar nightingale,
 The Palace of our Emperor ; 'tis close by,
 To which King Solomon's was but a sty.

But ere we quit these quarters, one fair maid
 Remains unseen, but whom we ought to see.
 I don't propose that we should serenade,
 Or ask her to come out with us to tea.

Goethe.

What is the name of this Tartaric jade ?

Mephistopheles.

Be quiet, sir, she's of a dynasty
 High and exalted in the roll of Fame,—
 Here are her lodgings ; you can read her name.

Deep in this chasm of frowning rock the Sphinx
 Burrows, and still propounds deceitful riddles
 To whatsoever luckless Shadow slinks
 Beside her cave. If answered well, she tiddles
 The flattered ghost, but if the fellow blinks
 The question, and tries artful tricks, and wheedles
 To 'scape her, woe indeed to him ! He finds
 He might as well attempt to catch the winds.

The savage seizes him, and sends him down
 Her throat capacious; so he lives in jail.
 Her stomach now holds thousands, whose renown
 In mathematics was of no avail.

Laplace himself, behaving like a clown
 In tempting her, was swallowed head and tail,
 And dwells in darkness, cursing the hard lot
 That sent him wandering to the monster's grot.

Her head and breasts are like a virgin's fair,
 Her wings are like a vulture's, black and broad;
 Her body, like a dog's, is shagged with hair;
 Her tail is like a serpent's, fanged with fraud;
 Her paws are lion-like, and well can snare
 Unhappy he whom once their talons clawed;
 Her voice is like a woman's, sweet and soft,
 Or angel's, which you poets hear so oft.

Dost wish to question her? For if you do,
 She's always ready with enigmas fine.

Goethe.

I'd rather leave that luxury to you,
 Who have more cleverness than all the Nine.

Mephistopheles.

What! does your courage thus desert you? pooh!
 Don't be so rude to one so feminine.
 We'll talk to her—Ho, Madame Sphinx, come forth,
 And give a specimen of what you're worth.

Sphinx.

Who calls me?

Goethe.

Mephistopheles!

Mephistopheles.

No, no;

'Twas *you* that wanted her, not I indeed.

Goethe.

I beg your pardon Meph, you know 'tis so.

Sphinx.

I recognise Sir Voland. What 's your need ?

Mephistopheles.

Give us a riddle, ma'am, before we go,
And do it quickly.

Goethe.

Ay, with wit and speed.

Sphinx.

Here is a riddle, which, until unravelled,
The credulous sons of Adam must be gravelled.

THE RIDDLE.

There was a smart Bastard of Folly and Lies,
Who rode a pale horse through the stars in the skies,
And traced on the moon words that puzzled the wise.

There was a dark Woman who guided a Snake
Across a wide ocean of waters, and spake ;
Then sank in the heart of a bottomless lake.

There was an old Dotard who sat on a throne,
Environed with dragons about like a zone ;
A She-wolf came in and transformed him to stone.

A pause.

There was a Black Lion who lived in a star,
That glittered ten millions of aïons afar,
Who sought a new planet in eagle-drawn car.

The lightning-winged Coursers that prance through the
air,
Beheld his avatar with rage and despair,
And hurled the Black Lion and chariot—oh, where ?

Then rose a strong Angel and wept at his fall,
 And he shouted ; the Steeds fell down dead at his call,
 He descended to free the Black Lion from thrall.

A pause.

The Brightest of Stars was transfused into Three,
 And a shower of red wormwood fell into the sea,
 Which disgorged from its crystalline caverns a Key.

The Three were transfused to a Sun, in whose light
 Vanished darkness and madness, and sorrow and blight,
 When a Tiger came down, and the Kosmos was night.

The Key sank again in the ocean so deep,
 There was silence and wonder more awful than sleep,
 The white-robed sat down by their sweet harps to weep.

A pause.

A blast of red thunder, a shock of red flame,
 Twelve Stars fell from heaven ; the Tiger grew tame,
 The riders came forth with the might of The Name.

The scorpions were there, with the she-wolves and beasts
 From the souths, from the norths, from the wests, from
 the easts,
 With wavings of banners and chauntings of priests.

But they perished—the Stars and the Sun shone once
 more,
 And the Planets knelt down at the feet of the Four,
 The whole Universe circling around to adore.

MEPHISTOPHELES *falls senseless.* The FURIES bear off GOETHE
 to the invisible Hells.

END OF ACT FIRST.

THE PROSCENIUM.

Clown.

BLESS me! I never got so great a fright
In all my life, since I was whipped at school,
As when I viewed that horrid scene of Hell,
And saw the fire-breathed Furies bear him off
To places which 'twere blasphemy to name
To ears polite, like yours, my noble audience.
And certes, U'd be most extremely shocked,
Did I not hear our gentle Bard rehearse
This finest of all Pantomines on earth,
And learned from him, that when a cycle passed,
He would himself go forth to free the Master
From the embraces of those wanton women,
Who snatched him so ungraciously away.
As to Mephisto, he is tranced in dreams,—
I know not when he'll wake. Rejoice ye, therefore,
And go on sinning while he takes his nap;
For ten to one you'll thus escape scot-free,
Without the slightest risk of being recorded
In the red-mantled gentleman's black books.
Make haste, then, sin away, and lose no time,
Each practising his fondest, wickedest vice;—
Gentlemen, you—or Ladies, you begin!

You pause—what matter if it be found out?
You can repent when the dull farce is ended.
The worst of us, who're sorry for our sins,
Can hope to win quick pardon. Don't you know
That thieves and liars who repent when dying

Pass into heaven with a hop, skip, jump,
 While noble sages, poets, heroes, thinkers,
 If they believe not, tumble into Hades?—
 A very proper ending for such dolts.

Well, if you will not take a fool's advice
 On matters of theology like these,
 Harken at least to what I say on plays,
 And more especially on this before you,
 Which shall be henceforth called *The Pantomine*
 Of Pantomines—the first and best of all.

Virtue alone is Beauty. He who dwells
 With her and Truth, is god even while on earth.
 Nature comes next. Worship her day and night
 With the pure worship of an acolyte,
 Who trains himself for scenes of heavenly bliss,
 Where only shall he see her perfected,
 And when the solemn hour by PAN appointed
 Comes, and we mingle with the Gods, our souls
 Shall then, attracted to those essences
 Or attributes of Beauty which we followed
 While in the flesh, remain with them for ever,
 True as the magnet to the heavenly pole.

Some scamps there in the gallery—shabby fellows,
 Begin to hiss, and blow their beastly catcalls,
 Asking me sneeringly, Pray, what is Soul?
 I'll tell you what I think, but only listen;
 Or if you won't—hence to some stew or bagnio,
 For that's the only place by which *your* spirits
 Seem magnetised; but those who stop with me
 Will hear some things 'twill do them good to hear,
 Not the less useful because plainly spoken.

He who lives truly does not study life,
 But rather something lovelier than life,

Which dwells apart from it, and far beyond,
 For life is either sensual pleasure, such
 As the great mass of human kind pursue
 With wolf-like ardour, or a spiritual solace,
 And therefore opposite to things of sense.
 The Glutton and the Sage pursue two things,
 Wide as the poles asunder ; one all grossness,
 The other sphered in light, itself all light,
 On which he meditates, for which he sighs.—
 Which is the noblest object of the chase ?

The Glutton has on earth the heaven he seeks.
 The Sage can ne'er attain *his* heaven on earth.
 It, and mere mortal things, he views with scorn,
 And weans himself the more the more he lives
 From wants corporeal—in a word, from life.
 Fine gardens, horses, raiment, costly houses,
 Things that conduce to evil, not to goodness,
 Women and wine, and dainties of the taste,
 Or touch, or ear, or eye, he covets not,
 If he indeed be truly a true Sage.
 His life is but a school wherein he studies
 How he may die, or how may worthier grow
 Of that fair spiritual Idea which beams
 For ever o'er him like a beckoning Star.

The *true* pursuit in life is therefore that
 Which cares for Spirit rather than for Senses.
 Spirit is death, and Senses animal life,
 Hence the true study of man's life is death.

Wisdom and Truth can never be acquired
 While man is housed in clay. Even with our eyes
 We see not accurately ; with our ears
 We hear not perfectly ; and if sight, hearing,
 Only deceive us, all our other senses
 Must needs do likewise, they being all inferior
 To eye and ear. The Soul then reasons best,

Is most removed from Ignorance and Error,
 Best follows Truth, when it retires from flesh,
 Which offers such impediments to its love,
 And this retirement's only won by death.

Now what is death? Simply the separation
 Of soul and body; of the light from darkness;
 Of the true Beautiful from the rank Gross.
 If wise men, all the days that they have life,
 Study to win this object, with what rapture
 Should they not hail the blessed hour that frees
 The soul from its vile clay; and thus endow it
 With the rare power it sighed for long in vain,
 To dwell in spiritual beauty far from Earth?

Are Justice, Beauty, Virtue, Truth, and Love,
 Something or nothing? Surely they are something;
 Yet have we never seen them with our eyes,
 Or held them in our arms. But if to know them
 Ever be in our destiny, we can
 Attain and know them only when enfranchised
 From the polluting clay which turns our souls
 From things divine to things of grovelling flesh,
 And therefore death must needs be the sole blessing
 Which a true Sage can covet; life the curse
 From which he longs as from a chain to fly.
 If he has hated and despised the body
 All through his life, and longed for something better,
 Which he can never know while in the body,
 Blissful indeed must be the stroke that frees him
 From his dull despot, bidding him seek Truth.

But does this dissolution lead to life?
 Methinks one says. Does Soul live after Death?
 Or is it not dispersed like smoke in air?
 Inquiries that must interest us all.

Nothing can be annihilated. It may change
 Its shape, and pass into some different form,

But cannot be destroyed. The wood we burn
 Passes in vapour and rejoins the elements
 From which it sprang to life in the great forest.
 Are we not conscious of some power within,
 Some innate mystical power, of which we know
 Nothing, but whose effects in life we trace?
 Does it love Truth, and all divinest things?
 It does. Then, if it loves, 'tis sentient, living,
 And so exists. But that which once exists
 Can never be destroyed. Nor can the Soul.

Material things grow element when resolved.
 Is the soul matter? Matter cannot love
 Divine abstractions, but still clings to matter.
 Yet even matter purer grows in that
 Which is its death. Will not the soul grow purer,
 By parity of reasoning, and pass
 Into sublimer essence? Does it dwell
 By the mere force of its own lofty nature
 For years, on Glory, Goodness, and great Heaven,
 And thus refute what every day proclaims,
 That nothing has been made in vain by God?

Besides, its will is boundless. It desires
 Immortal things; its grand ambition soars
 Into eternal space, and longs to be
 Conjoined with it. Were these bestowed in vain?
 Things of mere flesh sate animals of flesh.
 Man, who is nobler, pants for something new.
 Has he innate ideas? Sceptics say
 He has not, but is taught all by his senses.
 What senses teach him revelations grand
 Of Justice, Truth, Love, Beauty, Virtue, God?
 None. Whence it follows that these *are* innate;
 And if within our souls even at our birth
 They must have pre-existed and have known them
 In some celestial ante-natal state.
 And thus pure Reason————

*Drinking Song of the PLAYERS, merry-making and carousing
in the green-rooms behind.*

Fill, fill all your glasses !
 Pass the bright liquid around,
 In the depths of the foaming cup
 The pearls of pleasure are found.
 Ne'er on a meeting like this
 Gloom or his minions frown'd.

As the broad ocean sparkles
 When the beams of the west,
 Like orient jewels of light,
 On his blue bosom rest,
 So wine, sunny wine,
 Brightens and cheers up the breast.

See, see, how it blushes !
 Like a nymph whose fond face glows
 With a purple light, when Pan
 Wakes her from sweet repose ;
 Or the golden Venus of old,
 When from the billows she rose.

A clapping and clinking of glasses heard.

Clown.

Ladies and Gentlemen—I beg your pardon ;
 But if there be a thing i'the world I worship,
 It is the grapy flavour of rich claret.
 Ho ! call-boys, ring the bell—the second prologue
 Ends in this place. Quick ! trumpets, drums, and
 fiddles,
 Waft this fair audience on the strains of music
 To any Poet's Paradise they fancy.

ACT II. SCENE I.

THE POET'S PARADISE.

Κενηραελαδ.

As I lay on the yellow stream,
A-sailing down the lordly Rhine,
Came to me a beauteous Dream,
Clothèd deep in starry shine.
And on the prow It stood alone,
Grand and silent, heaven-flown,
Till my boat appeared a throne.

It was in the purple eve,
When the autumn vintage flows,
And the village maidens weave
Wreaths of violet, vine, and rose ;
And the sounds of flute and song,
From the merry Bacchic throng,
Steal the echoing hills among.

Sweetly, slowly o'er the breast
Of the storied Rhine my boat
Wandered, like a spirit blest,
Through the stars in heaven that float ;
Sweetly, slowly, while the air
Kissed my eyes and temples bare,
As it were a fairy fair.

Like a vision seen in sleep,
When the soul is lapped in bliss ;—
Castled rock and crumbling keep
Frowning o'er the drear abyss ;

Forest, hamlet, garden, vale,
Ruined chapel, mountain, dale,
As in some old magic tale.

And, as I passed these splendours by,
And gave my soul up to the God,
The mystic Realms of Thought, that lie
(Like flowers divine within the pod)
Deep in that wondrous sphere of spheres,
The soul, were seen with Hopes and Fears,
Fancies and Loves, too bright for tears.

And I beheld the Fairy Things
Of ancient times, the Fays and Gnomes,
The Undines in their silvery springs,
The Oreads in their sylvan homes,
The Huntsman and the Serpent Maid,
The Sisters Proud, the Evil Shade,
Who spurs his stag through briar and glade.

The Seven Mountains loomed before,
The stars lit up their azure crests,
Silence enwrapped the haunted shore,
The birds were in their leafy nests.
And then methought the Dream arose,
And with a voice more sweet than those
The bell-bird wakes
Amid the lonely Abyssinian lakes,
To me his purpose did disclose.

I come to thee from Isles of Light,
Where Beauty shines in may-day youth,
And where the gentle Infinite
Sits throned in Wisdom, Love, and Truth.
I come to thee, and tempt thy lips
With this gold cup, which whoso sips,
His soul puts off the dark eclipse.

And disenthralled from earth and cloud,
 Soars through the Universe of Thought.
 Take it, and drink.—I rose, and bowed,
 Before that Phantom-Shape who brought
 The dazzling cup; and when I drank,
 The boat was gone—like Hope, it sank,
 And I was on the river's bank.

The stately Dream was by my side,
 It smiled on me a heavenly smile:
 "Thou hast done well," the Phantom cried,
 "Yet linger still a little while;
 And thou shalt know why here I came,
 To clothe thy spirit in the flame
 Of thought, and what The Mothers claim.

There are Three Sisters, living from all time,
 Star-crowned, star-robed, omniscient, ruling all,
 The Moirai—shrink not—blench not—throned sublime
 Above the Dominations; at their call
 Creation bows and trembles; Light grows dark
 In their full presence, and the Powers of Air
 Shrink into things of nought. Fate-chosen, hark
 My words—nor shun the bidding that I bear;
 The mission that is thine is grand, exalted, rare.

These mighty Mothers of all things have heard
 The prayers of One, who for a time, with tears,
 Has prayed before the Thrones for him who erred
 And gave up to The Snake his primal years.
 And they have chosen *Thee* to seek through Space,
 Upon the steed divine, with wings of light,
 Until thou find the Wanderer's torture-place,
 Deep-fixed in realms of wide and endless night,
 Whence Thou shalt him unbind, and throne him 'midst
 the Bright.

In yonder mountains springs a crystal stream,
 To which the immortal horse of heaven resorts,
 When the fair Star of Morning sheds his gleam
 O'er earth, and Ocean's smile of beauty courts.
 Take thou this golden bridle, magic-woven,
 And fling it o'er his proud and arching neck,
 Straight shall the Realms of Space rent up, and, cloven,
 Reveal the paths from which mere mortals queek ;
 A Star of Heaven shall o'er thy splendid voyage beck.

The road divine leads through the upper air,
 Safely the steed will bear thee, till thou reach
 The throne of Uriel, the sun's Angel, where
 Thou shalt receive a spear celestial ; speech
 Would fail ere I could name its wondrous powers.
 Armed with its might, securely may'st thou go
 Where'er thy steed shall turn — Behold, the Hours
 Of Night are past, and morning's opal glow
 Will soon light up the mountains. Hence away,
 The Star thou seekest glitters o'er the dell
 Where flows the ethereal fount ; a brief delay
 Were fatal to thee. Mortal, fare thee well."

The Dream departed like a mist,
 It vanished in the sunless air ;
 Yet, ere it went, methought it kist
 My lips, as I stood wondering there,
 Like one upon a mighty sea,
 Drifted by some casualty,
 To the whirlpool on his lee.

But I rose, and looked aloft,
 Where the light of God 'gan break
 O'er the world, as sweet and soft
 As the flower on infant's cheek ;
 And I felt that I was strong
 In the robe of truth, and wrong
 Durst not hurry me along.

The stars they shone through Roland's pile
 Sadly, lonelily, below,
 Where his gentle lady's isle
 Blooms and breathes of long ago ;
 And the Drachenfels was seen
 In the twilight grey serene—
 It is morning now I ween.

I climbed the mountain-paths, and gained
 A valley sprent with dewy flowers,
 By human footstep unprofaned,
 Where the Rhine-Queen builds her bowers,
 And the unseen music, played
 By sweet elfin fingers, made
 Eloquent the grassy slade.

One by one, the stars are gone ;
 One by one, the streaks of light
 Gild the heavenly arch ; then shone
 Lucifer ; the air grows bright,
 And the lucid fountain plays
 Sweetly, while his emerald rays
 O'er her lean with loving gaze.

A steed—a steed, a matchless steed,
 Ten thousand stars are in his wings ;
 His fetlocks shame the lightning's speed,
 Or light itself, when forth it springs ;
 His neck is clothed with thunder—fire
 Gleams from his nostrils haught and bold ;
 He shakes the skies ; and now, as nigher
 He comes—'tis Pegasus of old,
 The steed of wonder, phantom-told,
 For whose immortal flight I wait.
 Oh ! bear me to the Sun's broad gate.
 The golden bridle's here—behold !

Scarce had I spoken, when he knelt
Before me on the velvet sod,
And, with bent brows and lowly neck,
Endured the magic reins that fleck
His snowy shoulders with gold hues ;
I sprang upon his back, and felt
Such giant longings thrill my soul
With rapture, as the Loves infuse
Into the spirit when admitted
First to the Palaces of God—
I pointed upwards to the goal,
Lighting the celestial air—
Like a comet's flash we flitted,
And were there.

Wondrously that diamond Palace
Rose before my eyes,
Flashing from ten thousand pillars
Lights that would have paled the radiance
Of a Paradise.
Pearl and jasper, chrysolite,
Sapphire, opal, amethyst,
Emerald, ruby, crystal, gold,
In a heaven that seemed one rainbow ;
So divinely did unite
All the sunny hues of splendour
Into one transcendent glory.
In the sparkling air that clothed it,
Thrice ten million wingèd spirits
Robed in beauty, light, and grandeur,
Glittered like the snowy summits
Of the Alps when sun-reflecting.
Thrice three hundred thousand fountains
Gushed aloft from caves of coral ;
Thrice three million trees that blossomed
Thickly o'er with thornless roses,
Hyacinths, and purple jasmines,

Bent and kissed the rippling waters ;
 And the place was sweet with song,
 And the voice divine of music
 Melted forth from leaf and wavelet,
 Universal, like the air,
 Wandering wildly everywhere.

Once, and twice, and thrice, my steed
 Neighed, and waved his starry wings,
 Checked in his enchanted speed—
 To the porch behold the king's
 Herald comes—a spirit grand.
 In his clasp divine he brings
 Forth the diamond-flashing spear—
 Son of Earth, I bring thee here,
 As the Moirai have ordained,
 Uriel's lance of heavenly proof.
 It is thine, until thy mission
 Be fulfilled, and nobly gained
 The bright goal to which thou speedest.
 All that's tangible in space,
 Touched by this, shall yield and fall ;
 Armed with it thou'lt vanquish all.
 Wheresoe'er thy flight may tend,
 To the blest, or the unblest,
 Nought shall bar thy path divine,—
 Truth and Virtue guard thee well.
 Onward, onward, speed thy course !

The sun-bright clouds are floating round,
 Like wild swans through the silver air,
 And music fills the deeps profound ;
 The Universe seems cestus-bound
 With beauty everywhere.
 Onward in light my steed and I
 Are borne amidst this dreamy sky.
 Like brightly-flashing flame, that leaps
 To birth—and then for ever sleeps.

The three-forked thunderbolt, enwrapped in fire,
 Lags trembling as we pass ;
 The starry shapes of Flame, Air, Earth, and Heaven,
 Join in the love-enkindling dance,
 And make a moving Paradise,
 Amid the Eternal All that spheres us round.
 Mountain-nymphs, Oreiades,
 Mead-nymphs, Leimoniades,
 Fruit-tree nymphs, Meliades,
 Sylvan-nymphs, the Dryades,
 Tree-nymphs, Hamadryades,
 Fountain-nymphs, Limniades,
 Water-nymphs, fair Naiades,
 Flock-nymphs, Epimelian,
 Valley-nymphs, Napææ wild,
 Bright-locked, lily-voiced, cave-dwelling,
 Light-born, white-browed, and smile-loving,
 Gold-wreathed, star-limbed, magic-speaking,
 Nectar-bosomed, sunny-pinioned,
 Hyacinthine-haired, rose-armed—
 O thou heaven of queenly beauty !

SONG OF THE NYMPHS.

We are born of the golden Sun,
 Of the Star, of the Wave, of Air,
 Of the Flowers of Light, that make earth bright,
 As though it an Elysium were.
 We soar in the wide serene,
 We float o'er the eyes of earth,
 We dance in the beam, or the flashing stream,
 And sing round the Poet's birth.

From the magical days of old
 Our souls draw heavenly light,
 Which, like showers, we shed o'er the Poet's head,
 Till his soul to the Gods takes flight.

In the gloom and the throng of life,
 Where Passion and Hate abound,
 We wrap his soul in the starry stole
 Of Virtue and Truth all round.

We fold him in visions divine,
 From earth and its dross away,
 To the world, where dwells in song and spells,
 The Beauty that mocks decay.
 The soulless of earth and flesh
 Pursue him with envy and hate,
 But the Spirit of Love, from his halls above,
 Gives the strength that makes him great.

When the rabble of hell conspire
 To hunt the Divine to death,
 Nor cross nor stake can his spirit shake,
 That has breathed Elysian breath.
 His soul, in the light of heaven
 Enwreathed, their power defies;
 They trample him down—but Throne and Crown
 Await him in yonder skies.

* * * * *

Here endeth this Fragment of

E. K.

POEMS.

P O E M S.

~~~~~  
STANZAS

On revisiting Trinity College, after long Absence.

I.

ONCE more within these olden storied walls,  
So dearly loved from boyhood's genial days,  
With eager bound my glowing footstep falls,  
With eyes suffused in joy around I gaze—  
Once more I live, and move, and walk, and breathe  
Within the dear remembered cloistered aisles,  
Whose warm though silent welcomings enwreath  
My heart with rapture, and my face with smiles—  
Once more I pause o'er each remembered scene,  
In my soul's soul in brightest hues enshrined,  
The pillared porch—the smooth and dewy green—  
The stately halls—the trees with ivy twined—  
The breathing busts—the books—the silence—all  
Back to my heart its best and happiest hours recall.

II.

Here in the sunny summer of my youth  
My soul grew up, and drank the sacred streams  
Of Wisdom, Knowledge, Virtue, Thought, and Truth—  
Here my heart lived on bright and glorious dreams  
Caught from the Poet's or the Historian's page;  
Homer and Horace, and the Mantuan lyre,  
Plato's deep thoughts, and Pindar's epic rage,  
The Ascræan bard, and Lucan's words o' fire—

From morn till night, from night till morning came,  
 These and the stars my sole companions were,  
 Still burned my lamp with clear and vestal flame,  
 Still my mind fed on visions grand and rare ;  
 The Past was still before me, and its soul  
 Shone with the splendour of some heaven-descended  
 scroll,

## III.

And wooed me on to scale the starry steep  
 Where Poesy—sweet Faërie Queen—sits throned ;  
 Beneath her feet the fiery lightnings leap,  
 But her fair brows with rainbows shine enzoned,  
 Round her the Muses sport the livelong day,  
 The Graces, young and laughing, dance and sing,  
 The bright-eyed Nymphs with rosy Cupids play.  
 Music wells forth from reed and shell and string ;  
 Phantoms of sunshine formed—the Bards of old,  
 Whose vernal thoughts make heaven of earth are there,  
 While songs and hymns in strains of wonder told,  
 Fill as with fragrance all the echoing air :  
 These are thy glories—these, Immortal Past !  
 On these my heart was fixed, my longing looks were cast.

## IV.

The Wild, the Grand, the Beautiful, the True,  
 Each an Enchantress with enchanted wand,  
 Flung o'er my soul their spells, until it grew  
 Entirely theirs, and sought no bliss beyond.  
 Its only world became a world unknown,  
 Of dreams fantasque and visions strange and quaint,  
 Within whose skies eternal summer shone,  
 And scenes that liveliest fancy scarce could paint ;  
 A wond'rous wild embodiment it seemed  
 Of things transformed to beauty—Titan shapes,  
 And Grecian deities, and seas that streamed  
 Through silver isles, and foamed on golden capes ;



Forests and Nymphs, and Fauns, and Sylvans blent,  
With Gothic scenes and spells, tilt, magic tower, and tent.

## V.

And fabling Ovid, with soft eyes of fire,  
Was by my side and coloured many a thought ;  
And many a gay and many a fond desire  
Unto my soul Verona's minstrel brought.  
And Ariosto sang me curious strains  
Of magic castles built on marble heights,  
And gallant soldiers pricking o'er the plains,  
And mail-clad steeds and antique-armoured knights,  
And ladies chaste that roamed through forests wild,  
Pursued by giants and in dire despair,  
Until some brave and angel-guided Childe,  
Wafted perchance ten thousand miles through air,  
Appeared before their wondering eyes to prove  
His valorous arm in fight, and straightway fall in love.

## VI.

The magic of these old delicious songs,  
The hours of silent reverie and thought,  
The paradise-light that to past time belongs,  
Dreams of Romance and Beauty all enwrought,  
The early sunshine streaming o'er the glade,  
The song of birds, the voice of some sweet flute,  
The ancient trees with broad and leafy shade,  
The moon that clothed the halls in silver suit,  
The fire-winged stars, the solemn, silent night,  
The lamps through many a latticed window seen,  
The deep-toned bell for morn and evening rite,  
The reverend gloom relieved by the moon's sheen—  
All these come back upon my soul, like strains  
Of native music heard on far and foreign plains ;

## VII.

Filling it deep with sadness and with gloom.  
Alas ! where are ye, dear past innocent hours ?

The scythe of Time hath swept ye to the tomb ;  
 Yet in my soul ye still survive, like flowers  
 Round some sad mouldering shrine ; I sit and think  
 Of sweet old times, familiar faces passed  
 Away for ever ; friends, link after link,  
 Methinks move on, in faithful memory glassed.  
 Where are they now ? Some sleep in distant lands,  
 Some slumber in the ocean ; some remain ;  
 But the fond ties once twined by Friendship's hands  
 Are snapped, and ne'er may re-unite again.  
 Oh ! that once more I were a careless boy,  
 As when I first beheld these halls with pride and joy,

## VIII.

And wandered wild through portico and park,  
 Emparadised in Fancy's purple clouds ;  
 Heedless and happy ; dreaming not of dark  
 Tartarean worlds, like that which now enshrouds  
 This visible orb ;—to boyhood's laughing eyes  
 The Earth seems Eden ; everything looks bright ;  
 Life, a glad journey to the golden skies :  
 To manhood, all seems black as blackest night.  
 Why are we here ? What Power hath peopled earth ?  
 Why wend we in our pilgrimage of woe ?  
 Whence have our souls derived their fiery birth ?  
 Unto what bourne is fated man to go ?  
 Why clings he still to life ? Why hug the chain  
 That eats into his heart, and turns his joys to pain ?

## IX.

Alas ! we know not—must not hope to know.  
 The Future looms far off in mystery veiled :  
 Present and Past are ours—but like the bow  
 Of heaven, still far the Future lies concealed,  
 Robed in enchanting colours, formed to fade  
 As the quick hour moves on. We live and die ;  
 In the same hour cradle and grave are made ;

Monarch and slave in the same black earth lie ;  
 And is *this* life ? For *this* was man designed ?  
 Was it for *this* the All-Powerful gave him store  
 Of hopes and thoughts sublime, and filled his mind  
 With longings after high and heavenly lore ?  
 A wise fine soul, a glory-loving heart ?—  
 No—'twas for mighty ends that thou shouldst play thy  
 part.

## X.

For mighty ends thy soul to earth was sent—  
 A mission grand and high, O man, is thine !—  
 Work in the spirit of that great intent ;  
 Walk like an angel in the path divine.  
*Here*, in these sacred walls, old, world-renowned,  
 The seat of learning, shall thy young heart swell,  
 Fired by the glories of the classic ground,  
 By the great memories that around thee dwell ;  
*Here* shalt thou train thee for thy pure career ;  
 Wisdom and Knowledge like twin orbs of light,  
 Shrined in these hallowed temples, greet thee here,  
 And point the way to Virtue's star-crowned height ;  
 Onward, still onward from glad youth to age,  
*Here* shall thy soul learn strength for every changing  
 stage.

## XI.

Thoughts of great deeds and lofty acts be thine,  
 The mighty dead, the shadowy shapes of old.  
 Heroes and Bards—a starry-gleaming line  
 Of souls celestial, still before thee hold  
 Their glorious course, and beckon on thy soul  
 To tread the shining footpaths that they trod ;  
 Onward they marched, until they reached the goal  
 For minds of light like theirs prepared by God ;  
 Sages and Bards and Statesmen, on whose forms  
 Pictured on canvass, let thine emulous eyes

Still gaze with rapture. What though winds and  
 storms  
 Break round his head who to Fame's palace flies,  
 The attempt is grand and noble, though he fall—  
 Conquer thyself, brave heart, and thou shalt conquer all.

## XII.

Look on the pictured epics throned around—  
 Go to thy books, and study their career—  
 So shalt thou feel thy swelling spirit bound,  
 And cast aside, like chains, despair and fear;  
 Learn from their thoughtful eyes and resolute brows  
 To nerve thy soul with stern resolve for fame;  
 Heaven to the heart that works due strength allows,  
 And crowns her toil with an undying name.  
 Burke, Berkeley, Flood, Burgh, Avonmore, and  
 Swift,—\*  
 Behold the men who shook or charmed the world:  
 Behold—revere—aspire—toil on—and lift  
 Thy soul to thoughts like theirs; if haply hurled  
 From thine immortal flight by chance or fate,  
 Well hast thou clothed thy soul with noble thoughts  
 and great.

*Trinity College, Shrove-Tuesday, 1846.*



## SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

LIKE the young Moon when down from heaven she  
 came,  
 To court the slumbering shepherd as he lay,  
 Nooked in a dell amid the Latmian hills,  
 Filling the spot with an ambrosial flame  
 Of light ethereal from her silver ray:—

\* Their portraits are in the Theatre and Dining-hall.

So to thy soul comes Genius from the skies,  
 And such immortal splendours there instils,  
 As charm the young, and glad the old and wise.  
 O Venus-soul'd—Historian—Minstrel—Sage—  
 Weaver of dreams of light from olden lore,—  
 How shall I thank thee for the enchanted hours  
 Passed with thy spirit o'er thy golden page?  
 So Plato mused—so Shakspeare wrote of yore—  
 So dreamed of love Rousseau 'mid Claren's lakes and  
 bowers.



### COLERIDGE.

A MYSTIC Dreamer, blinded by the light  
 That flashed around from his own wond'rous soul,  
 Like a seeled dove, his great thoughts bent their flight  
 To heavenly spheres—on, on from pole to pole,  
 Until he fell exhausted, faint, confused,  
 By the deep schemes whereon his spirit mused ;  
 Or like some Ancient Mariner, alone,  
 Sailing at night o'er ocean wilds unknown,  
 His eyes fixed full on heaven and its bright stars,  
 As if he longed to peer through those thick bars  
 Of clouds that hide God's glories from our eyes,  
 Careless to what dark gulf his galley flies ;  
 Dazzled by fiery splendours, heavenly gleams,  
 He sails and sinks—nor yet wakes from Olympian  
 dreams.



### SHELLEY.

A VOICE like flowers and music sweetly blended,  
 A fragile form, but beauteous as Apollo's,  
 A soul of light by the three Graces tended,  
 Eyes like young Dian's when the deer she follows  
 Over the emerald lawns and sylvan hollows ;

Such wert thou, Shelley, minstrel heaven-descended.  
 O incarnation of ethereal Truth,  
 O Sun of Beauty darkened in thy youth  
 By the foul mists of slander-loving men,  
 By the base exhalations from that fen  
 Of venom called man's heart—we lost thy light.  
 Spheres far removed enjoy thy beauty bright:  
 So do we ever with our things of price;  
 We help the Devil to kill the flowers of Paradise.



### PLATO.

OH! that my heart were of clear crystal made,  
 There shouldst thou see as in a shrine displayed  
 An Image of thyself, to which I turn,  
 When with high hopes I feel my spirit burn;  
 When my heart swells, and I would fain aspire  
 To rival those dead masters of the lyre  
 Whom Greece, Rome, England, and fair Italy,  
 Have set before the world its lights to be.  
 A Poet filled with heaven's divinest fire—  
 An Orator whose lightest words inspire—  
 A Scholar trained in all that books can teach—  
 A Statesman wise and just—the first in each.  
 Behold the image in my bosom shrined,  
 That fires my thoughts and renders pure my mind.



### TO MRS. MOWATT.

THE spells divine of beauty that enfold thee,  
 Like rosy light in summer time; the grace,  
 Like music, in thine eyes; the eloquent face,  
 That win to worship those who still behold thee;

No—nor the hyacinth tresses, nor the voice,  
 Sweet as the rippling of the star-lit rills,  
 That break the silence of nymph-haunted hills ;  
 Nor thy glad smiles, or talk, could bid rejoice  
 That broken, cheerless, toneless lute, my heart ;  
 But when I knew thee, and could see enshrined,  
 Within that shape of loveliness, a mind,  
 Shedding around thee a perpetual youth,  
 Of purity, sweet innocence, and truth,—  
*Then* was my soul near heaven, of which thou art,  
 Even while on earth with us, a bright immortal part.



### TO ELOÏSA.

THE crystal fountains of those eyes  
 Wherein Love wadeth ;  
 Those cheeks before whose purple dyes  
 The red rose fadeth ;  
 Those smiles wherein the blush of dawn  
 Seems opening brightly ;  
 All the sweet airs that round thee fawn,  
 Like Graces lightly ;—  
 These only could not move  
 My soul to love.

What are they but a radiant veil  
 O'er the shrine's glory ?—  
 What do they, if they not detail  
 Thy heart's bright story ?  
 Oh ! dearer far than sunny look,  
 Or blush of roses,  
 The heart more pure than purest brook,  
 That veil encloses.  
 Ask ye then what doth move  
 My soul to love ?

That gentle heart where virtue dwells  
 And meekness shineth,  
 Round which her fairest, loveliest spells  
 Religion twineth ;  
 Which seems like storied Paradise,  
 Always attended  
 By brightest angels from the skies  
 Newly descended,—  
 That heart it is doth move  
 My soul to love.



TO SOME WITHERED FLOWERS DEARLY  
 LOVED.

I HAVE a wreath—a withered wreath,  
 More dearly prized than gems or gold ;  
 Methinks the flowers still sweetly breathe  
 Of her who gave me them of old.  
 This faded rose was on her breast,  
 This in her soft white hand she bore ;  
 And this was with her bright hairs tressed—  
 Ten thousand times I've kissed them o'er.

They bring to mind fair summer days,  
 And rosy eyes, and starry nights ;  
 Sweet music, old delicious lays,  
 Fond words, fond dreams, serene delights ;  
 Enchanting smiles, and eyes that gleamed  
 Like mirrored stars upon the sea,—  
 How blest my fate, had they but beamed  
 With *any* ray of love on me !

O wreath ! beloved for her fair sake,  
 Dear record of my happiest hours,  
 How many a golden thought you wake,  
 How many a hope entwined in flow'rs !



And yet how oft my spirit sighs  
 To think its fate like yours should be—  
 Reft of the heaven of her dear eyes,  
 Whose light gave life to you and me!



### A FAREWELL.

TAKE back the ivy-leaf  
 Which once thy gentle bosom bore—  
 My soul is filled with grief,  
 Its rosy dream of bliss is o'er.  
 Yet as this leaf shall be,  
 Though sere and broken, green for aye,  
 Thy image shall to me  
 Be always clothed i' the light of May.

If e'er thou tread'st again  
 Those cloistered halls and pictured cells,  
 As once beside me, when  
 Thy smiles threw o'er my soul their spells,  
 Think of my spirit's bliss  
 While thy sweet nymph-like form beside;  
 Ah! did I dream of this,  
 That fate such hearts should soon divide?

Think while these simple lines,  
 Traced by affection's hand, thou'lt see,  
 'Of one who still enshrines  
 In his heart's temple only *thee*.  
 Think—though no more to meet—  
 How thou didst grow unto his heart;  
 In all his visions sweet,  
 The loveliest, dearest, purest part.

Couldst thou but inly feel  
 Aught of my bosom's deep, deep woe,  
 Or watch the tears that steal  
 Down from mine eyes in ceaseless flow,  
 E'en *thou* mightst shed with me  
 One little tear that Fate should rend  
 Hearts twin in sympathy,  
 Hearts formed by nature's self to blend.

Farewell—alas ! farewell—  
 That word of sorrow must be breathed !  
 Every bright pleasure dwell  
 Round thee, and with thy life be wreathed !  
 Give me a passing thought  
 At times—I ask no more. But thou  
 So with my soul art wrought,  
 I'll love thee always even as now !



### SIR AAGÈ AND ELSE.

It was the Knight, Sir Aagè,—  
 Down the fair green isle rode he ;  
 He wooed maiden Elsebillè,  
 And fair as gentle May was she.

He wooed maiden Elsebillè,  
 All with jewels, smiles, and gold :  
 And on the Monday following  
 The Knight lay dead in the deep black mould.

It was maiden Elsebillè—  
 Oh ! she drooped both night and day ;  
 And Knight Sir Aagè heard her cry,  
 As in the black mould dead he lay.

Uprose Knight Sir Aagè,  
 His coffin upon his back took he,  
 So drew he nigh to her lonely bower,  
 Toiling much and sorrowingly.

He knocked at the door with the coffin-lid,  
 Gently, softly knocked the Knight;—  
 “ Now stand up, maiden Elsè,  
 Let me in, thou ladye bright.”

Then answered maiden Elsè,—  
 “ Sooth, I’ll not unlatch my door,  
 Until you name the name of Jesus,  
 Just as you could do before.”

“ Now stand up, fair Elsebillè,  
 Now unbar thy bower’s door ;  
 I can name the name of Jesus,  
 Just as I could do before.”

Up then stood proud Elsebillè,  
 Tears upon her cheeks red flower,  
 Up she rose and let the Deadman  
 Into her lonely bower.

Then she took a comb all golden,  
 And she combed his lovely hair ;  
 For every hair the maiden combed,  
 A tear she shed of dark despair.

“ Hear me now, dear Ridder Aagè,  
 Dearest, truest sweetheart mine,  
 How is it in the black earth,  
 In that lonely grave of thine ?”—

‘ Whensoe’er thy heart rejoices,  
 When thy spirit’s glad and light ;  
 Then is my cold and gloomy coffin  
 Filled with rose-leaves bright.

Whensoe'er thy spirit grieveth,  
 And thy heart, sweet love, is sore,  
 Then is my cold and gloomy coffin  
 Filled with clotted gore.

Even now the red cock croweth ;  
 See the streaks of morning grey,—  
 To their graves must all the spirits,  
 And I must with them away.

Now, oh now, the black cock croweth,  
 Hark ! his call I must obey ;  
 Now the Gates of Heaven are open,  
 And I must away."

Uprose Knight Sir Aagè,  
 His coffin upon his back took he ;  
 And to the Churchyard straight he went,  
 Toiling much and sorrowingly.

This did maiden Elsebillè,  
 Sad in heart, in spirit sore,  
 She followed her sweetheart's footsteps,  
 In the twilight dim and hoar.

When she passed the lone wood  
 Into the Churchyard old and grey,  
 Then Ridder Aagè's gold-bright hair  
 'Gan to fade away.

When she passed the Churchyard  
 Into the Church's porch so grey,  
 Then Ridder Aagè's rose-bright cheeks  
 'Gan to fade away.

" Now hear, proud Elsebillè,  
 Dearest sweetheart mine,  
 Never more for thy plighted man  
 Let thy soul repine.

Look up to the golden heavens,  
 And the fiery stars of light,  
 Look up, and say, sweet Elsè,  
 How goes the night."

She looked to the golden heavens,  
 The green stars brightly shone ;  
 Into the earth the Deadman sank ;  
 She look'd—and he was gone !

Home went maiden Elsè,  
 Sorrowful was she that day,  
 And on the Monday following,  
 She slept in the cold black clay.



To —————

MAY's sweet roses deck her face,  
 Angels listen when she sings ;  
 Round her flits each winning grace ;  
 Youth its charms about her flings.  
 Gentle are her starry eyes,  
 Rich and soft her dark brown hair ;  
 Olden Greece had no such prize,  
 Venus was not half so fair.  
 Every soft attractive spell  
 Finds within her heart a goal ;  
 Loveliness and goodness dwell  
 Orb-like in her heavenly soul.  
 Oh, divine enchantress bright !  
 Dare I love thy looks of light ?

## EPITAPH FOR THOMAS MOORE.\*

HERE lies the corpse of crawling Tommy Moore ;  
 His lep'rous soul the Devil has, be sure.  
 The figures five that stand upon his grave  
 Are emblems of the foul and pandering knave.  
 Abhorred by God, but favoured by the Muse,  
 He lived and died Catullus of the stews.

|                                                 |                 |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Laureate of lust, bright Brinsley's covert foe, | } <i>Bow.</i>   |
| And skilled to slander, or to draw the bow.     |                 |
| In youth a flatterer at the Regent's board,     | } <i>Dog.</i>   |
| And crawling parasite of Bowood's lord.         |                 |
| His pen he used to lash the Wise and Brave,     | } <i>Whip.</i>  |
| And goad young Genius to an early grave.        |                 |
| In age, a hypocrite without a cowl,             | } <i>Owl.</i>   |
| And, like the bird of night, obscene and foul.  |                 |
| His books he gleaned to cram a wretched tome,   | } <i>Goose.</i> |
| And, like his namesake, cackled loud for Rome.  |                 |

\* Suggested by the following Greek epigram on a sepulchre,  
 quoted by Madame Dacier :

Μη θαμβει μαστιγα ΜΥΡΟΥ επι σηματι λευσσων  
 Γλαυκα, βιον, χαροπαν χηνα, θοαν σκυλακα.

O'er Myro see the emblems of her soul,—  
 A whip, a bow, a goose, a dog, an owl.

## Schöne Marie.\*

## I.

Wohl kenn' ich eine schöne Dame—  
 Willst Du sie frein?  
 Marie ist ihr geliebter Name.  
 Hüte Dich fein!  
 Mit Augen wie ein Reh am Rand  
 Einer See im Morgenland,  
 Fröhlich tanzet sie zum süßen  
 Saitenspiel mit zarten Füßen.  
 Hüte Dich fein!

## II.

Und die Hände auch der Kleinen—  
 Willst Du sie frein?  
 Kaum so weiß Schneeflocken scheinen.  
 Hüte Dich fein!  
 Schlägt sie auf der Zither gerne,  
 Strahlen sie wie helle Sterne;  
 Flieht sie nicht, mit holdem Lächeln  
 Küßt sie, und noch einmal küßt.  
 Hüte Dich fein!

## III.

Braunes Haar umwölkt die Feine—  
 Willst Du sie frein?  
 Wie ein Kranz vom Edelsteine.  
 Hüte Dich fein!  
 's ist um Dich geschehen wenn Du  
 Drück'st einen Zopf den Lippen zu,

\* This translation of the "Song of a Milkmaid" in Act I. scene ii. is by William Lander, Esq.

Einem Neß die Haare gleichen  
 Werden Dir das Herz umschleichen.  
 Hüte Dich fein!

## IV.

Ihrer Stirne edle Pracht—  
 Willst Du sie frein?  
 Wie der Mond in stiller Nacht.  
 Hüte Dich fein!  
 Und der schöne Busen schwellt,  
 Drauf zwei Blümlein sind gestellt,  
 Wenn auch gleich verhüllt sie sind,  
 Weiß' ich doch wo, zart und lind.  
 Hüte Dich fein!

## V.

Auch am Mund sie hat zwei Rosen—  
 Willst Du sie frein?  
 Weh Dir, wenn Du wagst zu kosen!  
 Hüte Dich fein!  
 Wenn die Lippen Du wirst sehen,  
 Ich weiß Du kannst nicht widerstehen  
 Sie zu küssen bis sie glühe,  
 Schnell doch, sonst sie wird entfliehen.  
 Hüte Dich fein!

## VI.

Lustig ist das junge Blut—  
 Willst Du sie frein?  
 Kühn und sinnreich ist ihr Muth.  
 Hüte Dich fein!  
 Schönheit, Freundlichkeit vereinen  
 Sich ins Bild der holden Kleinen,  
 Und ihre reizende Gestalt  
 Wie eines Engels schön gemalt.  
 Hüte Dich fein!



## VII.

Singet sie, so hör' nicht zu!  
Willst Du sie frein?—  
Lächelt sie, so fliehe Du!  
Hüte Dich fein!  
Denkst Du es ist nur ein Scherz?  
Schnell verloren ist Dir das Herz;  
Hoffst Du sie wird es zurückgeben?  
Niemals so lang Du mögst leben!  
Hüte Dich fein!

THE END.

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